Under the Hood

by megamatt09

Summary

Five years after the Queen’s Gambit went down; a hooded crusader shows up in Starling City to seek justice on those who have failed this city. And her name is Sara Lance. Very AU, Multi-Pairing, Incest, some content not suitable for children.
Chapter One: The Search is Over.

"And today marks the fifth year anniversary of the disappearance and presumed death of billionaire industrialist Robert Queen, his son Oliver, and the entire crew on the Queen's Gambit. The ship went down in a freak accident. Having been scheduled to return a week after it departed, concern crew when Robert Queen, Oliver Queen, and their crew did not return. Moira Queen arranged a search party, but no survivors had been found, and no news of the wreckage."

A week and five years passed since the Queen's Gambit disappeared. A seemingly innocent trip turned into a nightmare which caused several lives to be turned upside down. The news media had been hammering the incident hard on the anniversary, today being the official anniversary of the day which the Queen's Gambit had gone missing.

'Five long years, and still nothing.'

The newscaster prattled on continued to prattle on about the Queens and the disappearance of the crew and guests. Every time the anniversary passed, over the past five years, there had been news story after news story about the Queen Gambit. A fresh batch of sightings rolled in with people claiming they saw Oliver Queen, Robert Queen, or both.

All of them turned up to be dead ends. They were no closer to finding out what happened today as they were five years ago.

Storm clouds started to roll in. A dark haired woman stepped outside and looked up into the sky, with a frown. She dressed in a tank top and a pair of workout pants which fit her lower region like a glove. A beautiful summer day turned into a raging storm.

Just like what happened five years ago on this day, it was almost eerie how the weather reflected the same exact patterns five years and a week later. She saw it as an omen something was going to happen. There was going to be news, but would it be good news?

She just wasn't certain the news would actually be good news, or something which confirmed the worst fears they've been wrestling with for the past five years. The thunder clapped in the sky and followed by a flash of lightning. This pattern continued for several minutes, building up an intense storm.

The woman took a step inside and the image of Oliver Queen appeared on the screen. The first couple of months after the Gambit disappeared, the mere mention of his name caused her stomach to turn. Just a few weeks before, she had given him one more chance, and now it had been thrown up in her face.

If he had come home in those early months, she would have throttled him.

Five years healed a few wounds, although the reminder of the anniversary opened up the wounds on one Dinah Laurel Lance. She saw this day as very bittersweet for a number of reasons.

Oliver, her then boyfriend, left on the Queen's Gambit. She later found out her younger sister, Sara, snuck away on the ship to join Oliver. Laurel could have slapped herself for not seeing the signs.

She wondered what might have happened if the signs had been clearer, or perhaps if she had been
more willing to see them.

'Maybe, if I hadn't… it doesn't really matter, does it?' Laurel thought. 'There's not enough time for could havebeens, have to focus on the future.'

Laurel had plenty of time to distance herself from what happened and focus on her own career, her own life, beyond being that girl whose boyfriend left with her sister. Hell, she hadn't thought about it unless it had come on the news.

She sat down and thought about flipping the news station to something else. Laurel settled the remote control down and turned around before she headed upstairs. Anything to get away from the painful reminder of this gruesome day, she would take.

Laurel walked up the stairs. She stepped into the room and walked in to see the picture of herself and Sara. It was the first thing she saw every time she entered her bedroom.

The desk had been scattered with files from her job. Next to those files on the desk contained a small stack of newspaper clippings she collected over the years. They painted a grim picture of how Starling City changed over the years.

Some cities evolved, Starling devolved though. Some joked Starling City was the diet version of Gotham City, a city who had a notorious crime rate which spoke for itself. They might not have had the collection of colorful criminals, but Starling City made up for it by the sheer amount of crime.

The crime rate steadily climbed up over the years. It actually became a worse problem over the past couple of years. One Mayor already left Starling City in a body bag due to pissing off the wrong person and another resigned from the office when his family had been threatened.

The crime rate wasn't nearly as bad as a couple of other cities, but it was getting there. The police department tried to keep up with the crime. They had been understaffed, underfunded, the city had a huge budget problem and those who suffered for it were on the lower end of the spectrum.

Six months ago, the vigilante appeared, for the first time. Actually, the first official time, Laurel couldn't verify how long she had been active. A couple of white collar criminals had been found bound and gag, with plenty of evidence to put them away.

Their crimes were small time compared to most. It was two less dangerous people off of the street.

'It's a start.'

No one had been able to take a good look at the vigilante. Some people swore whoever did it disappeared like a puff of smoke.

Legally speaking, the Starling City Police Department was obliged to catch the vigilante, but it was hard to catch something very few people verified existed. The first couple of months, they kept the vigilante's activities under the hood.

More time passed, though, and it was becoming obvious they couldn't keep this person under the hood for long. He or she or whoever was underneath the mask, stepped one step away from Starling City's finest.

'For all I know, it could be a collective of people,' Laurel thought. 'They're all white collar criminals and a few mob enforcers right now.....not too high up the food chain, but it's making people very nervous.'
The cell phone rang just in time to bring Laurel out of her recollections.

"Hello?" she asked.

"I don't want you to get your hopes up," the voice on the other end of the cell phone said. "But, I think Sara's been found."

The cell phone slipped out of Laurel's fingers and landed on the ground with a thud. The woman could not believe it. It was the phone call she dreamed about receiving news about for years. But she never thought it would happen. Yet, it just might happen.

'Boy, this might be as awkward as you ever dreamed it would be.'

Laurel picked up the cell phone with a steady hand. She thankfully managed to balance it in the palm of her hand.

"Are you still there?"

"Yeah, I am."

Laure didn't know what to say. She thought sooner or later, she would wake up, the dream dead, her sister still not alive. It was almost odd this happened five years to the day she had been reported missing in the first place.

"Are you sure it's her, Babs?"

"Well, I did tell you not to get your hopes up."

Laurel figured if she thought it might be Sara, than there was a ninety-five percent certainty it was Sara.

X-X-X

Starling City General Hospital bustled with activity the majority of time. Several times, men and women have gotten wheeled in having been shot by the men criminal elements which had been moving around the city.

Today, though, an attractive blonde girl in ragged clothes had been wheeled on a gurney. She looked rather ravaged, with scratches all over her face, and a few bruises. The doctors and nurses moved on the other side of her.

"Don't worry, we'll get you medical help."

The girl looked very annoyed at being brought here, and tried to tell them she was fine. Not that it did any good, because they brought people here who assured them they were fine on a daily basis.

"I'm fine, I'm just...a little sore that's all," she responded.

"With your injuries, you could have internal bleeding," the nurse said.

The woman responded with a nod after a few more token protests.

A teenage girl of the same height of the girl on the gurney followed the group of doctors and nurses into Starling City General. She looked to be around sixteen or seventeen years old, Eurasian, with long black hair which came down past her shoulders. The girl continued to walk at a rapid pace, ignoring the nervous looks the doctors and nurses gave her.
"Who are you?" one of the doctors asked.

The girl didn't say a word and instead stared a hole through them. The doctors looked at her nervously, almost expecting an attack. She motioned for them to keep going.

"Don't worry, she's with me," the blonde girl said. "She's a friend…trust me….."

The girl turned towards her friend.

"Don't attack them, they're only trying to help."

The Asian teenager responded with a nod, once again not saying anything. Her eyes fixated on the blonde woman. She insisted on sticking to the woman's side without saying a word and was extremely persistent about doing so.

"I'm afraid you're going to have to wait outside," the doctor said. The teenager's arms folded and she continued to stare forward. "We need to check your friend, make sure she's okay. We're not going to do anything to hurt her."

The teenager stubbornly rooted on the spot. She had received the order to protect her companion at any cost unless she told her not to. The doctor looked about ready to remove her forcefully, something which would trigger her own defensive instincts.

"It's fine," the blonde woman said. She tried to flash a smile at her companion. "Trust me, it's fine, it's going to be okay. Just sit outside, let the doctors check me over. The sooner you let them do their job, the sooner we get out of here."

The teenager finally relaxed her stance and stepped back a couple of inches to let the doctors get their work done. She still peered outside of the window, but at the very least, it got the doctors some room to work.

"Are you feeling any pain?" one of the nurses asked.

"No, just…a bit tired, and a bit hungry," she said. "We were out there for a very long time."

"I can see that," the nurse answered. She looked towards the patient with a stern, almost motherly look. But all it did was come off as a bit self-righteous. "But, you should know you're very lucky you got picked up by a fishing boat, and not by someone else in the area. There are a lot of pirates out there."

'You don't say?'

Boy did she ever know it, but that was a long story. The girl remained silent and polite while the doctors looked her over. All she needed was some fresh clothes, a warm shower, and a nice hot meal, but they decided to run all of these tests.

'I swear if they try to give me a sedative, I'm sticking their stethoscopes where the sun doesn't shine.'

"What's your name?" the nurse asked.

"Sara….Sara Lance."

The announcement of this particular name caused the doctor to almost drop the equipment he carried. The other doctors and the nurse all realized something.

"You're the girl who was on the ship with Oliver Queen," the doctor said.
"Yeah, I left with him, it was five years ago."

Sara's entire body deflated at the memories. She left five whole years ago. It might as well have been another lifetime ago.

"Call my father, Quintin Lance, he'll....he'll want to know I'm here."

One of the nurses almost tripped to leave. Sara knew the type immediately. She was going to start spreading gossip about the fact a dead girl showed up in the hospital.

"Just get some rest, Ms. Lance, and if you need anything, we'll bring it to you."

The doctors leaving gave Sara the one thing she craved more in her life than anything else. Peace and quiet and she had it now. Sara collapsed down on the bed and let a sigh out of her body. Silence and privacy was bliss.

'Finally,' she thought.

Sara slipped the two items she shoved into her pocket. One was a shining diamond ring, and the other was a shining bracelet made of Greek origins. The other item she cherished, an elegantly made dagger, she kept it in a safe place which she would recover.

The Asian Teenager slipped into the room and sank down at the edge of one of the beds. She regarded Sara with a very curious look.

"No, this really isn't the way I wanted to return home," Sara said, answering her unasked questions. The girl shrugged in response. "I knew I'd have to show myself sooner or later."

Sooner, obviously, and Sara hated the fact it was sooner. She needed about two or three years to get done what she needed to get done, at the most, she hoped.

'Well, we'll see if I can make this work.'

Sara slipped the two items she took out for a moment back into her pocket when footsteps had been heard. She wouldn't want to share them with the world, at least not yet.

"To add to our around the clock coverage of the five-year anniversary of the Queen's Gambit, we have some amazing, and shocking late breaking news. One of the people aboard of the Queen's Gambit has been found."

Thea Queen's hands slipped out from underneath her chin and her face drooped from her hands. She had woken up in a haze, and the around the clock coverage of the assumed deaths of her father and brother made her want to slip further into one.

'It can't be.'

Thea crossed her fingers. She wasn't the religious type, but she still prayed for a miracle.

"Sara Lance, who was a girl who joined Oliver Queen on the Queen's Gambit, has been found by a Fishing Boat off of the coast, and brought to Starling City General Hospital," the newscaster said. "While, Ms. Lance hasn't made a statement, this renews hope that more members of the Queen's Gambit are still alive. We'll keep you posted here for more coverage as it breaks."

For the first time in a while, Thea smiled a genuine smile, and not one was a put on. Was it possible her brother could be alive? Sara was, so Oliver could be as well. Finally, things had been looking up,
for the first time in years.

'Boy, wait until Laurel finds out, that's.....um, that's going to be pretty awkward,' Thea thought, finding amusement in the uncomfortable situation.

Given the rough turn her life took in over the past five years, Thea got her kicks wherever she could. It allowed her to cope with the loss of her father and her brother.

The footsteps caused Thea to look up from her lazy stance. Someone approached her room and a knock on the door followed.

"It's open."

No sooner did the words come out of Thea's mouth, the door did open, and Moira Queen stepped in.

"You might have heard the news by now," Moira said to her daughter.

Their relationship had been pretty frosty, the times they've interacted. Thea went through the always enchanting teenage rebellion stage.

"Sara's alive, I know, I'm sure the Lances are very happy," Thea said. She pulled herself out of bed a second later. "Does that mean Oliver or Dad could be coming home?"

Thea didn't like the look in her mother's eye when she hesitated to answer that particular line of questioning. In fact, when she didn't answer straight away, it caused Thea to wonder.

"At the very lease you could find solace in the fact the nightmare is over for one of our families," Moira said.

If only she had been insistent of her son not taking the trip, if only she had, but if she did, then....well things might have ended a bit differently.

"Yeah, I guess that counts," Thea said. She shook her head a little bit, clearing those thoughts out of the back of her mind. "I want to see Sara....maybe she knows something."

Moira looked towards Thea for a half of a second. Her eyes narrowed, and in an instant, Thea wondered if there was something wrong.

"You can't even begin to guess what she might have been through in the past five years."

Thea shook her head. Moira obviously didn't know Sara well enough if she didn't think Sara could have handled herself. She just made questionable choices like going away on a boat which almost sank twice before along with her brother.

'Then again, guess third time is the charm.'

"What's your point?" Thea asked.

Moira frowned, wondering where her daughter has taken this blasé attitude.

"My point is, do not do anything to aggravate her," Moira said. "I'm sure if she knows anything, she'll tell us when she's ready."

Thea blinked. For a brief second, it almost seemed like her mother was actually acting like a parent. It unsettled Thea greatly.
"Just don't interrogate her."

"Like you won't try to," Thea muttered underneath her breath.

Moira stopped, at her phone ringing. She would deal with her daughter later.

"Get dressed, I'm heading there to check up on her in twenty minutes after I take this important call."

Moira walked out of the room a couple of seconds later. Thea stood up and she almost didn't move. Moira went further down the hallway.

The words "it doesn't look too good" were the only words Thea caught before Moira got out of sight.

The Queen heiress shrugged, and just passed it off as some business deal gone awry or something. Not really her problem.

Thea pulled herself over towards the dresser. She hoped, perhaps to the level of foolish optimism this particularly long and unsettling nightmare would have been over soon.

'Guess it might be too much to hope for.'

Laurel thought the news had traveled pretty fast. She made her way to the hospital when her father had given her the call. She tried to hide the fact she knew for about six hours before then, mostly because she didn't really want to get anyone's hopes up, especially her own.

Quintin Lance made his way down the hallway to meet his oldest daughter. The past five years had not been good for him or his health. He managed to hold it together on the hope there would be good news.

Today might be the good news he waited for, or it would be another disappointment in a long line over the past five years.

"So, do you really think it's her?" Laurel asked.

"I don't think…if it isn't, this is someone's idea of a really sick joke," Quintin said. "Just…don't try and be too hard on her, Laurel. After everything…"

Laurel realized her and Sara needed a long overdue talk. The two of them ran into a teenage girl. She looked towards both of them for a couple of moments.

"Could you move?" Quintin asked. "We're here to see my daughter."

The Asian Teenager gave them a once over and smiled before stepping off into the side. Laurel and Quintin stepped inside of the room.

"Sara?" Quintin asked. "Oh, it's really you, it's just…"

Quintin made his way over towards his daughter and gave her a hug in greeting. Sara looked towards him, looking around, and seeing her sister.

"Yeah, Dad, it's me, it's...well, it's been a long five years," Sara said.

She didn't really know what to say. Five years was a lot time, and everything changed for them all. And it changed for Sara more than her family could either realized.
A happy family reunion wasn't something she envisioned in her head to be perfectly honest at any point over the past five years. The lack of hope everything could go back to the way things were was one of the reasons why she had procrastinated with returning to Starling City, because of the fact she didn't know what to say. Sara hated to be the one to say this, but she really wasn't the same girl who had gotten on that ship all of those years ago.

'I really hope they're not disappointed with what I've become,' Sara thought. 'And what I'll have to do later.'

Laurel smiled, despite herself. She saw her father the happiest he had been in years, and the last five years had been rather rough on him.

"Your mother, she's trying to get a flight in on Central City, she never really gave up hope you would be alive," Quintin said.

"You and Mom, you're….not together, are you?" Sara asked.

"Yeah, we just thought it was the best to call it quits," Quintin said.

Sara didn't know what to say. She decided to turn towards her sister, who stood off to the side. Her father wouldn't be hard to break the ice with. Laurel, on the other hand, Sara had her doubts about. Given she had every reason in the world to throttle Sara.

The sisterly reunion would have to wait at least for a moment. The door opened up, and Sara expected Moira Queen to show up. Thea also followed and flashed a weak smile towards Sara.

Sara's traveling companion allowed them into the room but looked over Moira with narrowed eyes.

"Mrs. Queen," Sara said a moment later.

"Hello, Sara," Moira said. "How are you?"

Sara could have laughed. She guessed the simplest questions in the world had been the most loaded if she were perfectly honest.

"It's been a rough five years," Sara said. "I've been through things I wouldn't want to…wish on my worst enemy. The place I've been in….it's been awful. Lian Yu, they call it Purgatory for a reason."

Moira reacted to the name in a very negative way, but recovered quickly enough for no one in the room other than Sara and her companion to notice it.

"I'm just glad you're fine….we're all really glad you're fine."

"Yeah," Thea said. "We really are."

Sara smiled when getting a good long look at Thea. She had grown past her very awkward preteen stage quite nicely.

"So, when's Oliver coming home?"

One single question caused everything in the room to go sour in a real hurry. Sara didn't really know what to say.

'And here comes the part I really dreaded.'

"Thea, I've got some bad news," Sara said. "Oliver, he isn't coming back."
"Oh, the two of you must have gotten separated," Thea said.

"No, he's not coming back because….he's dead."

Everything went so deadly silent the hospital room could pass off as a morgue. Sara swung her legs off of the bed and turned to look Thea in the eye.

"He went down with the ship?" Quintin asked.

Granted, he wasn't the biggest fan of Oliver Queen. But, he didn't want him dead, just locked away from his daughters as far away as possible. Or sent to Siberia, that worked well too.

"No, not on a ship, just…somewhere after…"

Sara came the very closest she came to break down. She held herself together. Moira reached over and placed a gentle hand on Thea's shoulder to try and prevent her daughter from latching out.

Thea pulled away from her mother.

"Well, you must have seen him slip off of something, or thought he drowned, but he must have been found by someone, I mean, it's not like you found the body," Thea said, sounding hopeful.

Sara just shook her head.

"No, what do you mean….."

"I know because I saw him…I saw him die," Sara said. "I held him in my arms when he drew his last breath and buried Oliver on the island…..he was….not completely intact….but he's dead…..really and truly dead. And I'm sorry."

'And I'm still sorry, Ollie.'

Everyone in the room looked at Sara like she had just punched them in the stomach. She didn't really know what to say about this, other than apologize several times over.

"If you find me a way to get back to the island...Oliver's remains are there, and I can bring you to his grave, to say goodbye," Sara said.

Sara didn't make the other big revelation regarding her and Oliver, but the death of Oliver was more than enough of them to stomach.

The reactions around the room showed they took it all. No one reacted worse to it than Thea did. Thea collapsed on the chair and kept shaking her head as if trying to convince herself this was not real.

"I'll believe it when I see my son's remains."

Quintin's gaze snapped towards Moira Queen's face.

"Are you calling my daughter a liar?" Quintin asked. "Especially, after all, she's been through."

"I would like to see if there's still a chance she could have been mistaken," Moira said. "You said it yourself; she's been through a lot."

"Oh, now you're calling my daughter crazy, instead of a liar? Great..wonderful….."
"Dad, watch your blood pressure!"

Laurel spoke up for the first time since she arrived in Sara's presence. Sara missed hearing her in the five years they were gone.

"If Sara wants to show you, she can, but only after she gets some rest, something to eat, and maybe a shower," Laurel said.

Laurel stared down Moira Queen and didn't blink. Many people in the business world couldn't have accomplished that.

Sara tried to catch her sister's eye with a smile, but she was already looking away.

'One step at a time.'

To Be Continued on October 11th, 2016.

So, I've been kicking up this story idea for a while, and here it is. It's kind of a niche genre within a niche genre, but it's the type of story I'll enjoy writing, so there you go.

So, how AU is this going to be? Well very AU, more so as we go further on through the canon. There are a couple of interesting references from the wider DC universe here.

Until next Tuesday.
Chapter Two: Laid to Rest

The sound of a shower shutting off signaled Sara Lance stepping out of the shower. Returning back to the home she grew up in for the first time in five years really caused her to be a bit shaken because it was odd, different even. It wasn't what it used to be and Sara didn't know how unsettling it was.

Five years away might as well have been a lifetime to be perfectly honest. Sara closed her eyes a second later.

'Boy, this is going to take some getting used to.'

She slipped out a tank top and a pair of jean shorts. The people at the hospital have given her the go-ahead to leave. She had been physically healed from any injuries. They strongly recommended her to talk to someone given how she claimed she spent five years on one of the worst places on Earth and her innocent was shattered the moment she saw someone die in front of her.

If only they knew what happened. Sara whipped the towel off of the top of her head and caught it with one fluid motion. She walked across the hallway to her bedroom. Everything in her house was exactly how she remembered it. Even the little crack in the ceiling where her father swore up and down for years he would fix it and he would never, and Sara noticed the chipped paint on the wall where she punched when she was fourteen, after an argument with her sister.

It brought back so many fuzzy memories, to a much simpler time in Sara's life.

'Home sweet home,' Sara thought. 'Wow, didn't mean for that to sound so cynical.'

Sara hesitated to take a step towards her former room. She figured sooner or later, biting the bullet was necessary, and she would have to return to face that old life.

The door swung open and Sara took a step into her old room. It was about how she remembered it, even though the memories only lingered in the back of her head as a distant echo. The life before that trip five years ago and her life after all she had been through over the last five years, it was a muddled mess if she had to be perfectly honest.

The room hadn't been messed with since the time she left. The clutter on her desk was about how she remembered it as well. She didn't know how to feel about that.

'It's like I'm intruding on another person's life,' Sara thought. 'I remember this, but...was my room really this syrupy sweet?'

Sara cast a look towards some of the décor, how sweet, and cutesy it looked, like something a teenage girl might pick out.

She noticed something sticking out from underneath her desk. The girl bent down and scooped it up. A picture of herself and Laurel shined out in front of her, in happier times. It even had the same crack in it when she accidentally knocked it off of her desk years ago.

'Years ago?' she thought. 'Might as well have been decades ago.'

Sara looked around her room. She wouldn't be staying here for that long, she figured. Still, every
second passed, it felt like something completely wrong.

She stole a look outside in the backyard. Her traveling companion sat perched on a park bench and was immobile for a second. Sara figured she wouldn't want to intrude on the family reunion. She opened up the window.

"You should really come out there, it's going to rain," Sara said. "The last thing I want is your mother to kill me."

Given whom the girl's mother was, Sara feared it would be a rather obvious end result.

The girl responded with shaking her head and pointed towards the general direction of the house towards the kitchen. She pointed towards Sara, then towards the kitchen, and then pointed towards Sara, and the back to the kitchen.

Sara understood instantly, and she just faced something else which had been driven.

"My father's down there, and you think I should talk to him," Sara said. "Don't you?"

Sara's traveling companion responded with a nod. Sara didn't really know what to say, but the insistent look coming from the teenager's face almost made Sara smile.

"Okay, I'll go down there and talk to him," Sara said. "But, only if you promise to come inside before you get sick and get us both killed."

The girl answered with a smile and pointed towards the kitchen window one more time. Sara turned around and made her way down the steps.

Sara made her way down the stairs and she saw her father sitting at the table. He looked up at her from what he was doing.

Awkward moment was very awkward in Sara's mind.

"Your friend won't come inside," Quintin said. "She's not the real chatty type, is she?"

"No," Sara said. "Her name's Cassandra."

"Right," Quintin said. "Look, I'm making a cup of coffee, if you want to sit down, I'll be happy….."

"Don't worry, I'll get it," Sara said. She took the cup of coffee and sat down on the table. She didn't drink it, rather letting the coffee just steam up. "Is there something wrong?"

Quintin thought this would be much easier. He never expected his daughter to be this ice-cold when she came back, but then again, five years, in God knows where, was a long time.

"I'm glad to have you back, it's just….." Quintin said. "I just thought it would have be different when you come back."

"Different?" Sara asked her father. "Or did you expect things to go back the way they used to be?"

"The ship's long since sailed on that one," Quintin said. "I….I know…..I don't want to even think about it."

Quintin looked towards Sara for a moment. His daughter was sitting right across the table but at the same time, she was more emotionally distant that they were physically distant when she had disappeared on the island.
"It's going to take me a while to get back to the way it used to be," Sara said. "But, I'm....I'm going to try the best I can....it's going to be tough."

Tough might actually not be the best word. Impossible would be a more fitting term in Sara's mind.

"Yeah, I know."

Quintin had so many questions he wanted to ask, but he dare not speak them for the simple fact he didn't really want to know the answers.

"And about Oliver, I think it would be best if we had this entire conversation once and only once," Sara said. "If the Queens want to see his grave, I'll lead them straight to it."

"You want to go back to that place?" Quintin asked. "After five years, you want to go back there. I....I don't think you should do it."

Sara shook her head.

"Dad, I'm an adult and perfectly capable of making my own decisions."

Quintin had been hit with the icy look, the one he got from his ex-wife when he had taken things one step too far by being overprotective. He entertained the possibility of locking up his daughters until they were about forty, but that really wasn't all that feasible, to be honest. And given how stubborn his two girls were, he knew the fierce streak of evidence would be when they got worse in age.

"I want to tell you everything....well everything I can," Sara said. "And yes, he's really dead, I know some people think I'm just making this up."

"Hey, I believe you," Quintin said, waving it off.

Quintin did believe her, given how adamant Sara seemed about it. He was just worried about what happened if Sara saw Queen die in front of her. No one could be fully prepared to see someone die in front of her.

"Thanks," Sara said. She sighed. "I just....I just don't know, this happened so fast."

For the first couple of years, Sara dreamed about returning home, and in the last couple of years, she simply dreaded the moment she did. She only returned to fulfill a couple of promises, and an obligation she felt to herself to right certain wrongs.

"So, where's Laurel?"

"She left early, which might be a good thing," Quintin said. "Because, I think my referee shirt's still at the cleaners."

Sara thought her father might have been right to worry. She and Laurel didn't leave on the best place. She had another revelation which she had been holding in.

"I'm going to have to make the trip, to get closure," Sara said. "And Moira and Thea should have a chance to say goodbye, they deserve it. And if they hate me for the rest of my life, then that's fine. At least I know."

"No one's going to blame you for what happened, kiddo," Quintin said to his daughter gently.

Sara got up from the table, leaving the coffee mostly undrunk.
"I need to take a walk, I've got a lot to think about."

Quintin frowned. Some really serious shit happened to his daughter the five years she was away.

'Nothing any father should ever have to think about.'

Laurel went over numerous possibilities in her mind regarding what would happen with Oliver, Sara, or both should one or both return over the years. The most likely scenario, at least in her mind, was the fact the two of them would never return home, and they had been lost at sea.

The scenario of Sara returning, and announcing Oliver was dead, really spun Laurel's world all topsy-turvy.

From what Sara mentioned, and Laurel had no reason to disbelieve her, they both made it from the ship. Details had been lost to Laurel along the way, but maybe if the two of them sat down and had a conversation like reasonable adults, perhaps she could get to the bottom of this.

Tommy wasn't taking this well, at all, and Laurel could hardly blame him. Despite the fact the entire dating thing didn't work, given how Laurel wanted different things out of her life, they parted friends, and it actually erased any doubt either would have about what might have been. At least they could be mature and reasonable adults about the fact the entire dating thing didn't work out.

'He's not taking it well...and well...I can't blame him,' Laurel thought. They were as close as brothers, and...it's just.....it's just hard. It's like Tommy lost his best friend all over again.'

Tommy still found himself submerged in the deep, deep, denial stage. He offered to do whatever it took to get them to the island, so Sara could take them to the grave.

Laurel was a bit reluctant to ask Sara to do that, for a few reasons. One of them to be honest, she wasn't sure if she wanted to verify it. Whatever had been there with Oliver, Laurel didn't want it to be brought back up.

'Well, I'm going to really have to talk to her, and have a conversation I'm sure neither of us is looking forward to,' Laurel thought. 'And yes, Babs, if you were here, you would tell me to stop being a pussy and just talk to her.'

Speaking of sisters, Laurel didn't really know why she was avoiding hers and going off to talk to Oliver's other than she was. She made her way to the Queen Mansion, with the door surprisingly opened. Regardless, she raised her hand to knock on the door.

The door opened and Thea opened it. She looked at Laurel for a moment and shook her head.

"Oh, it's you," Thea said.

Laurel frowned at the tone Thea used. She figured given how Thea took the news yesterday, she would be dealing with a very moody and irritated teenager, but little did she know how moody or how irritated Thea would be.

And for good reason, Laurel reminded herself, she just found out her brother was dead, and was still clinging onto hope Sara might be mistaken.

"Can I come in?" Laurel asked.

"Sure, free country," Thea said.
Thea sounded rather tired, and Laurel frowned. She knew it wasn't her place to butt into Thea's personal life, but she was honestly concerned. And she knew what teenagers got up to, especially when they didn't want to deal with the hardships of life.

Oliver's vices had been booze, pot, and everything he could get his hands on with a short skirt and a nice pair of legs. Laurel wondered how she ever thought that would change, despite all of the chances she gave Oliver. She should have listened to her gut, and more important her father, about how what happened.

"Tommy said he would fly us out there, so Sara can take us to the grave," Laurel said.

"Oh, that's nice; I can't believe everyone's given up on the fact Oliver's still alive, including his supposed best friend."

"Thea, listen….."

Thea's hand flung into the air and caused Laurel's mouth to go shut.

"No, I'm done listening, I'm done hearing everyone tell me what I should think," Thea said. "Look, Sara…she's had it rough, I get it, I really do! But, she could have seen something and maybe she believed it was Oliver. But….my brother is still out there, he's still alive."

Laurel frowned one looking at Thea.

"I'm not calling her a liar, I'm just saying….it's not…he's still, out there, he's still alive," Thea said.

"It's hard, Thea, but you have to….."

"You don't know what I'm going through!" Thea yelled. Laurel blinked when looking through her. "You think just because you've dated Oliver, you have the right to tell me what I think. Well, Oliver dated a lot of girls, and you're a dime a dozen. And I don't see any of them being as self-righteous as you are or saying they understand what I'm going through"

Laurel looked at Thea for a moment. Thea had some really serious anger issues bottled up.

"My brother wouldn't leave me, he wouldn't abandon me like that," Thea said. "I don't know why you're all thinking….the worst of him."

Thea turned around and away from Laurel, to look out the window. Despite the conversation, Laurel shifted towards her.

"If you need anything, I'm here," Laurel said.

"You have a sister, you should be here for her," Thea said.

Laurel backed off at this sharp comment. In Thea's own abrasive way she had hit a point. Laurel did have a sister, and maybe she should have been near her.

"Call me if you need anything, okay? Even if you just want to yell at me, tell me how everything that happened to Oliver is somehow my fault, I'll…..I'll listen to you, okay?"

Thea gave a very noncommittal nod, not saying anything. Laurel finally left and left Thea to her own activities.

Sara stepped into a gym with Cassandra following in close behind. She walked inside and did some
stretching exercises to calm down. Cassandra stepped over and kept her eyes locked onto the back of Sara's head. Sara turned herself a fraction of an inch towards Cassandra.

Cassandra's gaze locked onto Sara's.

"I know what you're thinking," Sara said. "I must have been stupid to think it would be just easy to return home."

Cassandra shrugged her shoulders and shook her head.

"It's the easiest thing to blame Oliver too, even though it's not entirely his fault what happened," Sara said. "And I'm sure it's just easier to let it rest with him."

Sara spread her legs out and stretched against the wall. She closed her eyes, the thoughts crossing her mind. She barely noticed Cassandra's hand on her shoulder. It didn't quite jerk her back into reality, despite Cassandra's very honest and very clear attempt to do so.

'It's what happened the week before that I'm worried they're going to get mad about,' Sara thought. 'Dad looks like a wreck, he might hide it, but he is one. After Mom left, I can only imagine what he went through. And Laurel…damn if I know what she was thinking, but….I can't believe our relationship would have been ruined over something like this.'

One stupid decision Sara made when she was….well she was blinded by emotion. She wondered what her life could have been like if she hadn't joined Oliver on that trip. But, a small part of her didn't regret it, because it also was the catalyst to making her stronger.

"No one really twisted my arm," Sara said. "I could have said no, and I should have said no."

Cassandra took a moment to look at Sara and motion for her to step into the center of the room. Sara knew what Cassandra wanted to do and joined her. A good sparring session would have been able to burn off the feelings which had been cropping back up.

"Guess, it would be best if I just burned off a little steam," Sara suggested.

Cass nodded and once again beckoned Sara to face her.

The two met in the center of the ring and Sara fired a move at Cassandra. Cassandra blocked it with the sharp, quick reflexes Sara knew she had. Sara pulled back her arm and tried to fire another punch towards Cassandra. The punch had been blasted for a second time.

Cassandra went for Sara, who dodged the attack. Cassandra returned fire with a back hand punch and Sara blocked it.

Both girls moved back to the center of the room, evenly matched.

Sara and Cassandra exchanged strikes, neither of them back off. They had been too evenly matched. Sara learned to think on her feet in her time away from a couple of really good teachers, and Cassandra had been trained pretty much from the cradle.

Which lead to her unique circumstances. Cassandra jumped up and nailed Sara with a kick which caused her to drop to the floor. Sara bounced back up and started to fire away with a series of attacks. Cassandra maneuvered around all of them, never once missing a beat when Sara fired those blows.

"Thanks, Cass, I feel a little bit better now," Sara said. "It's just frustrating I came back this soon. I
honestly think I came back before I was ready to.

Cass reached forward and touched Sara on the shoulder. The two of them started up their sparring session again. Cass tried to slip behind Sara. Sara turned around and hooked Cass around the arm. Cass twisted out of the move and rolled over.

The strike to the throat had almost nailed Sara with a back hand punch. Sara blocked the attack one more time and hooked Cass. Cass again maneuvered out and flipped Sara down onto the ground. Sara bounced back up again for the attack.

The battle caused Sara to unwind and also gave her plenty of time to think about what was to come later on. Cass went for an uppercut punch. Sara blocked her hand and turned Cass around.

Sara had Oliver's last will and testament, they both made one before they went out to deal with Slade. She had both the last will and testament, along with the list Oliver's father gave him.

'Never thought it would be him that died in there, thought it would be me,' Sara thought. 'And I did make the promise.'

It would also be a long time before Sara forgot Slade, with the gift he left coursing through her veins. She managed to learn to control some of the darker impulses, although there were times where it slipped out.

The two finished the sparring session, backing off from each other.

"Cass, it's time to face everything that happened," Sara said. "Tell my sister, my father, the Queens, Tommy, and everyone else who wants to know…what the hell happened."

Cass placed her hand on Sara's shoulder and gave it an encouraging squeeze. Sara felt a little bit better now she got her aggressions out of her system.

Sara found herself on a private plane the next day which had been going for Lian Yu. Tommy had provided the transportation and was intent on seeing his friend's body sooner rather than later. Sara didn't blame him, not at all.

Everyone would know the truth, as harsh and cruel as it was.

The flight had been a fairly awkward one on one account. Thea and Laurel looked rather frosty with each other for some reason. Sara didn't want to ask them about what happened. When turning to her father, Quintin just shrugged in response.

They arrived on the island. The first thing Sara came across was a very familiar mask with a sword sticking through the eyehole. Sara's stare of contempt would have set the world on fire if she had heat vision.

"You said the grave was about around here, right?" Tommy asked, speaking up for the first time. "I'm.....well, I can't speak for everyone, but I think we all appreciate you taking us here....so we can properly say goodbye."

Tommy had at least moved to the state of grudging acceptance. Thea, however, walked forward. Moira took a step forward.

"You can't really believe this, can you?" Thea asked. "That your son is dead?"
"Seeing is believing," Moira said.

Moira's gut twisted with a feeling of revulsion. The same feeling she had before the Queen's Gambit had been reported missing. The same feelings he had when she realized things had moved a step too far. This had been five years ago and she was too far it.

Her son being verified as dead would be the final step of verification on what an awful, awful thing she did.

"This way," Sara said.

"Sara, you….you don't have to go there," Quintin said.

"Yes, I have to."

Sara took them over to a makeshift marker which had the grave for Oliver. Tommy stepped over and bent down on the grave, frowning for a second.

"Step aside, please," Moira said.

Sara decided to be the one to step inside. She dug up the grave, dreading what she might find. She started, but her father grabbed her shoulder.

"I'll do it."

Quintin dug up the grave. The decay of a body filled his nostrils although it wasn't as obvious as before. He saw some remains buried in a shallow grave, and he stepped back. It wasn't decayed as much as he thought it might have been.

Sara blinked, she knew why the body wasn't as decayed. The flesh on the face anyway, it was intact enough for them to see the familiar face of Oliver Queen, worn and dusty.

Thea dropped down onto her knees, in shock. She breathed "no, no, no!" Tommy placed a hand on her shoulder.

"It's okay, just let it all out," Tommy said. "Damn it's….please tell me it didn't hurt too much."

"He died quick," Sara said. "But, it wasn't exactly…..fun to watch."

"Yeah, I know, and….I'm sorry," Tommy said.

Sara felt even more dread after the deed had been done than during the lead up of showing Oliver's body. She took a second to have several deep, calming breaths in herself.

"There's one more thing," Sara said. She took a moment to unstick her throat. "Oliver and I went to Vegas the week after my graduation…the week before went gone on the Gambit and…"

Sara pulled a ring out of her pocket. Moira eyed it, a mixture of emotions in her face. Laurel had looked away. Tommy and Thea looked mouth agape.

Somehow, this caused much more shock than Oliver's death.

"How did this happen? "Quintin asked.

"Wine and impulsive decisions, two kids not thinking straight," Sara said. "Kind of like you and Mom years ago."
Quintin shut his mouth. His daughter went beneath the belt with this one.

"Oliver wrote his will, when we were trapped on the island, and...he left everything to me...including his shares of the company," Sara said. "Just in case something happened."

The atmosphere on the island got worse. No one said anything, and Sara turned away and took a long walk back to the plane. She knew it would be a long flight back to Starling City. Whether it led to more questions or just awkward silence, it would be a long trip back.

She had the document with Oliver's wishes, and the marriage license was on file. She fulfilled at least one of Oliver's dying wishes, but the other one, that was going to take some time. And then there was Queen Industries, Sara didn't even know what she had to do there.

On one hand, a huge weight had been lifted off of her shoulders. On the other hand, one still remained.

Sara walked past the mask one more time, never wanting to see it again as long as she lived.

She hoped he burned in hell.

To Be Continued October 14th, 2016.

And we have Sara's first days back, and boy are things a bit, awkward. And things are going to be awkward.

Oh, Thea, you angsty, angsty, teenager.

I'm pretty sure those with some knowledge in the wider DC universe have put two and two together about who Cassandra is, and realize why getting on the wrong side of her mother is a good way to shorten your life.

Until Friday.
"Just yesterday, the remains of Oliver Queen have been found off of an uncharted island in the South China Sea known as Lian Yu. After the disappearance and return of Sara Lance, she informed Oliver's family of the death of Oliver and Robert Queen. While Robert Queen had been lost at sea, the remains of Oliver had been found and buried in the empty grave which had been a part of his funeral when declared dead four years ago."

Every single news channel on the station had this news, or some variation therefore. It was big news, so it went without saying there were some issues.

Sara sighed when she sat back. She had a lot to do, and no, she just didn't mean the mine field which she had to travel through because she was no longer legally dead. She leaned back and watched the report.

"And the most shocking news of all is Oliver Queen and Sara Lance's secret marriage. Verifiable proof has been produced, and the two were legally married prior to the faithful trip, and Mr. Queen's last will and testament have been verified as well, as being in his handwriting. We have no idea what is to become of the widowed former Mrs. Queen next. All we know is the world will be watching to see her next move."

Sara slipped out the back door of the Lance family residence and could already see a few parasites, or paparazzi if you must, ambling around, trying to get a closer look at her. It wasn't going to be easy for her to get out.

'And I'm not an idiot, I obviously expected something like this to happen. Just got to deal with it, I guess.'

Sara took full view of her surroundings and made a motion towards the side gate. The gate creaked open and allowed her to exit.

She managed to find her way out of the back gate and slipped away from them until now. She needed to take a trip to the courthouse to get her documentation in order and to be clarified not dead. That would be an entire mess on itself.

It seemed that's all the news media wanted to talk about, Oliver Queen's secret marriage. Sara supposed the entire situation could have been a lot worse than they were letting on.

'I figure I should look on the bright side,' Sara thought. 'At the very least they're not implying I ended up pulling a black widow on Oliver and knocked him off for his money...at least not yet. I better not count my chickens before they hatch.'

Some of the less ethical papers would have made this connection sooner, rather than later, Sara suspected at least.

Sara worried about them performing an autopsy on Oliver, because given what happened in the days before his death, it would find some alarming irregularities because of what happened on the island the day before they died. She was almost relieved when Moira just was content to have Oliver's
remains buried, at least as far as she knew.

She had no idea whether or not there would be an official memorial service. Sara didn't ask and no one was telling her anything right now. In fact, no one was really speaking to her right now, as things had gotten awkward real quick.

Cassandra appeared by Sara's side, as promised. The two of them walked forward, before Cassandra doubled back.

Seconds passed before she continued to shadow Sara. Sara let out a long, heaving sigh, trying back to Cassandra.

"There were people following me back there?" Sara asked. Cassandra answered with a nod. "You took care of them, didn't you?"

Cassandra nodded in response. Sara experienced a sudden feeling of dread because Cassandra may have taken a literal response to taking care of them. She sensed Sara's thoughts through and placed an arm on her shoulder, giving a calming squeeze.

"Oh, they just passed out," Sara said. "Was it the press, or was it someone else?"

Cassandra held up a newspaper in her hand. As it had been over the past couple of days, Sara's picture was on it, and not a very flattering one at that. What the hell was she thinking wearing that?

'School pictures, they never look good, along with driver's licenses and mug shots,' Sara thought. 'And I've had all three so I should know.'

Sara turned around the corner and made sure everything was in order. This was going to be a fairly awkward conversation as is. She had inherited his shares and also had inherited his inheritance. Sara didn't really know what to do with that right now.

The real inheritance was in her hand, the list which Oliver's father gave to him before he died, and also the list which Oliver handed to Sara, just in case, the night before they went out and met Slade. It was almost like Oliver had a feeling deep down inside.

If he had been wrong, Sara could only imagine that list would have been lost forever. And she really didn't know what would happen then.

"No, they're still not talking to me," Sara said. Cassandra's imploring eyes locked onto Sara's. Despite Cassandra being several years younger than Sara was, they were the same height. "Thea has withdrawn, and Laurel….well I think she's just….I don't really know what's going through her mind now."

Cassandra leaned in and put her hand on Sara's shoulder. She gave it a firm squeeze, but not too firm. The first time she did that, she rendered Sara unconscious and it took a while to revive her. Thankfully there wasn't any lasting damage.

"Guess you're the only person talking to me right now," Sara said.

Cassandra only responded with a shifty little smirk at Sara's joke, even though it wasn't intentional. Still, it was a nice light hearted moment between the two of them to break a growing tension.

Sara needed to get this entire being alive after being dead thing sorted out because, in the morning, she had a meeting with the Queen Industry Board of Directors. She felt like she balanced on quicksand.
'Going to have to work this all out one thing at a time, one step,' Sara thought to herself.

Sara consulted the list. A few names had been marked off of it, a few names were in her crosshairs, and a few names. She had her work cut out for her, getting to some of these people. Still, Sara understood what she would have had to work through to save this city.

'Crime in this city, it waits for no one and it never sleeps.'

Sara turned around and made her way to the front desk. Cassandra followed her close behind and had pretty much melted into her shadow.

"Hello, I'm Sara Lance, I'm here to…well four years ago, I was declared legally dead, and I want to know who to talk to clear that up."

The woman at the desk, the epitome of paycheck zombie, looked up at her. If Sara said anything out of the ordinary, the woman acted like there was no problem.

'Nine to five for years, really shows.'

"Do you have some identification?"

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A beat-up truck pulled up at the edge of a dimly lit alleyway. Three gentlemen dressed in hooded sweatshirts and wearing way too much jewelry stepped out of the truck. The leader's hand had his pinky cut off, and a few more scars all over his body. He looked like a man who had gotten in a scrap. His two friends had fewer scars, and had all of their fingers intact, although they didn't look like you wanted to mess with them.

"Move it, we don't have all night."

The two men stood on the other end of their leader on the beat up truck. They dangled a gun from each hand and waited for the leader to speak.

"He said he'd be here in about an hour," the leader of the gang said. "He better not be screwing with us."

A limo pulled up both in style and also to make a bit of an impression. The leader of the gang's fist curled over the weapon and teeth gritted ever so slightly. This guy always made an entrance, and made sure to rub it into the face of the gang members how much more he had it than them.

'As long as he comes through, I don't have a problem.'

The door opened and an imposing bodyguard with sunglasses stepped out. He was a broad-shouldered man who looked like he wasn't one to be trifled with as well. The leader of the trio of gang bangers sized up the bodyguard as if debating whether it would be in his best interests to try something.

A gentleman with a blonde comb-over dressed in a stylish suit stepped out of the limo. He stepped towards the gang members. A second bodyguard exited the limo to stand right next to the man in the suit. He moved with such speed and agility the gang members didn't have any doubt he would take them out.

"So, you're here," the gang leader said. "Right on time, well at least you're good for something."
The smug rich man looked at the gang leader.

"Good evening gentleman," the man said. "Thank you for coming out here tonight. It would be a pleasure doing business with you."

"Yeah, enough talk old man," the leader of the gang said. He stood up about as straight as he could. The larger of the two bodyguards stared back at him. The gang leader cracked his knuckles. "Do you have the goods?"

"I'll show the goods when you show me I'll get the cash, boys."

'Just what he needs, more money.'

The gang leader growled and snapped his fingers. His two boys reached into the pack of the pickup truck and pulled back a tarp to reveal a golf bag. The golf bag overflowed with money which almost spilled out of it.

The billionaire slipped on a glove and touched the money. He would have to have it cleansed later, but it was green. The last people who tried to screw him out of money, well they were currently buried beneath the foundation of his newest casino. The police never found them, not they cared enough to found them.

"Is it all there?" he asked. "My boys spent a long time getting together every little cent."

"I would have preferred it in a Haliburton," the billionaire said. His hair blew in the wind in the most pristine manner possible. "But, then again, I suppose I can't expect any sophistication from your kind of people."

"Watch it!" the gang member yelled. "The money's all green, isn't it?"

The billionaire snapped his fingers. The shorter of the two bodyguards stepped over and snatched the golf bag of money out of his hands. He pulled the stacks of money out and shuffled through it. The sound of crinkling money came off.

"Well, is it any good or not?"

The billionaire showed of his dental worth by giving a toothy smile. He slipped the money back into the bag and dropped it down to the ground.

"Your money's about as good as I expected," the billionaire said. "Knuckles, get the goods they want…and any sudden moves and….Franklin, show them what will happen."

The speedier of the two bodyguards named Franklin, shot forward and with one swift blow hit one of the gang members in the ribs. His lung punctured from the impact. Said impact drove the man down to the ground, and made him breath in agony.

"He's going to need a hospital, but thankfully for him, he'll survive," the billionaire said in a rather bored voice. "You other two, you won't be so lucky if you double cross me."

The gang leader didn't care how perfect this man's teeth were, or how nice his suit looked, or how straight his hair was. No one treated him with disrespect.

"Yeah, quit jerking me around, and get me the stuff."

"Must we be so crass," the billionaire said and snapped his fingers. "More than you can ever
need….I'm sure you and your boys will be able to pass on the wealth."

The gang leader responded with a nod, knowing what he could do. Jack up the price, sell it to a bunch of teenage brats, and he'd be rolling in it. He could keep a little for himself, for this was the good stuff, but to be honest, he didn't really use, it was more of a seller than a user.

The billionaire almost shook hands with the gang leader but didn't know where it had been.

The street lamp busted and put out the lives. It left the entire group in the darkness, with nothing other than the moonlight visible on the street.

The second of the two gang members who had been left standing dropped down. He fell back against the hood of a car, an arrow implanted in the side of the shoulder of this man.

The leader of the gang charged forward, only to realize nothing was in the shadows. His head turned to the right, turned to the left, and then moved to the center. An arrow caught him in the back and dropped him down to the ground.

The two bodyguards of the businessman dropped down from two rapid fire arrow shots. They fell over, from the impact of the attack.

The businessman's hand shook when he ripped over the limo door. He tried to get inside, and start up the limo.

The limo jerked forward before it skidded to a stop. An arrow caught the tire and forced it to skid to a stop. The door pulled open and the businessman had been yanked out of the limo and thrown to the ground.

The billionaire hit the ground with a hard and absolutely massive thud. He rolled over and reached into his coat to get a gun. The gun had been knocked out of his hand.

"Ronald Pierce, you've failed this city," the vigilante said in a low and dangerous voice.

The man tried to scurry away.

"No, you don't understand, I've put money into orphanages, I've helped the homeless, I've helped bring new jobs to Starling City, and I made people happy….."

The vigilante shot an arrow next to the man's head, and came close to taking off his ear.

"You've willingly peddled drugs to children, you've sold the homeless you've claimed to help into human trafficking, and you pocketed several millions of dollars of the donations you've received," the hooded vigilante said. "All in the name to stuff your already overstuffed pockets, even more, to make people think you're a hero who is going to clean up Starling City."

"Please, have….."

The billionaire lost his nerve at facing the business end of the arrow.

"You're part of the problem of Starling City."

She shot an arrow into the side of the man's neck, leaving him in a state where he would need medical attention, but he would pay for his crimes. The vigilante slipped off into the shadows.

Sara disappeared into the night. So far she had been lucky not to have been sighted by the police, not even from a glimpse. Leaving the people she attacked in a medical state where they required medical
attention helped her out.

The night wasn't over, as there was still one more stop to go before she could call it a night.

From a safe distance, she watched the police do their jobs before slipping safely into the shadows. Another name ticked off. His resources would be taken, and there would be some good done with them.

"And once again, the police remain baffled of the attacks of this mysterious vigilante. One of Starling City's favored sons, Ronald Pierce, was the latest person attacked by this criminal in the hood, and evidence arrived at the Starling City Police Department linking him to several unsolved crimes, including last year's murder of a woman who was rumored to be Pierce's mistress. He claimed the fall out of a high rise balcony had been an accident when the woman drank too much. However, new evidence surfaced she had been pushed, and further evidence surfaced which tied Pierce to several high profile crimes."

A smile crossed over the face of one particular attorney. She had been waiting to get something on Pierce for a long time. He threw around his weight and money to get his friends out of prison.

"Regardless of the intentions of the vigilante, we must wonder what his end game is, and if we can trust his benevolence," the newscaster said. "We would like to read this message from the Starling City Police Department, and I quote….."

The newscaster drew in a deep breath before he launched into the diatribe which was put in front of him.

"No matter what the best intentions are, we should note vigilantism is highly discouraged in this city, and anyone taking the law into their own hands will be reprimanded and hunted down to the full extent of the law," the newscaster said. "We offer a plea to the Starling City vigilante to cease his activities before they escalate too far. Failure to comply with this order will result in the vigilante being hunted down and unmasked, and we do not wish to endanger any friends and family the vigilante might have in this city by doing so."

The words coming over the news indicated the newscaster made it like the vigilante had blood on his hands or her hands or whoever was underneath the hood. Laurel frowned when she watched the screen. She accessed some of the reports, and there was nothing too damning. There had been several broken bones and injuries which had been fatal had they not been treated properly. But, no sure fire deaths.

Whoever was underneath the hood had been very crafty, crafty enough to make sure the police did not follow him or her.

Personally, Laurel was actually glad to see news which didn't involve her sister for once.

The phone rang and Laurel picked it up after the second ring once she recognized the number on it.

"Hello, Dad," Laurel said.

"Laurel, your mother is coming into town this weekend, to see Sara, and I thought it would be nice if the four of us could get together," Quintin said. "Are you busy, Saturday night at about six?"

"I can make time," Laurel said.
She would have hoped it would have been just like old times once again, but Laurel wasn't ignorant enough to think it would be just like old times. She flipped a bit of hair out of her face and sighed. Still, the four of them together for the first time in five years, it would be either really great, or very, very, awkward.

"Great, look, I know you've got a lot on your plate, but....it might be good if you just talked to your sister, not that I'm telling you what to do, but if you clear the ice....."

"I know, and I understand," Laurel said when she flipped over a piece of paper. "I've got a lot to get ready before I go to work."

Laurel looked at the papers and also the report on the television screen. She put the phone down after a quick goodbye to her father. She racked her mind for several moments, maybe coming to the world's biggest conclusion regarding who was under that hood. She dismissed it instantly.

'No, the vigilante showed up six months before Sara was found, before she returned to Starling City,' Laurel thought. 'You're just grasping at straws.'

The mystery of the vigilante would have to wait. Laurel looked up and saw a text message from Sara. The message was rather short and it simply read "Lunch?" with a little smiley face on it. Laurel cracked a smile and picked up the phone to reply.

"When?"

Sara secured a lunch date with her sister and was glad have finally done so. Hopefully, she could come clean with a lot of things. She married her boyfriend, who at the time she thought was Laurel's ex-boyfriend because Oliver mentioned it was over. Of course, perhaps Sara had been so blinded with her excitement, she never thought to check whether Oliver had actually made it official with her sister or not. Still marrying someone like that and then ending up on a ship with him, not exactly the best way to endear yourself, especially when he did date Laurel on and off for a few years.

She sighed, odd enough she found herself working with his company. Sara dressed the part at least, wearing a button up blue blouse, a jacket, and a skirt, and balancing on heels. She spent a good time before her return doing a fair amount of research on Queen Industries, and the company had skidded back a lot lately, although thankfully there were a few dedicated people who tried to right the ship.

Moira really worked hard to keep the company afloat, with a few people helping, even though the death of her husband and son likely soured investor confidence a little bit. Robert forged a lot of relationships with some very important people, and for some reason, which Sara didn't know, Moira didn't inspire the same trust.

Sara walked out of the elevator, distracted. She almost bumped into someone. The person staggered a step or two back, and a cup of coffee slid from her hand. Sara reached out and collected the cup of coffee.

She turned her attention to a cute bespectacled blonde, wearing a very professional attire, but she did have a nice set of legs from where Sara could see. The girl's expression was priceless and nearly made Sara crack a little bit of a smile.

"Oh, sorry, I didn't watch where I was going, it's just....." the girl said. Her babbling ceased when she looked at a woman who was very familiar. "Oh crap ....I just almost spilled coffee on one my bosses, and.....that would have been bad, really bad.....like, I'm going to get fired if that happened,
"Relax," Sara said. "Accidents happen….just watch where you're going next time, and don't get too distracted."

Sara had to admit she was a little bit distracted. She put the coffee back on the hand of the frazzled blonde woman.

"Hold onto it."

"I'm so sorry."

The woman turned around and Sara appreciated the view of her backside when she made her way back to the office.

'Not too bad,' Sara thought.

Sara thankfully didn't run into any more employees who had been distracted for whatever happened. She did step down the hallway and come face to face with Moira Queen, who stared her down. Sara swallowed the lump in her throat, but Moira smiled and nodded.

"You're right on time," Moira said. "Security didn't give you too many problems, did they?"

"No, they didn't Mrs. Queen," Sara said.

Moira frowned and gave Sara a stern expression, which made the girl wonder what she did wrong. It was the mother look, she could see it a mile off.

"Call me Moira, we are going to be working together, and…you're practically family," Moira said. "And don't let the Board get to you when you go in there. If they sense weakness, they will pounce on it. You should call their bluff because they really have no teeth."

Sara was surprised Moira had given her some pretty sound advice because if she was perfectly honest.

"A united front is the last thing I think any board member would expect," Moira said. "I regret my son's death, but no one sensible would hold you accountable to it. I am still miffed about not seeing his wedding, though."

Sara didn't know if she was serious or not. Still, Moira didn't outwardly blame her for Oliver's death. Moira had allowed Oliver to join Robert on the trip, and maybe Sara was just imagining things, but it looked like she held some guilt in as well.

'Okay, just take a deep breath, you've fought some pretty dangerous people,' Sara thought. "What are these people?"

The doors swung open and Sara stepped forward. The eyes of these men, many of them who had been handpicked by Robert Queen, and didn't think the company could be sustained with him looked at him.

"Ms. Lance, so nice of you to join us," the board member said. "Perhaps we can take a moment to educate you why you don't need to worry about this company."

"Actually, I'm very worried about the future direction of this company," Sara said, staring them all in the eye.
She just caught them off guard with that one. She made them very uncomfortable.

'Good,' she thought.

To Be Continued October 18th, 2016.

So, Sara has to deal with all of the joy of coming back to life. Well, legally speaking.

Also, our hooded friend is in action, attacking some rich guy, the first of many in this story.

A couple of interesting moments in this chapter, and if you read it, you know what I'm talking about. Or maybe you're not.

Until Tuesday.
'Well, at least the news media hasn't changed much.'

Sara could have laughed at the news media and their speculation regarding what she planned on doing when she got back to a normal life. What did constitute for a normal life for anyone? What she did, that was normal for her. It was what she enjoyed doing, for better or for worse. The rush of going out there and making sure a few less threats were on the street was her normal life.

Some people would argue that was not the most conventional life, and Sara agreed to be perfectly honest. She hoped by the time this list was completed, she would move on with her life, and be able to live a normal life. At least in theory, but the problem was far wider than what Oliver or his father even thought.

The meeting at Queen Industries opened Sara's eyes to a lot of the frustrations. She left it, with Cassandra in toe a few steps behind her. They all thought she really didn't know what was going on, in the company which she had a partial responsibility to make sure succeeded. Well, she didn't have to, the Board was more than willing to nudge her out, but Sara wasn't going to make their lives any easier than they had to be.

'I'd rather handle them than handle my own sister now.'

Speaking of said sister, it was time. Sara made her way for the lunch date which she hoped would go better than the awkward dinner.

Sara took a moment to turn to Cassandra who pointed inside where Laurel had been waiting for her. She understood Cassandra's tone straight away and placed a hand on the younger girl's. The two of them looked at each other.

"I'm about as ready as I'll ever be."

The unanswered question had been asked. Five years since she had a chance to have a proper conversation with her sister, well in theory. Five long years to envision it, although there were times where Sara envisioned the very worst in her mind, when she had been at her lowest.

If it was like this, well she would deal with it, ripping it off like a bandage.

"I appreciate you wanting to go in with me for moral support," Sara said. "But, I have to talk to her, straight up, face to face. We really need to clear the air."

Cassandra looked at Sara and stepped back. She slipped into the crowd, and took a position to keep an eye out for Sara. She wouldn't have been surprised if someone took a shot to kill her. Hell, she was almost certain there had been a couple of close calls, until Cassandra put a stop to some suspicion people.

'She's looking out for me, just as much as I'm looking out for her,' Sara thought. 'Guess, that's something.'
Sara took her hand on the edge of the door and pushed it open. She stepped inside and moved closer towards the table. Every step brought her closer to Laurel.

What to say? What to do? Sara was sitting in front of Laurel and the two sisters looked at each other. It only caused Sara a mild amount of solace Laurel was looking just as awkward.

"You know, I've stayed up at night a lot over the last five years," Laurel said. "Worrying about you, where you would be. And there were times where I wanted to shake you, and ask you what you were thinking."

"Sorry," Sara said.

Laurel put a hand up and stopped her before she said anything else.

"I stayed up at night a lot over the past five years, just thinking about what would happen if the news came out you were still alive. I thought about what I would say to you. But, I also thought about how I would react if I had actual proof you were dead"

Sara remained still when Laurel kept speaking. She didn't know what to make about this weird expression dancing in her sister's eye.

"And I'll be honest, there were times….when I was at my lowest, where I feared you being alive, more than finding out you were dead for sure," Laurel said. "And yet you returned…and I thought maybe, we could move on."

"If I could turn back the clock, I would," Sara admitted.

"When you asked me to meet you for lunch, I thought this would be easy, "Laurel said. "And I thought about this way too often, but….I don't really know what to say."

Laurel reached over and picked up her drink. She took a drink, halfway because she needed to stall for time, to collect her thoughts.

"You came back," Laurel said. "And at the same time, you didn't come back."

It struck Sara hard how close her older sister was to hitting the nail on the head. Physically, she returned to Starling City. Mentally and emotionally, she wasn't really ready to come back, but logically, the return couldn't have been put off any longer. She would never be ready if she just waited. After all she saw over the past five years, some good, a whole lot bad, some quite horrifying, Sara had to be back.

"I'm going to say I'm sorry for all of the heartache," Sara said. "But, I'd really want to move on from that. I was stupid, young, and naïve, and the decisions I made, they weren't the best. And I wouldn't blame you hated me."

Laurel didn't say anything. Sara clutched the edge of the table.

"Damn it, if you hate me, just say it, so I can move on," Sara snapped, getting a bit annoyed.
Why did Laurel always have to be so perfect? She always tended to be the better out of the two of them, so level-headed, and the fact she was able to keep a calm demeanor.

"I hate the actions you've taken and the choices you've made," Laurel said. "But, you know what I hate most of all."

Laurel's tone dropped to a whisper and forced Sara to lean in closer to listen to everything her sister was saying.

"And I would have made the exact same decision if I was in your shoes," Laurel said. She looked deep into Sara's eyes and she responded with a not so elegant and not very lady like scoff.

"Oh, yeah, right, you're always the good girl, you've never made bad choices," Sara said. "You're Dinah Laurel Lance, you've always shined bright even when the people around you didn't. You have all of the potential in the world."

Despite their differences, Sara did look up to her older sister, and she saw Laurel's lips curl into a smile when leaning closer towards her.

"You have a very rosy view of our childhoods, don't you?" Laurel asked. Sara frowned and shook her head. "Of course, I've made bad choices. I….I was stupid, thinking Oliver could change his ways, and….well, I don't really want to speak ill of the dead….."

Laurel sighed when looking towards Sara. It was hard to get mad at either of them, because perhaps she was at fault expecting better of someone who wasn't mature enough to do better at that stage of his life.

"We should have broken it off, I should have broken it off," Laurel said. "But, I was too much of a coward to do so, too scared….too scared to admit I might have failed at something and too scared to think I had been mistaken in my feelings"

"Some things are out of your control," Sara said with a pat on the top of Laurel's hand. "And I thought you two had called it quits to be honest."

"Did he tell you that?" Laurel asked.

Sara took a second to consider what to say. She was under the impression Oliver and Laurel broke up when she had hooked up with him, and he poured his heart out to her. But apparently, he didn't get around to doing that. Perhaps Laurel wasn't the only one who was being indecisive.

"We both made mistakes," Sara said.

"Things aren't going to get back to the way they were," Laurel said. "But, maybe they can be better than they were."

Sara swiftly nodded and didn't really say much of anything. Laurel stared her down, wishing Sara would open up to her. She really honestly did love her sister, and would do anything for her.

"Things have changed," Laurel said. "The crime rate has gotten bad….so bad there's a mysterious vigilante who is hunting down everyone."

Laurel waited to see how Sara would react. She waited for any kind of visible reaction, a flinch, a shift of the body, a change of her tone, anything at all which would prove her theory right.

"I haven't been paying too much attention to the news," Sara said. "But, if they're helping out, then
I'm sure they have the best intentions, even if their methods can be extreme."

Sara's face showed very little emotion. Five years did a lot to change a person, to shift their perspective.

"So, tell me about your work?"

Sara figured Laurel might have been able to put two and two together. They had what passed as a rather nice conversation, even if there were still some awkward moments, and they had some issues to work out.

She put on the green hood and stepped out onto patrol. No way people should have been able to put two and two together, given the Hood had been active before Sara had been found alive. Granted, she intended for it to be a far greater gap between the Hood being active, maybe a year or so, before she turned back on.

'Guess we're going to have to make do with what we have.'

The hood gave her security, despite the rather troubled and blood stained legacy it brought. She pushed it out of the head. The last thing she wanted to do was slip into a flashback regarding her five years away.

'It wasn't all worth remembering' Sara thought to herself. 'The past is the past though, and it should be kept there.'

She worried about the present and another name on the list, along with a very important name on the list. Actually a slight amount behind a couple of the people on the list, but he would lead Sara to someone she had been tracking for the better part of the week now. And he had the tendency to keep slipping through her fingers.

The man also had a tendency to be late though, so Sara had to perch herself on the rooftop and just wait. And while she waited, her thoughts wandered back to Laurel.

Laurel adopted a rather neutral stance towards the vigilante at this time. She didn't really know whether or not it was because she suspected Sara was underneath the hood or not. Sara didn't really press her for details because in the end it didn't matter.

'If I did this for approval, I'd do this out in the light, and not in the dead of the night,' Sara thought. 'But, the general public would never accept the need for a dangerous vigilante. Because it would show how much their police and the people running this city failed to protect them.'

Sara climbed down towards the alleyway. She noticed a couple of shifty little figures. They spoke in very low voices, up to something.

'Not who I'm looking for.'

Crime had penetrated into the deepest, darkest levels of Starling City, beyond the names of the rich people on the list. Sara tightened her focus on the big picture, knowing it might scare some of the smaller fish off.

Once again, her thoughts shifted to Laurel. Sara wondered whether or not she should come clean. She spent the past five years emotionally distancing herself from all, but a select few.
Sara shifted through a numerous number of reasons why should tell Laurel about her double life and a lot of reasons why she shouldn't.

'Okay, wouldn't dare tell her if she knows, my enemies would come after her,' Sara thought. 'No one likes hearing that excuse. Hell, she's pissed off some rather dangerous people by her day job as well, so I can't really do too much worse.'

If there was one thing the Lance sisters had in common was a nature to be stubborn and headstrong, and they refused to back down. It had put them at odds with each other when they were younger, and Sara figured that kind of heated passion would pop up one more time.

The car pulled up right on schedule. Sara saw a rather smooth dressed man dressed in a suit. He stepped from the car and joined two smooth looking men dressed in a suit.

She knew it was time for her to make a movement to go after them. Sara drew back her bow and shot one of the men in the back of the ankle and dropped him down onto the ground.

A smoke bomb broke open on the ground and Sara dropped down onto the ground so to engage her adversaries. One of the bodyguards charged her through the smoke and went after her.

"So, you're the feared hood?" the bodyguard asked. "I'm not impressed."

Sara blocked the punch of the adversary and flipped up to send him crashing down to the ground. The bodyguard dropped down to the ground. She nailed him with a kick to the side of the head.

The dark haired man in the suit aimed a gun towards her. Sara was quicker on the draw and fired the gun out of his hand. He stepped back and clapped his hand.

Sara looked up and two more men came out of the alleyway. One of them caught her with a shot in the side of the shoulder which dropped her down to one knee.

"Finally, I've got her!" one of the goons yelled.

Sara winced, shoulder having been clipped. She could see the man staring down at her, and not putting his eye on the ball. She kicked the goon's leg and swept it from underneath him.

The woman flipped over the head of the second of the two goons. She grabbed the goon around the head and grabbed him on the side of the neck. One nerve pinch dropped him down to the ground.

Sara staggered back and saw the man she was after disappeared into the limo and peeled out of there. That was the bad news, alongside of her getting shot. The good news was the man dropped his case. Sara bent down to pick it up and leave with it.

'Maybe I've got a lead. If I can get it open, I have a lead.'
by the hand and lead her towards a first aide area.

"I know, I got sloppy tonight," Sara said. She held up a case and dropped it down onto the table.

The makeshift underground lair wasn't the best place to be, but Sara had been looking through the books at Queen Industries to see if she could find a better place to hang her hood. She had a couple of ideas where she wanted to next.

The problem was making to shield the fact she was using Queen Industries property for her vigilante activities.

"Look on the bright side, I got this."

Cass looked at the case and looked towards Sara. She pulled out the medical kit and took a close look at Sara's wound. It looked pretty nasty, but not infected, which made Cass pleased.

"I shouldn't have jumped the gun, but he was hard to get ahold of," Sara said. "And once we find out what's in the case, we should be good to go."

Cass's stoic expression did not fade when dabbing Sara's wound with the medicine. To be fair, the wound wasn't that bad.

"Still, the life underneath the hood is going to be easier to deal with than any life where I take the hood off," Sara said. "That won't scar too much, will it?"

Cass only paused for the merest second as she dabbed the side of Sara's shoulder. She shook her head in negative.

"Good, the other scars, if anyone sees them, I can pass them as souvenirs from my time on the island," Sara said. She took a moment to collect her thoughts. "Mostly because it's true. Anything else though, and people are going to ask questions."

Cass's eyes raked down Sara and she responded only with the slightest shake of her head.

"I know, be careful, but it's a lot easier than it looks, trust me," Sara said. "Those promises I made, why do I have a feeling they're going to come back to bite me?"

Returning as herself, even six months after she established her hooded identity did not make things any easier for Sara. In fact, an entirely new mess of complications had been born from her return and some people asking questions.

The press she could deal with, because they would lose interest when the next big scandal had erupted. Her family and friends on the other hand, Sara had her misgivings about how well she could handle them.

Cass stared at Sara for a long moment. The wound had been properly treated and wrapped, and it would not be bad.

"I'm sure you want to know how well the meeting with Laurel went?"

Cass answered with a nod in response.

"There's still some tension there, I'm not going to deny it," Sara said. "And she was asking questions, questions which makes me wonder if she knows. Actually, I'm sure she suspects."

Cass picked up the hood and held it out and pointed from it to Sara.
"Only three people know who I am underneath the hood," Sara said. "You know what Nyssa said, shared secrets are spoiled secrets."

Cass frowned at the name of the Daughter of the Demon being brought up. She wasn't going to go there.

Sara turned around and looked at the wall for a second. She closed her eyes in a moment to clear the cobwebs.

"There's a couple of people who if they saw me, they'd be able to put two and two together," she said. "And I'm making damn sure no police see me, especially if my father. The moment he sees me in action up close, he'll know."

Sara wondered how her father would react should he ever find out he was leading a manhunt for his own daughter. At the end when this was all over, Sara would tell her family everything, but until the mission was over, the hood needed to remain underneath wraps.

Cass touched her shoulder on Sara's hand. She picked up the briefcase Sara found and the two of the girls worked on opening it.

A map of the city was the only thing which fell out of it. Several locations were marked on the map and this caused Sara's lips to curl into a more obvious frown.

"They really need to be stopped," Sara said.

Sara recalled the intelligence which she received from her investigations over the past several months. This trio of spoiled high profile businessmen who should be her next target if she followed this chain. They had been dubbed the Terrible Trio in many circles, and given their less than ethical business practices, they were dubbed such for good reasons.

The Terrible Trio consisted of men who had been nicknamed the Fox, the Vulture, and the Shark, based off of the type of businesses they ran. Land, air, and sea respectfully, but Sara was pretty sure anyone with a few functioning brain cells.

'In between their drug smuggling and illegal military grade weapons, I'm going to have to stop them.'

Sara stood up for a moment and became a little bit woozy. She dropped back down and ignored the stabbing pain which continued to go through her shoulder.

Suddenly, the pain stopped and her body began to heal, just in time for her to focus.

The exploits of the Hood reached a young businessman by the name of Warren Crawford Junior. He owned rather prominent shipment companies on both coasts of the United States, and had been nicknamed the Fox thanks to his shrewd and rather calculating business strategies.

Some people wrote off Junior as someone who had coasted off of his father's reputation. But, his father was dead, and Junior was still breathing. And Junior thought he was better than the original article by a long shot. He had carved his own reputation, him along with his three business associates. They had come from older money.

The businessman received a frantic call from his chief of staff that night, and the man's bodyguards
had been wiped out. He made a getaway before the Hood could interrogate him, but dropped his briefcase. This put Crawford into emergency mode.

The Fox stroked his chin when he turned around. Two of his other business friends, the Vulture and the Shark, stepped up. The three men had been dubbed the Terrible Trio, and crushed several smaller companies through the land, sea, and the air. It was nothing personal, just merely business.

Well, except in the case of the father of the girl who spurned him in college, and his business, destroying him had been very personal. But it was still mostly business.

"Gentlemen," the Fox said. "The Hood has struck again, and this presents complicates for us all."

"The Hood doesn't have a clue what we're up to," the Shark said in a surprisingly soft spoken voice. He was fat, bald, and pudgy as well. "He's ignorant to our bigger picture."

"The Hood has gotten way too close to our operation," the Vulture said. He was the tallest of the three, with black hair with the earliest hints of grey. "What if one of our rivals has hired the man underneath the mask?"

"Can we be certain it's a man?" the Shark asked.

Fox shook his head, not even bothering to entertain the thought the Hood was anything other than a man.

"We can be, because a woman wouldn't have the stomach to carry out such a campaign," Fox said. "I almost admire the Hood for his tenacity, even though he still presents a problem for us."

The closer the Hood got, the more Fox became nervous, and his two associates, while they knew less about what was going on than he did, should have been just about as nervous.

"So, what are we going to do?" Shark asked.

"Gentlemen, it's time for us to fight fire with fire."

"Not...him," Vulture whispered. His voice dripped with absolute terror.

"No, not him," Fox confirmed. "I prefer only to deal with him when absolutely necessary. But, don't fret, I've found someone more than confident enough to take on the job."

The door opened up and a figure stepped in, mostly submerged in the shadows. Fox brought in one of the best assassins money could purchase. And he had a lot of money to throw around.

"Mr. Lawton, can you take the shot?" Fox inquired.

"I always make my shot, and I never miss."

The mercenary known as Deadshot was ready to take his next challenge, and the Hood was in the crossfire.

To Be Continued on October 21st, 2016.
So, Sara is getting used to being back in the real world, while also she investigates a conspiracy which runs dead. And the first awkward meeting with Laurel, as they try and talk to some things, but there's still a little bit of emotional distance there, but they're getting there.

And a trio of overgrown frat boys set their sights on the Hood, and Deadshot comes into our lives.

Until Friday.
Sara resumed the hunt for Warren Crawford's second in command. She had him in her crosshairs the other night and she tried her hardest not to get too agitated by the fact he slipped through her fingers. She studied the map and had a pretty good idea where he would turn up next.

'Got to find him, time is running out.'

Given Fox's tendency to sabotage his competitors when they refused to take a buyout, Sara kept her ear to the news, to listen to pretty much any buyout rumors. Magno Shipping was the recipient of rumors of a buyout from Crawford. Sara speculated his aide would be hunting around, in an attempt to sabotage their latest shipment, or maybe just to find information for blackmail.

Information on blackmail wouldn't have been exactly impossible to find, given the other information Sara found out about Magno Shipping. The people running it weren't exactly the cleanest legally, but she would deal with them when she dealt with them. Now, Crawford and his men were the highest priority for her.

A perch point on the ledge across the street allowed the hooded vigilante a successful vantage point on all of the main entrances. She took out a pair of binoculars which allowed her to see any heat signatures. If anyone moved outside of the lab, she would know right away and would be able to put a stop to anyone. So far, no one entered, but the night was still young.

Sara arched her neck in time to listen to a pair of cops who exited the building which she was standing on. She leaned in to listen to them a few seconds later.

"Can you believe the rumors of the Hood?" one of them asked.

"Yeah, they're saying one of the boys is underneath the hood, I mean….I guess I can see it, kind of," a second cop said. "But, you know I can't really see any of those brain surgeons pulling off anything elaborate and not getting caught."

The two cops left, blissfully unaware of the fact the hooded vigilante perched high above the city above their head. Sara waited for them to get into the car, whatever lead they had panned out having not gone as they planned.

A very familiar limo pulled up outside of Magno Shipping. Sara took a second to see if anyone would get out of the limo. It slowly circled around the block before it disappeared around the corner. Sara shifted herself on the top of the building and descended down. She made a careful descent and jumped over the fence.

Sara turned around to the left, and then to the right, getting full view of her surroundings, just like she learned in her training. It was always about mastering her surroundings.

She swerved around the motion sensors and made a perfect note of the cameras around her. She shot out the security camera with one well-placed arrow and slipped into the shadows. She caught sight of the car pulling towards one of the only blind spots of the building. Sara waited with baited breath to see who would exit the car.
Sara didn't have to wait too long for a very familiar looking gentleman stepped out of the car. She tried not to look too happy with the man walking out of the car.

'Jackpot.'

The same sleazy aide stepped out of the limo and took a step around. He peaked over his shoulder and walked forward. The aide made his way inside and reached into his pocket to pull out a keycard. A quick glimpse at the keycard indicated it wasn't his.

"The boss must be nuts to send me back here," the aide muttered. He almost dropped the keyboard. "Easy does it, Jefferson, you don't want to lose your cool, the last thing you need is....."

The aide, Mr. Jefferson, turned around at the sound of a rat moving around in the distance. The man shuddered, he hated rats, the way they moved around made him terrified. The man turned around to use the keycard. He frowned when the door stalled in opening it. Jefferson pushed the door and slammed his foot against the door.

"William Jefferson."

Jefferson turned around and the second he did, the hood shot an arrow into his hand. The arrow knocked the keycard out of his hand and pinned him to the wall. He screamed in agony when the Hood put an arrow into his shoulder. Agony spread through his body at being stabbed. The attack wouldn't kill him, but it caused him a great amount of agony.

"You're...shit...you're...." Jefferson said.

To free himself, he would have suffered pain beyond anything else he ever realized and he didn't quite have the stomach to have the pain. The arrow tip lingered closer towards the side of his throat.

Jefferson pulled out a concealed stun gun and tried to take out his enemy with it. Only one problem, she disarmed him with the greatest of ease and then returned the arrow pointed towards the side of his neck. The cold steel came an inch away from piercing the back of his throat.

"You want to try anything else?" the hooded vigilante asked in a low voice of an ambiguous gender, thanks in part to the modulator built into the hood. "You want to talk to me about what your boss, Mr. Crawford is after."

Jefferson answered by chuckling in response.

"Well, isn't it obvious?"

The flippant response had not been appreciated at all by the hooded woman. Jefferson suffered an agonizing feeling when an arrow had been ripped from his hand and had drawn blood from his hand. The next thing the man knew, he was brought to the edge of a ledge and dangled upside down. He screamed in agony when the vigilante threatened to drop him down to a sickening landing.

"Come on, I left Gotham City to get away from this kind of thing!" the man yelled, practically pleading in the process. He swayed back and forth.

"Are you going to talk or I am going to have to drop you?"

"No, please, don't kill me, I have money, I'll pay you money...."

The hooded vigilante really didn't seem much in the mood to make any kind of deal. Jefferson remembered what his boss told him to tell the hood if Jefferson had been captured. It was almost like
Mr. Crawford expected Jefferson to get captured, and that was pretty much how he got his sick kicks.

"Tell me, before I lose my patience, and my grip."

Said grip relaxed a little bit, and her action resulted in Jefferson screaming bloody murder.

"Fine!" Jefferson yelled. "Tomorrow night, something big is going down, Mr. Crawford is going to oversee it himself, it's at the West Central Docks."

The vigilante paused and almost considered. The sound of sirens could be heard, which meant someone was sloppy enough to trigger an alarm. And it wasn't her, it was someone else.

"The police are coming, I have rights you know."

Jefferson flipped down from the higher ledge, onto a slightly lower ledge which knocked the wind out of him. He gasped at the feeling of the hard landing he suffered. The second the police arrived, he threw his hands up in the air.

"Take me in, just keep me away from that hooded psychopath!"

Said hooded psychopath disappeared into the night.

Sara swung by the Queen Mansion, to discuss a couple of things with Moira. She knocked on the door and waited for an answer. Several moments passed before she had an answer.

The door swung open, and a very tired looking eighteen-year-old girl looked at her from the other side of the door. Sara came face to face with Thea for the first time since she had brought everyone to see Oliver's body.

"Hey, Thea."

Thea regarded Sara for a few seconds and nodded in response.

"Hey," Thea said.

Sara frowned, something about Thea seemed a little bit off.

"Are you okay?" Sara asked.

"I'm just a bit tired," Thea said. "Are you here to talk to my mother, about the company?"

"I'm sure you'd be interested in what I have to say as well," Sara said.

"No, not really," Thea said. "Are you okay? You were holding your arm a little bit."

It would be hard not to observe how much Sara favored the arm.

"It's fine."

Sara had been mostly healed from her little battle the night before. Her arm still flared up when she moved it here and there. A moment passed where Thea's eyes locked straight onto her and she folded her arms.
"What happened?" Thea asked.

"Well, I had a little mishap with my motorcycle," Sara said. "Five years out of practice, and the first time I do it, I nearly slid and end up flipping myself onto the payment. Dinged up by shoulder pretty bad, but I've had worse."

"Yeah, I'd imagine you'd have had worse," Thea said before she really thought to herself. "It makes a lot of sense given how you've been out of practice."

The two girls stood across from each other. They were avoiding all of the very obvious subjects with all of the skill and precision of well-trained politicians.

"So, how are you doing in school?" Sara asked. "You're a senior this year, right?"

Thea looked like she would rather talk about politics or religion or anything other than school right about now. She just scoffed and threw her hands back.

"School is school," Thea said, shrugging in response. "Half of the time, it's really not worth it to get out of bed and go because it's not like anything the teachers are going to teach us anything useful. They don't know what they're talking about half the time, and they just lecture us half of the time.....I wouldn't go if it didn't mean I would cut off."

Sara gave Thea one of the sternest looks possible, and Thea just stared back, hands pressed firmly on her hips.

"It's important, you know."

"Weren't you the one who ran off with my brother after you finished high school?" Thea asked Sara. Sara took a few seconds to nod, Thea did call her bluff in a couple of ways, she guessed.

"Yes, I...that happened," Sara said. "And I didn't intend to get marooned on an island for five years, I thought we were returning two weeks later."

Thea shrugged in response, so she did, so she did.

"So, are you actually going back to school, or has that ship sailed?" Thea asked.

"I don't know, be hard to get back all of those scholarships because I'm pretty sure they were pulled when I was declared legally dead," Sara said.

Sara recalled a promise she made to Oliver, come to think of it, she made way too many promises to Oliver, that she felt duty bound to keep. One of them was to look out for Thea if something had happened, and that might have been more difficult to saving this city.

Thea tried to keep it together, but Sara could see her going to a very dark place, something which Sara hoped no person would have to go.

'She's getting worse,' Sara thought to herself. 'She's heading down a path...I don't even want to really think about it.'

One look in her eyes showed Thea did not take her brother's disappearance too well, and him being declared legally dead, along with her father. To find out Oliver died for sure really did put a damper on Thea's spirits.

"So, if you ever want to talk to me or something, you know you can talk to me right?" Sara asked.
"Oh, you too?" Thea asked. "I swear you're just like Laurel."

The sound of Moira making her way down the steps prevented Sara from extending this conversation any further. Moira entered the room and Thea stepped back to allow her mother to enter.

"Sorry, about that," Moira said. "I didn't expect you to get here this early...Thea, do you think you can give us a moment alone....."

"Sure," Thea said. "She's all yours."

She really didn't want to discuss business anyway right now. It wasn't like her inheritance was going anywhere whether or not she involved herself or not.

"She really isn't okay," Sara said.

"I've learned enough when to give my children some space," Moira said. "It's one of those things you learn when you're a mother."

Sara frowned but decided this was not the hill she wanted to die on with Moira, at least not yet. She was going to choose her battles, for better or for worse.

"She'll snap out of it when the time is right," Moira said. "You wanted to talk to me about something regarding the company, right?"

Sara answered with a nod. She had been looking into some of the business dealings in Queen Industries, and things didn't seem to be what they seemed.

She really wanted to see where Moira's head was with a situation like this. She had a few questions, even though she still wondered whether or not she would get answers.

'Good thing I'm a quick study, otherwise this won't end well.'

Moira Queen thought about the meeting she had with Sara. The girl had always been a bit sharp, to be honest, and a bit sharper than she thought. She brought apart some….interesting points to Moira which she would have to take a closer look at.

There were a couple of people in her company which blamed her for Robert's death and the slight downturn the company took over the past five years. It took her a while to get it steady, and it wasn't as profitable as it was five years ago.

She hoped some fresh blood and fresh perspective would allow the company to thrive and survive. Moira made her way up to the upstairs office and opened the door. The moment she swung the door open, a shadow of a frown crossed her face.

Moira tried to have her visible discomfort in good humor.

"It's funny how I kept changing the locks, and yet you are."

The person sitting at Moira's desk had been submerged in shadow for a moment. He was casually flipping through a stack of documents on the desk.

"I don't know why you're bothering, there's nothing in there that you haven't already known before
you got here," Moira said.

"One can never be too careful," the dark haired middle aged man said when he sat out of the shadows. "Given how your entire world had been turned upside down, I would hope you wouldn't do anything reckless."

Moira continued to stand in the doorway of the office. She could size up a person with her eyes with the best of them and right now she was sizing up the man sitting behind her desk. A few seconds passed before she stepped forward and pressed her palms on the side of the desk. She spoke next in a calm, fluid manner.

"Give me one reason why I shouldn't call security?"

The man on the desk answered with a smile.

"Other than the fact I'd be gone before they would arrive?" the man asked, shaking his head. "Need I remind you how much we had accomplished so far, and it wouldn't be wise for you to just back away right now just because you've had an attack of the conscience."

Moira's hand remained firmly pressed on her desk where she looked down at the man who had sat behind it, in her chair. It really did show what he perceived to be the dynamic of their relationship, but Moira wasn't going to allow herself to be dominated, not if she could help it anyway.

"Malcolm, there must have been a reason why you're here beyond telling me what I already know."

Malcolm Merlyn's lips curled into a half smile, even though it looked just like a curiosity.

"Your daughter-in-law is causing difficulties," Malcolm said.

"What are you referring to?" Moira asked.

Malcolm knew Moira wasn't completely blind to what Sara was doing, but he decided to enlighten her all the same.

"She's looking into the company records at Queen Industries, and if she finds the right paper trail, she might mention something to the wrong person," Malcolm said. "Whether or not it's her father or her crusading sister, and you know how the elder Ms. Lance is these days, she's going to end up getting herself hurt if she's not careful."

Malcolm finally stood up from Moira's chair and leaned forward to face her.

"So, do you have a point?" Moira asked.

"Sara presents a problem," Malcolm said. "And we can ill-afford problems right now. Not when we're so close to the plan being fulfilled. To fix all of the problems in this city, in one fell swoop."

"Yes, the plan," Moira said.

The plan had looked remarkable years ago. These days, not so much.

"One might think you're not completely enamored with what will happen as you used to be," Malcolm said. "I don't even need to ask what changed because I know for a fact what did. But I will remind you to get your priorities in line. We don't need any more difficulties."

"I hope you aren't threatening me, Malcolm," Moira said. "You know full well that won't work, given all I've known."
"Ah, that's the key, you know enough to put me away for a long time, at least in theory," Malcolm said. "Despite the fact what I'm doing will provide us with a fresh start, a clean slate, the authorities will not look too kindly upon that. Just like they won't look too kindly on your role in this, along with your role of the sabotage of the Queen's Gambit."

Oliver wasn't supposed to be on that ship. And Robert wasn't supposed to be killed. It was supposed to be a warning. No one accounted for a really bad storm in the area causing problems. Everything ended up going completely wrong at the worst possible times.

"Stand together, for if we don't, we're going to fall, and you will fall because you're tied into this," Malcolm said. "The Hood is closing in on Crawford and his associates."

"That wasn't my call to bring them in, and you know why I disapproved of it," Moira said.

Malcolm agreed they were wildcards, but their resources are fortunate.

"Yes, you've made it clear, and your points have been considered," Malcolm said. "We've both suffered loss, and we both have a lot more to lose if this plan doesn't work."

Malcolm drew in the briefest of breaths and cut straight to the next point.

"If the Hood closes in on us, countless years of hard work will be compromised, straight down the drain," Malcolm said. "And the deaths of Oliver and Robert would have been pointless if this city didn't get saved."

Moira's eyes flared for a moment.

'So, these are the cards you want to play,' she thought.

"Remember, how far deep you're in," Malcolm said. "Don't be softened by your own guilt."

Moira took a second to look outside her office window. She had a great view. Malcolm's point was considered about the problems, the crimes which went down in the city.

She considered his point and went to respond to him, but he disappeared as quickly as he appeared. Malcolm's slick disappearance left Moira along with her thoughts.

'It has to be done,' she thought, thinking hard to reinforce her conviction.

Sara Lance circled around the West Central Dock about three times and wondered if there had been some kind of mistake with what Jefferson told her. She didn't want to think tonight's activities had been a waste, but he could have been mistaken. Or Crawford fed him a line of bullshit to get her to come out of here for no reason. She considered each of those particular possibilities to be pretty likely to be perfectly honest.

Third time ended up being the charm when she circled around. A boat appeared at the Dock and some pretty sleazy looking crew members started to walk around. Two of them lugged a pretty large crate and a third stepped over. He lit up a cigar and smiled when puffing on the smoke.

"It's going to be a pretty big haul tonight, boys," the captain said when he stepped out of the front of the ship. "I think the little kids are going to appreciate this. Got to get them started early after all."

The hooded vigilante looked at the sole light which illuminated the dock, other than the full moon
shining above. The vigilante took careful aim and shot the arrow at the light which caused it to combust.

The nearest crewmember turned around at the light going off. He ran head first into the feet of the hooded vigilante. The double kick knocked him down to the ground and she used the man's face as a springboard which served the dual purpose of knocking this man out while getting the next man.

She fired two arrows in succession and took out the sleazy bag members of the crew. The third member of the crew picked up a crowbar and charged her. Sara dodged the attack from the crowbar and returned fire with an arrow. The man fell over on the docks, injured from the arrow piercing his shoulder. Another arrow caught a man who tried to shoot her from behind.

The crew all had been dealt with. Sara picked up the crowbar which almost smashed into her skull and put it on the edge of the box. She pried it open and revealed the contents inside.

Sara came face to face with several rows of Teddy bears. The vigilante frowned underneath her hood.

'Okay, maybe it's smuggled inside them.'

Sara picked up one of the stuff bears, grabbed it by the head, and tore it off. Stuffing started to fly everywhere, but no drugs or weapons had been smuggled inside. Sara picked up the second bear and started to rip it apart.

After successfully decapitating three stuffed bears, Sara realized the drugs weren't inside. Or nothing, the only scam here appeared to be the selling of cheap overpriced novelty items.

Sara's ears started to twitch and she sensed something from above. She jumped up and hurled herself onto the ground with a shot being fired from above.

A sniper took a crack at her, and Sara reloaded her bow before she fired an arrow from above. Whoever was up above managed to avoid her arrow.

The mercenary from above took a second shot at Sara who ducked it, but the second shot distracted her enough for the third shot to get through. This time, the bullet blasted right through the armor and catch her.

A burning, searing pain spread over Sara's body. She could see the gun pointed and she lifted her bow despite the pain before drawing back another arrow and firing it directly at him. The arrow pierced the man's arm.

Sara's staggered when her face started to be coated with sweat. Every single sound amplified around her. She tried to brush off the light headed feeling and tried to draw in a breath. Each breath managed to make her lungs feel like they had been on fire, they had been heavy.

The sounds of police cars came from around the corner, and Sara pulled himself up. She nearly fell back over the docks and into the water below. Something was in the bullet, and it was making it very hard for her to stand.

Sara gritted her teeth and summoned up more of a resolve. One final thought entered her mind.

'I need...to get out of here.'

The police cars pulled closer and Sara struggled to move. She was a sitting duck out here.
And boy Sara's in a fix already.

Until Tuesday.
Chapter Six: In With a Bang.

Sara burned with pain. A voice of warning from right before she left to complete Oliver's crusade rang through her mind. It hurt her to have this discussion, but Sara was convinced she was in the right now.

'What you're going on right now, it's a suicide mission. No matter how skilled you are, you never will be ready. Emotionally, you're doing this for all of the wrong reasons!'

Nyssa's warning hammered the back of Sara's skull. They had not been given out of a moment of criticism, but rather a moment of compassion. She never spent a second thinking why the return to Starling City was the logical thing to do. All she thought about was why it was the right thing to do and how she had to keep doing what she was doing.

There had only been a few people which Sara shared the story of what happened with Lian Yu, because they understood what she was going through. Nyssa was one of the few who knew, even though their parting of the ways was not under the best of terms.

Sara ached with the thought, wondering if Nyssa was right. Night's like tonight, she wondered.

Regardless, her heart started to beat quickly against her chest. Sara tried to pull herself up, a feverish feeling coming through her body.

Sara's legs turned to spaghetti when trying to push herself up against the wall. In a moment, the police would have been here. The sounds of cop car doors opening might as well have been thunder the way they went through her mind.

'I've got to get out of here, now.'

The cops thought they were doing the right thing by trying to hunt her down. Being a vigilante was against the law and they had to make an effort to bring her down and bring her to justice to ensure the city streets didn't descend into sheer chaos.

Never mind the fact the city streets already descended into sheer chaos. Sara had seen it from afar. The past five years made a city she loved into a very hostile environment.

'You drop down, you get back up. Because when you stop pulling yourself up, you're going to die.'

Sara's face coated with sweat as she made the most casual step possible. Necessity made her move, and get the hell out of here. Her slippery legs moved over the crate. Each laborious step made it feel like an eternity. She knew there was poison in that bullet, and her heightened immune system fought it.

'What happens when they find me,' she thought. 'What happens when they unmask me?'

A different voice, a voice harsher, less kind than Nyssa's reflected through her mind.

'You lose the veil of deception, you're just another person which people do not fear. That deception is
your strength, for they fear the unknown.'

Sara Lance didn't fear death; no she didn't fear it at all. She embraced death. Someday, she should die.

Once again, words from the past hit her hard.

'That's why Sara Lance should never return, because they can't miss a dead person. They already have come to terms with your death. If you show up again, you will have given them false hope. If you fail this crusade, they will have lost you all over again and a second time is always the worst. As far as the world is concerned, Sara Lance died on the Queen's Gambit. Let her go.'

Sara shook her head, sweat dribbling down her face. She refused to do so. The fence was there, and Sara took another leap. She had made larger leaps, with less to grab onto, in far worse condition. Her mind flashed back to her time in Santa Prisca.

'If you don't make this jump, everything will be for nothing. We're going to die in this hole, both of us.'

Sara refused to die anywhere, especially not tonight. She didn't think of herself when she made a ragged jump, rather thinking of what would happen when the hood came off. Her father lead the man hunt for the hooded vigilante, and what would he do if he came across his daughter as the one who had been putting arrows into people for the past seven months?

'To join the League, to become a true warrior, you must divorce yourself from all attachment…never let your heart get entangled for it will give you weakness.'

Sara allowed herself a weakened smile. She managed to work her way through the icy exterior of that particular heart years ago.

'Yet you allowed yours too,' Sara managed when slipping off into the shadows and having given the cops slip.

The easy part, but they would be right behind her and unless she made it back to base, she would die out here tonight. They would find her body, drugged in some alleyway. The first person to come across her would pull down the hood. How it would effect, Laurel, and her parents as well….Laurel who had managed to pull her life back together somewhat.

Funnily enough, she thought of Laurel, and that was the last person she thought of before slipping underneath the water five years ago. Deep down, Sara always wondered where she stood with her sister. It was funny the conclusions you came to when so close to death. Wondering, just wondering about things.

'When you bury Oliver, leave his crusade in the ground with him. Don't let it be your undoing as well.'

Sara wouldn't have been targeted. Her ragged breathing worsened when she moved further away. She grasped the wall and could hear them; they had been going in the other direction. Not that it mattered today.

'Fear of death is the final barrier you must cross. Those who fear what comes at the end will hold themselves back from their full potential.'

Sara came to one conclusion. Her entire body grew rigid when it collapsed down against the wall. She choked out one more sentence, perhaps one last sentence.
"I'm going to die."

"No."

One warm hand grabbed Sara's and pulled her up off of the ground. She had been lifted and carried on someone's back leading on the rooftop.

Quintin Lance walked around the corner. He could have sworn he heard someone, but no one was there. Which was funny, because he thought there were voices. Yet, when looking around, there was nothing.

"That's a dead end….in more ways than one," Quintin said.

Quintin backed off, having lost sight of the person he pursued.

Floyd Lawton made his way into the conference room. He really wasn't in the best of moods, but then again, he was rarely in a good mood when his money had not been put in his bank account as agreed. The mercenary dropped down on the chair in front of the Terrible Trio.

Warren Crawford looked up at Lawton with contempt, almost as if he was annoyed on principle he had dared come in here without an invitation.

"I'm afraid there's been a mistake," Lawton said. "I've been paid for to do a job, and I haven't gotten my money."

The Shark shook his head and turned his attention to the Vulture.

"He really thinks he deserves money for that shoddy job he did last night," The Shark said, and the Vulture laughed in response.

Lawton knew when he was being mocked. His itchy trigger finger brushed towards the pocket. Warren Crawford's eyes followed him, and to be honest, Deadshot had been surprised Crawford had the nerve to sit in front of them.

"Well, we have a situation," Crawford said. He started to rub his finger and frowned. "Actually, we have more than a situation, we have a problem. It's a really serious problem as well. Should I spell it out for you?"

Deadshot's eyebrow's raised up.

"We haven't seen the Hood's body," Crawford said. "Therefore, I'm afraid without the proof he's actually dead….."

"It's a she," Deadshot said.

Crawford grew tired of contradiction, especially from someone who was low middle class at best.

"No, I'm certain the Hood is a male, because….would a woman really have the tenacity to keep up with a crusade for six months?" Crawford asked to his boys.

"No, they wouldn't, Warren."

The man who had been known as the Fox began to look about as sly as one when he looked
Deadshot in the eye. He wasn't looking Deadshot in the eye for long, rather he was looking down at the business end of Deadshot's weapon. Crawford's look of annoyance deepended.

"I've heard what doing business with you is like," Deadshot said. "Give me one reason why I don't blow you away."

Crawford stared down at the gun without blinking. He was secure at the end of the day, he had Deadshot by the throat.

"You blow us away, and you don't get paid for your money," Crawford said. "Given the current state of your finances, I daresay you need that money. Jobs aren't becoming as prominent these days, and I think they'd be even less so when it comes out you've failed to kill a vigilante."

The slime dripped off of the face of Warren Crawford when he spoke. Deadshot began to develop a serious hatred towards him.

"I think the man who can't miss just did," Vulture said.

"Maybe if you'd like to offer yourselves up for target practice, I can show you how wrong you are," Deadshot said. "Are any of you man enough to take me up on the offer?"

Lawton paused for a second and his voice dropped to one of the most deadly whispers possible.

"And from where I'm standing, there are three of you sitting there, and there's only one man who is needed to pay me," Lawton said. His crooked teeth shifted into a smile. "So, give me one reason why I shouldn't blow the two of you away."

The Terrible Trio didn't get in the spot they could by being too stupid.

"Because, you would only get a third of your money," Crawford said. "We each have a third of your money stored in accounts, and I don't know their passwords, and they don't know mine. So you'd only get one third of what you asked for."

Lawton cupped a hand underneath his chin and frowned.

"How do I know you're not bluffing me?" Lawton asked.

"At this point, do you think you can really afford to take the gamble?" Crawford asked. "Bring us the Hood's body, and we'll give you everything which is coming to you, with interest."

"Hmm, your lives will be worth something, won't they?" Lawton asked. "So, does your secretary in the next office have anything to do with my payment?"

Crawford shook his head. He knew where this was going, and watched when Lawton lifted up a gun and pointed it towards the back of the head of his secretary.

A loud bang sent the bullet through the window and in the back of the neck of the secretary. She dropped to the ground. Lawton withdrew his hand and kept the gun trained on both of the other members of the Terrible Trio. His gaze rested on Crawford.

"Let it be remembered I don't miss," Lawton said. "I'll see you boys soon."

Crawford looked from Lawton to the secretary in the office, and the back to Lawton who was mostly out the door. Then he turned to a very unnerved looking Vulture and Shark. The Fox of the Terrible Trio calmly rose up out of the chair and reached over to pour himself a glass of brandy.
"She was getting on in age," Crawford said. "Twenty-Five, she's much too old after all….time to replace her with someone younger….if anything Deadshot did me a favor. That way, I didn't have to deal with her sobbing about how much she needed a job."

"Um, right," the Shark said.

Crawford calmly sipped a glass of brandy and considered his next places. He would follow the proper procedure of cleaning up a body in a moment. Wouldn't be the first time he had a dead body on his premises to get rid of.

Sara struggled out of the endless pit. The rock crumbled, and buried her deep underneath ground further. She saw a pair of eyes peer down.

'I won't die down here, not after all that,' Sara thought.

"Go, I'll make it!" she yelled.

Sara took one more step and the ledge almost ripped out of the wall. She fell to her doom as darkness submerged around her body. The bottom was nowhere in sight and she just kept falling. She didn't have it in her to scream. The breath had been knocked out of her body.

The young woman sat bolt right out of bed. The heart did a drum beat against her chest. Sara wiped the sweat away from her face. She had been stripped out of her costume, and now had been put into a nightshirt which stretched down past her legs.

Cassandra perched, cross legged near the fire. She picked up a cloth and tossed it to Sara. Despite her injuries, and her arm heavily bandaged, she caught it and wiped the sweat away from her face.

"Cass, thank you," Sara said. "Did anyone…did anyone see me?"

Cass shook her head and reached across the table and grabbed the side of Sara's arm. She pointed from the arm to the bullet which laid on the tray. The bullet looked half melted.

Sara's eyes looked towards a blue serum which had been held in a vial.

"Curare, wasn't it?" she asked. Cass nodded. "Yeah, I thought so…..how did I hold out so long?"

Cass leaned back and tried to express the reason for it. Sara tried to get up, but it was hard struggle. Her mind flashed back when she tried to pull herself up one more time, out of the darkness.

Sara fell back against the pillow and breathed.

"Do you think I made the biggest mistake of my life?" Sara asked. "Do you think I should have never come back as Sara?"

Cass swabbed the wash cloth in damp water and rubbed it across Sara's forehead. She felt a hand towards Sara's forehead and dabbed it once again. She did this three more times before satisfied.

"Floyd Lawton, Deadshot, works for some of the most dangerous men on the planet, but….he must have fallen on some pretty hard times if he took a job from a weasel like Warren Crawford,"

Sara tried to summon the energy to stand up. Agony spread over her shoulder when standing. Sara closed her eyes, shut the pain out. She mastered her own body. Pain wasn't going to be her enemy,
the scum she prayed on was. She focused and the pain faded when she fought through it.

Cass stood in front of Sara and blocked her grab towards the Green Hood.

"Now's not the time for this conversation," Sara said. "If I don't take down Lawton, there goes my chance to get close to the Fox, and the rest of his Terrible Trio."

Did Sara want to go with round two with Deadshot. Not in particular, she didn't, but she really had no choice.

"Cass, I appreciate you coming for me, and I appreciate you watching my back, but if I have any self-doubt, that's what's going to kill me," Sara said.

Cass still lingered in front of the green hood and the bow and quiver as well. She wasn't going to just stand down and let Sara go out there.

"Why don't you come with me?" Sara asked. "Together, the two of us...you can watch my back."

Cass looked towards Sara. Her face looked into a smile and Cass took a step forward to wrap her arms around Sara. Sara smiled; she had really come a long way, since those early days.

"I know it means a lot to me, and I do trust you," Sara said. "It's just the promise I made to your mother, where I would let nothing happen to you.....but....you feel like you owe a debt to me as well, don't you?"

Cass held her arms out as far as possible as if to show Sara how much Cass thought she owed her. Sara answered with a smile and leaned closer towards Cass.

"You don't owe me anything," Sara said.

Cass mimed something towards Sara.

"I want him alive, if at all possible yes," Sara said. "But, given how desperate he seems, I understand how I might not have a choice."

Sara removed the bandages from her arm so she could easily slip her hood on. The scarring around the arm and the shoulder grew fainter by the moment. She turned towards Cass who had pulled up a black hood, covering her mouth so only her eyes were visible. She dressed from head to toe in tight leather.

"I'm not sure someone your age should be wearing that much tight leather," Sara said. Cass's expresses eyes looked towards her. "But, I'll leave the call in your hands."

Cass held the door open, as if giving her blessing for Sara to head out.

'Deadshot will be after me first,' she thought. 'Good, let him find me, I'm ready.'

Sara banked on the logical conclusion that Deadshot would not be the type of person who would assume his target had been shot when someone had shot that particular person. It had been much later in the evening, to the point where it was very much past Midnight and getting close to the early part of the morning.

This time the hood had back up and insurance, and if she was perfectly honest, she couldn't have had
a better backup. Cassandra looked over from the rooftop from one side, and prepared to jump in case there was trouble.

'This time I'm not getting shot.'

Sara spoke with such confidence she half expected to be set up for some kind of fall. She had been searching around this general area for the better part of a half of an hour. Deadshot might have already packed it in and gone home.

She heard something, and spun herself around. The girl skidded back to avoid a shot coming from an automatic machine gun set up on the rooftop. She avoided two more shots, before withdrawing an arrow and firing it the machine gun. The arrow hit the gun with a solid impact and disabled it.

'Okay, you're mine now, Lawton.'

Sara ascended the ladder and made her way to the top of the rooftop. The cool early morning wind hit her face. She took a look at the gun which had been set up. Was it here this entire time, just waiting for someone? One look at it indicated it was remote control and Deadshot lingered pretty close by. Sara arched her neck back and wondered how close the assassin had been to her.

"You may just have been one of my persistent contracts ever."

She turned and came face to face with Deadshot. The overcoat he wore flapped in the breeze. His hair flipped across his face. The red eyepiece he wore enhanced his already amazing control. The man in question responded with a smile.

"You know what the most galling part about this is?" Deadshot asked. "Warren Crawford was right, you didn't get killed."

The vigilante shot three arrows in succession. Deadshot showed he was good at avoiding shots as he was at hitting him when dodging and ducking out of the way. The rapid barrage of arrows connected to the ground and Crawford kept moving.

"Until last night, I never missed," Deadshot said. "And until last night, when I did connect, no one lived long enough to tell the tale. There's something about you, which is different."

The Arrow fired another shot towards the side of the head of her adversary. The adversary twisted to allow the arrow to hit the wall behind him.

Suddenly, the brick wall exploded and sent a shower of debris. Deadshot dropped down onto his knees, the breath having been knocked out of his body. He tried to pull himself up to one knee, and came face to face with an arrow pointed at your face.

"Tell me where the Fox is," she said.

"You see, there's just one problem with what you're trying to do," Deadshot said. "That only works on someone who is afraid to die. And I'll be perfectly honest with you, I'm not really afraid to die. Every job could be my last night. Therefore, you shoot that arrow wherever you want to, and in the end, you don't get what you want."

Sara flinched for a moment, and that allowed Deadshot to get back to his feet. He pulled out a gun and pointed it towards her. Before he could fire off another round, an arrow from another rooftop impaled him through the arm. The gun dropped to the ground and agony spread through him.

"My friend never misses either," the Hood said.
She nailed him directly in the eye piece with the arrow hitting him in the face. Deadshot's arms swung around when almost collapsed over the side of the rooftop. He flew back.

Sara rushed him and tried to prevent him from falling back to escape justice. However, Deadshot fell several dozens of feet off and landed into the water with a splash.

The dirty water rose up and splashed off of the building. Sara looked down at Deadshot, fists curling up. She wanted to punch something, or someone now. Her only lead to Crawford just slipped away again. Not that he was too forthcoming with any information.

Sara needed to go down and dig him out of the water. Unfortunately, she didn't have a chance to do that because the sound of whirling helicopters indicated someone was after her. The sounds of them drew closer.

A bright light shined on the rooftop where Sara had just stood. They nearly saw her.

Sara dropped down in front of Cass.

"Nice shot."

Cass answered with a smile, and the two of them disappeared into the night, the police helicopters blissfully unaware how they just missed the vigilante.

'There's no such thing as luck, only shrewd skill.'

Warren Crawford thought last night had been a rather mixed bag. Deadshot had obviously failed to take down the Hood, which was only the smallest, most minor annoyance possible. The mercenary must have lost a step.

The Fox made his way to his luxurious state of the art penthouse with the past security money could buy. A butterfly couldn't even land on his pavement without security making a big deal out of it. He would have liked to see the Hood get inside here and take him out.

Crawford sipped a cup of steaming hot coffee, and read the newspaper. He didn't read it for long, because it didn't speak of his many successes thus it was irrelevant to him.

The phone rang and Crawford picked it up.

"Do you have it?" Crawford asked. "My three associates spilt the responsibility; all you have to do is assemble the parts. But, it's all there, and when I check my bank accounts this morning, I do hope all of my money will be there, friend."

"You'll have your payment, even if you failed to take down the vigilante," the distorted voice said.

"A minor setback, he won't stop us now," Crawford said.

"Your ignorance will be your undoing."

Warren Crawford shook his head. The benefactor dared call him ignorant. He had big plans for this city, to establish a virtue monopoly on the shipping industry, the ground shipping industry, with his partners taking the sea and air roots as per their custom. Once they had shut out all of the competitors, they could dictate prices, and people had no choice, but to buy them.
He would pad his already substantial bank accounts.

"It has been a pleasure doing business with you," Fox said. "And there will be only more business to be done in the future."

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**To Be Continued on October 28th, 2016.**

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Good thing Cass was there watching out for Sara, otherwise it would have ended badly. There have been some hints, even if I'm not doing flashbacks because they really translate badly to written word, in my opinion. Still, every now and again, Sara will get a thought or two, which will serve as a kind of flashback.

_Crawford is quite the asshole, isn't he?_

_Remember the first rule of comic books….if there's no body, he's not dead. .

_Until Friday._
Healing Old Wounds

Chapter Seven: Healing Old Wounds.

The wounds which were the very worst were not those who were freshly cut into the skin. Rather those were the wounds which had a very long time to fester. Sara thought this particular dynamic summed up her family. She arrived at the driveway, parking her motorcycle on the edge of the driveway, and exiting it.

She turned her attention towards Laurel who had been waiting for her. The two sisters exchanged a nice smile with each other before they walked over next to each other. There had been a lot of things unsaid between the two of them. They worked out a lot of their tension, although there was still which lingered in the air.

"Mom and Dad being in the same room is….surreal," Laurel said. "After what happened…"

"What the hell happened?" Sara asked.

"Well, they're getting along now, and that's the main thing," Laurel said.

"Laurel, I'm being serious, what happened," Sara said. "Because, I'm beginning to think me leaving broke the family…"

Laurel lifted her hand and stopped Sara halfway, to make sure she didn't say anything.

"No," Laurel said. "There were problems….before then, I think, but they just…you weren't the main cause, but you could have been the straw that broke the camel's back. So, now they're….well they just thought it would be better off to separate before things got too awkward."

Laurel's words did an amazing job of doing the exact opposite of making Sara feel better. No, she felt so much worse now her sister was telling her she was only the final straw, and not the main reason. Laurel realized what she said and spun towards Sara, reaching towards her arm.

"Look, Sara, I know you're holding a lot of burdens on your shoulder, but…can you try and relax tonight?" Laurel asked. "I know it's pretty hard, but do you think you can at least……"

"For Mom's sake, you want me to do that?" Sara asked.

"Yeah, for Mom's sake," Laurel said. "And for Dad's as well….it would help if you talk about this to someone as well….because there's still something that's bothering you."

Sara didn't really say anything. She just turned her attention towards the door and walked up the driveway. Laurel walked behind her, dropping the subject cold. The younger Lance sister opened the door

"Hey, Sara," Quintin said, leading her inside. "Your mother's sitting at the table, she's really glad to say hello to you so…..if you want to….."

"I will," Sara said. She resigned herself to what had to be done, right now.

Sara turned around and noticed her mother sitting at the table.
"Sara, I'm so glad you're back," Dinah said. She rose to her feet and walked over towards Sara with a smile. "I'm glad you've made it home for a while I thought….."

Dinah didn't say anything. Her arms wrapped around her youngest daughter in a hug. Sara made sure to put a gentle grip around her mother. After the accident she had been in about ten years ago, she had some back problems. They had gotten better over the years, although she still had pain.

And she did not return to the level of activity she used to be in.

"Quintin and I, we came to a parting of the ways, and we had our share of disagreements," Dinah said. "But, we can't give up hope, can we?"

"No, you can't," Sara said.

Hope had been the one thing which had brought her through some dark times, but it wasn't hope for herself, more for the hope that others would have a better life. Sara sat down to the table and Laurel took a seat next to her.

"We're all glad to see Sara home, safe and sound," Laurel said.

"And to think, my daughter had been married," Dinah said. She realized what she said. "Sorry, honey, I know it must have been hard but…"

Sara understood her mother meant well, and it was as awkward for her after five years as it was for everyone else.

"No, I've come to peace."

'No you haven't.'

Sara shook her head a second or two later.

Dinner had been served with some light conversation being made around the table. Dinah's eyes looked towards Laurel and Sara for a moment, and saw her two daughters were at relative peace.

"I really don't like to talk about it away from work, if I can help it," Sara said. "But, I think things are going well, although I'm learning as I go. I never intended to be a huge part of a multi-billion dollar corporation."

"Million actually," Laurel said, letting the air out of the room. "After…it happened, the company's stock had been driven to the ground."

"Well, someday it might be billion again," Sara said.

"Isn't it odd to see the two of them getting along?" Dinah asked. "Perhaps we should keep a close enough eye on the steak knife."

"Yeah," Quintin said. "It's good to have the family back together, at least for one night….I half expect a meteor to fall through the ceiling and crush us all for it going so well."

The tension could still be cut with a knife, even though all of them tried to act cordial with each other.

"Was it because of me?" Sara asked.

Laurel almost held her hand up to silence Sara. Sara swung it underneath the table and smacked it
away. Their fingers touched for a second.

"No, it wasn't because of you, we didn't get a divorce because of you," Dinah said. She reached across the table and touched her hand to the side of her youngest daughter's face. "Granted, both of you girls growing up played a huge part of it, but it wasn't just your disappearance for five years."

"Yeah, there were a lot of differences, which were more obvious over the years," Quintin said. "It's just...when you grow old, things change, and...well, actually come to think of it, getting a divorce might have saved both of our lives."

Quintin laughed, although his humor wasn't shared around the table. Still, Dinah figured he had a point, cooler heads didn't prevail. After her accident, she took out things on Quintin a bit more than she should, her temper shortened greatly, and she was harsh on him. The way he handled Sara's disappearance didn't help matters at all.

"I think we're communicating better now we're not married," Dinah said.

"Given marriage is all about communication and trust...it's amazing how you trust each other more when you're not," Laurel said. "But, if you're at peace and you're happy, that's all that matters."

Laurel was not blind to see while her mother had moved on, her father still struggled. He had been pleased to have his little girl back in his life, but there were certain problems.

Dinah had not been at peace with one other thing, and she needed to clear the air. The older woman waited to see Sara finish her eating. She tapped her daughter on the shoulder.

"Sara, can I talk to you in the living room?" Dinah asked. "Alone."

Sara turned away from her sister and father. Both of them nodded. Mother and daughter rose up from the table and walked away. The moment they were out of earshot from both of the other Lances.

"Sara, I'm sorry," Dinah said. "I was the one who gave you the permission to go, when you begged me to go...and I have a feeling if I said no, you wouldn't have to go through what happened during the last five years."

"Mom, you do realize I only asked you permission as a curiosity, right?" Sara asked. "I would have found a way to sneak off."

Dinah smiled, if Sara was anything like she was at that age, she was certain Sara would have found a way, permission or not. Her wild younger years should have been kept in the past. It was not the life she wanted for her daughters, and it only led to tragedy, damaged friendships, and broken marriages.

"Yes, I know," Dinah said. "It wouldn't have stopped me from beating myself up about this, any more than it's stopping you from blaming yourself for our divorce."

Dinah placed a hand on her daughter's shoulder. The two of them locked eye to eye with each other.

'If only you knew what I got into with my friends when I was your age,' Dinah thought.

Dinah hoped her daughters would live a more normal and less reckless life. Hopes and dreams got dashed under the best of circumstances.
although she detected a note of frostiness with her parents which was a common them throughout the
night. After over, Sara needed to get away to exercise some tension off, and thankfully there was a
gym open late at night where she could do so. S

he walked in the gym and Laurel walked a few paces behind her. She looked pale, was shaking, and
sweat dripped down her face. She looked around, happy to be on firm ground.

"Okay, never again, never again!" Laurel yelled. "If you think I'm riding on the back of a motorcycle
again with you again….you must be completely and utterly out of your mind."

"Relax, we didn't crash," Sara said.

"Yes, but I'm pretty sure I left my heart and my lunch about two blocks back," Laurel said. "It would
be about right if you had gotten in a motorcycle crash a couple of weeks after coming back from the
dead. You already got one motorcycle wreck."

She pointed towards Sara's wrapped up arm. As far as Laurel knew, it was a fresh injury, not the
same injury she received. Deadshot got her good. Sara would have been healed by now if she fully
embraced the serum inside her. She suppressed in instead.

Sara was going to need a vessel of release soon though, if she wanted to keep up with the techniques
used. She could go out to a club and see if she could seduce some more innocent woman into her
bed, but Sara wanted something a bit more meaningful, a bit more personal, for her first time since
officially returning back.

It took almost a year before Sara learned to control her darker impulses, and redirect her energy to
other ways.

"You're done lecturing me, right?" Sara asked.

"Yeah, but I think I'll take the bus back home," Laurel said.

"You really think taking the bus in Starling City is safer than being on a motorcycle with me?" Sara
asked.

Laurel slipped into the changing room to put on her workout clothes. She actually came here fairly
often to work out, so she could punch a bag before she ended up punching someone in the face. The
last couple of cases frustrated her.

She walked out to see Sara already into her sports bra and a tight pair of workout pants which
stretched over her sister's ass. Laurel followed Sara's progress when she stretched, seeing every toned
bit of her sister's frame.

'It has to be illegal to find your sister this hot,' Laurel thought. 'But, I'm doing it…strictly from a
scientific perspective. Just a commentary on how attractive a person is, it's not like….although it
would be interesting but….NO BAD, LAUREL!'

Laurel tried to stretch a little bit more. She found herself thrown off balance. The next thing she
knew, Sara slipped behind her and wrapped her arms around her waist to steady her.

"You want to adjust your positioning a little bit," Sara told her sister. "You don't want to fall over, do
you?"

"I know how to stretch," Laurel said. "I do it every day, after work…and…"
Sara placed her hand in between her sister's thighs and slowly spread them apart. Laurel wondered how much experience Sara had with spreading apart a woman's thighs, not she was accusing her baby sister of anything. There were just some things she shouldn't think of. Her mouth inched closer towards Laurel's ear.

"You should spread them like this, you'd get a bit more out of your workout," Sara said. "Then again, you've always been more of the academic type then the athletic, aren't you?"

Laurel thought it was unfair, she might not have been a natural like Sara, but it wasn't she felt flat on her face anytime she worked out. Then again, it was hard to formulate a response when your attractive younger sister's fingers caressed way to close to a certain part of her body.

Sara retracted her fingers from Laurel. Her entire body grew flushed because of the sense of loss and smiled before stepping back.

"Mom's still hiding something," Sara said. "I don't know what."

"Mom is stubborn and headstrong," Laurel said.

"Just like her daughters?" Sara asked in a saucy manner.

Laurel just barely held back a smile.

"Yes, just like her daughters," Laurel said. "If she wants to tell us what's going on, she will. I...agree if you think there was more than Mom and Dad's divorce than met the eye, although...bringing that up tonight might not have been more of your more tactical moves."

"I believe it wasn't because of me now," Sara said. She supervised Laurel stretching out and then stretched out for her own. "And, seriously, I didn't know you and Oliver were still together."

"Well, I'm not sure how long we were going to be," Laurel said. "He did profess my love to me....."

"Really, you too?" Sara asked.

"But, I didn't have drunken Vegas wedding vows to back it up," Laurel said. "He did give his love a bit too freely, and I wouldn't be surprised if there's a small army of little Queens running around somewhere."

Sara didn't have much of any chance to respond when a loud whirling sound came from around the other side. She grabbed Laurel around her waist and threw her down to the ground with barely a second to spare.

The windows exploded open and sent glass flying inwards. Thankfully, the heavy equipment they stood behind shield them from most of the explosion. The heat grew so intense it was almost unbearable for either of them to stand up.

Both of the girls were shaken. Laurel's eyes narrowed in frustration.

"Laurel, are you okay?" Sara asked.

"Yeah, you?" Laurel asked.

Sara nodded, and noticed a black man in tactical gear standing on a rooftop. He disappeared as quick as he had arrived. No sight on the man's face with the mask having been pulled over them.

Both sisters rushed outside and a note had been folded up against the wall. Sara ripped the note off of
"It says abandon your crusade," Sara said. "I don't understand."

She might have been playing ignorant, but Sara made many enemies. There could have been no way they could have known.

'Who could have found out?' Sara asked.

"They're not going to scare me off that easily," Laurel said. She snatched the note away from Sara.

Laurel's response shocked Sara to the core. Of all of the things she expected.

"Wait, that's for you?"

The attack transpired so fast, Sara couldn't even begin to piece it together and most certainly had no idea who was behind it. No handwriting on the paper to trace back to the source. The most surprising part of it was Laurel had been the target, and Sara just happened to be there. Sara knew her sister must have made some rather dangerous enemies in her job.

But, dangerous enough to try and kill her with a rocket launcher?

'Would any of them have gone this far,' Sara thought to herself. Her frown deepened.

The Starling City Police Department hit the scene. The entire neighborhood had been into chaos. Thankfully, at the time, the gym had been sparsely attended. Only Laurel and Sara worked out, and there were no one there other than a couple of customers.

"Laurel, Sara, oh god," Quintin said. "Are the two of you…"

"We're fine, Dad," Laurel said.

Their father shook his head. He had been a father long enough to know when things most certainly were not fine at all.

"No, you're not fine, no one's going to be fine after something like that," Quintin said. "What the hell just happened?"

"Someone tried to take me out because I'm working on a case," Laurel said. She steadied the grip on the bench she at on.

No scratches, no blood, Laurel redefined the term luck after Sara had just barely pulled her out of the fire.

"Someone was trying to scare you?" Quintin asked. "Who was doing it?"

"I can't tell you, it's going to be a client of mine in jeopardy," Laurel said. She could see her father's disapproving gaze fall upon her face. "If it was just my life that's on the line, I'd tell you…"

"Well, it is your life on the line, and if there's some scumbag preying on you, I have to know…"

The note really didn't leave any kind of clue. The paper littered with letters which had been cut and pasted out of a Starling City newspaper, and there had been not even a hair sample on the paper. It
appeared the person who had done this had done a pretty good job in covering their tracks.

"I made a promise to the client, I wouldn't reveal them," Laurel said.

"Yeah, that kind of promise is likely to get you killed."

Laurel frowned and looked towards Sara. Sara turned her head around and looked towards her father.

"He dressed in black tactical gear, and…..there were three silver buttons on the front of his coat," Sara said. "He was wearing a mask…leather, but I didn't see his eyes, or anything else. He was completely covered in the gear."

Quintin nodded as firm as possible. He knew his oldest daughter knew, and the fact she wasn't telling him made his job rather difficult. He moved across to talk to the force.

"You really should tell him," Sara said.

"If it was my life was on the line, and just my life, I agree with you," Laurel said. "If it was a secret which could put a lot of people in danger, you’d feel the same way."

Sara didn't quite meet Laurel's eyes. She did hold onto a secret which put a lot of people in danger. It wasn't easy. Still, she was very concerned Laurel would end up dying.

"Our father doesn't need to lose another daughter," Sara said.

Laurel had been spared from answering. A limo pulled up off to the other side of the police barricade. Moira Queen stepped out, and the Starling City Police Department all stepped in front of her.

"I'm afraid you can't cross, Mrs. Queen….."

"It's only for a moment," Moira said. "Given how much money a year Queen Industries donates to the Starling City Police Department, you should have the courtesy to let me step through, and have a talk with my daughter-in-law."

Sara turned and looked up. Moira getting involved might end up being a problem.

"I'm fine, really I am…"

"Tonight proves the danger you're in," Moira said. "And I can apologize to you enough….."

"Actually, she's not in any danger, it's me they're after," Laurel said.

"Be that as it may," Moira said in an almost dismissive tone of voice, holding her hand up to stop Laurel. "On Monday, I'm going to arrange personal protection for her."

Sara frowned. She knew while Moira's intentions were the best, she also knew depending on what she decided, it could be a bit of a problem as well.

"My son wouldn't approve if I left you in any danger," Moira said. "And while I can't tell you what to do, I would strongly recommend you stay at your father's house and have no further late night excursions."

Little did Moira know what a night time excursion for Sara really amounted to. Sara frowned, not liking being told what to do, she didn't like it as a teenager, and she liked it even less now. Moira
seemed concerned, or maybe she had plans.

Sara sat in her room, her old room, still feeling like a stranger in her own house. She stripped out into a black tank top and a pair of blank panties, showing her firm toned legs on display. She didn't really go to sleep given the fact she was worried about who was after Laurel.

'Who could it be?'

A knock on her door brought Sara out of her thoughts.

"Come in!"

Sara tried to sound all excited. She frowned when seeing Laurel standing in the doorway. She dressed in a nightdress which clung enticingly of her body. She had been working out since Sara had been gone, but she supposed everyone did need an outlet.

"You didn't leave."

"Dad insisted I'd spend the night here as well, until I was more willing to talk about who was after me," Laurel said.

She sat down on the bed. The two sisters looked at each other.

"Are you okay?" she asked.

"Funny, that's the question I should be asking you," Sara said. "Given you were the one who had been targeted…..you're keeping some big secrets."

"Well, you haven't even told anyone really what happened when you were on that island for five years," Laurel said.

Sara sighed and threw her hands in the air.

"You just had to turn it around on me, hadn't you?" Sara asked. "That part hasn't changed, hasn't it? You always deflect criticism when someone gives it to you. It's always someone else."

"Look, I'm working with a very delicate case, and there's some very dangerous people who could get involved, and if this broke open, some good people could get killed."

"Yeah, well get what, tonight it was you who could have gotten killed," Sara said.

"You….we were fine, it wasn't a problem," Laurel said. "You…saved me…in a way."

"All the times you were there to look out for me," Sara said. "When we were younger….even if I didn't appreciate it at the time."

"I could be a bit demanding at times," Laurel admitted. "But, seriously, I would do anything for you….."

"Okay, fine, tell me who's after you."

The moment Sara had a chance; she would be after these people and putting an arrow in them. No one targeted her sister, no one.
"Okay, anything but that," Laurel said. "But, seriously thought….I don't want to see anyone hurt, especially you, and it's obvious we're….we're still in a very awkward place….and….I don't even know what to say….."

"Well, maybe if we have some tension, it should be worked out," Sara said.

Laurel blinked in confusion and realized Sara's hand rested on her bare thigh and gave it a light little squeeze. She found it kind of difficult to concentrate.

"I don't know what you mean."

"Don't think I haven't seen you checking me out," Sara said.

Laurel had been, and Sara noticing made things awkward. It was wrong to have those thoughts about your sister. Yet, despite it being wrong, it still excited Sara.

"Well, you did….well you're beautiful, even after all of these years," Laurel said. "There's nothing wrong with observing the fact your baby sister's beautiful, isn't it?"

"No, Laurel, nothing at all."

Sara's lips pressed upon Laurel's in such a quick flurry she barely registered what happened until her tongue forced it's way past Laurel's lips and into her throat. The older sister sighed when her younger sister kissed her.

Laurel reached behind her head, with every intention to force it away, but she only held onto the head and deepened the kiss on her own accord. The two sisters exchanged a very unsisterly kiss, with Sara mounting Laurel's lap and closing her eyes.

The kiss broke, and Laurel's breath had been taken away.

"Sara, this is….."

"Wrong?" Sara asked. "Society says so, but….I'm not about to conform with what they say….and besides, you can't ever tell me you haven't had a thoughts."

Sara's time away caused her to have a more liberated view on many things, which society frowned on.

Laurel breathed in, and looked at Sara. Sara's fingers started to caress her body and pull back the nightdress to reveal the black bra and panties, garter, and stockings she wore underneath. Those fingers brushed down towards her navel and tickled it.

"You're seducing me," Laurel breathed. Sara's fingers tensed over her and started kissing the side of her neck. "My God, Sara, you're…"

Laurel's breathing intensified when Sara kissed her on the side of the neck some more and bit the flesh, marking Laurel for her.

"You're mine," Sara said. "And you'd do anything for me….well, those are some dangerous words, Dinah Laurel Lance."

Sara found her outlet, and she thought nothing could be more personal than her sister.
Sara's heated kisses continued to work their way over Laurel's body. She shuddered every time one of them hit the side of her body.

The control felt amazing, to have her older sister, who always held some small measure of authority over her on the account of being older, whimpering at her every maneuver. Sara enjoyed having control.

"Are you dripping wet?" Sara asked. "I bet you are….I wonder how many panties you ruined thinking impure thoughts about your little sister."

Laurel's breathing became quickened. Sara's fingers danced everywhere on her body. They brushed ever so closer to the edge of her panties, but did not take the plunge, at least not just yet. They spent a fair amount of time teasing Laurel and driving her to a point of never ending madness. Those fingers ground up against her heated center.

"You said you'd do anything for me?" Sara asked. "Would you do anything to see my finger inside of you, and I let you finish?"

"You think you're letting me…"

"No, I don't think, sister," Sara said. She nibbled the side of Laurel's neck and drew back. "I know….why don't you eat my pussy?"

The thought sounded so taboo, yet Laurel's thighs throbbed at the thought. Sara turned around and her ass inched closer towards Laurel's face. She saw the beautiful ass in its perfectly smooth glory. How she longed to touch it, to grab it, to squeeze it.

"First eat my pussy, and then we'll talk about what other places you can stick that naughty tongue of yours."

Sara's panties rolled down. Laurel inhaled her sister's smooth pussy. The aroma caught her off guard. Laurel's hands shook when grabbing onto Sara's ass to get her close. The younger sister spread her legs for the older sister, and lowered her pussy.

"I know you've done this before," Sara said.

Laurel only answered with her tongue dragging across Sara's dripping hot slit. The honey rolled from her pussy. The sweet savory taste from her sister's pussy only made Laurel lick her more. Savor the taste, go down on her, and devour her pussy lips and the sweet, sweet center.

Sara closed her eyes and stroked her sister's body when the two settled into a sixty-nine. Laurel was actually pretty decent. Not exactly the best she had, but she wasn't horrific. Her soft tongue took a few seconds to hit the pleasure points deep within her.

She rolled down Laurel's panties and exposed her tight pussy. Sara's finger started to grind down and collect the moisture. She pushed her finger into her mouth, sucking on it. Her sister's tangy juices went in her body.

"So good, time to show my big sister what I can do for her."

Sara planted a kiss on Laurel's lips, this time the lower ones. Her tongue slowly slipped into Laurel's pussy. She groped down Laurel's thighs and teased her asshole for a moment, but pulled away. She'd save that taboo desire for another time.

Laurel's entire body shook from Sara's tongue pushing deep inside her. Intense really didn't even
begin to describe everything going through her. She remembered her duty.

Sara's tongue jammed into Laurel's tight little pussy.

"Jesus!" Laurel moaned, but Sara's thighs closed around her head.

"That doesn't sound like pussy eating."

Sara hummed a tune when going down Laurel's pussy. The older Lance daughter bucked her hips up to allow her baby sister further and deeper access. Sara mapped out a clear path around her pussy and kept nibbling, biting, licking at those lower lips.

Both sisters brought each other to orgasms. Sara’s juices splashed on Laurel's face. Laurel tried not to let them drain out onto the bed, staining the sheets.

Sara hit a certain point on Laurel, stimulating the very sensitive nerve endings on the lower half of her body. Laurel's thighs clenched shut along with her pussy. Sara slurped her, sucking the warm honey from between her older sister's thighs.

Laurel collapsed back on the bed, and Sara turned herself around. She pressed hip to hip with Laurel and smiled, peering at her.

"Sara, that feels so good," Laurel breathed.

Sara ground against Laurel's lower body. She grabbed a handful of hair, gently, but forcefully, and pulled Laurel into another deep kiss full of tongue.

Laurel moaned into her sister's mouth. Sweet Sara, and her wet mouth, which currently had been full of Laurel's own juices, sparked another level of desire through her. Sara's hips rocked down onto her.

Somehow, Laurel felt like she was being penetrated by something, thanks to the share force of Sara's hips driving down onto her. Every time their hips collided, Laurel's jumped a little bit.

Their lips smacked together with an "mmm". The lips on their faces also made similar sounds during the intense make out session. The friction rising and falling between their pussies made things really hot, and really intense.

Laurel tried to flip Sara over onto the bed. Sara had none of that, and would remain on top. She pushed down onto Laurel and grinned.

"You can't help yourself," Sara said. "You like being dominated by me, don't you? Has this been a fantasy of yours for a long time?"

Despite the fact Sara was in control, her soft, skilled hands caressed Laurel's flesh. It raised questions of what exactly Sara had been doing during the five years away.

"Answer me, tell me the truth," Sara said. "And I might let you cum."

"I….I've…yes, I suppose," Laurel said.

"You suppose?" Sara asked. "So, you're nothing, but a little sub, who gets off on having her little sister dominate her."

Her skilled fingers tickled Laurel's clit and brought added heat towards her body. Sara bent down and gave Laurel torturous kisses on her nipples. The lips lingered for only a second, but pull away.
"Yes, I was hoping one day you'd get so fed up for me trying to boss you around, you'd throw me down and fuck my brains out!" Laurel yelled. "Is that what you want to hear?"

"Well, that's interesting," Sara said.

Sara pinched Laurel's clit in just the right spot. The waves of pleasure coursed up through her sister's body. Sara brought her hips up and down on Laurel's in just the right spots as well. She held back a little bit. Her overheated pussy felt so good at the pleasure coming from between her loins.

Laurel's hands reached up as much as they would dare and felt all over Sara's body. Her firm, toned skin dripped with only a slight amount of sweat. She brought Laurel to more pleasure. Their juices intermingled together.

She thought she would explode from so much pleasure, even more pleasure than she could ever feel in her life. Her hands reached up to the back of Sara's head and wanted to guide her body everywhere where it needed to go. More spikes of lust flew through Laurel's body.

"Sara, ooh yes, Sara, more," Laurel breathed.

Sara smiled when bringing the point of her hips down. She practically penetrated Laurel from the muscles she struck. Her sister's face, racked in a never ending state of lust made her heat up.

The two sisters swapped juices with each other. Their upper lips met in an equally feverish dance of passion from their lower lips. Sara could feel Laurel's body, racking in a never ending state of orgasm. They looped all through her body in a constant barrage.

Sara's lust spiked knowing it was she who caused them all. She pressed Laurel down onto the bed and drilled her into the mattress. Their bodies merged in a sweaty, sticky wave of lust and desire.

Laurel had been released with a mind rattling orgasm. Sara rode it out and it triggered one of her own. She leaned down and smiled.

"You're such a screamer, aren't you?"

Sara showed no signs of slowing down for the evening. Laurel looked up at her beautiful sister's face. Another twitch came through her body.

"Don't…stop….."

"Don't worry, honey, I won't."

So, she didn't.

Several hours passed before both girls got their taboo desires out of their systems. It was a small miracle no one had come across them.

Laurel wrapped her arms tight around her sister, holding her in close. She smiled at the thought of what happened. They dripped with sweat and other fluids after their coupling. Laurel brushed her hands down her sister's hair.

Sara rested her head on Laurel's shoulder with a sweet little smile.

"I had an itch, and you helped me scratch it tonight," Sara said.
"I'll do anything for you Sara, any time," Laurel said. "I love you."

Sara smiled.

"I love you too, Laurel."

Their relationship dynamic may have changed tonight, but Sara thought it had changed for the better. A healthy relationship would make them closer than ever.

She would have to explain the entire polygamy thing to Laurel, but why ruin the moment?

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**To Be Continued on November 4th, 2016.**

*And we start with dinner, and well there are some interesting little tidbits, if you're ready to read into them.*

*The tension is building through this chapter, it kind was in the background, between Laurel and Sara, but it hit this chapter, reaching its climax. If you didn't see this coming with the incest tag in the summary, then I don't know what to tell you.*

*Laurel's the target for this attack. Needless to say, she's pissed off someone pretty dangerous.*

*Oh, Laurel being a screamer…..that's going to take on an entirely new meaning in the future.*

*There's a hint Laurel's been getting some training during the five years Sara's been away.*

*Until next Friday.*
A dark alleyway had been lit by a few lamps. Very few people, not even hardened criminals, dared to walk down these streets. There was a rumor someone really dangerous lingered down these alleyways, waiting to wreck anyone who had dared come down these places. No one even went down the alleyway, unless they had been invited to do so.

Very few had been invited to head down these alleyway, and even those who had been invited, had been nervous to head down the alleyway. They would be very anxious, thinking it might be a trap.

There had been very few who had been foolish enough to tread down these parts without any permission. They only served as the examples of the danger which could occur. The lights left many blind spots and figures who could get swiped into the shadows.

Dinah Drake, formally Dinah Drake-Lance, stepped down the alleyway. A long time ago, she learned to stop fearing death. It was before she had two daughters. Raising them caused her to expect the unexpected even more.

'It's amazing, just how much everything changes.'

Everything changed in the months leading up to Sara's apparent demise. Only she wasn't really gone, and Dinah had an inkling Sara didn't meet her demise. She hoped Sara would return home, but she understood why she couldn't.

Returning to Starling City brought up a lot of past memories which the woman would have preferred to just left buried in the not so distant past. Yet, as she learned, even after the injury which benched her from most physical activities, it was there was no way she could hide from the past forever.

'I'm going to have to deal with it sooner or later.'

Dinah pressed against the door. The darkened windows allowed no one any opportunity to peer into the building. Not that many people would dare do so. The light above her swung and flickered, before it went out. It added more darkness to the atmosphere.

She lifted a hand and knocked on the door. Most people would not come to this location unless they were invited. Dinah just happened to be invited. Not that it made her anything other than nervous.

'I might be invited,' she thought to herself. 'But, I'm not certain if that is an ideal thing.'

The doors opened up and three figures dressed in black exited the room. The three of them dressed in black armor and wore masks which didn't betray any facial features. They spent a fair amount of time training their bodies.

Dinah met them before, but the inhumane and creepy nature of these three figures brought a shiver down her spine. She shook her head to clear it. The right words would get her past them. The wrong words would cause a lot of problems.

"I'm here for my appointment," Dinah said. "She'll know to expect me."
The three figures shifted for a second. For a brief second, Dinah assumed they would attack. They made eye contact with each other. Those sullen, dark eyes, came across each other. Dinah waited and they all stepped back and formed a space for her to slip inside of the warehouse.

Dinah let out the deep breath which she had been holding in her. So, they allowed her to enter, this time. Next time, she might not have been so lucky.

A woman dressed in a red kimono stepped into the room. Despite the wrap around her body, anyone who caught sight of her would see how attractive and how well built she was. And anyone who denied the fact she was the pinnacle of womanhood would learn the hard way the folly of their actions. A silver mask covered her face.

"It's been a long time," she said. "I wondered if you were avoiding me."

The two women locked eyes with each other. There had been a lot of tension between both of them, in more ways than one.

"I couldn't if I wanted to," Dinah said. "My daughter finally has returned home."

"As I assured you she would," the masked woman said. "Your lack of faith is unsettling, given I've never deceived you before, well….not on a personal matter regarding family. I've done everything I can to ensure your daughters remain strong and vigilante."

Dinah nodded in response. She didn't have any clear ideas what the woman's plan was completely. No one did.

"Cassandra was with her," Dinah said. "Do you intend to actually face her?"

The woman's chuckle had turned into a rather ghastly manner. The red robed woman leaned in and placed a hand on Dinah's shoulder. The eyes of the mother of two locked onto the woman.

"You're very bold, aren't you?" she asked. "For someone who is several steps beneath her physical prime."

Dinah swallowed a lump which formed her throat.

"It's just merely a question. There's no disrespect meant, or intended."

The woman smiled, she understood that, but some should watch it, for they didn't want to get in trouble.

"Then again, it isn't your physical injury which is the problem. You may have learned how to walk and recovered from it, but you never regained your flare. Your spirit is still broken….the weakness is in your mind and not in your body."

Dinah's eyes flared up when looking towards the woman. The eyes shifted underneath the mask.

"Every now and then I see a flicker, but much like an ember in the wind, it fades and it flickers."

"Well, if you won't talk about your own daughter, let's talk about mine," Dinah said. "You put their lives in danger tonight with the little message you sent to them."

The masked woman responded with a smile. Her companion had gotten too sentimental and too protective of her girls.

"You see them as little girls, but they're more than capable of taking care of themselves."
The woman slipped off her mask to reveal one of the most feared assassins on the planet, Lady Shiva. The woman's soft features made people underestimate her, at least until it was too late. She was as beautiful as she was deadly, and given how she was one of the deadliest women on Earth, if not the most deadly, that was saying something.

"And I don't consider at an attack, merely a message," Shiva said. "Given they are following a dangerous crusade, they need to be kept alert at all times."

Dinah looked at Shiva for several moments. She would have liked nothing better than to strangle her, but Dinah knew her own physical limitations. She would have been torn apart in a fight with Shiva with her current limitations.

"This isn't what I wanted for them."

Shiva's lips curled into a knowing smile.

"Well, if you don't want them to choose the path they do, then tell them yourself" Shiva said. "But, I know you don't want to rock that particular boat because you feel guilt for pushing them in the path they're in."

Dinah inclined her head a second later. She hated when Shiva had her own points. The assassin had been right, like she had been right many times in the past.

'And she knows she's right.'

"And children rarely walk the path we think is appropriate," Shiva said. "I have regrets….but it is futile to get hung up on them."

The two mothers stared down at each other. Shiva raised her hand and slapped Dinah across the face as hard as she could muster. The blood dripped down the other woman's mouth.

A few years ago, Dinah might have lashed back. She had gone soft over the years, and had been more submissive to Lady Shiva.

"You've allowed yourself to become weak with regret," Shiva said. She raised her arm and went to slap Dinah a second time.

Dinah blocked the hand and pushed Shiva back a few inches. The master assassin licked her lips with a smile and leaned forward, kissing the other woman's bloodied lips, holding onto the back of her head with nails digging in. Dinah pushed back, trying to gain some sort of dominance.

Shiva found her attempts to be encouraging, but it was time to remind her who led this dance, both in the battle field and in the bedroom. The assassin came to one clear theory. There was no use dominating someone who just took the beating, whether for pleasure or pain.

'Perfect.'

They were clear who dominated the other now.

'Well, that just made your life a little bit more interesting. But, that won't be the first time, nor will it be the last.'

Sara returned from her bedroom. Laurel got up before she could wake up, took a shower, and went
off to Earth. No doubt she needed plenty of time to reconcile what happened, which was perfectly fine with Sara. Her father had gone off to do something, which left Cassandra sitting down at the table. She casually pealed an orange.

The sixteen year old girl pushed a plate of food which had been prepared in front of Sara. Sara took the food and started to dig into it.

Cassandra watched Sara with anxious eyes. Sara understood what she was asking.

"Yes, it happened," Sara said. "And no, I didn't regret it…although I corrupted my sister, and opened up her mind to new possibilities."

A small shadow of a smile spread over Cass's face. She really didn't say much of anything to be honest. The young girl's expression darkened when looking at the newspaper. She reached across the table and grabbed Sara across the with a surprising amount of firmness. Sara turned around and caught sight of Cass's burning eyes glaring into her.

Sara turned her head to one side, wondering what Cass was going on about. Cass's fingertip pointed against the newspaper headline in front of her which described the attack on Laurel and Sara last night. It was pretty big news given a gym which had been owned by a bigwig had also had half of it blown up.

"Oh, that?" Sara asked. "Yeah, that was a surprise. Laurel told me it had to do with a case she was working on though."

Cass's eyebrows became more pronounced. She looked very agitated for some reason. Cass's finger brushed against the paper and jabbed into it. She turned around and pointed from Sara to the paper, to the headlines, and back at Sara.

"I'm fine, Cass," Sara said.

Cass shook her head and jabbed her hand against the paper. This time, the jab to the paper had become more forced, more pronounced.

"Laurel's getting some police protection, if you're worried about her, and believe me, I'm worried about her too," Sara said. She met Cass's surprisingly inquisitive look. "I haven't told her about the secret, just yet….I'm working up towards that."

One mind shattering revelation at a time, at least Sara figured. There was a part of her who thought Laurel suspected something.'

'Mostly because I don't want to put anyone in a rough position of having to keep my secrets,' Sara thought. 'Laurel's in enough trouble as is.'

Cass gnashed her teeth and managed to choke out one word.

"Mother!"

Sara raised her eyebrow, taken aback by Cass's declaration. Cassandra was capable of saying certain words and brief sentences from time to time; although she chose to remain silent because that was the life she lived for the first thirteen years of her life.

"My mother?" Sara asked. "She left shortly after dinner….I think she mentioned she had to return to Central City because she had papers to grade."
Cass shook her head with more of a feverish moment. She started to point towards herself and took the steak knife before violently stabbing a piece of toast with it.

The hint finally had struck Sara. She took in a deep breath at who Cassandra was talking about.

'Well, that's not some good news,' Sara thought back of herself. 'If Shiva's involved, then....well I don't know what's going to happen.'

"Oh, I see," Sara said. Cold dread washed over her body. "You think...she was behind the attack."

Cass bobbed her head up and down in a feverish nod.

'Well, shit, that complicates things, a whole lot,' Sara thought.

"Don't worry, I'll have protection," Sara said. "Moira Queen...she said she'd arrange someone to help guard me."

Cass scowled and reached up to point towards herself, and shook her head. Sara had to stifle a round of laughter because of how Cassandra acted mortally offended without saying a single word.

"I don't doubt you'd be more than capable of doing the job," Sara said. "But, I prefer to keep you as my secret weapon. Revealing you right now would be really bad, it would draw all of the wrong kind of attention."

Cass tucked a hand underneath her chin, frowned and answered with a nod. She motioned towards Sara with a nod and reached over to give her hand a firm squeeze.

'I just hope whatever protection she arranges won't be too stifling,' she thought to herself. 'I still got Crawford and his merry band of misfits to hunt down. And whatever the hell they shipped into Starling City."

Sara rose up and finished her breakfast. Cass rose up behind her, peering behind every single chair and curtain when walking.

'Honestly can't blame her."

It would be a lot easier for Sara to sleep with one eye open, clutching her pillow tight.

Laurel entered the office with the usual morning of madness. Her mind drifted to the thoughts of what happened between herself and her sister last night. It certainly happened, and Laurel certainly didn't mind what happened.

It had been born from equal amounts of relief and feelings, taboo feelings, which had been bottled up for a long time. Laurel shook her head, wondering what her parents, her friends, anyone else would say if they realized what happened.

'I mean, they could say I took advantage of her when she was vulnerable, ' Laureal said. 'Even though she was strong enough to survive that...place for five years."

Laurel still didn't have a clue what happened to Sara during her time on that island. A small part of her wondered if she would have wanted to delve down that particular road. Sara would tell her when she was good and ready. Laurel had to respect her for that.
Monday morning meant a lot of paperwork. Laurel needed her morning coffee to be functional. Every moment she had Sara on her mind, and it was frustrating the older Lance sister.

'Your sister is a good lay,' Laurel thought. 'It's disturbing...where did she learn...the things she did last night.'

Laurel shook her head. She focused a lot on other things, and not so much on her date life. Granted, she had a couple of boyfriends, and a couple of girlfriends which she experimented with. Barbara and her redefined the term of friends with benefits, and boy there are lots and lots of benefits with their relationship.

"Are you okay?" one of her co-workers asked. "We heard about what happened last night....you know, if you drop this case, no one would blame you....."

The older Lance sister raised her hand in the air. She knew they were concerned, and appreciated their concern. However, she would keep pressing forward.

'They're not going to scare me.'

"I'm fine," Laurel said. "It's going to take more than a botched terrorist attack to put fear in my life."

Laurel walked across the office. She smiled and waved at people when walking. The mountain of paperwork on her desk was sure to be a distraction from what happened between herself and her younger sister last night. Was Sara being serious about how she wanted to take Laurel's ass next time?

Did she even want there to be a next time? Laurel breathed, deep down she did. Something inside her stirred up, and it was something she didn't like.

'Why should society dictate who you love anyway?' Laurel thought. 'It'd be one thing if you could get pregnant, but two sisters, fooling around, no shame in that.'

Society progressed a long way, but incest still was a bit of a sticky situation. Both the biological and social implications of it, and it were not something which was spoken about in polite company.

Laurel unlocked her office door and slipped inside of the office. She booted up her computer and leaned back to sip the coffee. All thoughts of Sara drained from her mind, which was a relief. Laurel saw the paperwork. Nothing major, nothing that would get her targeted for another attack anyway, which she had been relieved about.

'Just small claims,' Laurel thought. 'Nothing major.'

Laurel jotted down a couple of notes on the pad which she kept on her desk. After dealing with a crime boss who had his feet planted in three different major United States cities, as far as she knew of, some guy rear-ending another guy pulling out of his parking lot seemed to be small potatoes indeed.

It all started so simple and snowballed from there. Laurel wanted to make a difference, and in some small way she did.

The phone rang, the private one. Laurel reached over and picked up the phone. The woman frowned when the person on the other end of the phone talked to her.

"Yeah, you can't make your Thursday?" Laurel asked. "How does Friday afternoon sound for you? I'll patch you in to the secretary, and she'll make the arrangements....no, it's perfectly fine. I
understand, family comes first."

Laurel hung up the phone and shook her head. Talk about something which she learned just recently.

'Speaking of family, mine is still in tatters,' Laurel said. 'Mom left town in a hurry…I'm thinking Dad thought Sara coming back would fix things…bring things back to the way things are.'

Laurel flipped through the case file and paused. She snorted when thinking about it.

'As if things could ever come back to the way they were after all that's happened, 'Laurel thought. 'There's just no way.'

She just hoped it would be a lot easier pinning a case on this man. Laurel ran the risk of getting herself and a lot of other people in trouble by being vague for the police. Her father might not push the issue as much as he could have, but others would be curious.

'There are some cops in that force which live and die in his back pocket.'

The phone rang one more time. Laurel picked up the phone. A sickening feeling of dread entered the pit of Laurel's stomach.

"Hello?" Laurel asked.

"You're dead bitch!" a garbled voice said over the phone.

It turned out, the sinking feeling was right. There was someone trying to screw with her on the other end of the phone.

"Excuse me?" she asked.

"You're dead meat…I'm going to enjoy cutting you up, and making you my bitch," the man over the phone said.

"Sionis is making threats, isn't he?" Laurel asked. "He's running scared. He's terrified in fact."

The phone went completely dead. It wouldn't have been a day in her life without at least one death threat on it. Less than an hour into work on Monday, and already someone threatened to stab her. Most would back off on this case, many had, but Laurel pressed through as the lone crusader of justice.

'Not going to stop, no matter what.'

Sara pulled straight up into the Parking Deck at Queen Industries. There had been a group of armed security professionals marching towards her. Sara peered out the window. Already, certain dread hit her straight away. They looked to be the type which would crowd her.

'I can already see this ending not well at all.'

Sara realized she couldn't sit in the car all day, waiting them to back off and take the hint. Mostly because they were not going to back off and take the hint. One of them reached over and knocked on her door. Sara motioned for him to stand back so she could properly walk out.

It took about a moment of this hand motioning before the brain surgeon had gotten the hint to step
aside. Sara opened up the door a few seconds later and swung her legs out of the car. She looked towards them and frowned when looking at them.

"Ms. Lance, we're to walk you up to your office, and also one of us is to drive you around at all times," one of the bodyguards said.

Sara took one look at each of these security people. They barely looked equipped to handle an unruly army of girl scouts, much less the people she was going to have to face on a nightly basis.

The doors swung open and Moira walked down the steps. She paced towards Sara and looked towards the security.

"Do you think we can have a moment to speak?" Moira asked.

"Our orders were....."

"Yes, I'm aware of what your orders were," Moira said in a shortened voice. "However, given the circumstances and given the fact I control your gainful employment, you could give me five minutes of space."

Moira waved them off and they stood, about twenty feet off to the side. Sara walked over towards Moira, placing her hands on her hips.

"I'm having some people take a closer look into the attack last night," Moira said. "I will say if they are targeting your sister, she really stepped into trouble this time. But....I'm certain she might have been mistaken it was an attack on her."

Sara turned towards the guards and then towards Moira. A couple of questions entered Sara's mind.

"This is your idea of personal protection?" Sara asked.

"Yes, and it might be a good idea to limit your excursions in public," Moira said. "..My son....well he had a lot of admirers, and.....I'm honestly surprised this didn't happen sooner."

Sara sighed, she figured about as much, this was where Moira would stand.

"This really is the best you can do?" Sara asked, waving off Moira's statement about some deranged Oliver admirer taking a shot at her.

"Well, on short notice, yes, the Board heard about the attack as well, and they went into a panic," Moira said. "You know how it goes, correct?"

Moira would have preferred to hire one qualified candidate, and not just drum up whatever security guards had been available at the time.

Sara walked towards the elevator, deep in thought. The security guards scrambled towards the elevator. One of them reached over to grab the button. Sara blocked his hand in a flash.

"We could have gotten that, Ms. Lance."

"I'm perfectly capable of operating the elevator on my own, thank you," Sara said.

She was pretty sure the elevator had not been rigged to explode with all of them in it. It would have ended up killing them no matter who touched it. Well, it would have killed the security guards. There was a pretty good chance Sara could have found a way to survive.
"I'm going to head to the bathroom," Sara said. "Can I at least do that without you peering down my shoulder?"

"Ten minutes," one of the guards said.

Sara shook her head, sighing. This really wasn't going to work. She could see their looming eyes all the way down from the bottom of the steps when going up into the bathroom.

She passed the IT Girl with the killer ass and sexy legs, who had been muttering to herself about something. Sara shook her head and slipped inside the bathroom.

She double checked to make sure she was alone. Once she was, she fished out her cell phone and dialed a number.

"Remember how after that incident in Kasnia, you said you owed me your life? Well, I'm not asking for your life, but I am asking for a really big favor. Can Waller spare you for a few weeks, maybe a couple of months? Yeah….I'm back….too soon…but I'm back...so, how about it?"

To Be Continued on November 8th, 2016.
Laurel dug deeper into the case, and found something interesting. She had to have the answers and she needed to know right away. Even if the answers were not completely to her liking, Laurel had to know. She looked at the tip which she received. Could it blow the case completely open, or had blown up in her face?

No one accomplished anything by playing it safe. And Laurel had an idea where to dig around, even if she would end digging her own grave.

'And yet, this is giving me the creeps, as it should.'

She walked down a dark alleyway only illuminated by a small amount of light. Half of the lamps looked like they have been blown out by some mysterious force. She shuffled closer. Laurel heard whispers about this particular part of town.

The good news is, there were no muggers or criminals who could make her life a bit more inconvenient. The bad news was that was because something worse than any common mugger or criminal lurked down this alleyway. Laurel stepped a couple of inches closer and frowned. The lamp hung above her and started to open. She noticed a trail of dried blood on the blood. Laurel followed the trail down to the dumpster, and another shiver came down her spine. It was beginning to become clear to her she was in the bad part of town.

Yet, everything pointed to the person she wanted to meet being here. Did she have any kind of insight on Sionis and what he was up to? Given the contacts this woman had acquired through her work, Laurel wasn't about to say no.

'Here goes nothing. Hope those aren't famous last words.'

She lifted a hand and knocked on the door. A thumping knocked back at her. She adopted a stance, ready for battle. Knowing full well her training, as far as it progressed, only really would allow her to defend herself against an attack from someone with a lesser or equal amount of training. Laurel had no arrogance about her capabilities, and knew this woman would mop her up, even with one hand tied behind her back.

The woman on the other side of this door had training which suppressed her.

'We all have to start somewhere.'

The door opened up and two women stood. Their faces blank, their eyes lacking any kind of expression. It was like they had been conditioned to not show any emotion because it was weakness.

"I'm here to see Lady Shiva," Laurel said with a blunt. "I understand she may have information regarding what Roman Sionis plans for Starling City."

The moment these two assassins looked at each other, Laurel almost could notice a flushing whisper. And her cheeks grew pretty flushed in response. She took a second to look on at them on either side.
Okay, keep it cool,' Laurel thought. She chewed down upon her lip and frowned. 'No need to panic, just keep it nice and cool.'

The two of them remained immobile. They waited for something.

"Excuse me?" Laurel asked.

Speaking to them in such a tone might have been her undoing. The two women stared back at Laurel and a long, chilling second passed. The two of them stared back into the face of the woman, before they both stepped back.

The red robed figure of Lady Shiva stepped in. The silver mask covered her face and those eyes burned back at her with the same cold indifference with Laurel first met three years back when she first encountered her.

"Dinah Laurel Lance," Lady Shiva said. "I knew the bread crumb would tantalize you, even if my attack caused you to look in the wrong direction."

Laurel blinked when looking back at Shiva. The woman was an enigma, with something clicking her mind. She could not have believed it. Was this another one of her sick tests? Did Laurel even come close to passing it?

The smell of the candle filled Laurel's nostrils. She wondered, whether or not it had been covering up the smell of decay or maybe blood. Those dark thoughts faded from Laurel's head and she focused her attention on Shiva.

"You attacked me?" Laurel said. "You bitch, you could have killed my sister with one of your tests!"

Shiva didn't bother to deny it. She looked amused.

"Oh, it looks like you're going to attack me," Shiva said. "This may be entertaining."

Laurel managed to reel herself in before she did something which would get herself killed. Lady Shiva looked at her with a small amount of pity. Laurel suspected underneath that mask, she wore a slightly knowing smile.

"You came to me with so much anger, at Oliver, at Sara, at your parents, and more importantly at yourself," Shiva said. "You've come a long way, my pretty little song bird. But at the same time, you have a long way to go before you understand tact and understand when shooting your mouth off is not the best option."

Shiva brought Laurel down to the ground in one fluid motion. It was like lightning, it struck Laurel fast, and she didn't have a chance to defend against it. Her entire life, not to mention all of her breath, flashed before her. The most dangerous woman in the world gripped Laurel's fingers and hyper extended them back with a slight grin crossing her.

"Roman Sionis, he's a key component to the operations of my associates," Shiva said. She came an inch away from breaking every single bone in Laurel's right hand, letting up when she got the point. "He's disgraceful, abrasive, and if it was up to me, I would slice him up almost as quickly as I can break your arm."

'So, Lady Shiva has a master after all," Laurel said.

"More like a need to build political capital to ask a favor," Shiva said.
She allowed Laurel to stand and a minimal amount of room to breath. The assassin would hardly admit to her young protégé, but there was very little about her associate's plan which she understood.

"A sacrifice will be made," Shiva said. "His men won't miss if they get a chance. They'll target, Sara, your parents….little Thea Queen if they thought they could get through her to you. They might even target Barbara, although she's going under a different name these days, isn't she? For a loner, my former student takes many under his tireless crusade."

Laurel gritted her teeth when looking at her.

"I'm not going to let this one go, "Laurel said.

Shiva went behind Laurel and grabbed her by the arm once again. She forced her down onto the ground and pinned the hands behind the girl's neck. She almost broke free, almost, but not quite. Shiva admitted it was a valiant effort.

"I know you won't drop it, because you are a foolish crusader which will end up getting yourself killed," Shiva said. "You came to me a broken woman, because you had been betrayed by both your sister and your boyfriend, not to mention your mother who authorized the trip. I taught you to put the blame exactly where it belonged."

Shiva exerted her domination over the daughter of her lover.

"And that is you! You didn't assert yourself! You allowed Oliver to stray. You allowed Sara to steal him from underneath your nose. The fact he's dead is your fault because you're weak in mind, body, and soul."

Laurel had the same thoughts, but hearing them in Shiva's abrasive tone made them sound much worse.

"What does not kill you, makes you, you stronger," Shiva said. She pulled a knife in the blink of an eye.

Laurel tried to block the knife. It sliced into her hand and cut it. Warm blood dripped from the palm of Laurel's hand. Shiva pulled it away, with more blood spilling from the severely cut up hand.

"The most personal cuts are always the deepest," Shiva said. "I implore you to drop this foolish crusade."

She casually kicked a first aide kick in front of Laurel to allow her to patch her up.

"Abandon it, before you find out what happens to the song bird when she gets her vocal cords impaired and her wings clipped."

Shiva disappeared, forcing Laurel to treat the wound on her hand herself before it bled out completely. The stinging iodine covered her cut. Shiva could have removed her hand if necessary.

'\That might have been less painful,' Laurel thought to herself.\n
Moira had her doubts about whether or not the first security arrangement would work, and Sara's frustration had been evident. She looked across the desk at the figure who she had been sent when the feelers had been sent for the job.
Still, she needed to ensure Sara was kept watched over, and made sure no one tried to get to her again. And she didn't stray too far.

"I'm glad to see your qualifications are more than acceptable," Moira said. "You're almost overqualified, but…..I really am glad you're will to take the work. And I'll be sure to invest heavily in my daughter-in-law's protection."

She could almost see the vultures trying to swoop around, trying something. Well, now Moira, and the Board of Directors had piece of mind.

"And do you agree to take the job on these terms Ms….."

"Lyla Michaels," the brunette across the table. She wore a stern and serious expression of a professional. Which she was. "I'll be happy to keep an eye on Ms. Lance, and make sure no harm is brought to her."

Lyla was willing to let Moira think she had been recruited by one of her contacts, when it was Sara who arranged her own protection. She owed the younger girl a lot after being saved from a rather sticky position. After her marriage with John Diggle ended, Lyla took a few security detail jobs, mostly underneath the watchful eye of Amanda Waller.

Some politicians just couldn't help themselves and kept making enemies.

'Now, she wants me to keep an eye on Sara as well, so she couldn't sign off on it fast enough,' Lyla said. 'It's almost like Waller respects Sara deep down, or at least her capabilities.'

Amanda Waller held a lot of secrets, way too many. Lyla prayed they didn't bite the world.

"Ah, Sara, come in," Moira said. "I can't apologize enough for the security. They were qualified, don't get me wrong……"

"I don't think any of us were doubting their qualifications," Sara said. "It's just I like my space."

"Well, I'll be keeping a close watch on you," Lyla said. "But, I promise not to crowd you when you're trying to live your life."

"Thanks……"

"Lyla, Lyla Michaels," the woman said, playing her part in this little "first meeting."

"Sara Lance," she said with a smile on her face. "It's a pleasure to meet you, Ms. Michaels."

"So is this arrangement agreeable to all parties?" Moira asked.

"I think it's okay for me, if it's okay with Ms. Michaels," Sara said.

"It's fine with me," Lyla said.

Moira tried not to smile too much. The Board would be pleased at any rate, and they had been nipping at her heels, looking for every single fault over the past five years.

"I'll leave you two then," Moira said. "I have an important call which I would have to take."

Moira cleared the office and left Lyla and Sara sitting alone right across from each other. Lyla waited for a couple of moments. She put a hand underneath the table and frowned.
"Let's go for a walk," Lyla said. "Some fresh air would do us some good."

Sara took that as Lyla's not so subtle hint Moira's office had been bugged by someone. Come to think about it, she wasn't entirely surprised of this fact. She rose to her feet and took the long walk with Lyla.

They exited the elevator, outside, and into a small park area which was right across the street. Far away from any bugs, unless someone ended up physically bugging either of them which would take a minor miracle to pull off.

"So, you've come back after all," Lyla said. "Didn't you tell me about a year ago you were never coming back to Starling City?"

Sara smiled, guilty as charged.

"I was at a very dark place during that time," Sara said. "Plans change, and…this is where I have to be, this is where I need to be."

"I know the feeling," Lyla said. "That's why I keep coming back to ARGUS. Especially after Johnny and I…well it didn't work."

"How's he doing these days?" Sara asked.

"Once a soldier, always a soldier," Lyla said. "Last time I heard what he was up to, he took a job out in Gotham City…the Mayor's office needed some extra security."

Sara bobbed her head and closed her eyes.

"So many promises, so many promises which I need to keep," Sara said. She lifted a hand up and mentally ticked down everything. "Protecting Oliver's city, protecting Oliver's sister, protecting Oliver's company.....and yes, following his crusade, and cleaning up Oliver's father's mess which he left behind."

"You seem like you think you owe him," Lyla said. "Are you sure want to do this?"

A thought passed her mind, but less so over the last couple of years.

"It's not what I want, it what has to be done," Sara said. "I left this city behind, and….things are worse. There hasn't been a stable Mayor in at least eight years, the police force is undercut, and people who have been pushed out of Gotham by its growing clown problems are coming west to see if they can take advantage of the chaos."

Lyla knew about this, or rather Waller.

"Never expected to survive as long as I did," Sara said. "Especially after what Slade did….after what happened to Oliver."

Sara looked Lyla in the eyes. The older woman was someone who she valued greatly, even if the woman she worked for, Sara had a toxic relationship with to put things mildly.

To put things more bluntly, Sara Lance and Amanda Waller mixed together about as well as gasoline and a blowtorch.
Sara returned the next night, back in the green hood, and back in action. She had just busted up a group of drug smugglers, but true to form, she had a runner and the chase was on. Sara launched herself from one rooftop to the other.

'Another night, another asshole thinking he can get away from me.'

The bastard ran pretty quickly. Sara positioned herself for a shot, only to realize she almost had put an arrow through the wrong person. She pulled herself back and dropped down to the ground.

Something wasn't quite right. She heard a sound of a body falling in the alleyway right next to her. The young woman slipped into the alleyway and armed up.

'Well, looks like I found my perp,' she thought.

The perp collapsed down to the ground. The man's shirt had been ripped open and the case he carried dropped down to the ground and slipped down before skidding to a stop on ground right next to Sara's face. Sara stepped closer to the man.

The cuts covering the man's chest and abdomen resembled something very odd and peculiar and she noticed what they were a second later. Her eyes shifted over when noticing the style of cutting covering the man's front. These didn't make Sara's mood improve.

'Shit.'

Sara turned around and came face to face with the dangerous Lady Shiva. Shiva lunged forward for an attack at her. Sara blocked the first strike. The second strike caught Sara and knocked her down onto the ground. The deadliest assassin in the world charged Sara.

The hooded vigilante bounced up to her feet and punched her opponent. The punch had been blocked and Shiva grabbed on Sara's arm to try and take her down. Sara reversed the positioning and turned the tables to flip Shiva down onto the ground.

The woman bounced back, and Sara tried to grab her one more again.

"I don't have the time for your games!" Sara yelled.

Shiva's knife flew past Sara's right ear and landed right against the wall. Sara calmed herself and grabbed Shiva's arm and flipped her down onto the ground. Shiva flipped back to her feet and clasped together with a respectful bow.

Shiva's blade came close to hacking into the side of Sara's face. She avoided the attack and flipped against the wall and took a landing on the ledge. Sara drew back her bow and fired a shot. The sword flew from Shiva's hand and landed to the ground.

The assassin didn't even blink after losing her blade. She jumped up and put her fist underneath the pedestal which Sara stood on. The concrete broke from the well placed attack and Sara hurled down to the ground.

Lady Shiva grabbed Sara's bow and snapped it in half while pulling it away from her. The deadly assassin dug her foot into Sara's stomach, and nailed her extremely hard. The wind knocked out of the woman, and Shiva went behind her back to pull out a jagged dagger.

A gunshot fired towards the back of Lady Shiva's leg caused her to spin and throw the dagger over the top of her shoulder towards the person who shot her.
Sara snapped back and nailed Shiva around the arm. She pinned the arm of the deadly assassin behind her back and forced her down to her knees.

"What is your game?" Sara asked through gritted teeth.

"I look at you, and I look at you with pride," Shiva said. "It's the same pride you can't look at yourself with in the mirror after you let Oliver Queen die!"

The momentary reminder of her past failings allowed Shiva to break free, and nail Sara with another blinding shot to the side of the face. Sara fought back, eyes flaring with rage. Those uncoordinated attacks were more than enough for Shiva to exploit.

Sara dropped down to the ground, as Lyla made her way down. A cut had been opened on the side of her face.

"First night on the job, and Lady Shiva throws a dagger at my face," Lyla said. "Guess I should consider that a compliment."

"To be fair, you shot at her first," Sara said. "And I let her get into my head again."

Lyla wiped the blood away from her face. She would need to get that cut stitched up later.

A note pinned against the wall. Sara took the note off of the dagger.

"You can't run from who you are," Sara muttered.

The past comes back to haunt everyone. She snorted when looking at the last part of the nose, which asked Sara to give Cassandra her regards.

Laurel's hand wrapped up from the results of her little encounter last night. She had a phone call from Sara, who said she was swinging by her apartment for something. A knock on the door could be heard and Laurel walked over to answer the door.

Sara stood on the other side of the door, dressed in a black jacket, a white top, and jeans. She looked completely warn and there was a couple of small cuts on her face and a bruise on her right upper forearm.

"What happened?" Laurel asked.

"Another accident," Sara said.

A suspicious look went over Laurel's face. She voiced what she had been thinking.

"You never used to be that clumsy," Laurel said.

"Well, things change," Sara said. She paused when looking towards Laurel and her hand. "What the hell happened to you?"

"Accident," Laurel said without missing a beat.

Sara smiled. She deserved that, given all of the go around she had been given her sister regarding certain things. The two of them looked at each other before Sara spoke quite frankly.
"It's funny," Sara said. "We can have sex with each other, but we can't even have a truthful conversation with each other. Has our relationship degraded so bad it's only purely physical?"

Both of the sisters exchanged a very uncomfortable gaze with each other when the seconds ticked down on the clock.

"I have something to tell you."

Both of them blurted it out at the same time. Sara looked towards her sister, wondering if this was going to be any more painful than it has to be. She suspected it to likely be so.

Time for the moment of truth, Sara figured it was no use holding this secret over her sister.

"You go first," Sara said. Laurel blinked and looked a bit hesitate, so Sara decided fine, she would go first. "I actually returned to Starling City six months before I did….but it wasn't myself it was…"

"Under a hood?" Laurel asked. "Yeah, that figures…..but, why?"

"Oliver's father gave him a list of people who were destroying this city, big time people," Sara said. "Some of the people on this list….you wouldn't really expect. A couple of people, we even met…..but, I guess that's in the past right now, isn't it?"

The time during her stay on the island and the time after her stay on the island, both sounded like a distant memory.

"Oliver was supposed to be hunting down….

"I can't see Oliver as the type," Laurel said. "No offense, but….."

"The Oliver who left on to go on the Gambit was a bit different than the one who died on the island," Sara said. "It's…changed…there were a lot of changes….he might have been strong enough to do this, although…"

She did wish he would have been alive.

"No one is forcing you to do this," Laurel said. "Oliver's gone, maybe this little crusade should have died with him."

So everyone told her, and Sara wasn't convinced they were wrong. But she was willing to see this one through to the bitter end.

"It's not just him….I'm not the only one who's changed," Sara said. "This entire city has changed, and not for the better. That has to do with the case you're working on which almost got us both killed."

"Not exactly," Laurel said. "While I've been getting threats from that person, the threat the other night came from a woman known as Lady Shiva."

'Ooh, Laurel,' Sara thought, wondering what the hell kind of danger her sister got herself into this time.

"How do you know that woman?" Sara asked.

"She offered to train me to fight three years ago, underneath an assumed identity," Laurel said. "You were gone, Mom and Dad divorced….and nothing seemed to be going right. I was really angry all the time, I needed an outlet….."
Laurel trailed off. Sara lightly patted her sister on the hand in understanding.

"I understand," Sara said.

The door creaked open and Cassandra stuck her head inside, a second later. The look on the teenager's face was one which was not happy.

"We're both fine," Sara said. "She packs a punch... I'm not sure if you're ready to face her just yet."

Cass folded her arms and looked on with a rather disagreeable look.

"What's she looking at you like that for?" Laurel asked.

"Lady Shiva attacked me tonight, just like the little message she sent to you," Sara said. "You know... your little accident."

Sara looked towards Laurel, and Laurel frowned.

"So, you've met her as well," Laurel said.

"Yes, she's Cassandra's mother," Sara said.

Everything had turned into a very eerie and very unsettling silence. Laurel couldn't even process this information. She was about to ask questions, but Sara stopped her in her tracks.

"This is Cassandra's story to tell," Sara said to her sister. Her warning gaze locked onto Laurel's.

"Just like whatever's been happening to you is your story to tell."

Laurel answered with a nod.

"Thank you for trusting me enough to tell me about the hood," Laurel said. "I don't understand your reasoning for doing it... but... I guess at the same time I can."

Sara was glad she trusted her sister enough to tell her. There was still space between them, and Laurel wasn't telling her the full story.

'Our roads are about to cross and it's going to be a very bumpy ride.'

To Be Continued on November 11th, 2016.

Well, the shifts of AU are very present throughout all parts of this tale. And we see Laurel meet with Lady Shiva, and Lady Shiva show why she's the most feared woman on the planet.

Lyla's going to be Sara's public bodyguard in this story, and they have some kind of vaguely defined past. We get a brief name check to see what Diggle is doing in this brand new world, in case you wanted to know. And some mentions of the wider world of this particular AU Arrowverse. Because, we aren't bogged down by the weird rights Comic Book companies are shackled by as it rewards to television and movie properties. This is fan fiction, son.

And now Laurel knows, which should be obvious. And it turns out Laurel has secrets of her own still
to come.

Until Friday.
The bright and sunny day which the day started as had given way to some dark and stormy cloud cover. Sara honestly hoped the cloudiness of the day was not a bad omen for something else. The day had been just as cloudy prior to the trip on the Queen's Gambit, and she always found cloudy days to be a little bit foreboding to say the very least.

Not exactly Sara's favorite kind of weather in the world, but she supposed things could be worse. Although she didn't want to really spend too much time thinking about things were much worse.

Sara made her way down the hallways of Queen Industries. Thankfully, the wounds on her face healed rather quickly, at least enough where no one really noticed them. It would not be good form for anyone, especially her bodyguard, if Sara had went into work with an injury on her face just less than three days on the job.

'Good thing I heal very easily.'

She hunched over the state of the art cell phone, acquiring said model over the past month. Sara's lips curled into a frown. There were a whole lot of questions regarding a couple of things. The item in front of her appeared to be very interesting, and maybe not very interesting in a good way either. Regardless, Sara kept plugging away at the item in front of her, looking to see what she could find.

Thoughts went a million miles a moment. Almost so the moment she passed around the corner, on the way to her corner office, Sara almost ran into someone. Someone who Sara kept running into randomly, or to be more blunt, this woman kept running into Sara. The woman didn't almost spill her cup of coffee this time, although she had to clutch onto the wall.

Sara smiled when the woman recovered.

"You know, we really should stop meeting like this," she said. "And this might have been the fourth or fifth time we almost bumped into each other going down these hallways. It's pretty weird, wouldn't you say?"

"Weird, well, maybe," Sara said.

To be fair, the girl had been half distracted, so it was more her fault the two of them almost had a meeting of the minds this time. Sara plugged away at the cell phone and the frown deepened on her face.

'Why is it missing?' she thought. 'It has to be….there's just a really big blank right where it should be. I don't understand it. Maybe I wasn't meant to understand it, but it really should have been here.'

"Anyway," the girl said, bringing Sara out of her thought. "We've ran each into each other four or five times…..but….I haven't bothered to introduce myself to you….."

"Ms. Smoak, I know who you are," Sara said.

Felicity Smoak's mouth opened and snapped shut.
'Is it really a good thing when your boss has taken time out of her busy day to bother to learn your name?' Felicity thought. Her eyes drifted and all of the thoughts swam out of the back of her mind at the cell phone which Sara held in her hand.

Needless to say, she resembled an overexcited kid in a candy store when looking at the phone.

"Is that….what I think it is?" Felicity asked.

The excitement in Felicity's voice almost caused Sara to crack a smile. Something held her back. Sara was about ready to ask what she meant. No need for that, given the overeager girl right in front of her.

"It's a Red Sun…..put out by Starrwave!" Felicity cried in an excited voice. "Ooh, I've never even touched one."

Sara wondered if it was normal that Felicity was eying up her cell phone like she intended to ask for its hand in marriage.

"It was a gift from a friend," Sara said.

Felicity blinked, and took a moment to process the information which Sara had given to her.

"You must have some pretty connected friends because that particular model isn't even out on the market yet," Felicity said. She stopped short and shook her head. "Not that I'm…..I wasn't going to accuse you of…"

Felicity stopped short one more time and reigned herself in. She could not believe what she said, oh she had such a bad tendency of putting her foot in her mouth.

"I can't believe I just accused one of my bosses of peddling bootleg merchandise," Felicity said. "Not that I think you did that, because….well you must have some connections….."

"And to that, you're right," Sara said. She figured she would save Felicity from drowning, it was the least she could do. "It's not going to be even available for pre-order for about six months. I'm just testing it out for a friend."

The testing phase was actually done, and her friend gave it to her for Sara's nocturnal activities, but Felicity need not know that.

"Well, do you think I can ask you something?" Felicity asked. "It might be a bit personal."

Sara turned her full and undivided attention towards the other blonde. Felicity stepped back and wondered if it was a good thing.

"You had the look on your face like you were frustrated about something," Felicity said. "And if it's something technological…..maybe I can take a crack at it."

Felicity wasn't going to lie. She just offered herself up like that because she had gotten pretty damn bored. No tech problems today, not even some idiot getting his computer stuffed with malware because he opened a Nigerian e-mail. Seriously, people hadn't cottoned onto those in all of those years.

"I've been taken a look at the floor plans for Queen Industries," Sara informed her. Felicity raised an eyebrow. "I want to see what's going on in the building which I'm running…..and there's a huge piece missing, and on the floor plan, I can't get through the door."
Felicity almost gasped when Sara pressed a button on the phone and a small holographic projection of the floor plan shot up onto the wall.

"Moira claims it's a store room, but I don't know," Sara said.

Felicity frowned, and looked at it. She would not be one to accuse someone of deception, not without reason.

"Hmm, that's pretty odd," Felicity said. "That part of the building….it's off limits. The door's pretty locked up tight, and I was shooed away when I got even close to it. I think everyone does when they get close."

Sara turned towards her.

"A couple of months ago, I tried, I didn't do that well," Felicity said.

"Maybe you can help me with something," Sara said. "Maybe if you can find out why the hell a huge chunk of the building is just locked down, and maybe you can help me find a way inside."

"You want me to try and find out a way to get inside a place where another one of my bosses has pretty much said is forbidden?" Felicity asked. "You want me to do that?"

Sara leaned closer, thinking she could use the blonde's eagerness to help out.

"I need you to do that," Sara said without skipping a beat. She leaned closer towards her and smiled. Her voice lowered a slight amount, into a soft whisper. "See what you can find and be discreet about it."

Felicity wondered if discretion was as easy as people made it out to be. Her heart raced another couple of beats and she nodded in response.

"I'll make it worth your while."

Needless to say, that caused Felicity's imagination to go wild. For once, she didn't say anything in response, mostly because she didn't trust herself to speak.

Sara left Queen Industries to head to lunch, and to also follow up on a couple of small leads. These leads did not really require her to slip on the hood and go hunting, but never the less, they were very important for a lot of reasons.

"So, you're bringing a civilian into things?" Lyla asked.

"Not entirely, I'm giving her a small test to see what she's fully capable of," Sara said.

Lyla responded with a respectful nod. Sara could tell what the look on her face meant and she decided to try and ease her tensions the best way she could.

"I know what you're thinking," Sara responded. "And I'm not going to put her into danger with this crusade any more than I have to. But, she's looming around, and she….well it's just best to keep her busy and keep her out of trouble."

The car stopped at a stoplight. Sara frowned when looking off to the side and caught the sight of something quite peculiar. She saw Thea and a small group of her friends crossing the street. They
were heading into a sketchy looking neighborhood.

Sara racked her brain and figured out Thea should have been in school right about now. Yet, she was walking into a sketchy neighborhood which was known for some rather illegal activities. Sara felt conflicted of what to do next, even though she agreed she had to do something.

'You really shouldn't interfere,' Sara thought. 'God only knows you haven't always made the most sensible choices. Especially when you were her age.'

Sara closed her eyes and made a decision.

"Lyla, pull into that lot across the street," Sara said.

Her driver raised an eyebrow.

"You do realize that place…"

"Yes, I know," Sara said. "Thea and her friends just walked around the side entrance."

Lyla had no need for Sara to ask any more questions, she understood completely and perfectly. Lyla turned the car and pulled into the parking lot. A rather nice car driving into a street like this asked for trouble, and Lyla made sure her gun was loaded when she exited the vehicle.

"Maybe I should join you," Lyla said.

"Turn on the alarm," Sara said.

Lyla took a moment to activate the alarm, really a useful precaution for this particular neighborhood. Thanks to the ARGUS upgrades on this car, if someone tried to mess with it, they might be in for a few shocking surprises. Nothing that would kill them, but it would deter any future attempts.

Sara took a step forward and she grabbed onto the door knob before pushing her way inside. She had no idea what to expect. She could hear the voices of several excited teenage girls.

"You should try this stuff!" one of the girls yelled in an excited tone. "This stuff can really make you fly…so I heard….but it's kind of our price range."

"But, you can afford the real good stuff, Thea," another girl said. "Just think, we're your friends, you can hook us up….but after you've had your first try. So we know it's really good."

Thea looked like she was considering something. Sara stepped behind her and cleared her throat.

"Oh, hey, Sara," Thea said. She acted nonchalant. "I didn't expect to see you here, but given the circumstances I can understand."

"Oh, you understand, don't you?" Sara asked.

"You need a little something to help get you through the rest of the day, hey, I won't tell anyone, and we'll keep it from my mother," Thea said. She gave Sara a smile. "And hey, this stuff it's….."

Sara held up one hand, and Thea grew silence. Her friends backed away from the older girl.

"Her father's a cop, she narc on us," one of them muttered.

"Thea, I'm not here for a fix, I'm here because I saw you walking into a shady building when you're supposed to be in school," Sara said.
"So, wait, you've been spying on me, making sure I'm a good little girl?" Thea asked.

"Oooh, you better be careful," one of Thea's friends piped up. "She has a habit of knocking off Queens!"

Sara's glare turned towards the girl. The little teeny booper punk gave her a cock little smirk. It took Sara a moment to deepen her breath and calm down.

'No matter how obnoxious they're acting, you can't put an arrow through them,' Sara thought.

Everything shifted in a blink of an eye when a young man had been dragged out, kicking, screaming, and squirming. His eyes flared over when he had been brought out.

"No, no, no, please, NOOOO!" he yelled at the top of his lungs. "I'll do anything, just a little bit more, just a little bit more. I have to have it please.....I can't close my eyes without it burning. I see horrible things, please....I can't...."

"We told you, kid, you don't pay, you pay," the guard said.

"I'll wash your cars, I'll mow your lawn, just please give me a fix!" the young man said. "I have to have it.....I HAVE TO HAVE IT!"

The young man's frail body slammed into the larger guards. The guards blocked him and dropped him down to his knees with only a mild shove to the shoulder. The man crumpled down onto the ground and the breath had been knocked out of his body.

"Excuse me," Sara said.

"Sorry, but you're going to have to wait your turn like everyone else," the guards said.

Sara cast one look at the frail man, who had been ravaged by a drug addiction which he could no longer afford to supply.

"Thea, we're leaving."

"You can't tell me what to do!"

Thea adopted the classic hands on hips stance. Sara's gaze burned when looking at the other girl.

"I wasn't asking you," Sara said. The two goons turned their attention towards Sara, and Sara stared back at them. "If you don't want any trouble, I suggest you let us leave. My father is Quentin Lance, and you don't want him to become very interested about this place."

The goons looked like they were going to protest. The firearm Lyla packed caused them to have a few second thoughts, and they stepped aside to let them leave.

Sara grabbed Thea by the arm and practically yanked her away in front of her friends.

"I don't know what the hell has gotten into you, but Oliver wouldn't want you to act like this on his account," Sara said.

Thea only responded with a roll of her eyes.

"You do know Ollie wasn't exactly a choir boy."

"I promised I would make sure nothing happened to you," Sara said.
Thea was very annoyed. Oliver was trying to big brother her from beyond the grave, through Sara.

"Well, that's your fault for making a promise you're not able to keep, not mine," Thea said. "You can't watch me forever....I have my own life....and maybe you should get on with yours, and stop living in the past, and defining yourself with what Oliver wanted!"

Thea had been shoved in the back seat of the car, like she was a misbehaved five year old. Which if she wanted to act so childish, then Sara was going to treat her just like she acted, like a child.

"Where are you taking me?" Thea demanded.

"Exactly where you should have been right now, at school," Sara said.

"You're not my mother," Thea muttered. "I swear, you're acting just like your sister, and you didn't like it when she ruined your fun. Remember that party?"

"Maybe Laurel was right, maybe she should have done it more often so I didn't end up getting on that ship," Sara said. "You saw that guy back there, and you saw what happened to him. I don't want it to happen to you!"

Sara stared forward for a moment. She had to do the right thing. Trying to treat Thea with kid's gloves obviously wasn't working.

"I can quit at any time," Thea said.

"Prove it by quitting now then," Sara said, her voice as cold as the Arctic breeze.

Sara wanted to punch something. She returned Thea to school. Whether or not she went to class, that was another matter entirely. She moved past the door leading to her temporary base of operations. She was going to have to get a better base of operations in the future, but this would do for right now.

The sight which greeted her when she stepped inside was Cassandra and Laurel locked into an intense sparring session. The scars covering Cassandra's lower back was proof of her upbringing, and also her tenacity.

"Higher," Cass said.

Laurel tried to go for a punch, but Cass blocked it. She swept Laurel's legs out from underneath her and dropped her down to the ground with one fluid motion.

'I swear, my ass is going to leave a permanent imprint on the ground,' she thought. 'And kicking my ass seems to run in that family.'

"Let's try that again," Laurel said. She staggered to a standing position and rubbed her lower back.

Sara walked right past them, shrugged off her jacket, and started hammering heavily at a bag. Her eyes glazed over with an intense look. Sara hammered it harder and harder. Her hand caused the bag to sway and swagger, almost being knocked back against the wall where it collided against it. She gritted down on her teeth and kept punching away at him.

"What the hell is going on?" Laurel asked.
"It's Thea," Sara said. She knocked the bag off of the chain and caused it to fly into the wall. "She's being... well she's being an entitled little brat!"

Laurel leaned over and placed a hand on top of Sara's shoulder. She gave it a squeeze in response.

"She's just being difficult, doing all of these stupid things," Sara said. "She's skipping school, I saw her go off to buy drugs, she's being a snarky little...."

Sara took a deep breath and counted to ten. She must not lose it. Losing it lead to bad things, and Sara allowed Laurel to catch a glimpse of that side of her, and she hated that happened. Sara's face clutched within her hands and she mentally started to count to ten.

"I wasn't that bad," Sara said. "Was I?"

"No," Laurel said simply. "Granted, you had your stages of rebellion but..."

Laurel trailed off and had lost all thought of what she was going to say. She returned to the topic at hand.

"Thea had to go through losing her brother all over again," Laurel said. "She found an outlet like I did. Only her outlet wasn't exactly what you called constructive."

Sara snorted. Understatement of the century to be perfectly honest, given how she was after some pretty hard shit.

"I'm going to have to talk to Moira about this, even though I can't believe she doesn't know what her daughter's up to," Sara said. "I never liked it when you did that... when you told my parents when I was up to no good... and yes, I understand you only did that for my own good... still didn't stop me from hating it."

Sara leaned back and brushed her hair away from her face. Every single moment she thought about what needed to be done, it was getting harder to keep her head.

"I saw a guy around Thea's age, a little bit older, who was buying whatever those people were selling," Sara said. "He looked like he would do anything to give a fix.... I'm going to have to put a stop to those people.... tonight...."

Sara needed some kind of outlet to work out her frustrations. Putting arrows through the heads of these bastards who were peddling drugs seemed to be a good outlet. They might not be on her list, but Sara would find room for them.

"If you saw this guy, you would be sick to your stomach," Sara said. "And they just didn't care, they knocked him out and dragged him off like he was trash. He didn't have money. Therefore, they no longer gave a fuck.'

Laurel had a pretty good idea this wasn't good, but she also see her sister was looking for an excuse to go out and start busting some heads. She tightened the grip on Sara's shoulder and looked at her.

"You need to calm down, keep a clear head," Laurel said. "Talk to Dad..... mention you saw Thea going into that place. It's just... worry about other things....."

Sara looked towards Laurel who wrapped her arm around her sister's shoulders.

"And Thea will come around," Laurel added. 'I just hope she does before there's a shock
which….destroys her.”

Laurel gripped her sister's hair and leaned closer towards her. The two of them almost came nose to nose with each other.

"And if you need something…to ease off the stress, I'm here," Laurel said. "Take me in any way you want, if you think it's right."

"That wasn't a onetime thing, was it?" Sara asked.

Now, it was Laurel's turn to smile.

"No," Laurel said. "Why don't you give your big sister a kiss?"

Sara leaned forward and met lip to lip with her sister. Their tongues intertwined with each other, and they latched lip to lip with each other. Both tried to gain an advantage, an underhand, but Sara proved once again.

"You thought you could get on top of me, but you're perfect on the bottom," Sara said.

She gave her sister another kiss. Cass decided it was the perfect time to slip out, and leave this moment of sisterly bodying to go undistracted.

Laurel landed against a small bed off to the side, her shorts being pulled down her lower body. Sara stopped and looked back at her older sister with a devious little smirk spreading over her face.

"So, did you say I can take out my frustrations on you in any way I want?"

Laurel never felt such a glorious combination of anticipation and fear at the look of lust dancing through her baby sister's eyes.

'Oh God, what have you gotten yourself into.'
Laurel bugged out her eyes at the sight of the fake phallus hanging between Sara's legs. It was the most convincing thing she had ever seen, during her research, for purposes of science.

"Where did you get something like that?" Laurel asked.

"I have connections," Sara said. "Why don't you be a good big sister and show your little sister all of your love? Then I'll stick it in your ass."

Laurel descended to her knees without any warning. She took the hard phallus into her mouth and pumped it. It started to reach and grow just like a real cock might. Laurel eyed it and took her tongue around it. It even tasted pretty real.

She popped the first few inches of the cock into her mouth, and placed her hands behind Sara. She cupped the ass of her younger sister and pushed down a few inches, pushing the hard cock into her mouth. Laurel bobbed down a few inches, and stuck it deep into the back of her throat. She hummed hard around the manhood when it pushed further into her throat.

Sara closed her eyes. She could feel Laurel's warm mouth sending pleasurable jolts around her body. The synthetic cock attached itself to her nerve centers just as acted. It functioned as a real male penis did, which would give anyone who was bi-sexual the full experience if they just wanted to settle for one partner.

Given Sara's circumstances, that was not something she could settle her.

"Suck," Sara said. "Harder."

Laurel kept hammering away the throbbing hard phallus in her mouth. She wondered if Sara would cum in her mouth. Would this not so little thing have any limitations?

"It's experimental technology," Sara said. "And it cums just as I would…..but enough science, and more sucking."

Laurel wondered how Sara got into her head. It didn't really matter when her baby sister face fucked her. Laurel put her hands on Sara's meaty ass and squeezed it. She wondered if she would have a chance to fuck it.

"I know what you want, but you're going to have to work to up to that," Sara said. "I've only let two other women fuck my ass."

It was the holy grail in Sara's completely biased opinion. Regardless, she looked down at her sister, accepting this gift into her mouth. And soon she would accept another gift.

Sara fired her cum down Laurel's throat. The synthetic cock did it's jump in channeling her cum into a flood.

It wasn't advanced enough to allow for impregnation, which was fine because Sara didn't need that kind of drama in her life right now. She sank cock first into the back of Laurel's warm throat and rode out the orgasm.

Laurel pulled off of her and came off to the side of the big cock flapping in her face. Sara motioned for Laurel to get up on the bed and so she did.

"Your ass is mine," Sara said. "I bet all the times I said that, you never thought I would take it so literally."
One fake cock was hardened and ready to go, and really only one place where it could go. Sara lined herself up for Laurel's tightened little hole and pushed a little bit further into her. Her asshole spread for Sara when she sank inside of it.

"SARA!" Laurel yelled. "It's really big."

"Well, you haven't been properly broken it yet," Sara said. "Don't worry….just relax, it will be a lot easier when you just relax."

Laurel relaxed with Sara pushing further into her tight anal core. Every push of her brought Laurel's nerve endings to a heightened amount of awareness and Sara persisted in hammering Laurel in her tightened, tasty hole.

"Just relax, baby," Sara said. "Yes, that's it. It feels so good to be fucked in your ass, doesn't it?"

"Yes…it does!" Laurel yelled.

Sara's fingers danced against her outer lips and took a moment to shift in the general direction of her clit. Laurel's breathing increased when Sara's fingertip brushed against the heightened cluster of nerve endings to increase her pleasure.

"Does that make you feel good?" Sara asked.

"Yes," Laurel whimpered. "Yes, it does."

Sara smiled. She spent a lot of time studying the points which bring a person pleasure along with pain. Her finger brushed from Laurel's clit all the way to her belly button and she hit it with just enough force to get her hips thrusting.

Laurel could not believe the passion Sara was bringing her. She might have offered Sara herself (and more importantly her ass) to vent some of the frustration she was feeling. But, it was so really amazing. Never in a million years did she expect this.

She entered a state of pure undulated bliss, better than anything she ever felt.

Sara continued to pick up the pace inside her sister's tight asshole. Every single stroke brought her closure to an amazing climax. She closed her eyes and just allowed the pleasure to flow completely through her. It was almost there, she was so close, she could feel it.

"Thank you," Sara said.

She lost herself in Laurel's ass and fucked it hard. The force of her juices spilling into Laurel's ass made the older sister cum as well.

Both of them shared this magic, as Sara pulled back, having taken Laurel's anal virginity. She would sample the tasty juices coming from her pussy as well.

Laurel was almost numb after that orgasm. Sara's tongue brought her back to life and the dance continued anew.

Thea inclined her head with a sheepish little smile on her face. She really could be very harsh on her friends at times. They were just looking out for her. Despite everything, they had her best interests in mind and Thea could hardly fault them for that.
She held up a brown bag and pulled out the item in question. Her friends chipped in and hooked up Thea with the item which Sara pulled her away from getting.

'I don't give a damn whether or not you're hot, Sara,' Thea thought. 'I need this, this is supposed to be the best high ever.'

Thea closed her eyes and thought about Sara punishing her in a different, more pleasurable way, then giving her a lecture. After all, she was a bad girl who deserved to be punished.

'No one has any idea what I'm going through,' Thea said. 'But enough feeling bummed out, when I can just fly high.'

Thea took drug, Vertigo. Her entire world spun, and bliss flew through her body. She walked out of the door and felt like she was walking on air.

'I can do anything, I can face anything, there's nothing that I can stop me!'

All fear had been removed from her body with that one small dose of Vertigo. She wondered what another dose could do, or a larger dose. Thea Queen could take all of the world or do.

All thoughts of Sara's disapproval or anyone else…hell Thea might drive down to Sara's house, and tell her there wasn't nothing to worry about. She was perfectly fine.

Thea slipped into the front seat of her Porsche. She stopped and buckled up, before slamming on the gas and flying out into the streets.

She could go faster, really make her car fly as high as she could. The entire world swirled around her.

Her joy ride skidded to a complete stop in the back of a cop car. Thea whipped back, held into place by her seat belt. Her heart raced, the ultimate thrill ride having finished.

The thrill ride skidded to a stop with a very disapproving Quentin Lance staring at her from the other side of a glass window. Thea shook her head, and realizes she was downtown. She had one of the worst headaches ever, worse than any hangovers.

The sound of raindrops might as well have been thunder.

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**To Be Continued.**

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So, we get formally introduced to Felicity in this chapter. After a couple of small cameos. Despite some missteps with her character in Season Three and Four, I don't mind Felicity. Unless, there's romantic drama involved...but that delves into shipping, and if I know anything, there are three topics you don't talk about, if you don't want a flame war. Politics, religion, and fandom shipping.

But, onto less polarizing topics, we have Thea Queen, who is not in a good state of mind. And she has the same justification of every single addict which ever addicted. Oh, I can stop at any time, oh that won't happen to me. I'm sure you may have met people like this, and it's frustrating. And she's trying to justify her behavior.
Onto to happier notes….a version of Kara in this universe exists, although she's more Superwoman than Supergirl, and the only Kryptonian survivor on Arrowverse Earth Prime. And she's under the name Karen Starr, so there's that, and she's a billionaire tech genius on this world. And part of the reason why Sara's been getting some very interesting toys, but we'll flesh out that connection later.

That sisterly bonding would have ended the chapter, if we didn't have Thea's joy ride where she reaches a high high, and crashes down with a low-low.

Until Tuesday.
Sara walked forward swinging her arms back and forth with a purpose in an unmistakable power walk. Laurel tried to follow her, but it was obvious when her sister was upset, it was hard to get through to her. Oh, Sara wasn't yelling or anything, but she was a bit angry about this entire situation. Whether or not she was angry about not doing more, or angry at the people who did this, Laurel didn't know. The only thing which she could take to the back was Sara was angry.

Hell, Laurel found herself a tiny bit frustrated at the entire situation herself. She was the one who convinced Sara to wait and try and deal with this one through the official channels. It was a small miracle no one was hurt or killed, otherwise, it would have been worse.

It was pretty bad to begin with. Laurel tried to look at the worst possible time.

"I'm here to see Thea Queen," Sara said.

The officers turned towards her. What was with the looks on their faces? She didn't know. They looked like they were contemplating something. And Sara was going increasily agitated.

"Yeah, well….she's not really talking to anyone right now," one of the officers said.

Sara could see the hesitation, and endeavored to be a bit more forceful. Maybe she didn't have to, though.

"Let her through," Quentin said, poking his head out from the next room. "She might be a bit….more willing to name names if she saw a couple of familiar faces."

Sara hoped her father was right with what they were saying. The doors opened up and they saw Thea sitting on the bench. The bright and vibrant nature on her face had completely vanished. Her face dimmed several shades, and there was a look buried deep in her eyes of absolute horror. A flushed feeling came over her face.

Laurel noticed the signs, she saw them in several people who had hit bottom. She encountered those people in her day job, and it was hard not to pity them, even though they could not do anything to help themselves. Thea had not reached the absolute bottom although she shuddered and shake. It was a train wreck which Laurel could not turn her way off.

'Damn, this looks better.'

It was obvious she knew this time, she had done a very bad thing, and there was really no way to fix it. The shudders which went through her body showed about that much.

About ten minutes later, Moira Queen marched her way into the station. She walked with a purpose and didn't even bother to ask for permission to see her daughter. She pushed her way through the guards with the assertive force.

"What happened?" Moira asked.
Thea's head bobbed back and forth. She could barely hold herself up.

"It was a hell of a ride," Thea said. "I thought I was invincible. I thought….everything would be okay, I thought there was no chance anything bad could happen. I thought there was no chance."

Thea shook her head to bring herself back to what passed as reality.

"Well, I thought I was invincible," Thea said. "My car however, it wasn't and….wow, it's been a hell of a ride, hasn't it?"

Moira didn't know her daughter was this far gone. She realized she had come close to losing another child, thanks to her blindness.

"Thea, you shouldn't…that was….you shouldn't have shot up before going behind the wheel of a car," Moira said. "You shouldn't have been poisoning yourself like that period."

"It's been a hell of a ride," Thea said.

Sara put a hand on Thea's shoulder and the girl jolted up.

"Well, guess what, the ride's over," Sara said. "I warned you what those drugs would do, and you saw what happened to that boy when you were there. And yet, you still did it."

"It was a nice ride though," Thea said.

It was like her mind had been stuck in a never ending loop, the same thing. She had been broken, unable to say anything else. Sara tried to rain her eyes on Thea, even though she was quite disgusted at the situation. Not disgusted at Thea, but at the situation, and more importantly at herself.

It was supposed to her job to keep people like this off of the street, and she not only failed this city, but she failed Thea.

"Thea, this is completely serious," Laurel said. "You could have killed yourself, you could have killed someone else."

Thea shook her head, not really denying it. She tried to mutter about how this entire situation was a hell of a ride again, but slowly, everything faded from her system. The headache worsened, and cold harsh reality hit her hard.

She done fucked up, big time, so big she couldn't even begin to describe how badly she fucked up. What had she done?

"What's going to happen to her now, Detective Lance?" Moira asked. "I'll just…pay whatever fine…"

Quentin held his hand up to stop Moira's words in his tracks.

"I'm afraid it's not going to be that simple this time," Quentin said. "Your daughter's chances to ride this one out doesn't look too good….and to be perfectly frank, maybe this is the wakeup call she needed."

Moira set her jaw firmly. While she didn't dispute it, that was one thing a mother never wanted to hear. Even though, she knew deep down Quentin was right.

"And the judge who is going to hear Thea's case….well she's had her share of run ins with your son in the past, and he narrowly escaped from trouble," Quentin said. "And she's gotten only tougher
since then…..and she'll crack down hard this time. Especially given how she feels like she has to set an example."

Quentin cast one look towards Thea who still was pale and shaking within her cell. It was very hard to look at her, and it was hard not to find pity with her. She made bad choices. Quentin saw many of those types walk through the doors during years, and there were very few happy endings there.

"Her last name will damn her pretty good," Quentin said. "More than a fine, she's looking for some serious prison time….the only silver lining we have is no one did get killed."

"I didn't mean to…..I was just….." Thea said. "Are you sure no one was hurt?"

"It's the only good thing which came out of this situation," Quetin said. "The worst that happened is a couple of people are going to have to get new mailboxes."

Sara looked at the situation. She would have had to get ready to go out on the city and hunt down the people who produced this drug.

"What the hell was she on anyway?" Laurel asked.

"Vertigo….it's called Vertigo," Thea said. "It was supposed to be the ultimate thrill, the ultimate high…."

Sara had allowed that information to process in her mind. Veritgo, oh, that name rang a bell and a hard one at that.

'It has to be a coincidence,' Sara thought. 'Would he do anything as small time as drug peddling? Then again, he has many dopplegangers and imposters, it's possible? But...he's....I was sure of it...but he's been known to cheat death before.'

"What did you do with the information I gave you earlier?" Sara asked.

"First, you did the right thing by telling me, although I'm not sure it was a good idea to raise such a big stink when you were there," Quentin said. "By the time I popped up, they packed it in, and they were long gone….guess they didn't want a visit from me or anyone else from the SPD."

Sara only could not. She had to get out there and out in the city.

"Not much we can do here," Sara said. "I'll be back later….let me know if something happens."

Before anyone could question where Sara would have to go in the dead of night…..she disappeared.

Sara pulled up the hood and stalked the night with a purpose. She returned to the scene of the crime, but there were no leads. Her father was right, they had all packed it in. There was not even one drop of this hard drug there.

'No, I can't give up, not tonight.'

She knew it was a crapshoot to find one of the dealers. And they would be heavily armed when she ran them down. Not that was a problem. She had been motivated by pure frustration, and anger at herself. Anger that happened to Thea and despite her best efforts, there was nothing Sara could do to stop it.
Everything paled in comparison to tracking down this supplier, and shutting it down from the source. Along with shutting down the people who caused this, once and for all, and Sara intended to do this with extreme prejudice.

Sara strayed a slight bit from her roots as an assassin. She had found ways to disable, quite painfully, without killing. Broken bones, joints which did not work the same way as they used to, and a healthy bit of nerve damage, they were more than sufficient in allowing the message to be sent.

Yet, she would not be afraid to kill if it meant saving lives. It was a tricky one to deal with, and she had not had any fatal encounters just yet since putting on the hood. She had not had a necessary.

'*An assassin kills out of necessity and there is always a meaning to their murders. To kill without meaning and without remorse, it sends an assassin into the territory of terrorist. But, to refuse to kill, even when that's the best option, that is even lower, and you are an enabler of the murders of countless people. The blood will be on your hands.'*

Sara closed her eyes and shifted herself away from the trip down memory lane. Tonight, it was essential to find the supplier of Vertigo, and shut down this entire operation by any means necessary. The hooded vigilante dropped down to the ground.

Luck finally shined brightly on this mission. One of the suppliers stood outside of the wall of the night club, smoking a cigarette. The Hood dropped down to the ground. The supplier dropped his cigarette in surprise and withdrew a knife to go and attack the do-gooder.

The vigilante dodged the first stab of the knife. Her spine arched back and blocked the second stab of the knife. A third stab had been avoided, along with a fourth, and a fifth. Every time that knife almost came up against her flesh, she just handily avoided it. Time and time again, these shots had been avoided.

"You're not going to get me!" he yelled.

The Hood fired an arrow into the arm of the supplier. The drug peddler dropped to the ground, agony at the arrow striking such a vital nerve ending. She had him right where she wanted him.

"It hurts, doesn't it?" she asked. "It hurts to see you giving those drugs to children, who don't know any better, and ruining their lives. It hurts them, to see their lives drain away from them, frustrated, and suffering, cold and lifeless."

"It doesn't hurt them, it gives the ultimate high," the supplier said. "Sure there are a few side effects, but…..ARGH!"

Sara grabbed onto the arrow and pulled it. The supplier squealed like a pig in a gate at the arrow slowly being ripped out of his wrist.

"Where is the man giving you Vertigo?" she demanded.

The supplier looked at her, and he realized he didn't want another Arrow inside of her.

"You mean the Count?" the supplier asked. "I don't know, I swear to God, I don't know….he shows up, every three weeks, gives us a truck load of the stuff, takes his cut. He's a bit strange, but he keeps bread on the table."

Sara ripped the arrow out of his wrist. She could hear people rustling from inside of the building and took it as her cue to go.
The man didn't do anything, which meant any of the suppliers had no idea where the Count had gone. Sara dropped down onto the rooftop and she heard a buzzing in her earpiece.

"Hey, Sara," Laurel said. "You okay?"

"No," Sara said. "Did something happen with Thea?"

"Not exactly," Laurel said. "But, our mutual friend just pulled up a lead, and I think we both have a good idea where the Vertigo is."

Sara only responded with a stiff nod and watched the supplier's agonizing face on the ground. It was no less than he deserved after peddling Vertigo. Her heart jumped, perhaps something good would come out of this nice.

"Tell me, then."

A young man with crazy eyes watched the news. He called himself the Count, to many on the street, he was known as Count Vertigo. He thought that was taking it a step too far on the tacky scale to be called Count Vertigo, surely Vertigo was the drug he peddled, and he called himself the Count, so people would call him that.

At least he hoped they would. People were stubborn and persistent with their labels. Once you had been known for something, you were known for it for life.

Regardless, he knew of the man who also called him Count Vertigo, and the ignorant thought the Count to me that Vertigo. Oh, how he aspired to be as rich and powerful as him, the potential heir to the throne in a distant foreign land. If the ignorant wanted to make those assumptions, well the Count wasn't about ready to stop them in their tracks to be honest.

No one had seen the real deal in a long time, close to three years in fact, but there were rumors he was out there, and he didn't take too kindly to imposters.

'Perhaps one day, I'll be as rich and powerful as him, but for right now, I'm an honest man, plying my trade.'

He reclined back and listened to the news. Something rather curious hit his ears when coming over the wire.

"Tonight, Thea Queen, the sister of the recently deceased Oliver Queen, crashed her Porsche into the back of a police car," the newscaster said. "We can reveal Ms. Queen has been under the influence of the street drug known as Vertigo, which has claimed eight lives so far, and lead to the hospitalization of many more. Many are calling the Starling City Police Department for this hazard to the health of the people."

The scoffing coming from the young man was only followed by him shaking his head.

"Well, it's not my fault they weren't able to pay," The Count said. "Maybe if they had just taken out a nice little loan or something, they still would have been alive."

He adopted the classic Thinker Pose of his hand underneath his chin and leaned back, a slight grin crossing over his face.
"Still, a personal recommendation from a Princess, or rather a Queen….and everything is just going splendid," the Count said. "And thanks to my backers in Gotham City, I'll be able to take Vertigo to the next level. They'll either pay for their next hit, and when the money runs out….well no use in wasting precious oxygen!"

He smirked at the thought. He never touched the stuff to be honest, preferring lesser dangerous drugs. Still he could hardly fault anyone for wanting a greater high.

The phone off to the side of the desk rang. The Count reached over and scooped up the phone. He bounced about on the chair with a smile on his face.

"Everything is going according to plan, boss," the man on the other end of the phone declared.

"Are you in place to add my little taste test in the water supply? " the Count asked.

"Yeah, boss, soon everyone will get a taste of the wonders of Vertigo."

"Splendid!" the Count cried, clapping his hands together. "Soon, all of them will have a taste of the wonders of Vertigo. They're not going to back away. Either they'll pay up, or they'll pay."

Get a free sample, and jack up the prices, it was a plan which was brilliant. And this entire city would soon be under the spell of Vertigo.

The Count brushed a strand of hair back from his eye and looked positively giddy, he looked more excited than he ever did in his entire life.

"It's going to happen, tonight's the night," The Count said. "Get ready, we can't be late."

"No, boss," one of the men over the phone responded. "When do you want to do it?"

"In a couple of hours, I need to ensure everything else is in place," the Count said. "And I need to ensure there's no Hooded involvement."

The Count followed the exploits of the vigilante in the Hood in an almost obsessive degree. He figured the Hood would come calling sooner or later, and when he or she did, the Count would have his day, and would put the Hood down for the count.

'Oh, this is going to be wonderful….imagining sending the Hood out in the wild, overdosed on my new and improved Vertigo!' 

The thought made the Count twitch in excitement. He reached down into the box and pulled out one of the green vials. It glowed in the light and shimmered. He could hardly keep the deep grin off of his face when gazing upon such an item of absolute beauty.

"One little dose will do anyone in this city some good," the Count said. "No fear….at least until it wears off. But if they don't keep buying….well the night terrors will be the stuff which will bring even the most hardened of men down to their knees. And that's not even accounting for the day terrors, which are even worse."

The Count made a breaking motion with his hands and snorted in response.

"They will be truthfully and utterly broken," the Count said.

The door busted open and a man staggered into the room. His hand dripped with blood, he looked pale and shaking when walking towards the Count.
"What's going on?" the Count asked. "Seriously, you don't look so good….you look like you can use a little pick me up…"

"Hood, it's the hood….The Hood is attacking us….the Hood…the Hood….."

The Count frowned. He really did need a pick me up. And a perfect test subject didn't present himself every day. He jammed the syringe into the side of the neck of the supplier. The supplier's eyes glazed over and he became blissfully calm.

"Are you floating on air?" the Count asked.

"Yes," the supplier said.

"Tell me what ails you, my dear lad," The Count said.

"It's the Hood, that psycho vigilante has been attacking us all night, she got three more of the boys, and she….or he….I don't even know," he said. "But the Hood's coming; whoever is underneath the Hood's hood is after you."

The Count's heard one of his guards outside dropping. His face turned into a very obvious frown.

"The Hood followed you here."

The Count jabbed the supplier in the neck three more times. He gave him more bliss, too much bliss in fact given his heart sputtered to a stop thanks to the Vertigo overdose.

"Now, time for my guest."

'It's always a rundown warehouse,' Sara thought. 'Stupid recession.'

She dropped down to the ground, in the darkness, and hovered behind a trash can. She saw two guards, beefy, but not too bright, waiting on either side of the door. She was ready to take aim and take them out. She drew back her bow and caught one of them in the side of the shoulder with a well-placed arrow.

The pain caused the guard to black out. The second guard turned around, and Sara sent a tranquilizer arrow into the back of the guard's neck. He would be out for about an hour, long enough to hopefully conduct business and to shut down this entire operation.

The vigilante slipped past the front doors. She walked forward and saw an average looking young man standing in front of him.

"Greetings, Hooded vigilante!" the Count bellowed at the top of his lungs. "Or would you prefer to be called Mr. Hood? Or is it a Ms. Hood? Or do you just not have any gender identity preferences whatsoever because you're going through a period of transition in your life?"

Sara readied her bow, ready to strike.

"I've been waiting for you for a long time," the Count said. "Greetings, Hooded Warrior, for I am your ultimate equal, Count Vertigo."

"You're not," Sara said, disgust even obvious through the modulator on her hood. "The Count Vertigo I knew was extremely dangerous, and not some low rent drug dealer who peddled his drugs
to teenagers."

It was now the Count's turn to scoff.

"Not just teenagers," the Count said. "Soon, all of Starling City will be getting a nice taste of my wonder drug."

Sara didn't fire just yet. This bastard obviously had something devious up his sleeve and she wanted to know what.

"Just think, Vertigo can make anyone's fears melt away, including the Hood," the Count said.

"I don't fear anything," the Hood said.

"Oh, I disagree, it's obvious my Vertigo blessed someone really close to you, because why else would things get this personal?" the Count asked. He looked towards her with pity. "Once I give the okay, all of Starling City's water supply will get a taste of Vertigo….."

"Not going to happen."

She fired three arrows, all of them aimed at areas which could disable the Count should they connected. They passed through the Count and Sara gritted her teeth through the hood. She shook her head in response.

'Hologram,' Sara thought. 'Someone must have hooked him up big time.'

The Count popped up from a vent right behind her and with surprising precision, stabbed her in the back of the leg. She spun around in lighting fast precision and nailed him in the side of the throat which dropped him down to the ground and sent him flying.

The burning started through Sara's body and spread through her body. The ringing escalated in the back of her head and the breathing grew even more intense. Sara tried to hold herself together. The more she did though, the more she slipped under Vertigo's influence.

"Oh, don't try and fight it, it will only kill you faster if you do," the Count said. "There's enough in that syringe to kill a horse."

Vertigo was an apt tone as the ringing continued, and the dizziness escalated how she felt. The entire room swirled around her. Sara clutched her temples and screamed in agony. A blaring sound echoed in her subconscious, when she slipped further under.

A flaming building surrounded her and a bearded man dressed like a Southern preacher started to laugh. Her eyes flashed and the demonic face of Slade Wilson flashed, and then Oliver falling down next to her, her hands soaked in blood when he did. The world started to swirl around her!

"You're the first to feel what Vertigo can really do, when it's been untamed, and it's been untreated. And soon, everyone will be underneath my thumb. Everyone will bow down before the Count."

Sara kept her control all of this time. She had to focus, she had to fight. Buzzards surrounded her head and the corpses of all of her loved ones were on the ground, with more sinister laughter. A demonic echo of "you failed this city" echoed further in her subconscious.

Something inside Sara Lance snapped and she lunged forward. The Count had been surprised, and she grabbed him around the throat.
Her bloodshot eyes looked into the eyes of the Count before strangling all of the life out of him. It was not quick enough, so she snapped his neck.

Sara fell back against the wall, the entire world flashing around her. The Count's broken body fell to the ground.

All hell then proceeded to break loose in Sara's mind.

*To Be Continued on November 18th, 2016.*

So the aftermath of Thea's little trip, leads us to the self professed Count, who peddles the drug known as Vertigo. And he's nuttier than a squirrel's bowl movement. And it wasn't the first Count Vertigo Sara had to deal with, but we'll deal with that plot thread much longer down the line.

And she has a very bad trip, snapping the Count's neck. Needless to say, Sara's not going to have a good time, and the trip is about ready to get much worse.

*Until Friday.*
Cassandra slipped through the shadows. Sara told her if she was not out within the next twenty minutes, to come in and look for her. While only fifteen minutes passed, Cass sensed something was not right. She moved from her position across the street and crossed it without another word. A sense something was very wrong became the prevailing thought in Cass's mind.

The tension rose through her body a few seconds later. The warehouse had been abandoned. The only figure who had been even slightly moving had been one of the guards which had been rendered unconscious. Cass stepped forward. While she thought he was not a problem, it would be foolish not to take a chance. She grabbed the man by the scruff of the neck and slammed him down into the pavement to render him unconscious.

The door swung open. One of the lights flickered, and Cass stepped on in, drawing closer into the area. She pulled out a crossbow of her own and aimed it. Any sign of life which wasn't Sara's, she would have to disable it. The girl continued to walk forward. Chills spread through her body.

Cassandra Cain experienced many hardships to get where she was today. She wasn't surprised or disturbed about a lot. Yet, the feeling something was very wrong tonight refused to leave her.

"Sara," Cass muttered.

No one just yet, and she stepped past the doorway. A gentleman lay on the floor, arms swollen for some reason. Cass crept ever so closer towards this particular gentleman and reached down. He was dead already, having injected the drug. The effects of it having reached their obvious conclusion.

The syringe on the ground told the story. Cass didn't even touch it. She looked around the building and minded her surroundings. This place caused her tension to escalate to an entirely different level.

Cass made her way underneath the catwalk. She walked closer and found another man face down on the ground. His head twisted at a very awkward position and it looked like his neck snapped. Cass walked towards him and in his hand, another syringe had been placed. It contained a few drops of a drug which glowed, eerily almost. Steam billowed from the syringe as well.

Vertigo's dangerous effects reached an apex, and Cass personally thought anyone who would take a drug like this for a short term high was very misguided. It would wreck their minds.

She tensed herself and turned around the corner. A figure moved on the catwalk. Cass launched herself up the steps and continued to sneak her way up. She had a rather bad feeling about this.

Cass stopped short, eyes widened. Sara stumbled around on the catwalk, thrashing about. The dark haired girl stopped and watched Sara and her progress when she moved about high above on the catwalk. Cass stopped.

She didn't look too good. The look on her face wasn't too good. Those eyes were blood shot as if she had fought something painful.

Someone injected her with the drug, in high quantity. Sara's strong will power proved to be able to
fight it off, at least for now.

Cass slipped behind Sara, and tried to grab her around the arm. Sara reversed the grip and sent Cass flying down onto the ground. The hooded vigilante popped up and went for a punch. She missed her target by several feet. Sara swung her fists and her feet at an enemy which simply wasn't there.

"No, no, no….got to fight it!" she yelled.

Cass loaded up the bolt in the crossbow and fired. Sara dodged the attack, and ascended further up. She dangled from a light fixture. Cass moved underneath her, ready to catch her. The rigging swayed back and forth, and it was not designed to have a flailing human being dangling atop of it.

Sara held onto the rigging with surprising precision. She rocked back and then dropped down. Her legs jolted off to one side and smashed the glass through the window. Sara propelled herself through the glass.

Cass followed suit, and the two of them stood on the rickety looking rooftop. Some of the boards looked like they had been rotted away. Cass took a step towards Sara.


She tried to convey to Sara to fight this. Sara's eyes glazed over and she looked unaware of anyone being in her vicinity. The blonde hovered an inch away from rolling off of the edge of the roof. She stopped, and looked around.

"Stay away!" Sara snapped.

Cass did the exact opposite. She grabbed Sara by the arm and pulled her up and away from the ledge. Sara scratched her arm up in an attempt to break free, but Cass gripped her around the arm. The two of them did a tuck and roll, while on the roof and rolled off.

Sara dropped down at least one level and landed firmly on the ledge. Had Cass learned to speak any swear words, she would have expanded her entire vocabulary of them right at this moment. Sara lingered on the ledge and then spread her arms before falling back.

Cass snatched Sara's bow and quiver of arrows. She loaded the right arrow inside and shot one towards the ground where she repelled down.

She hit the ground, but no Sara hitting the ground. She saw a hooded figure on her hands and knees on the ground. Sara crawled out of the light and rose to her feet. It was like she didn't just slam into concrete at all.

Cass remembered it, Vertigo blocked out all of the pain receptors, and gave them the ultimate high. Sara shouldn't have been up and about and walking around, even with her unique circumstances.

A couple of sirens cut through the air and only increased the tension. Cass reached behind her back and pulled out one of the other trick arrows. She fired it into the air. The arrow connected with the ground and released a momentary fog into the air. The fog cut through the air and made it very difficult for Starling's finest to get a fix on them.

Cass returned in her attempt to look for Sara. Much to her relief, Sara appeared to be going away from the sirens.

'Have to stop her,' Cass thought.
She followed Sara, hoping to stop her from revealing her secret identity to some of Starling City's finest in some kind of demented drug induced haze. Cass didn't have much time.

Sweat splattered down Sara's face when she stumbled forward. Not the slightest idea where she was. She knew the Vertigo threatened to overwhelm her system. The hooded vigilante stepped back and dropped down to one knee. Whatever happened to her, the pain was starting to seep in through her. It was getting harder for her to stay with this.

Sara knew the drug was going to end up making a fool of her if she didn't attempt to stop it.

"No, no, I got to fight this," she muttered. "Have to fight this….strong…..I need to fight….need to fight it."

Sara dragged herself up to a vertical base and then collapsed up against the wall. Her deep breathing increased. Her entire hood and underclothes had been soaked with sweat. Sara staggered around, blindly reaching for something to pull herself up with.

Every footstep sounded like thunder which increased her agitation. Sara lunged forward, and could hear something. But what? And was it something she wanted to hear? Sara's heart beat faster and she wasn't sure if it was because of the effects of the drug.

Sara closed her eyes and opened them up. She saw herself, walking towards the Queen's Gambit to join Oliver. The youthful rebellion in her eyes took Sara aback. The youthful rebellion in her eyes made Sara almost smile despite the situation. Her finger brushed against the top of her nose.

She was more innocent, although not completely, not entirely, but in general, with all things consider, more innocent. Five years away experiencing some hard ships, and a few triumphs along the way, they had not been established. Sara saw a glimpse of the crew, when they walked onto the Queen's gambit.

No fears, no responsibilities, no obligation to save a city which could not be saved. Sara almost felt envious of the girl she was five years ago. She didn't have to save a city which might not have been able to save.

Younger Sara turned on her spot. The older version of Sara stared at her younger counterpart. This was a memory, wasn't it? Sara shouldn't be able to interact her younger self. Yet, her younger self was looking at Sara and frowning.

"It's you, isn't it?" younger Sara asked. "You're a monster."

"What?" the older Sara asked.

"You're a monster who killed Oliver," the younger Sara said. "They're right, you know…you killed them….and you know what, you try to justify yourself every day by putting that hood. Nothing is going to change that you're a murderer!"

Older Sara struggled to her feet, with her younger self approaching her.

"I have to…"

"I can't believe it, you're a sociopath, a murderer, and you play with the lives of those who you claim to care about," younger Sara said. "You think I can forgive you for this? You think I can forgive you
for allowing me to turn into you?"

Younger Sara walked closer towards older Sara. Something about the light surrounding her seemed off. Were her eyes glowing red? She looked positively demonic when approaching her older self.

"Why did you allow me to turn into you?" younger Sara asked. "You're a murderer, an assassin, and you're going to leave Starling City to burn because you refuse to own up to your mistakes!"

Older Sara listened to younger Sara's voice getting deeper, more sinister, and her facial features becoming more distorted. Her face briefly resembled the southern preacher which appeared in her distorted visions earlier. A screech made Sara look towards her face, or rather half her face, and half of the face of the southern preacher.

"You could have been anything you wanted, but instead you're some vigilante who is prowling the streets, out of some demented sense of self-worth," the distorted figure in the vision stated. "You think you are making this world a better place. You think you can atone for his death by following his crusade….well you're a liar!"

Sara struggled to face her inner demons. The drug really was doing a number on her mind. She had to fight it.

"No, I've done some good for this city," Sara said.

"Thea almost died because you couldn't stop drug dealers! What hope is there for the rest of the world?"

Sara lunged at this demonic distortion of her past self. The figure laughed as buzzards flew through the sky, surrounding her. Red fog surrounded Sara. She choked in an attempt to keep her head above the water. It was difficult to stand up.

"No, I've done what I can," Sara said.

"You're merely a child playing dress up," the demonic, yet Southern-accented, voice said. "Once the world knows the liar you are, you will be the pariah you've always meant to be."

The fog retracted when Sara exerted her will.

"A losing battle, is what you're fighting," the demonic voice said.

"No, you're wrong," Sara managed, mustering up enough courage to fight on through.

The fog contorted into her younger self, dressed in the gear of the League of Assassins this time. The younger Sara's face contorted into a demonic smile, with eyes glowing. The more wicked the smile grew, the more agitated Sara had become.

"Sara Lance, you have failed this city."

The words cut through her inner psyche like a well-placed razor blade. Sara rushed towards the dark mirror of herself. The innocence had been a façade to lure her into a false sense of security.

She swung those punches at her younger self who kept laughing and laughing. Her face grew more distorted, like water after someone had thrown a rock in it.

"Every single criminal I've put away makes it worth it," Sara said.

"Oh, no, it's meaningless..."
"SHUT UP!" Sara yelled.

"The truth, it cuts worse than any knife, wounds worse than any bullet. And decays the body faster than any poison….you cannot defeat me any more than you can defeat your past. And yet, you cower from it."

"No, I learn from it," Sara said.

Sara stepped back and took in a deep breath. She braced herself, raising her hands into the air and placing them down. They touched her scalp. Sara tried to put herself in a tranquil state so she could fight off the drugs.

"You cannot ignore….."

The scene of the Queen's Gambit faded to her. Sara looked out into the distance and saw a familiar figure standing in the shadows. She extended a hand towards Sara, with a smile. They both stood next to a deep pit with glowing green mystical waters.

"It's time to return."

Sara agreed it most certainly was.

"Thanks, beloved."

Sara dove in head first into the pit, the waters invigorating her.

The eyes of the hooded vigilante snapped open. She was on the abandoned docks, very close to her base of operations. Madness tried to take her over, but this time, Sara wouldn't let it. Her legs moved like wet spaghetti, but the worst of it was over.

At least she thought it was. Sara struggled to resist the compulsion to throw up. Her body ached, her head spun, but somehow, someway, she overthrew the effects of the Vertigo.

'Thanks, beloved.'

Thea hunched forward, hands crossed underneath her chin. She took a couple of deep breaths and tried to calm herself. She felt really bad and not just because she had lost the high. The shivers went through her body, and she alternated between hot and cold. It was like having a really bad case of the flu. Only somehow it was ten times worse.

It was just one little dose, and one little dose of Vertigo did all of this to her. She clutched onto the bench with those fingernails digging into the surface very deep. The ringing didn't really subside in her ear.

'It's the ultimate high,' Thea thought. 'And it's also the ultimate low.'

Thea almost rose to her feet, trying to shake it off. She got about three steps before becoming dizzy and collapsing down onto the bed. Thea placed her hands on the top of her head.

"Guess, I know why they call it Vertigo," Thea managed.

The door off to the side opened. Every sound had been amplified. Laurel stepped in, looking towards Thea with an unreadable expression.
"You were right," Thea said.

Laurel sat down across from Thea and cupped her hand. The younger girl was still shivering.

"I wish I didn't have to be," Laurel said. "But, you did get out of control."

Thea thought that was for sure. She didn't even know whether or not it would be possible to even regain control. She would give it a good try though.

'Not sure how much further down I can slide after tonight,' Thea thought. 'Thankfully, no one died.....I would have deserved it though.'

"You're at your lowest and there's just one place to go, but up," Laurel said.

"Well, I feel like my life pretty much sucks now," Thea said. "If you're here to assure me everything's going to be okay, please don't. I don't want you to lie on my account, because I know I'm pretty much screwed here. Guess I'm going to be spending the best years of my life in prison."

Laurel sighed. She knew the girl was scared, but she was really blowing the situation out of proportion.

"Thea, you're overreacting," Laurel said.

"Given how the judge is looking to make an example out of someone, the rich girl with the equally rich brother, with a bad rep seems like a pretty good place to start," Thea said. "I can't say I'm sorry enough to you…you were only trying to look out for me. You and Sara both...I don't know….I guess I was just angry."

Laurel thought it was understandable. Before she found the outlet, her rage regarding the entire Queen's Gambit thing threatened to overwhelm her.

"Sara's not here, is she?" Thea asked

"No," Laurel said.

"I just hope I'll be able to look her in the face after all this," Thea said.

Thea didn't know what to do next, and that much scared her. Oliver, even at his worst, hadn't self-destructed this much. Granted, had he stuck around before the trip to the Gambit, he came out pretty high on the list of a few celebrity deadpools. Which was an entirely morbid and quite frankly tasteless thing to bet on, but Thea couldn't really dispute people's morbid curiosity.

"She'll understand, if you just apologize," Laurel said.

"She really didn't need to deal with everything on my account, after all of what she's been through," Thea said. "Can you believe people think she killed Oliver? Even I never believed that."

Thea thought some people really just lived to tear a lot of other people down.

"I thought they were my friends," Thea said. "But they….they really weren't my friends. They were encouraging me to do all of the wrong things. How could I be stupid?"

"You're a teenager," Laurel said. "I've done…some questionable things when I was younger too."

"Yeah, right, you're perfect," Thea said. "No offense."
"Hey, if thinking I'm perfect is the worst insult you can come with, I'm not too upset," Laurel said.

Thea cracked a smile on her face. She just wished this headache and the ringing in her ear would go away. That was more than enough punishment, but the judge awaited.

"I'll talk to the judge," Laurel said. "See, if I can't have her ease up a little bit."

"Good luck," Thea said. "And I mean that…the judge has it out for us I think. My father smoothed it over for Oliver a few times but now he's not around….I don't think it's going to work….unless you blackmail her or something."

Laurel was pretty sure if there was anything incriminating on the judge, her favorite Oracle could dig it up, but that was neither here nor there.

"Just let me talk to her," Laurel said. "It…"

She was about ready to say it was going to be okay, but she caught herself before saying that. Even, Laurel didn't believe things one be one hundred percent okay.

"Guess, I had to face the music eventually," Thea said.

Thea really did wish her mother took a firmer hand with her at times. Moira gave her a lot of freedom, perhaps too much freedom. And that freedom, Thea getting to do what she wanted, almost fucked her over. Actually, no almost about it, it did fuck her over.

One additional thought crossed her mind. Thea wondered what Sara could be up to late at night. The Queen heiress didn't really spend too much time thinking about it though. Mostly because he temples started to throb something fierce.

"I also need to lay down, I have a killer headache," Thea said.

Thea's head collapsed against the pillow. She closed her eyes, even though not getting too much sleep. Images of her father and brother hovered her mind, both of them very disapproving of how she conducted herself.

The worst of the Vertigo finally passed through Sara's system. She was not completely out of the wounds. A small echo, a small voice, jabbering about how Sara ruined the lives of everyone around her through her crusade cut in the back of her mind.

Sara trained herself to block out all external interference. The hood had been pulled off, and Sara's face drenched with sweat. Her hair stuck up against her face and started breathing heavily. The legs of the young one crossed together and she started to mutter of it.

"You're not in control, I am," Sara said. "Do you understand what I'm saying? You're not in control, I am!"

Cass stepped into the scene and walked closer towards Sara. She waited for Sara to attack or to do anything. She started to breath in and breath out.

"Control, I have it, you don't," Sara muttered in a repeated fashion.

Sara purged everything from her body. She rolled over onto the ground. Cass moved in front of her with a bucket and allowed Sara to throw up.
The smell of vomit mixed with sweat penetrated the room. Sara clenched the bucket. She was utterly wrecked.

"Water," Sara breathed.

Cass grabbed a fresh bottle of water for Sara and held it in front of her. Sara dumped the water of her head, feeling revived. Her hair dripped with water. The second bottle of water, she downed in a moment. Every single inch of her body felt agonizing.

Sara's pant leg rolled back and the wound of intrusion was revealed. It oozed puss. Cass reached into the medical kit and cleaned it up.

The moment Sara settled down on the bed, Cass moved into position. She held three fingers up in front of Sara's face.

"Three," Sara said in a weak voice.

Cass nodded and wrapped her arms around Sara's neck in a hug.

"You know, it's not going to be the Vertigo which is going to kill me," Sara said.

Cass relaxed her grip. She looked towards Sara who sat up in bed.

"I'm fine," Sara said. "Well, now I am…earlier….I didn't…..what happened to the Count?"

Cass lifted her thumb and drew it across her neck.

"I see," Sara said. "I couldn't control what I was doing."

Cass leaned back and shrugged her shoulders for a moment.

"Check," Cass said. "Stay put."

Given how tender Sara's body was and how it was hard to stand up because of the dizziness. Cass put another water bottle on the table and placed Sara's Red Sun in her hand.

Cass slipped out through the shadows, leaving Sara to try and recover and get back on her feet. Her body alternated between chills and warmth.
this one on the Hood. Her eyes followed and saw Sara's father step out.

"Make sure you comb that entire place from bottom to top," Quentin said. "And destroy the stuff, I don't want to ever see it again on the street."

He unfortunately came to the conclusion there was even more than this.

"The Hood was in the area," one of the cops said.

"Yeah, well a lot of people say the Hood is in area," Quentin said. "Funny thing is, the Hood never seems to be around when we're around."

"Are you saying you don't believe the Hood exists?" one of the cops asked.

"I'm just saying we should keep our eyes out for the Vertigo…..I've seen up close what this junk does to a person's mind," Quentin said.

"Yeah, the Queen brat…she got hopped up on it," one of them said.

The other smiled when he was sure Quentin was out of reach.

"Hot little piece of jailbait, can't wait until she's eighteen."

Cass signaled everything appeared to be good. Another problem off of the street, with several more to go, and hopefully Sara would be back into the swing of things soon. She was strong, she would be.

To Be Continued on November 22nd, 2016.

Sara spends half of this chapter dealing with the effects of Vertigo, and it's a very interesting, if not scary, trip into her mind. And symbolic of many things.

Cass also gets a fair amount of spotlight, and the most dialogue she's had in this story, all less than a dozen words of it.

Thea's realized how much she fucked up. Along with kind of being fucked up, even though she should thank her stars it was a tiny dose.

Until next Tuesday.
Thea Queen finally allowed to have returned home with the caveat she would spend time under house arrest. To her, that suited her well enough. She didn't want to leave the house. When she had been dropped off back home, there were people waiting for her, to look at her, to judge her. And they were all right in their judgment.

"The self-destructive heiress makes for a pretty good blurb on the news," Thea thought. "Laugh at the rich girl who screws up her life…of course, she doesn't have any problems."

Thea took a few seconds to roll over on the bed. The throbbing entered the back of her head. Most of the dizziness left her, although there were some small bouts. The Vertigo remained in her system.

A subtle knock on the door brought Thea out of her thoughts. The knock amplified in sound the more it rapped across the door. Thea clutched her sheets, it hurt even to think.

"Oh, I really don't want to deal with this right now," Thea thought. She rolled over on the couch, unable to bring it to herself to come back up to the bedroom. The knocking on the door grew more prominent and Thea knew it wasn't going to go away.

The person knocking on the door redefined the term persistent. The Queen heiress tried to bury her head in the pillow. It just wouldn't stop.

"Some people just won't get a hint."

Thea rolled over and swung her legs off of the couch. She moved a bit forward as if it test the weight of her body on her legs. When they didn't fold out from underneath each other, Thea took a walk.

"Fine, fine," she grumbled when rolling off of the bed. "I'm coming….I'm coming!"

Thea swung open the door and saw Sara. She looked a bit pale for some reason. Thea stepped back, she had dreaded this meeting for a long time even though she knew it was inevitable.

"Oh, hey, Sara," Thea said.

The two girls looked at each other for one very awkward and long moment. No one knew what to say other than that, at least for a moment. Sara seemed pretty preoccupied with something or other. Her face was flushed, and finally, she shook her head.

Thea could have sworn she saw someone move in the shadows briefly. She chalked it off to a final after-effect of the Vertigo which still lingered in her system. She shook her head like someone coming out of the water, but it didn't help her much at all.

"Can I come in?" Sara asked.

Thea paused and considered before responding with a nod. She stepped back and allowed Sara an attempt to step inside. The two walked the short distance, but they stood in front of the couch, not bothering to sit down. Thea took a long moment to look at Sara. She figured she should turn on the
"Sure, I guess," Thea said. "And for the record, I want to say I'm sorry for everything.....you were right, and I was wrong. I just thought…"

Sara raised one hand and stopped Thea from entering a brand new level of self-loathing. The brunette girl frowned when Sara looked towards her.

"I think you're being punished enough after everything you're going through," Sara said. "Just take a deep breath and calm down. Figure out how to deal with what happens next."

Sara wished she could assure this young girl. She was lost, without a purpose, without any grounding. Moira had distanced herself emotionally, and Sara understood the reasons why, even though she hated it. She wanted to numb herself from the pain.

The consequences caused Thea to be wrecked emotionally in some ways and allowed her to turn to other outlets. It wasn't pretty, and it was something which bubbled over five years, leading up to last night.

"Don't worry about the past, figure out how to worry about the future," Sara said. "Everything is going to be okay, trust me."

'A lesson you can learn yourself,' Sara thought scathingly.

Tonight's little episode proved the past still haunted Sara.

"I'm trying, but it seems like it keeps coming back," Thea said. "So, I guess you should come in and sit down, if you want to, or do you have to be somewhere."

"Not right now," Sara said.

Thea finally took a seat, as did Sara. She reached over and flipped on the lamp. The light flooded in the room and covered Sara's face. Thea almost had been taken aback by what Sara looked like. She looked about as bad as Thea felt. Sara was able to disguise it, almost, but not quite.

"You look terrible," Thea said. "No offense, but you look worse than I do, you look like you've been strung out on something."

Thea shook her head.

"No offense, I don't want to accuse you of everything," Thea said. "And maybe the drugs did such a number on my brain that I'm seeing everyone else as being on them."

"It's just been a long night," Sara said. "I keep thinking about the island and what happened."

Thea shut her mouth. Thea could tell why Sara didn't want that brought up, it was the past.

"Oh," Thea said.

"Yes," Sara said. "I don't want to have to deal with it. I thought coming home would put it behind me, but it just is a reminder of what happened. Nothing really is going to change you know."

The past cropped up in the worst possible ways.

"And it doesn't help how people keep making cheap little comments about how you're the one who killed Oliver," Thea said. "It's.....it's stupid.....the fact they think you killed me. I should have spoken
up in there. But, I just let them rip into you, tear you apart. I don't know what kind of friend I am."

Sara squeezed Thea's shoulders, to try and get her to look back, to try and get her to understand how this wasn't exactly her fault.

"You had plenty to worry about," Sara said. "Don't worry about me. Whatever they hit me with, I can take it."

"You didn't kill him, but you still feel guilty about it," Thea said. "What could you have done?"

Sara closed her eyes and shifted a little bit. Maybe she should have taken the entire not feeling guilty lesson to herself and taken it more to heart. Her subconscious still blamed herself for what happened, even if Oliver's death could not be avoided.

Slade's sadistic grin flickered through her subconscious. Sara shook away the thought, glad he was buried and dead.

'A whole lot more,' Sara thought to herself. She closed her eyes. 'No, not going back there, it's done, it's over, I'm here.....I should be free.'

Sara tried to remove the distance created after coming back to the island. At least she came to peace with Laurel, even though they had to cross a certain line to restore their relationship. Sara contemplated doing the same with Thea.

'Not now,' Sara thought. 'Maybe soon, but not in the state you're both in.'

"Nothing, really," Thea said. "I was as mad as anyone else. I didn't want to believe it. Oliver's gone.....I admit when you come back, I thought there would be one little ray of hope he would return. But it was really too much to hope for."

Sara could hardly fault Thea. Had their places been reversed, and it had been Laurel who had disappeared, she would have had the same hopes. If it had been anyone, she would have had the same hope, hell, she half hoped to come back to the island, and see Oliver was alive. Even though it would be almost impossible, given what happened.

'No matter how you try to justify it, blood is on your hands,' Sara thought.

"Without hope, there really isn't anything to live for," Sara answered. She tried to give Thea slight encouraging smile, even though there was not a lot of it.

"I understand what everyone told me now," Thea said. "About how I'm coping the wrong way, I just wish I didn't have to almost die to do it."

Sara nodded and tightened the grip on Thea's shoulder. Thea relaxed underneath the grip of the older girl.

"So, what happens now?" Thea asked.

"I can't answer that," Sara said. "That's in your hands."

Thea was afraid of something like that. She wished it was so true. The problem is, everything wasn't in her hands. There was a judge who would determine Thea's fate.

'Doesn't really feel like I'm in control,' Thea thought.
Sara didn't know why, but the moment she stepped out of the elevators of Queen Industries, she could feel a sense of foreboding. Lyla walked a few paces behind her. The two of them crossed the hallway which had been blocked off.

'Curious,' Sara thought.

She could hear voices, and a couple of pieces of broken glass lined across the floor. The wall had been partially cracked and a closet had been forced open. Several cleaning chemicals were set up a table, and Sara mentally recalled how these chemicals, when mixed in the right quantities, could make a very powerful, if not very crude, explosive.

It was the type of thing she learned in the League, making the magnificent out of the mundane.

"Nothing was stolen?" a gruff voice asked.

Someone had tried to break into the building which was very hard to do, but very doable. She almost had figured out the blind spots in the security, at least where she could break in. The only place which gave her the most fits were Moira's office.

'What's going on here?' Sara mentally mused. She walked over to get a closer look.

She stopped and saw Moira talking to the officers who showed up to investigate the break in.

"Nothing is missing, everything is accounted for," Moira informed them. She looked down at the broken glass on the floor. "Whoever did this, they wanted to send a message to us, to my company. They attempted to break into my office."

A younger cop moved forward, dangling a piece of paper from his hands.

"We found this, sir?"

"It says here either you should step back or all of your sins will be revealed," one of the officers questioned her. "Do you have any idea what this could be about?"

Moira studied the note for a moment. She hung her arms down to her side and looked on forward, before responding with a swift shake of her head.

"I don't have the slightest idea," Moira said.

"Is the handwriting familiar to you in any way, in any way at all?" one of the police officers asked. He waved the piece of paper underneath Moira's nose, who answered with a frown.

"I don't recall seeing it," Moira said. "Nothing had been stolen…at least nothing tangible…"

Sara decided to show herself, acting like she had just gotten off of the elevator and faced this particular scene which greeted her.

"Is there a problem?" Sara asked.

"One of our competitors sent someone to try and get us to back off on a deal," Moira said. "Best, I can tell anyway…they don't have any teeth, not legally."

Sara frowned. Moira was treating this almost like the copy machine had been broken, or something trivial along those lines. That rang across as very curious and a little bit suspicious to her. It was
almost like she half expected something like this to happen.

Perhaps she was being paranoid, but Sara thought there was more to this than met the eye.

"Maybe you should take this seriously?" Sara asked.

"If I took every threat at face value, I wouldn't have been where I am today," Moira said calmly. "There are some who only throw threats as a last ditch effort to get their way. It's a well-placed bluff."

Sara backed off and just calmly conceded, for now. At least verbally, mentally she would be keeping a closer eye on the situation.

"I see," Sara said.

"Queen has ruffled many feathers, so making a thinly veiled threat is going to get people's attentions and make them running," Moira said. "Business tends to make for people who have it out for you."

"So, you think they want something?" Sara asked.

Moira's gaze penetrated Sara's with all of the pinpoint precision one would expect from her.

"I don't think anything, I'm certain," Moira said. "And the person involved is being very clever….but if he or she doesn't watch it, they'll be tripped up."

Moira turned around to face the officers of the law, both of them who intentionally tried to prod her. She looked towards them as if they were employees who had gotten on her bad side.

"And no, I don't have a clear idea who it might be," Moira said. "I doubt the police can investigate anyone on mere suspicion alone….but by all means, conduct your investigation in my office. There's nothing in there to hide."

'Interesting,' Sara thought. 'Something's up, and I don't know what….who have you gotten in bed with, Moira."

"Whoever was involved, they didn't leave any physical evidence, other than the property damage," the officer mused.

'No physical evidence,' Sara thought. She stepped back a few inches and almost bumped into someone.

Sara spun around and grabbed Felicity around the wrist by one hand, and cupped the IT Girl's mouth with the other hand before she let out a yelp to blow her presence.

"You know, you shouldn't be sneaking around corners like that," Sara said. "It's going to get you in trouble….and people might think you're involved with something."

Felicity shook her head, looking a tad bit flushed about the area of the cheeks.

"I swear, I wasn't involved, or eavesdropping, or anything...I was just off to get a cup of coffee," Felicity said. "And then, I find the hallway's blocked off and people are talking about how we're under the threat of terrorists or something."

"Yes," Sara responded. "Or something."

Felicity gazed down the hallway and returned the same look back in Sara's general direction. The
brainy blonde wondered if she was overstepping her bounds.

"You do realize what's down that way," Felicity said. "You remember the one thing that's down that way….how did someone get inside if that area of the building isn't on any floor maps? How did they even find an entrance?"

Sara didn't even answer. She was really considering something, so letting Felicity rattle off her theories now that they were safely out of earshot.

"Well, I think they must know this building in and out," Felicity said. Sara wordlessly grabbed her by the arm and dragged her to the left. "Uh, where are we going?"

Sara's bodyguard rejoined them instantly, Felicity didn't ask any questions. She half expected she might not want the answers.

"Security control room," Sara said. "We're going to see if the cameras picked up anything."

"Isn't that a bit of a restricted area?" Felicity asked.

"Yes, it's very restricted," Sara responded. "Don't worry, as long as you don't get caught, nothing will happen."

"Okay, don't get caught by security with my pants down, wouldn't be the first time that almost happened," Felicity said. "That came out wrong, didn't it?"

"What you do in your own private time is your business," Sara said, almost half distracted. "Lyla, do you think you can watch the door for me?"

"Yes," Lyla said. "How long do you think it's going to take?"

Sara thought that was a good question, so she turned to Felicity for some clarification.

"How long will it take you to get into the system?" Sara asked Felicity.

Felicity chewed down on her lip before responding to answer the question. "About five minutes, I guess, give or take."

"Well, then get to work."

"So, how fired am I going to be if we get caught?" Felicity asked.

"Very fired," Sara dryly said.

Felicity didn't have the guts to ask whether or not it was because she was in a restricted area or if she was sloppy enough to get caught. Regardless, the system encryption was rather easy. It should have been because she was on the team that helped design it and had a pretty good memory.

Unless someone changed the system, or messed with it since she was here last time.

"Well, this could be a problem," Felicity said. "All of the security records from last night, and the night before, they've been erased. And they're archived before that…..I'd have to break in deeper to get to those, and….well there's someone coming isn't there?"

Sara grabbed Felicity and pulled her out of the chair. They slipped into an elevator. The police had the same exact idea to check the security cameras.
"Thank you for confirming it for me," Sara said.

"There's nothing there, so how did I confirm anything?" Felicity asked.

"Oh, I disagree, there's plenty there," Sara responded.

It left Felicity to ponder what exactly Sara meant. She did wonder sometimes.

Sara popped through the window later that night, dressed in the green hood this time. She managed not to trigger any hot spots. She tried to scan the room around her for anything out of the ordinary at all. Police were watching this place like a hawk.

And if they found the Hood here, well wasn't that going to raise all kinds of interesting questions.

Thankfully, she was able to find out there was a small window where they weren't watching it, where they shifted. Still, there was the Queen Industries night security to worry about.

Sara stuck to the shadows and avoided the video cameras from tagging her. She only had a very small window to avoid them, almost minuscule.

'And this is the most reckless thing I've done since returning from the island,' Sara thought. 'At least I didn't trip any alarms.'

Sara shot the side of the main camera on the office which shut down the security in the office, for at least ten minutes. She reclaimed the arrow and stowed it away. She cracked her knuckles and proceeded to get to work, rifling through the drawers of Moira's office desk.

There were papers regarding business deals. Sara had been privy to every one of them. There wasn't anything incriminating in here, not even an overdue library book.

'And there's nothing of note here,' Sara thought. 'It's just an office....why did someone go to all of the trouble.....I'm beginning to think this is a waste of time. And unnecessarily risky.'

Sara almost took special note of anything, even a hair, which could show her who had broken into the office. There was no evidence here.

'The police were right on this point, whoever was in here didn't really leave any physical evidence behind,' Sara thought. She peered out of the window where Lyla was perched, and Cass was moving around across the street.

Sara rifled through the filing cabinet and then made her way onto Moira's office computer, but she had nothing of note, not even a pyramid scheme offer from Nigeria.

'Nothing that I don't already know,' Sara thought. 'Then again, Moira would be smart enough not to load her office full of incriminating information.'

Sara turned around and saw the bookshelf. She pulled the bookshelf back, almost expecting to see some kind of secret tunnel.

Nothing and she pulled the books back, but there was nothing. She rifled through all of them, to find a button. Sara flipped back the rugs, making sure to put them back. There were no secrets, not a trick door, not anything in this office.
Everything came up empty until Sara came across a notebook which was on the shelf on the object. It looked pretty common. She moved it over and flipped it over. The pages were completely blank.

Completely blank just like…everything struck Sara suddenly.

Sara pulled out a pen, another device compliments of her good friend at Starrwave. She swiped the pen off of the sheet. It would reveal even the most concealed writing and it proved worthy when a list of name and addresses.

'Well, I think I might have struck gold finally,' Sara thought. 'Oh, this looks familiar….actually, it looks pretty familiar, damn it…the LIST….all of the names here are on the list…'

The list had check marks next to all the names, the names which Sara had gone after. And then, there were three names circled in red, and one of them was Warren Crawford. And the other two, they were the names of the other two members of the Terrible Trio.

Footsteps across the hallway caused Sara to put the book back where it was.

"Looks like our intruder came back after last night."

'Guess, it's my cue to leave.'

By the moment the security guard had been there, no one had been there. The security cameras had turned back on.

"Are you sure you heard someone?" the security guard asked.

"Mrs. Queen will have our heads if we don't capture this person," the younger of the two security guards said. He peered underneath the desk and found nothing. He reached back. "Wouldn't it be something if there was a secret passage behind the bookshelf leading to some secret chamber?"

"I think you've been reading too many comic books," the older guard said. He shined his flashlight and frowned.

"Well, what if Moira Queen is the Hood, secretly, and no one knew it?" the younger guard asked. The older guard had to turn to his younger partner and scoffed at the utter absurdity of this statement.

"Now, I know you’ve been reading too many comic books," the older guard said. He frowned and looked around. He opened up the window and stuck his head out, before looking up, and then looking down. "Guess we were wrong. There's no one here."

Sara clutched the wall, barely balanced on a very thin ledge. The one entry point to Moira's office didn't really make it exactly comfortable.

'Way too close,' Sara thought as she disappeared into the night.

The close shave only told her Moira had a duplicate of the list, with all of the people Sara took down checked off. With the exception of Warren Crawford, and his flunkies, who had been circled.

But, why?

Warren Crawford returned from a night on the town where he had to break a few more hearts. The
third of the Terrible Trio walked with a spring in his step and an added stagger.

"Well nice little piece of ass," Warren Crawford said. "But I had to cut her off…...what the…..."

His security had been disabled, and he saw someone waiting for him, in the shadows. Crawford reached for the light switch. An arrow shot at the wall, a warning shot. Crawford stood towards him.

"Who the hell are you?" Crawford asked. The Fox stood in a battle stance. "You better not try anything or I'll…..."

"Don't make me laugh," the figure in the darkness responded. "I'm certain your attempts to fight me will be amusing, but let's not kid yourself."

Crawford realized exactly who he was dealing with, and he stiffened in surprise.

"You're him," Crawford said. He stepped back. "What are you doing here? I did everything Merlyn asked of me."

"Yes, I know," the figure in the darkness said. "I've always visited your two companions tonight, and now it's time to close the circle. Tie up loose ends."

The Dark Archer always visited those in these circles. Crawford was too important to be tossed away by some common street thug.

"Wait, wait, maybe we should talk about this!" The Fox yelled. He threw himself down onto the ground, almost shaking in horror. "Maybe I can pay you money? I have money….it wouldn't be a problem if I paid up, would it?"

Warren Crawford pulled out stacks of one hundred dollar bills and threw them at the Dark Archer like he was at a strip club. The Archer looked down at them, and simply shook his head.

"I don't have any use for your money," the Dark Archer said. He fired an arrow at the Fox and impaled him with extreme prejudice. "You are too much of a wild card to be left alive."

The man bled out on the carpet, and the Dark Archer bent down to ensure he was dead. He snapped the man's neck for good measure.

'Three down, no more are left,' The Dark Archer thought.

To Be Continued on 11/25/2016.

Well, Thea's still on the road to recovery, and Sara checks up on her.

And Sara just fell headlong into something deep.

And we find out why Crawford and his two buddies were circled on the list, when the Dark Archer goes calling. Can't say too many people will be shedding tears over them. Least of all the many small business owners they ended up cannibalizing through illegal means.

Until Friday.
Chapter Fourteen: Skeleton in the Closet.

The close encounter the night before had caused Sara to wonder what the hell was going on here. It didn't answer any questions, no far from it. It just raised a lot more questions. Unsettling questions about how much Moira knew about certain things, and whether or not there was more to this entire list mess than met the eye.

It seemed Moira tracked her movements as the Hood, but the three names circled in red were curious. Did she think those were Sara's next three probable targets? She had been close to nailing Crawford before the mess with Vertigo went down.

Laurel and Sara ate breakfast. After some prodding, Laurel managed to get her younger sister to tell her what was going on. She almost wished she didn't ask Sara because it just complicated matters greatly.

"So, that's what you found?" Laurel asked eyebrow rose in a shock. "This could get rather complicated pretty quickly if you're not careful."

Sara responded with a very frustrated sigh. Laurel really did hit the nail on the head. She had to go every morning and look at a woman who may be aware of murders and illegal activities which happened into her city. And it was part of the mask she had to wear. Hopefully, Sara could gain enough of Moira's trust and confidence as Sara Lance, to hopefully get her to reveal something, even accidentally. She hated to think she might have to pay Moira the visit as the Hood.

"I know, tell me about it," Sara said. She stretched her arms back behind her head. "I want to know why Moira has to have the same list in a different context."

"And you can't really ask her, can you?" Laurel asked. "Not exactly without admitting you put the hood on and broke into her office."

Sara thought once again her sister really did hammer the point home. Sometimes, Laurel could be annoyingly perceptive. She frowned, deepening it slightly when considering what she would do next.

"Yes, that's a problem," Sara said. "She knows a lot more than she's letting on, and maybe she feels some guilt...for some reason. I don't know why. Maybe she feels bad about letting Oliver leave and leading to his death."

Sara rolled back her shoulder and looked at the television report. The face of Warren Crawford better known as the Fox flashed on the screen briefly. It caught Sara's attention in the instant, especially given his name had been circled in red on Moira's copy of the list.

"Or maybe it's something else entirely."

The newscaster appeared on the screen and the words "Crawford found dead" scrolled at the bottom of the television screen. Sara snatched the remote up with lightly quick reflexes and dialed up the
"Last night, Warren Crawford, known as the Fox from his business rivals and associates, based on his manipulative cunning, has been found dead in his mansion. Police are unwilling to make any confirmation regarding who had been involved. However, reports have come out that he suffered severe wounds to the chest and he was found with an arrow impaled in him along with the snapped neck."

Sara opened her mouth. Laurel looked towards her sister, frowning.

"Arrow impaled in him?" Laurel asked.

Laurel could see Sara was about as surprised with this development as she was.

"This happened around the time when I was in Moira Queen's office," Sara said.

When it rained it poured, and it was obvious the police were going for the simplest confusion. The hooded vigilante who took out criminals with arrows and essentially gift wrapped them for the police.

"If this hooded vigilante has ramped up their game to murder, then we must also ramp up our attempts to bring this hooded vandal to justice," the Captain of the Starling City Police Force said. "We're going to increase the manhunt on this person who has targeted the most prominent citizens Starling City has to offer. A reward is being offered for any information which can help us bring this hooded perpetrator to justice."

"It wasn't you, was it?" Laurel asked.

Laurel didn't want to believe it, but Sara had been on the edge. She regretted immediately calling Sara into doubt when Sara's narrowed, and a bit frustrated, gaze locked onto Laurel.

"Do you need to ask?" Sara asked.

"Well, I don't want to believe it's you, but....."

Sara understood, as a lawyer, Laurel had to get all of the facts.

"No, it's not me," Sara said. "I....I wasn't even close to locating the Fox, or any of his associates. Well, I was before the Vertigo mess, you know."

Laurel nodded and understood why Sara might have been a tad bit preoccupied with that one.

"I had to get information from him, regarding on people higher up on the list," Sara said. "He was the pipeline to the top."

'Information which has been lost to him, and went to the grave along with him,' Sara thought. 'I was so close, how could I have gotten so far away from him.'

"Someone didn't want you to find out something," Laurel said.

The news caused Sara to push away the plate of food. This was another revelation on top of what she found out.

"Well, I've lost my appetite," Sara said.

"You'll catch whoever is doing this," Laurel said.
"It won't restore any reputation I lost," Sara said. She strengthened the firmness of her gaze at her sister. "Let's face it, even if I didn't kill Crawford, I killed before……"

Sara stopped and shook her head.

"It's something I don't like talking about," Sara said.

Laurel touched the top of her sister's hand and squeezed it.

"There's someone out there who is going after these people for reasons less pure than yours," Laurel said. "Do you have any idea who it would be?"

"The same person who staged the break-in at Moira's office, if I had to guess," Sara said. She took a moment to sigh. "Someone who is after the same people, but for different reasons. And someone who has the same training from the same people where I got my training."

Laurel had been surprised, and Sara could have kicked herself for the slip-up. She had been back and settled a bit too much back into a normal life. It had made her lose her way.

"I thought you were on the island for five years?" Laurel asked.

Well, the cat was out of the bag now. Sara really hoped Laurel didn't think too badly out of her for embellishing. Laurel knew Sara was back for six months before she was back because that's when all of the Hood sightings popped up.

"Not for all five years….it's complicated," Sara answered. "I was on it for huge chunks, off of it….and I returned back to it when it was convenient. It was a place to be alone with my thoughts. Although for a deserted island, it had a surprisingly large amount of activity."

"Seems like there's a lot that you didn't tell anyone," Laurel said. "Did you even want to come back?"

Laurel had a sense Sara's return was premature, just by a couple of things she picked up from Sara. One look at her sister confirmed this beyond a shadow of a doubt.

"Not at first, but now I am, I'm here," Sara said. She casually switched subjects almost in an instant. "The problem is this person is pretty dangerous, and they've left no physical evidence behind, other than the arrow"

The arrow which was left in Starling City Police Lockup by now, and while Sara knew how to get in, they would be on a ledge. Daughter of a respected police officer, or not, Sara breaking in there would raise too many questions. She couldn't do it as Sara, or as the Hood.

'Not to mention, if he is League of Assassins, the only blood left behind is Crawford's.'

Sara would have to dig deep and the only hope she had was this person would make another appearance at work. She discreetly set up additional surveillance because Lyla called in a favor from ARGUS, but so far, nothing.

Moira Queen circled around the corridors leading up to her office. There had been another break-in last night, although once again, absolutely nothing. Someone slightly moved around the furniture in her office, but nothing out of the ordinary. And nothing else was disturbed.
'We need more attentive night security guards,' Moira thought.

The weirdest theory was Moira was almost certain the people involved were not one of the same. She knew who was likely behind the first break in.

"Did you hear about the news?" one of the men asked. "It's Crawford."

Moira had no love loss at all for Warren Crawford. He was a treacherous snake and the type of bastard who all mothers feared might lure their daughter into a hostile relationship which would only end in tragedy.

"Crawford?" Moira asked.

"He's dead, he had been killed," the man said.

Out of respect for the deceased, Moira adopted a stoic expression. Inside, she was pleased that the mission had accomplished.

"Well, be sure to send the usual basket to his loved ones," Moira answered swiftly. "Did one of his vengeful ex-girlfriends finally get to him?"

"No, it was the vigilante, the hooded person."

"The Hood is just an urban legend," Moira answered.

The man had been taken aback for a second but threw his hands up to the air in response.

"Well, someone put an arrow through Crawford's chest," the man said. "And the Starling City Police Department thinks it was the vigilante. And….they think the vigilante might have been the person who broke in here on two separate nights."

They didn't know, and Moira wasn't going to bother to enlighten them.

"I see," Moira answered. "Well, thank you for bringing me this news…"

"It wouldn't be the first time the Hood killed someone," the man pressed on, not getting the hint the conversation was over. "Vertigo, that drug dealer, the one who dealt Vertigo, you know what I'm talking about, right?"

Moira's expression turned icy. She knew of Vertigo and was not shedding a tear that he died.

"I'm well aware of what Vertigo is, thank you," Moira answered. "You think The Hood killed the Count?"

She wasn't about ready to argue the Hood did the wrong thing by putting together that particularly unfortunate waste of oxygen. The sooner the Count went down for the count, the better everyone's lives would have been.

'Good riddance,' Moira savagely thought.

"Well, he's a drug dealer, so no one is going to…get upset, but she killed Crawford, and that's putting all of us on edge," the man said. "The Board is talking, and they're wondering if you can prepare for an onslaught of the Hood targets you. They're already preparing for a failsafe in case you are…"

The man couldn't say the words properly. Taking pity on him, Moira forced them out of his throat.
"In case, I'm assassinated," Moira offered. "Well, your consideration is noted, and thank you for bringing these concerns to me. If you excuse me, I have to ensure my office remains secure."

The man finally had received the hint and not a second too soon. Moira turned herself around and walked towards the office. She clicked the office door open and turned on the light. She was about to go and check to make sure the list was secure.

Malcolm Merlyn sat behind the desk, having casually made a cup of coffee.

"And evidentially, my office isn't secure enough," Moira said. "You're up bright and early for someone who has been having some pretty late nights as of late."

"Have a cup of coffee, and sit down," Malcolm said.

"And in my own office, how generous of you," Moira said.

Regardless of her flippant comment, Moira closed the door, locked it, and sat behind the desk.

"It's happened, Warren Crawford had been cut down in the prime of his life, and his two friends as well," Malcolm said. He took a drink from the coffee and smiled.

"I sense the hand of our mutual friend involved," Moira said. "Or would I be premature to think he's been involved?"

Malcolm did not confirm nor deny anything. He just drank his coffee.

"Weeds need to be pruned to clear the path for a city to be saved," Malcolm said. "And we will save this city. I hope you're not having second thoughts….because you are in far deep…you were the one who gave your consent to deal with Robert when he wasn't keen to play ball."

"Oliver was never meant to be on the yacht," Moira said. "And both were never meant to die."

Malcolm regretted the necessity of what happened with Oliver as much as anyone else. It was only a small price he did not have to return to see what had become of Starling City after he left it. And given how damaged Sara was, Malcolm could only manage.

"Yes, accidents happen," Malcolm said. "I do hope your new daughter-in-law is being properly discouraged from looking too far into her business dealings."

The not so subtle threat on Sara's person did not escape Moira. She wondered if Malcolm knew what Moira started to suspect. It was hard to believe he didn't suspect either.

"And yes, the plan is going on schedule."

Moira only nodded and drank from the cup of coffee.

"What do you plan to do about Thea?" Malcolm asked.

"The judge is determined to make an example out of her," Moira said.

"Then perhaps someone should make an example out of the judge," Malcolm said. "And at another time, you would have been the first to suggest it. Something has made you soften."

"Perhaps I've just gained a more enlightened perspective," Moira said. "And I know what hills I should die on."
Malcolm respectfully agreed to disagree with her on this particular point.

"You can cross them off," Malcolm said. "Everyone else is doubling down on their security."

Thea sat with her hands folded in her lap. One could never accuse her of being a lady despite all of the etiquette lessons she had. She wasn’t the only one who would be thrown at the mercy of the judge. A girl with dirty-blonde dressed in a jean jacket, white shirt, and torn up blue jeans, crossed her legs and looked at Thea. Thea could sense some hostility.

'Boy, she doesn't want to be here,’ Thea.

"So, what are you here for?" Thea asked.

"Shoplifting, purse snatching, home invasion," she said. "I had a pretty good reason….."

"Everyone says that," Thea said.

"Yes, everyone says that," the girl dryly responded. "It doesn't mean you do….just like you didn't have a good reason to get yourself hopped up on Vertigo, and God only knows what else."

Thea thought this girl was being judgmental for just meeting her. They didn't even know each other

"Yes, your brother died, but you know what, people lose family members every day," she said. "They don't destroy their lives by injecting a drug which can ruin people's lives. If you ask me, you deserve everything you're getting, princess…and you likely get off easy."

"You know, you're acting like a bitch," Thea said.

"You have to be one to survive out there….in the real world," she said. "Rich kids like you get sheltered, but real life doesn't give you a participation trophy for just showing up."

The older girl shook her head. Rich kids like the Queen girl who got everything and squandered their life made her sick. She looked pretty, had cash, and a stable home life, and she just wasted it by taking hard drugs.

"You don't know what true hardship is. To you rich kids, hardship is when the Mercedes breaks down and you have to take the Lexus. You know what true hardship is, Princess?"

Thea knew she was going to get told anyway.

"When your father's a deadbeat, your mother's in a coma, and your sister's fucked off to god only knows where, and she could be dead for all you know, it's you and only you against the world."

Thea shook her head. This girl had gone through some really serious things by the look of it.

"You'll be fine out there," the girl responded. "You're going to get a lecture, a big fine, some community service, but it's mostly a slap on the wrist….if you're connected, you'll be fine. You'll be taken care of."

The worst that could happen to someone like Thea Queen which she would have been sent to one of those high-priced drug rehab facilities. The ones which were more like a resort and the only think rich kids did there was trade tips on how to score better drugs, and screw up their lives even more.
"What about you, are you going to be fine?" Thea asked.

"I'll live," she answered. "Be thankful you're alive. I had friends out there who ODed big time on Vertigo.....the autopsy photos will give you nightmares for the rest of your life. I've seen them."

Thea shivered. She remembered the one person who wanted Vertigo bad. How stressed out he seemed, how desperate, and she should have seen the warning signs. She ignored it because it was convenient for her life. Now, she wondered how she could have been so stupid.

The guard stepped inside and looked fairly calm. He looked at Thea, with no emotion, whether it be contempt or pity in his eyes. The guard just did his job.

"Ms. Queen, you're up next."

"Wish me luck," Thea said to the other girl.

"You don't need my luck," older girl said.

Thea walked the long walk to the guard. Laurel waited for her and motioned for Thea to follow her on in. Thea walked over to join her, and Laurel gave an encouraging smile. Thea returned it, although it was hard for her face to remember how exactly to smile.

The harsh bulldog of a judge peered down at Thea from the other side of her glasses. She had the temperament of Judge Judy on a really bad day, or so the rumors went.

"So, we finally meet, Ms. Queen," the judge said. "I knew it would only be a matter of time before I saw you, given how well acquainted I was with your brother."

The judge looked down at her with those cold little beady eyes. Thea took her seat down to face the judge.

"The youth of today, they think they're bulletproof and they think they are above the law," the judge barked. "And if they have the money, they have the resources, they think they are above the law. It's an assumption I have worked tirelessly to ensure they don't, they remember that monetary value won't shield them from consequences."

The judge sharpened her gaze against Thea. Thea made eye contact but kept her face blank all of the same.

"Your brother thought the same thing, and it caused him to meet an end," the judge said. "I just wish I had been less lenient on Mr. Queen, for if I had been, then he would never have met the end he had."

Thea managed to hold her tongue back. Laurel gave her a warning look, but it was not needed. Thea knew the less she said, the less trouble she was in.

'Yelling at a judge who obviously hates you isn't going to do you any good at all,' Thea thought.

"You are to perform a hundred hours of community service and you'll pay a fine of five thousand dollars," the judge said. "And you will be on probation for the next year. If I find out you so much as break a littering law, you will be put away for a very long time. Thank your lucky stars no one was murdered, or there would be no consideration. You would be in prison"

Thea thanked herself for that every single day of her life no one died. She sighed and wondered if this could get any worse.
"Do you understand me?"

"Yes."

"Good, now get out of my sight!" the judge yelled. "I better not ever since you in my courtroom ever again."

Thea had no intention of seeing that woman ever again. She turned to Laurel with a smile.

"For some reason, she was more inclined to listen today than she was the other day," Laurel said. "Good thing."

"Yes, very good thing."

The judge made eye contact with Malcolm Merlyn, who slowly pushed a folder out of sight, once Thea and Laurel cleared the courtroom door.

"Ms. Crock, you're up next," a voice echoed from the other end of the courtroom.

Lyla contacted Sara about some unsettling information which came up. Sara didn't press for the details, only to meet her in the usual place. Sara had a very bad feeling this was going to get more insane.

"Did you find anything?"

"Bits and pieces," Lyla said. "I looked into the official ARGUS investigation regarding the Queen's Gambit, but the problem is it's been sealed, and there's not much I can do about it."

"Oh, well thanks for the attempt," Sara said.

Sara was exercising all of her options to get her hands on that particular file. Someone buried this information away. All she knew was ARGUS conducted a fairly extensive investigation on the accident. The official police investigation had judged it to be a freak of nature. Sara knew differently, however.

"I'm curious about this mysterious archer," Sara said. "You know the one who everyone thinks is me."

"Well, it isn't hard for someone to impersonate you when you don't allow yourself to be caught on camera," Lyla said.

"Nor am I going to allow myself to get caught on camera," Sara said. "Any idea who he is?"

"The Dark Archer, you mean?" Lyla asked. Sara snorted at the name. "It's not the most inspired of codenames, but he gets the job. He's an assassin employed by the elite of Starling City. Who have splintered off from a group of elite in Gotham City called the Court of Owls."

Sara figured if she sat down and compared the list to a roster of the Court of Owls members, there would be a slight amount of overlap. The most obvious problem she could see.

"Crawford's family was a charter member of the Court, although some of their members are rumored to be working their way into Starling City," Lyla said.
"Retribution may be in order," Sara said. "Of course, any information Crawford might have is dead with him....."

"And anything incriminating in his penthouse would have been cleared up by the Dark Archer," Lyla said. "Anything on Moira after the other night?"

"I haven't seen her," Sara said. "But, given Thea's trial was this afternoon, I suppose she had far more important matters on her mind."

It was nice to see this was the wake-up call both of the surviving Queens needed. Laurel informed Sara of the result of the trial, and it was very ugly. The judge backed off on her stance, and Sara suspected something was not on the level.

Thea repented from her actions and regretted them. So, Sara was just glad they didn't throw the book at her.

"I need to find the Dark Archer," Sara said. "We have no idea."

"Waller might know," Lyla said.

Sara's mood darkened several shades. Digging information out of Amanda Waller was not exactly conducive to her sanity. She barely had a chance to explore this conversation any longer when the phone rang.

"Laurel, please tell me you're calling me to tell me good news," Sara said.

"Not really," Laurel said. "Everyone's in an uproar because another prominent businessman had arrows put through him....apparently the younger brother of the same judge at Thea's hearing...and they found evidence at the scene of the crime which pinned several drug dealings on him. And he was working as a runner for the Count."

Sara figured that judge would have had her career ruined because of this. Having a family member who did the very thing she crusaded against was not conducive to her career. And made her look like a hypocrite. Even if she didn't know, the people didn't care.

"Did his sister know about this?" Sara asked.

"No, but there's a price tag on the Hood's head," Laurel said. "Whoever is underneath the hood should be careful and not draw any further attention to themselves.....I'll be in touch if I hear anything else...from the usual sources."

Sara put the phone down.

"Not good," Sara said. "Not good at all."

"If there's a price tag on your head, then maybe you should lie low," Lyla offered.

"No, we both know that's not possible," Sara said. "It's my city that's being put in danger....and yes, it started as Oliver's crusade, but guess what, it's mine now."

Sara heard something on the other side of the door. She rose up and Lyla lifted her arm, to prepare to fire a shot. They walked across the hallway and saw Lady Shiva standing in the midst of the room. Both of them aimed at Shiva, who smiled.

That smile made Sara knew Shiva had the upper hand, somehow. Given how Lady Shiva was one
of Sara's teachers, she knew a lot about how Sara fought. And knew how to school Sara when the mood presented itself.

"Well, we meet again," Shiva said. "And you were the one who took a shot at me a few weeks ago...but don't worry, I understand, you were just doing your job."

"Yes, and I'm still doing my job," Lyla said. "What are you playing at?"

"You know full well I could have killed you where you stand before you even entered this room," Shiva said. "Well, if I wanted you to die. You know who I am. Number four on ARGUS's most dangerous people in the world list."

Shiva stepped a bit closer. Sara and Lyla braced for a potential attack.

'She would have attacked by now,' Sara said. 'Unless that's what she wants you to think.'

"I'm insulted by this," Shiva said. "Only number four....but I'll ignore the slight. I just hope I'm not underneath Damien Darhk, because that would be insulting."

"Is there a point to this?" Sara asked.

"Yes," Shiva said. "I have information you might find illuminating."

Now, Sara was both intrigued and nervous. Lady Shiva didn't do people any favors, not for a good reason.

To Be Continued on November 28th, 2016.

This was a very busy chapter, as we're leading into the final chapter posted in 2016. And oh boy a lot happened.

Laurel finds out a couple of things about Sara, and Sara finds out about Hood #2, or the Dark Archer. And his targets. Granted, I'm pretty sure it's not that much of a spoiler to say who the Dark Archer is, but still for the three people reading this who don't know.

And we have the trial of Thea Queen, and she meets a new friend. If you know your DC (or watched the Young Justice Animated Series that was on a couple of years ago), you may know who just showed up. There will be several sub-relationships within girls involved in Sara's collective of women, with Barbara/Laurel being the most obvious and prominent one. And this one is going to be another one.

Shiva doesn't care her position on ARGUS's most wanted, as long as it's not below Damien Darhk. This lady has her priorities in line.

Until the final 2016 chapter, which will be posted next Tuesday.
Chapter Fifteen: Broken Arrow.

Sara kept her eyes firmly locked on the one and only Lady Shiva. Anyone who valued their own physical health would never keep their eyes off of any part of her body. Hands, feet, every single inch of her had been trained to be a deadly weapon. She mastered every single weapon to a tee. Sara leaned closer towards her. No matter what, she could not blink.

Lyla kept her hand firmly on the gun. Shiva pointed out if she was here to kill, they would not have a chance to have this conversation. Said statement only put Lyla calm. Shiva was known to play a more dangerous game than many people would in circumstances like this. The attack could come at any moment and catch her off guard.

The fact she did not attack didn't put her at ease. On the contrary, it put her in an even more uneasy scenery.

"So, you're here," Sara said. "You're here and you have my attention. I'm not that hard to talk to, just talk to me."

"Your crusade is going along quite well," Lady Shiva commented to him. "But, at the same time, it's opened up a Pandora's Box."

Sara knew she could have talked about any number of things which occurred ever since taking up this crusade. She turned her hand and motioned Shiva to come forward. The assassin remained rooted firmly on the ground and showed Sara who was in charge of this particular situation.

Both warriors stood at a stalemate. Sara put her hands on her bow but did not draw it just yet.

"You're telling me I opened a Pandora's Box," Sara said. "Do you think you can be a little less cryptic? I know what's happening affects you."

"You're smart, and you've come a fairly long way from where we started," Shiva said. "You still have a long way to go before....."

Sara blocked the woman's hand before she could catch her with a palm thrust. She turned the attack one of the most skilled and deadliest women in the world. She pulled two concealed daggers out of Shiva's sleeve and trained them on her neck.

Lady Shiva stared into Sara's eyes with cold indifference.

"Games, I'm not in the mood to play them tonight," Sara said.

"If you think this is a game, you have a lot more to learn that I thought," Shiva said. She only just blinked at the daggers which came ever so closer towards her throat. "No, this is not a game, Sara. This is far from a game. The sooner you realize it, the less you'll hold back."

Sara dangled the daggers closer towards the throat of this extremely dangerous woman. She pulled
back a half of a second later and dangled the daggers between her fingers.

"Yes, I'm sure," Sara said. "And I'm going to ask you one more time, why are you here?"

"You're correct, this does affect the people I'm working for," Shiva said. "But, there's something much deeper than then, and much more insidious. You've uncovered a hint some really dangerous people have taken an interest in Starling City."

"The Court of Owls."

Shiva's body language shifted for a second. She leaned closer towards the young woman and clicked her tongue, frowning even deeper.

"Yes, you don't have a proper grasp of the Pandora's Box you've opened," Shiva said.

Shiva shoved Sara back and tried to reclaim her knives. Sara wasn't about ready to go for that one. She kicked a chair into Shiva's path and knocked her back onto the ground. Shiva jumped up to her feet and caught Sara around the hands.

One of the knives ripped from Sara's hand, and Shiva held it. Sara returned fire with the knife when pushing back against her. Both women pressed knife to knife with each other, until Sara drew it back.

"Drop it now, and let's have a conversation," Sara said. "Or you will be leaving through the window."

Lyla wondered if Sara had lost her mind. She had the gun but didn't feel rather completely confident against Shiva. Shooting Lady Shiva might have been the last thing she done.

Shiva shifted her eyes to meet both the dagger and the gun Lyla carried. The woman judged what was going on around her and she took a half of a step back. The two very skilled assassins remained lock eye to eye.

"The Magician is about ready to make his move."

Sara rested her diligence for only a second. Shiva reclaimed the knife which Sara took from her a moment ago. Sara stood rigid and ready for the attack. Shiva casually slid the knives back into her sheaths and turned completely towards the young woman.

"I understand."

She understood more than ever before. Given her training, Sara should have been able to put two and two together and figure out the identity of the second archer. Sara's eyes looked towards Lyla and then looked towards Shiva who took a step back.

Everything became clearly now, and Sara realized the situation she was in. It was going to be a huge problem.

"Be careful, because you are not ready for this one," Shiva said.

Shiva hurled herself through the window and caused glass to fly up into the air. Sara and Lyla dropped down onto the ground to avoid the shattering of falling glass from hitting the ground.

The moment the glass and the dust settled, Sara got up to a standing position and walked over towards the window to peer down outside. Shiva already was gone, but her warning hung in the air.
How could she have not put the obvious together?

"It's Merlyn," Sara said, half breathing in and out. "Malcolm Merlyn."

"We knew he was into some suspicious activities, but...you think he's the Dark Archer."

"I know, he was a member of the League, but he had been let out of his obligations," Sara said. "What he's doing, what he's planning, it's going to bring the League here to Starling."

Sara did not want to face that particular facet of her past. She looked down at the ground from where Lady Shiva disappeared. The busted window was the only other sign the woman had been here for a moment. Sara grabbed the sill and turned around.

"I'm going to hunt him down and make sure this ends," Sara said. "Tonight."

Lyla wondered if Sara knew what she was doing.

"It's a huge risk doing this, but I have to make sure he doesn't cause this to escalate," Sara said. "It's already begun with him killing Crawford and his friends."

Laurel pulled into the driveway her thoughts going a million miles a minute. When she departed from work, she had a sense something off was going on. It was the same sense she had ever since the news broke about the other archer putting arrows into people. A sickening, twisting desperate feeling turned around in the pit of Laurel's stomach.

It was a bad feeling, which she could not shake.

She made her way towards the apartment and noticed a couple of the windows shattered. A disgusting smell spread through the air. Laurel walked closer towards the apartment, heart thumping even faster when approaching the scene.

'Smoke...and gasoline.....'

Something was going on here, that she didn't like. Laurel ripped the door open and the desk in her apartment was lit on fire. The fire started to spread. She moved over and pulled the fire extinguisher from the wall nearby in an attempt to put it out. The fire almost spread and caught the curtains.

She exited the apartment, going back down the steps. It was time to call 911.

The fire didn't burn down the house and for some reason, the alarm didn't go off. Laurel fumbled with her cell phone. She paused and looked over her shoulder. Something about her surroundings was odd and she noticed someone stalking the shadows.

'Now, what?'

A slimy figure from the shadows noticed the woman and decided to take action. He rushed towards Laurel and went for a punch. Laurel managed to block his arm and take him down to the ground. The back of his head smacked against the sidewalk.

Laurel stood over the top of him, holding his right arm and stepping on his left.

"Get up, who is doing this?" Laurel demanded. "Tell me who's doing this?"
The man tried to push up to a standing position, a sickening yellow smirk spreading through his nasty teeth. Laurel stepped on his arm and blocked an attempt to reach for his pocket. The man's nasty demeanor didn't stop.

"The boss warned you to stay away!" he yelled. "You didn't listen, and now, you're dead meat, bitch!"

Laurel heard the sound of something clicking and turned around. A sniper had her in the cross hairs. She dropped down to her knees to avoid a shot. A shot which never came and caused Laurel to pause. Dare she look?

She chanced a look behind her. The sniper slid off his perch and dropped down to the ground. Blood splashed from the man's mouth. Laurel wondered who her savior would have been. She saw no obvious arrows, so it was obvious who it wasn't.

A long moment passed with Laurel waiting for the figure to present herself.

"Um, thank you," Laurel said.

A figure stepped out of the shadows wearing a dark hooded sweatshirt and pulled down the hood. Cassandra stood face to face with Laurel. She reached in and pulled Laurel away from the goon on the ground. Cass stepped over and knocked out the goon with a punch to the side of the neck.

The goon's arms and limbs extended back. Laurel slowly turned to Cassandra who offered her a nod and motioned for her.

"Yeah, I'm okay," Laurel said. She saw the fire department arrive, someone finally having summoned them. She stood back with Cass in the shadows and waited for the men to do their job. "Is he okay? You didn't kill him, did you?"

Cass looked on the ground towards the man in question and studied him for a moment. She looked forlorn when shaking her head.

"Not dead, that's good….what about the sniper?" Laurel asked.

Cass raised her hands and drew a thumb against her throat to demonstrate to Laurel what had happened to the sniper. She looked visibly frustrated by the result, but there seemed to be no choice. The older girl placed a hand on Cass's face.

"You were only defending me….and they're going to be back," Laurel said. She escorted Cass away. The sirens of police were arriving. "I'm not looking forward to my father grilling me about this. He's going to want an answer this time, and something tells me he won't go with the it's classified thing."

Cass took a second to shrug and look at Laurel with a sympathetic smile. She grabbed the older girl's hand and put a firm enough squeeze on it.

"The sentiment's appreciated, I think," Laurel said. "So, where's Sara tonight?"

"Magician," Cass said.

Laurel frowned. She did not have any idea what was going on. The only magician Sara and Laurel ever saw was the daughter of one of her mother's old friends, who currently did a show in Las Vegas. But, she doubted that was who Cassandra was talking about.
Cass didn't seem too inclined to elaborate, and they really didn't have time for twenty questions. She could see the police making their way in after the fire had been put off.

'Right on schedule,' Laurel thought to herself.

She came face to face with Quentin Lance who was giving her the Dad look. Less powerful than the Mom look, but still one which caused Laurel to wilt under pressure.

"Dad, I'm fine," Laurel said.

"Really, you almost got taken out tonight, so excuse me if that doesn't fit my definition of fine," Quintin said.

"Your concern is wonderful, and I'm happy you care," Laurel said. "But, you should know your daughters can take care of themselves."

"Yeah, and I know that, but what's to stop these scumbags from targeting someone else's daughter?" Quentin asked. "Not everyone is as tough as you and your sister are."

Laurel only frowned in response. He would have had to play that card and try to guilt trip her. It was a fair enough point. It was a low point to try and get information out of her, but it was a fair enough point.

"Once the case is over, you'll be the first to know," Laurel said.

"Detective, one of them is waking up," one of the police officers said.

"Where did she go, the other one, where is she?" the slimy goon asked.

"Yeah, the girl you targeted, she's fine, but you're not going to be," Quentin said. "You're under arrest."

"I wasn't referring to the attorney, she had a hood, and she….she hit me, she put me out for the count," the goon answered, almost shaking in response. "Yeah, lock me up, if the boss gets his hands on me, I'll be dead…deader than did."

Quentin wondered if the Hood was here. He made sure the goon was cuffed. There would be a few questions to be asked of him.

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'And suddenly, I have a case of Deja-Vu.'

Sara broke into Queen Industries for the second time in many nights. She had a pretty good hunch something was going to go down tonight of all nights. Shiva's tone and Sara's ability to read between the lines had told her about this move.

The first entrance point had been barred off thus causing Sara to climb her way through the fire escape and slide inside the building. She stuck to the shadows and looked around.

'Become one with your surroundings and master them.'

It was a lesson Sara learned a while ago.

'Lack of security is unnerving,' she thought.
Sara kept her hand on the bow and prepared to fire at anything which moved. She leaned closer towards the wall and held onto it.

She stepped back and saw a lump down on the ground. One of the security guards slumped down on the ground, an arrow put into the back of his neck. Sara flipped the man over and blood oozed from his mouth. It wasn't really good. And if she had been caught standing over a man who bled to death, it was going to be even worse.

Sara positioned herself and waited for the other hooded archer to make his next move. This had been one of the most intense nights since returning to Starling City. Around every corner lurked potential trouble, and Lady Shiva's warning put her more on edge.

'Always take the first shot. It might be your only shot, so shoot to kill and make it count.'

Sara had been put in a very tight spot. Merlyn did have an idea what was going on and might have been behind it all. Leaving him alive would cause complications.

'I don't know what I should do.'

Indecision frustrated any warrior and also weakened them. Sara could not go into this battle without her entire mind full and focused. She edged a tiny bit closer and noticed something moving. Sara turned around and fired an arrow.

An arrow shot through the curtain on the wall and impacted the wall. Sara did not relax and stepped back. One archer turned around just in time to see an arrow flying at her face. Sara arched her neck back to avoid the arrow before it caught her in the neck.

Another promise of a white-hot arrow came close towards Sara's neck. She avoided the arrow from piercing the side of her neck. Sara loaded up the arrow one more time and fired the attack. The arrow fired directly Sara one more time. Again the arrow came close connecting with her and stuck in the wall from the impact. The hood dropped to her knees.

The hood returned fire by drawing back her bow and fired an attempted taser arrow at her enemy. The Dark Archer avoided it and slipped into the shadows, disappearing from sight. He wanted her to give chase and the Hood followed to give as clear and concise of a chase as possible.

The Dark Archer swung from around the corner and fired a shot towards her. The shot almost knocked her hood off. She rushed the Dark Archer and avoided three more arrows before jumping into the air. A huge knee strike sent the Dark Archer back onto the ground. The Archer flipped head over heels and smashed through the windows in response.

The Hood dropped down to the ground and stepped into the conference room. The archer turned around and came face to face with the Dark Archer who popped back up and kept firing her. He managed to unload more arrows. One of them caught the shoulder with a glancing blow and another knocked the bow out of the Hood's hand.

The Dark Archer aimed the arrow towards the Hood. The Hood grabbed the man by the arm and flipped him down onto the ground. The Dark Archer flipped out of the positioning. The Hood reclaimed the bow lost in the battle and fired a shot. The Dark Archer turned to avoid it and the arrow impacted into a globe.

Sara struck while the iron was hot, knocking the Dark Archer through the opened doors. The Dark Archer descended up a flight of stairs and Sara gave chase.

'You're not going to get away, not that easily.'
She turned the corner and had to duck another arrow before it spiked her face. The arrows continued to sail over her until the Dark Archer reached behind a few seconds later. Sara popped up and nailed the Dark Archer in the chest to cause him to fly down to the ground.

The Dark Archer reached underneath the desk and had more arrows. Before he could fire, the Hood repelled down and kicked him in the face to knock him down. The Archer returned fire and flipped the Hood down onto the ground.

"I knew something about your fighting style was familiar," The Dark Archer said. "She taught you everything she knew, didn't she?"

"Not quite," the Hood said, flipping the Dark Archer off of the landing to another level beneath her. The Dark Archer dropped to one knee and the Hood came down next to her adversary. She switched from the fighting tactics she used in the League, to the ones she learned elsewhere. The Dark Archer avoided being taken down.

"You're in my way," The Dark Archer said.

The Dark Archer engaged her in battle hand to hand. The Hood blocked some of the attacks and then returned fire with many more of her own. She cascaded off of the wall and knocked the Dark Archer down to the ground.

The dark clad mercenary returned to his own bow and arrow set and started to fire. One of the arrows grazed the Hood’s side, only scratching her barely. Two more had been ducked before the Hood was in a position to return fire.

The Dark Archer screamed in agony when an arrow pierced through his knee. The Hood jumped up into the air and knocked the Dark Archer back onto the ground. The Dark Archer pulled himself up and picked up a piece of wood.

The attempted impalement with the wood had been blocked. The Hood stood over the Archer, the arrow aimed at the man’s head. Her hands remained steady. She needed answers.

"Tell me what you're up to."

"Ms. Lance, I'm afraid you don't fully understand the predicament you're in."

The blunt reveal she knew who she was, distracted the Hood for a fraction of a second. The Dark Archer pushed back from the attack and slung her against the wall. The Hood returned fire and now the Dark Archer ripped the quiver and bow from her. The Dark Archer aimed one of the arrows against the wall.

The arrow hit the wall and for a second Sara felt relief at the fact it missed. The explosion which occurred next showed less than relief.

Several jagged pieces of metal, wood, and concrete fired from the wall. Sara screamed in agony, slamming against the wall when they struck her back and front. A searing pain went over her body the very instant she hit the ground. This was the second worst pain she had ever felt in life, blood soaked through her uniform where it pierced.

The Dark Archer shook his head and ripped the arrow from his knee. He reclaimed his gear and slipped off into the night.

Sara collapsed to the ground and grew rigid in pain. She tried to pull herself to a standing position
and then collapsed down on the ground. Every time she moved, it hurt even more to breathe.

'You can't pull yourself up from your lowest, you've already lost this battle.'

Sara would not have lost this battle. She climbed from the deepest pit of despair. The never ending pain which started at her back and spread down her legs racked her. She had to do it. The Archer was still out there, Merlyn was still out there.

'You have to pull it together. Your life depends on it. Starling City depends on it.'

A dinging of the elevator signaled the arrival of security. Blood pumped through Sara's body when she slid backward. Each inch she moves was agony, but the alternative of being found out was even worse.

Sara pushed herself through the opening created by the exploding arrow. She had no idea where she ended up, and there was only one place.

The hooded heroine dangled several feet about the concrete. The sounds of footsteps getting closer prompted her to do the one thing which many would consider her very insane for. Sara retracted her fingers from the edge of the rooftop and descended backward to parts unknown.

One word described her predicament.

'Fuck.'

Felicity slipped out of the elevator. The best time to get work done really was late at night. She would not have been brazen enough to ask for anything like overtime. She saw some security guards moving around when she left.

'Another break in,' Felicity thought. 'Oh, there's going to be some heads rolling....glad the physical security part isn't my thing.'

Felicity stepped forward and blinked in surprise. Several pieces of debris littered the floor on the garage. The smell of decay and smoke as well, lots of smoke, like something just blew up.

'Okay, just back away,' Felicity thought.

She jumped back with an "eep" when someone free-fell and landed, bracing herself against the car. It took everything she had not to scream.

"You're....oh my God, you're....oh my God, you're just....wow!" Felicity yelled.

"Be quiet," the Hood managed.

Felicity took a second to look at the figure who had put fear into the superstitious and cowardly of Starling City. Several pieces of debris stuck into the back of the hooded shirt, and also in the front.

"Was there an attack?" Felicity asked.

"No, get me out of here," the Hood managed to spit out.

The blonde female took a moment to look at the hooded one. So much blood spilled from her, it was like something out of a gore movie.
"You really should get to a doctor," Felicity said. "I'm pretty sure you're going to die if you don't get the proper medical like….I'm actually surprised you're still conscious, to be honest."

"No doctors," the Hood said firmly, gripping Felicity's fingers so hard so they turned blue.

"Okay, okay, let's….just keep your head down," Felicity said. She helped the Hood into the back of the car. "I'll…..I really don't know what to do, where to go."

"Fifty-Two East Avenue," The Hood managed to spit out before passing out.

Felicity closed her eyes. She either had a criminal or a corpse in the back seat of her car. Either proposition didn't sound too inviting. She pulled out and sighed.

'And, hey, you're an accomplice now!'

They just barely missed the cops by the skin of their teeth.

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To Be Continued on January 3rd, 2017.

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That could have been ended better, for a lot of parties here. Of course, I would blatantly end it there until next year!

See you next year, and don't forget to head to the link in the various profiles you're reading this and vote for the 2016 story of the year poll.
Chapter Sixteen: Down But Not Out.

Felicity never drove so quickly out of one place. She was pretty sure at least three speed laws had been broken, never mind the fact a dangerous vigilante had been harbored. The moment Sara told her to drive, she drove. Countless questions swam through Felicity's mind. For the first time in a very long time, Felicity willed herself to stay calm, stay focused, and more importantly stay very silent. She needed to focus.

No matter how hard it was to focus, Felicity just had to focus.

She did not dare chance a look in the back seat of the car. If she did not hurry, there would be an injured vigilante on her hands or worse a corpse of one. And she would have the corpse of one of her bosses in the back seat of her car, which didn't look too good. Felicity gripped the steering wheel tightly and made her way towards a less than well to do part of town.

'Oh, this can't be the place, can it?' Felicity asked. She shook her head to clear the cobwebs. 'Actually, I wouldn't be surprised if it was the place. A vigilante wouldn't have her secret lair in the penthouse.'

Felicity made her way and opened up the front seat of the car. The door opened and the hooded figure slumped to the back seat. Felicity reached over and essentially dragged Sara way from the car. The police sirens in the distance put the computer hacker on edge. She made her way to a side door.

"This way," Sara gasped.

Felicity didn't have time to argue. Sara dripped blood when dragging her. How she was still even alive after this entire mess caused Felicity to have quite a few questions. No time to ask them though, unfortunately.

'Okay, here it goes.'

Felicity grabbed the door and nudged it open. The door pushed open and no sooner did she step inside, Felicity found herself at the business end of a gun by a figure in the shadows. Felicity lifted one hand in the air, while keeping the other wrapped around Sara.

Time slowed down, and Felicity's heart sped up a little bit.

"Okay, hands up, don't shoot or anything…..look, if you're working for…the Hood," Felicity said, not quite knowing how to bring this. "Look, she's hurt."

A figure rushed off to Felicity's other side so quickly the IT tech almost caused the Hood to drop to the ground. Sara had been scooped up and brought into the table.

"Did anyone see you?"

Felicity shook her head in response.

"No, I don't think so," Felicity said.
Fear flooded the mind of the brainy blonde. There was no way to tell whether or not someone followed her. Did someone follow her all the way here? The kind of psychopaths who the Hood went after on a day to day basis made her completely on edge. The first figure who spot to her put a hand on Felicity's shoulder.

"Calm down, you're twitchy."

Felicity realized who the woman was. Sara's bodyguard, and for tonight, she wasn't really on duty to be honest. It wasn't Felicity's place to ask questions.

'Damn, things got complicated tonight.'

"I'll check to see if anyone followed you back here," Lyla said. "Go help with…..her."

Felicity didn't really want to bother to ask about the fact she knew Sara Lance was the Hooded Vigilante. It was one of those things where they knew she knew. She knew that they knew she knew, so Felicity wasn't going to get any help. She ambled over to check up on things, see where her help would be needed.

"Do you need anything?" Felicity asked her. "Anything at all?"

The other girl pointed towards a shelf. Felicity frowned. The girl was pointing at something, but she didn't know what.

"What exactly do you want me to get?" Felicity asked. The girl held Sara down and tried to stabilize her wounds, while pointing towards the shelf. "Oh, you want me to get….you know it would be a lot easier if you just….used your words. Don't worry, I'm not going to bite."

Sara struggled to sit up despite the other girl holding her back. An agonizing look spread over the face of Sara.

"Okay, I'm not a doctor, but I don't think you should sit up after getting concrete and metal impaled into your torso," Felicity said. "Actually, how in the hell are you sitting up?"

"Long story, blue vial, shelf," Sara said. She almost blacked out from the pain and most importantly the agony.

Felicity realized that's what this other girl was pointing to. She picked up the blue vial. Some kind of new age medicine or something, she really wasn't keeping up on the latest trends. Regardless, she shook her head and brought it over towards the other girl.

Cassandra Cain made quick work of Sara's hood and stripped it off so she could have better access the wounds to treat them. She ensured nothing had been stuck in her.

Felicity caught on to the fact the other girl wanted to have her hold her.

"This fine?" Felicity asked. The other girl nodded and Felicity frowned. She could see the pain in Sara's face. She thought breaking her arm when she was in the fourth grade was painful.

Sara really did put anyone to shame with the pain. The other girl applied the blue substance to Sara's flesh. The wounds sizzled, and everything on her chest slowly began to heal. She sat up a little bit more, and was in a bit clearer, at least mentally.

"Get me some herbs, Cass," Sara said. She looked at Felicity for a second, who was biting down on her lip. "Don't worry, they're completely medicinal."
Felicity shrugged, and just let that one go. She wasn't one to judge to be honest. Cass walked over to get the herbs. They had a scent which made Felicity a bit light heated. The oils from the plant rubbed all over Sara's chest and stomach, and glistened in the light. Cass stepped back and waited.

The door swung open. Cass turned her attention towards the entrance, weapon at the ready. She only relaxed herself slightly when Lyla stepped into the room. Lyla nodded approvingly and kept her eyes on Felicity. Sara was slowly recovering although she looked extremely tired and extremely fatigued.

"What happened?" Lyla asked.

Sara closed her eyes for a second and she felt better, at least she wasn't an inch away from death. She wasn't completely out of the woods yet.

"The Dark Archer happened," Sara said. "He managed to get away in the chaos in the explosion. I caught him with an arrow to the knee before he got away."

"So, he used to be an evil mastermind," Felicity said. "Right before he got an arrow to the knee?"

Felicity's quip received a resounding response of crickets. She threw her hair back and answered with a sigh. Really tough crowd, but given the parties involved, she could not blame them.

"So, never mind," Felicity said.

"I don't want to distress you or anything," Lyla said.

"And yet, by saying that, you're already distressing me," Sara said. "So tell me."

"Laurel's been attacked tonight," Lyla said. "She's fine, but….."

Sara could not go out to personally check on her sister due to the condition she was in. She balled up her fists to her side and figured the only thing to do was to ask for the information. Something stopped Sara, realizing there had been a guest in the tower. She realized Felicity was sitting there, and realized there might not be certain things they could talk about, just yet.

'I really should not have gotten her involved,' Sara thought. 'She's a civilian, she doesn't know what she's getting into….why did you have to get yourself almost killed and bring an innocent in from the outside?'

"She's fine, hopefully she stays that way," Sara said. "Nothing I can do right now, not in this condition."

All Sara could do was try and rest. At least she did not feel like she had a gaping hole in her stomach from when the Dark Archer impaled her. She considered it progress, progress which she could build on upon. Not taking out the bastard had been unfortunate for her though.

'One step at a time,' Sara thought. 'One step at a time.'

Laurel took a long deep breath when she walked up to a punching bag. She dressed clad in a sport's bra and tight leather pants. She took a long and deep breath and psyched herself up. The last few weeks most certainly had been one that was stressful. And she had a feeling with the pushback, things were going to get even more stressful from here.

One punch connected with the side of the bag she hammered on. Another series of punches slammed
against the back. Laurel strung together all of her punches and built up momentum. The chain swung back and forth. Laurel channeled all of her frustration into the bag.

'Damn Sionis, you're going to rot in a hole if I have my way,' Laurel thought. 'You think you can screw with me, and think I'd just walk away. Well, I'm not going away that easily.'

Laurel channeled her frustration in another series of punches. She reared her hand back for one more big punch. Someone blocked it and prevented her from slamming into the back.

Spinning around, Laurel tried to attack the person who grabbed her out of instinct. The hand had been blocked. Laurel found herself flipped down to the ground. The rate she hit the ground rattled her entire body and knocked the wind out of her.

Laurel groaned and pulled herself to her hands and knees. The moment she rose to her knees, all she did was come face to face with the one and only Lady Shiva. The world famous assassin gave Laurel enough room to breathe.

"I could have taken your head off," Laurel said.

"You're adorable," Lady Shiva said, patting the kneeling girl on the head.

Laurel gritted her teeth, but did not say anything. Shiva stepped back to grant Laurel enough room to get back to her feet and so she did. She prepared herself for an attack, which did not come. Just because it was not immediate did not mean it was not happening.

"I'm glad to see you think so much, but I was being serious," Laurel said.

"I know, and I was as well," Shiva said. "You've learned a lot, but you're not quite ready to school the teacher."

Laurel hoped she would be a bit better against Lady Shiva by now. The woman still took her to school, most of the time.

"I think I've improved."

Shiva didn't waste any movement. She took Laurel down to the ground with a double legsweep. The girl bounced off of the ground and had only been allowed to breath because Lady Shiva demanded it.

"Show me your improvement," Lady Shiva said.

Laurel bounced back up and engaged Lady Shiva in hand to hand combat. None of her strikes came close to getting through at first. A couple of them came closer when the battle raged on. Shiva humored her for a couple of moments, while deflecting her attacks. It was done casually, almost in a bored manner.

"Have nothing I taught you sunk in?" Shiva asked.

Laurel caught her with a glancing blow to the side of the face and knocked her down. The fact Lady Shiva's lip split open from the impact and she drew blood surprised Laurel just as much as anyone else if she was perfectly honest. She approached the figure.

"I thought you were the one who told me never to underestimate an opponent, no matter how much harmless he or she seems."
Laurel paid dearly for that moment of cockiness. Shiva grabbed her by the arm and flipped her down to the ground. The deadliest woman in the world straddled Laurel's shoulder and bent her arm back. There were about three ways from this position where she could break several bones in Laurel's arm.

"And you should never gloat against an opponent who has been doing this for a very long time," Lady Shiva said.

Laurel closed her eyes. The arm muscles tensed up. None of the bones broke even though Shiva could have done so just as easily. She loosened the grip and allowed Laurel to stand.

"Is there a reason why you're here?" Laurel asked. "Other than to make me look like an idiot."

"No, that's just a momentary diversion," Lady Shiva said. "Sara's been attacked, and the Dark Archer was the one behind it."

Laurel almost smacked her knee on a nearby chair in toppling it over.

"What, how?" Laurel asked. "Wait, the Dark Archer, who the hell is that?"

"You're a smart girl, I'm certain you can put the pieces together," Lady Shiva said. "She's alive, barely….and he's wounded. No less than he deserves."

Laurel turned around to take in a deep breath. Sara had been severely hurt in the battle. She could even detect a tiny amount of concern in Lady Shiva's voice. Something she had no idea the frigid bitch could be capable of feeling. Perhaps it was a momentary diversion to lower Laurel's guard once again.

'I can figure out the rest on my own,' Laurel thought.

Shiva disappeared, and Laurel wasn't the least be saddened to see her go. Her arm still ached from when Lady Shiva brought it an inch towards breaking several bones in it. Her phone went off.

"Oh, hey," Laurel said. "Wait, you're coming in….tomorrow morning….no it's not a problem, I'll pick you up. I'll see you then, Babs."

Laurel smiled, and was once again alone in the gym. Yet, with Lady Shiva nearby, Laurel doubted she would ever be completely alone. Every second, that woman would jump out of the shadows to test her.

Frank Bertinelli was a middle aged gentleman who still looked pretty good for his age. Now, he wasn't there to look good, he was there to conduct business. This entire mess with the hooded vigilante made him wonder if Starling City was the safest place in the world to be right now. Given the alternative, Frank figured he could do far worse.

He was born and bred in Gotham City. The Bertinelli were royalty in the Gotham City criminal underworld, part of the five families of Gotham City. Everything changed over the years and unfortunately, the hold the five families held over Gotham City decayed.

Falcone fell, Maroini fell, and their empires had been divided up into pieces. A new brand of criminals descended upon Gotham City, who were not gentlemen willing to do business. They were the personification of pure chaos.
On particular criminal was worse than any other person Frank ever encountered in his life. That insidious smile, that laugh, that bright green hair, and purple suit, Frank Bertinelli shuddered to think of the man. Some whispered how he rose up from the depths of Gotham City.

Several people died because of the chaos the clown left behind. Other wisely fled the city, some because of the clown, some because of the other villains in the city. Others because of the dark and brooding vigilante who haunted the nights and cleaned up what the GCPD couldn't. Frank never seen the infamous Bat, and was thankful every day he didn't.

Some said he was worse than the criminal scum he preyed on. And others claimed he was the reason for such a disease of criminals flooding all over Gotham City.

Frank waited for another gentleman who had come in from Gotham City. The doors opened up and Frank's personal assistant stuck his head into the room.

"He's here to see you now, sir," the personal assistant said.

"Excellent," Frank said.

The guest entered the room. He dressed in a costume made white suit which fit his body. He wore gloves over his hand. The most defining characteristic about him was his otherwise handsome face which had been covered in scars.

"Mr. Bertinelli, it's been too long."

"Yes, Mr. Sionis it has."

Roman Sionis had been born into old money and had been part of one of the most prominent families in Gotham City which dated back many generations. He detested the masks high society wore, and had formed his own group, his own family, after killing his parents in a fire.

No one dared mention about the scars covering his face when they saw it in the light. The only time his face had been seen when he had been conducting business by day. At night, much like the high society members he detested, he slipped on a mask which resembled a blackened skull. He dubbed himself Black Mask and for good reason.

"I'm glad to be out of Gotham City," Frank said, offering the man a drink of wine. Black Mask took it.

"Yeah, I'm glad to be in a one hundred percent clown free zone," Sionis said. "And just think, not ever having to deal with the Bat ever again."

"Starling City is not without its protectors," Frank said. "What about the hooded vigilante?"

Sionis snorted in absolute disgust. He took a long drink of wine before stating in a very calm tone what he thought about this so called protector of Starling City.

"Whoever is underneath that Hood is nothing other than a cheap ripoff of the Bat," Sionis said. "Another a couple of your friends, they ran afoul of this do-gooder, but it just goes to show you. Some people can't handle a little bit of trouble."

Sionis personally thought if the Hood got in his way, whoever was underneath that hood would be rubbed out. By the time he was done, The Hood's own parents wouldn't recognize the hero's face. No second rate vigilante was going to get the better of him.
The door opened, and Sionis looked at the door. A small smirk spread over his face. A beautiful dark haired woman stepped into the room. She dressed in a black dress and black boots which fit her frame. The pearls around her neck glistened and drew attention to her cleavage.

"This is my daughter, Helena," Frank said. "Helena, this is Roman Sionis."

"Well, it's nice to see this business relationship has some perks," Sionis said. He shifted his gaze all the way up Helena's body and raked his gaze over her legs for a long moment. "Some very lovely perks in fact….I'm only disappointed not to meet you sooner."

Helena pulled away from him before he could grab her hand to kiss it. She did not want his disgusting slobber to cover her hand.

"Just letting you know I'm heading out tonight, for another one of those fundraisers," Helena said. "The ones you….don't want to bother with because you're busy."

"Well, that's your passion, and your mother's," Frank said.

Father and daughter exchanged a look. Sionis just tilted back to get a better look at the young woman.

"Yes, and….well….wish me luck," Helena said.

"Good luck, I'm sure you'll blow them away tonight," Frank said. "Good luck."

Helena smiled and gave the most simple of courtesy glances towards Sionis.

"It was a pleasure meeting you….sorry for interrupting your meeting," Helena said with a respectful nod.

"Hey, if you ever want to talk fund raising….maybe the two of us can hook up," Roman said. "I know some people who could…"

"Don't you have to be there by seven?" Frank asked.

Sionis looked sour at being shut down by the father of the woman in question, but wisely said nothing.

"Oh, you're right!" Helena yelled. "I'm almost late."

Frank took a deep breath. He respected Roman Sionis as a business contact. He only respected the man as a business contact, and nothing more. This was the type of man who no father wanted near his daughter, even if he had some savvy business contacts.

"She's quite fiery," Roman said. "She must be a handful."

"Why don't we focus on business?" Frank asked.

Roman frowned. He didn't quite like the other man's tone. The Gotham City crime boss kept himself from losing his temper and reaching across the table to belt Frank. Everything was going to pay off sooner or later, he could feel it, he could almost taste it even.

"Yes, business, right down to business," Roman answered. He turned his attention towards Frank. "So, you heard about the Terrible Trio, didn't you? Their business holdings are up for grabs."

Frank was glad Roman Sionis put his mind back to business and not this daughter.
The Dark Archer returned to his hideout. The agony spreading through his knee made it hard to concrete. He was pretty sure the Hood had hit a nerve ending with one of the shots. It killed him, but going to a hospital was out of the question.

A fool would have thought there would be no way on Earth the Hood could have surprised the explosion. Malcolm Merlyn knew better in all of his experience. He studied the fighting style of the Hood, so the next time, he would be better prepared.

"League of Assassins," Malcolm said. "Sara, you hold so many secrets, and so much darkness. Perhaps the two of us have led similar paths, but the final chapter has yet to be written."

Malcolm tended to the wounds on his knee. The explosion at Queen Industries was on the news. Malcolm made sure to cover his tracks as far as the authorities were concerned.

Moira knew who was behind the Queen Industries bombing. There was no way she couldn't have known. Malcolm stretched his knee out.

Speak of the devil, and she should appear. Malcolm noticed the blinking message on the phone. He ignored it for a couple of moments while returning to try and repair the damage in his knee.

Sara slept off most of her injuries. She wished she would have woke up somewhere else. Given how she spent the last few years in several different accommodations, none of them really good, she figured the makeshift lair was one of the better places she ever woke up.

Someone changed her into a white night shirt. Other than a pair of panties, that was pretty much all she wore. Her attire was not there.

'Note to self, get better armor,' Sara thought.

The dazed blonde noticed Felicity sitting in the corner. She was working on a computer off to the side.

"Oh, you're awake!" Felicity yelled. "Sorry, I was just…well I was just taking a look at a couple of things, seeing if I could upgrade your security a little bit. Lyla suggested it would keep me out of trouble."

Sara smiled; it seemed to keep Felicity occupied for obvious reasons. She could see the crestfallen face on the girl.

"But I can't."

"Do you think security is perfect?" Sara asked.

"Well, no, no security is perfect, well this might be," Felicity said. "I can't even break into your system here to fiddle it. I've tried every hacking trick over the past eight hours, and still nothing."

Sara smiled. It was a nice little test to see how secure their security was, by having Felicity trying to hack it.

'Good job, Babs,' Sara thought, fondly.
"Thanks for helping me test out the upgraded security," Sara said. "I would have asked you outright, and was going to eventually….even though I didn't really want to bring you in on the entire hood thing."

"Right, that thing," Felicity said. "Look, what exactly possessed you to put on a hood and start putting arrows in bad people?"

Sara sighed, good questions as always.

"This city is full of crime, and it needs to be cleaned up," Sara said. "I'm doing it to honor Oliver, who was going to do it to honor his father, who had some regrets about some of the people who he was in bed with."

"And now Moira Queen might be in bed with Malcolm Merlyn," Felicity said. She cringed when the visual images popped into her head. "Oh, that did not come out right."

Sara smiled.

"But, it's not just for me," Sara said. "Someone needs to watch out for the people in this city, who can't watch out for themselves. I just wish….I didn't get messed up so bad I needed to drag you into it."

"Hey, it's really…not a big deal," Felicity said.

"Well, thanks for not calling the police," Sara said.

"I'm pretty sure ratting out one of your bosses might impact your job security," Felicity said.

"Maybe," Sara said. "But, I'm pretty good at having people fall out of really high windows and making it look like an accident."

Felicity gulped at the thought. Sara didn't really give any indication whether or not she was leading Felicity on or being completely serious.

"Well, what….are you….you're not…I mean…it's just….you're….you're kidding, you have to be kidding, not that you can't be serious, but….I would never….I mean….I would be just as much of an accessory to this crime as anyone, and we're all in this together and….."

Sara grabbed Felicity's hair and shoved her lips over Felicity's to shut her up. And the sizzling kiss was one way to shut Felicity up. Felicity widened her eyes when feeling Sara's tongue jam down her throat. She explored the younger woman's tonsils and made her succumb, submit, to heated passions.

The kiss had been broken and Sara smiled at the girl who shuddered. Felicity lapsed into a dreamy state, not saying a single word. Her mind looked completely blown.

"No, witty comeback?" Sara asked. "Take off your panties."

Sara wasn't making a request either and Felicity didn't hesitate to obey her.

Felicity's compliance had been rewarded with another kiss. Sara's kisses slowly shifted into something which Felicity thought she could be addicted to. She didn't question anything, the entire world just stopped when Sara planted her lips onto Felicity's with a firm kiss.
Sara smiled when watching the perky blonde succumbing to her passions. She figured Felicity would be fun to seduce. The vigilante slowly pushed her hand underneath Felicity's skirt. She teased both Felicity and herself, edging closer to the process land. The drippings coming down Felicity's thighs gave Sara a tantalizing hint of what was to come.

"You're so wet," Sara whispered in her ear. "And shaven as well, you're really prepared. Or afraid I might figure out the carpet doesn't match the drapes."

Felicity almost died when Sara slipped a finger inside of her. It was brief, teasing, yet it caused Felicity's loins to be set ablaze with more passion than she could ever describe. Her lover slowly removed the unbuttons of her blouse and exposed more skin.

"Damn," Felicity said.

"Thanks," Sara said.

She teased Felicity with more kisses. Felicity breathed in and out. Sara's hand stimulated more of Felicity's nerves than anything else ever in her life. Shivers spread over her body when Sara added another finger into the equation and started to pump her.

"Ohhh, Sara!" Felicity moaned at the top of her lungs.

Her shirt and bra came out. Sara took her perky breasts in hand and squeezed the right, then the left while finger fucking the brainy blonde. Sara kissed the side of her.

"Who does your pussy belong to now?" Sara asked. "Who is making you feel so good?"

"You are," Felicity moaned. "You can do anything you want to me…just please, let me cum."

"You've been a good girl, and I think I can let you cum," Sara said. "But, do you really want to cum?"

She spent some time toying with the younger blonde and made her succumb. Felicity clenched her fingers, like she was afraid what might happen if Sara extracted them from her body.

"Please, let me cum!" Felicity begged.

Sara sped up the speed of her intrusions. Felicity lifted her hips up and down. Her orgasm reached the edge for Sara to yank her up. Her entire body shuddered and released all over Sara's fingers.

Felicity rode the orgasm on Sara's fingers all the way to the finish. The blonde's glasses slid down her face. Sara reached over and pushed them back on the bridge of her nose.

"I make you feel good," Sara said.

"Really good," Felicity agreed.

"Good," Sara said. She attached her soaked digits from Felicity's mouth and took them into her mouth. "Taste how naughty you've been, Ms. Smoak."

Felicity took the fingers into her mouth. Her taste only upped the horniness factor. She sucked and Hungered on Sara's probing fingers. The digits shoved deeper into her mouth.

"So good, you're a really good girl," Sara said. She edged her panties down and started to rub herself. Juices collected on her fingers. She did the ritual for a couple of moments until she got what she wanted.
Felicity breathed heavily. She wanted more, needed more. Sara lifted up the fingers from the other hand.

"Taste this," Sara said.

Felicity took three more wet fingers into her mouth and sucked them off. The taste intoxicicated her.

"I want you to know you're eating my pussy juices," Sara said. "You're acting like someone who hasn't had a drink in over a month. That tastes good though. You want more?"

Felicity pulled back and saw Sara was bare from the waist down. Her pussy lips glistened. Those tight lips made Felicity grow weak with lust. She wanted to bury her face between Sara's juicy thighs and lick her tight pussy. Maybe Sara would let her touch her ass.

"Why don't you show me how good of a pussy licker you are?" Sara asked. "Are you a good little cunt muncher, Ms. Smoak?"

"Yes, I am, boss," Felicity said.

"Show me."

Felicity dropped to her knees, with her mistresses thighs spread. She took off her glasses and put them onto the table. Instinct and scent pushed her forward. She grabbed Sara's legs and decided to dive in between her legs.

Sara held onto Felicity and started to guide her. She wasn't bad at all. Granted, she would need to be trained a little bit, but she wasn't really bad at all.

"I think I'll keep you," Sara said. "I'm going to cum, are you going to lick me clean like a good little sub?"

Felicity intended to please her mistress. She slowly raked Sara's legs. Sara did not make any motion to correct it. She never forgot her directive though and that was to go down on Sara's sweet, juicy cunt. She hungered for that pussy. So much cum dripped into Felicity's waiting mouth.

"Mmm," she moaned.

"Yes," Sara said. "Almost there."

Sara came hard and sent her juices splashing into Felicity's waiting mouth. The girl on her knees sucked and licked Sara dry.

A moment passed, and Sara grabbed Felicity and coaxed her back to her feet. She gave her newest recruit a kiss, which Felicity returned. Felicity breathed in, succumbing to her lips, and her body. Sara pressed up against Felicity and pushed her back towards the bed.

Sara pinned Felicity down on the bed. She reached down and pulled off her shirt to reveal her breasts. Felicity caught those dream orbs of flesh and felt so light headed.

"Your tits are beautiful," Felicity said.

"Would you like to worship them?" Sara asked her.

Sara positioned so her cunt pushed against Felicity's. Felicity tried to keep her head up. Sara decided to help her out and guide Felicity face first into her breasts. The girl licked, nibbled, and sucked at Sara's needy breasts. Sara rewarded her by pushing her pussy down onto her.
Felicity though the eating out was rather intense. She could feel Sara's warmth grind on top of hers. Their pussies ground together. Sara gave Felicity the sensation of penetration, without actually penetrating her. She knew the proper nerve endings to strike.

"Keep sucking them, baby," Sara said. "You're going to cum soon."

Felicity couldn't talk, she just mumbled with her mouth wrapped around Sara's nipple.

"It's rude for you to talk with your mouth full," Sara replied sternly. "Maybe I'm going to have to punish you later."

The thought of punishment only caused Felicity to get wetter. Sara took advantage of her state by pounding her pussy. Felicity submitted every time Sara lifted her thighs and lowered them down. The two joined at the hip very literally.

Sara was growing more fevered through her actions. She could tell Felicity enjoyed it and there was so much more she wanted to teach her new protégé.

"So close," Sara murmured in her ear. "Why don't you cum for me? You've earned it."

Felicity obeyed her and let her orgasm full freeing. Sara did not let up on using her pussy to drive down onto Felicity's and stimulate the orgasm. It made the coupling even more intense.

"And only I can make you cum," Sara said. "Because, you're working for me now. You're my bitch, aren't you?"

Felicity pulled away at Sara. Their pussies stuck together as Sara brought new and unprecedented pleasure towards her.

"Yes, yes, I'm your bitch!" Felicity screamed at the top of her lungs. "OOhh, I'm cumming again."

"And if I call you into my office, you better be there within five minutes, and kneeling underneath my desk," Sara said. "Is that clear?"

"YES!" Felicity yelled, another orgasm rolling over her.

"And when the time is right, you're going to beg me to fuck that tight little ass of yours," Sara said.

Felicity normally would have found something like that to be a little off putting. She imagined Sara behind her with a strap on and drilling her tight asshole until it was sore. The thought turned her on and anticipation drew in.

"Why not now?" Felicity asked.

"Patience, sweetie," Sara said. "I wouldn't want to break my new toy right yet."

One more orgasm shared between the two of them. Felicity submitted completely and utterly to Sara's tender loving care.

"Cum for me one more time."

Felicity did and she had been rewarded by Sara doing the same. Both lovers saw stars.

"See you in the morning," Sara said, pulling away from Felicity and kissing her on the lips while she fell into an unconscious daze.
Felicity drifted off to sleep with a shit-eating grin on her face.

To Be Continued on January 6th, 2017.

Well, the aftermath of the final chapter in 2016, takes place. And Felicity joins the club, in more ways than one as it turns out.

Black Mask is in town, but he's not the only guest coming in from out of town in Gotham City. Things are heating up, as we head into the first arc of 2017, which begins this Friday.
Chapter Seventeen: Masks Part One

Felicity walked out of the elevator, half of a step behind Sara when they exited the elevator. She had been drafted into this little crusade, or maybe she had just stumbled into it. She had no reason to tell anyone about what happened there, for two really important reasons, at least two that came behind.

'Who would believe me?' Felicity asked. 'And by helping her, I'm an accessory to her vigilante activities.....although it's the right thing to do, what she's doing. The police try, but they can't be everywhere, and with the rich and the powerful, their hands are kind of tied.'

Regardless, Felicity had been surprised by her new role.

"So, I guess I'm your personal assistant now?" Felicity asked. "That's really a step up in the world."

"To be fair, you're doing a lot of the same things you were already doing," Sara said. "In a way, you're moving up in the world. So, don't worry about it. You'll be helping me oversee security in this company. Given there have been two break-ins in the last couple of weeks, it's obvious there's an upgrade."

"Yeah, I can see it," Felicity said.

Her life changed for the best. After last night, she was still a bit sore, but it was more than worth it. And she had a feeling Sara held back for her. She turned her head back.

"And here comes Mrs. Queen," Felicity said.

Moira walked down the hallway, only paying Lyla and Felicity the most common of courtesies with a nod. She positioned herself in front of Sara.

"So, how are you doing?" Moira asked.

Sara realized Moira couldn't have known about what happened the other night, or could she? She couldn't be paranoid because paranoia was what ended up defeating the greatest of warriors in the end. She regarded it as a general question about her welfare, at least until Moira proved differently.

"I'm doing fine," Sara said. "Did you want to talk to me about something?"

"As a matter of fact, I do," Moira said. "I'll try to make this brief, but there's someone who I want you to meet."

Sara turned towards Felicity and Lyla, who both nodded.

"Show Felicity to her new office," Sara said. "And meet me outside when I'm done."

Moira raised an eyebrow. Sara decided to tell her what was going on.

"I've hired her as a personal assistant," Sara said. "With everything that's been going on, I need a little bit help to make sure everything stays organized."
"Yes, I can see how you get overwhelmed," Moira said. "If you needed any help, I would have found someone who would be able to help you."

"It's fine, you have more than enough to worry about," Sara said. She took a second to close her eyes and return back to the world. "I looked into Felicity, she's more than qualified. And she's done some really good work, and I want someone that dedicated working for me."

"She's qualified," Moira agreed. "And a bit overexcited at times….just as long as you keep her on a short leash, she should be fine."

Sara wondered if Moira suggested keeping Felicity on a short leash the same way she intended to keep the younger girl on a short leash. She shook it out of her head and followed Moira. The two of them made their way down the floor. There was a part of the hallway roped up.

"Starling City Police Department is investigating what happened here," Moira said. "They're going to get to the bottom of this."

Sara thought Moira's confidence slipped underneath for a second. She held her head up and turned around the corner. The doorway opened. An attractive brunette stepped out of the room. She dressed in a conservative business attire, although her legs still caught Sara's eyes.

"Sara, I'd like to introduce you to Helena Bertinelli," Moira said. "Helena, this is my daughter-in-law, Sara….."

"Hello, Helena, it's a pleasure to meet you," Sara said. "What brings you here today?"

"Business," Helena said. "My family is working with Queen Industries, and I think the two of us can do some business together."

Sara's interest had been grabbed very closely by the words of this woman.

"What are you working on?" Sara asked.

"We're working on support for men and women who are recovering from emotional trauma," Helena said.

Sara thought this particular cause resounded pretty well with her. She had been a victim of emotional trauma due to her ordeal, although she trained herself to recover from it. Other men and women didn't have the support she did. They needed more opportunities.

"I'd like to discuss what you're doing, over dinner if you don't mind," Sara said.

Helena responded with a smile. She thought this would be interesting. Something to keep her mind off whatever her father was doing. Mostly because she couldn't stomach being in the same room with Roman Sionis for more than a couple of minutes.

"I'd like that," Helena said. "It's a date."

A caged animal was a pretty good description for Roman Sionis. He had talked to Frank Bertinelli, and while they had some common ground on a couple of things, they were far off. Bertinelli thought because he was one of the sacred five, he had the ability to dictate the terms.

Sionis looked up at the spreadsheet. His resources had been cut down, thanks to being hit from both
sides in Gotham City. Both from the side of the law, and the side of his competitors, with the Clown destroying one of his Steel Works plants and moving into another, at least until he was sent up the river to Arkham. Or maybe he died in a fiery explosion, it was hard to keep track of the guy.

Of course, even when he died, the Clown had a nasty habit of coming back to life.

A couple of mobsters put a bounty on the worst criminal Gotham City ever seen, but no one was foolish enough to cash in on the bounty. They knew what would happen.

"So, it didn’t do well, Boss?" one of the mobsters asked.

"No, it didn't do well," Sionis answered. He peered at the goon through beady eyes. "Bertinelli has his contacts here in Starling. I need access to them if my plan is to go forward."

"What about....."

"Don't speak of them to me," Sionis said.

The members of his gang stepped back, shaken by their boss's words. Very few of them would speak up to him when he was in a state like that. Sionis turned around and moved back to the drawing board, practically foaming at the mouth. He resembled a mad dog and was crazy enough to be one.

"Bertinelli made a huge mistake messing with my business," Sionis said. "And he talked to me like I'm some common thug. Do you know who I am?"

Sionis walked over and lifted the very familiar mask off of the pedestal. He slipped into onto his face. The mask gave his face the look of a sunken in skull, and made him look extremely crazed in the process.

"Put your masks on, don't make me tell you again!" Sionis barked.

The goons scrambled to put their masks on. The moment they slipped them on, Sionis took his time in addressing them all.

"All of us are on the same side, we have a new empire to build in Starling City," Sionis said. His fingers flexed together. "And the one thing I won't tolerate is the disrespect from some punk who thinks he's better than I am."

The members of Black Mask's gang started to stir. The criminal had them in the palm of his hand and was about to move in for the kill.

"Bertinelli wants to play games with me?" Black Mask asked. "Do any of you think he has any right to disrespect me?"

The members of Black Mask's gang all responded with boos and they shook their fists in response. Black Mask answered with a nod. He figured his men were finally on the same page with each other, and that bode well for his future plans. The mobster stood taller and scowled at the goons in front of him.

"No, it's not right to disrespect me!" Black Mask snapped. "I'm not a common thug. I'm not one of those Arkham lunatics either. I have a vast criminal organization which will be respected!"

The members of the gang all recoiled from his words. None of them were willing to challenge him this time, or really any other time. They knew the last person who mouthed off to him when he was
in a mood ended up in the bottom of the river.

"We're going to hurt Bertinelli where it hurts the most," Sionis said. He took a breath. "I think it's time to find out if his daughter is really as loyal to her father as he thinks he is, or if she can barely stand him. If she has the contempt for him like I did with my parents."

The story of how Sionis tortured his parents over a long night before burning them alive was well known, although never legally proven. Sionis hated the masks his parents wore, hated how they talked him up in public to their high society friends before belittling him behind closed doors to their high society friends.

"Well, you want us to kidnap his daughter?"

"Yes," Black Mask said. "Don't harm her, but convince her to come with you."

"I have to say, she's a hot piece of ass," one of the goons muttered. "I wouldn't mind having some one on one time with her….

These were the last words this particular goon spouted out when Black Mask blew his brains out. He shot the goon next to the man. Two of them fell to the ground, and blood splattered all over a third goon who tried not to flinch. Those goons who flinched in the presence of Black Mask ended up being shot. Some witnessed the gangster's trigger-happy temper up close and way too personal.

"The rest of you better watch your mouths!" Black Mask barked. "And you better have some manners, or else you're going to pay. Is that clear?"

The members of Black Mask's gang could not nod fast enough to agree with their boss. They looked like overgrown bobbleheads when nodding up and down. They were lucky they did not get shot by the man.

"Good, treat the lady we're kidnapping with some respect," Black Mask said. "If you do anything to piss her off, then we're going to have words. And you're going to be joining those two goons on the ground."

No one dared question. They all got going because Black Mask was pretty trigger happy when he was in a pissed off mood. Not even when clearing the door, they felt safe about getting a bullet to the back.

It was only when they made their way halfway down the street was they felt a small bit of a relief and even then, the relief didn't pass.

Lyla pulled the car around towards the restaurant Sara and Helena had dinner in. Cassandra sat in the back seat of the car and she slowly slid a blade in and out of a leather sheath. The blade glinted when Cass slid it in and out. Lyla turned towards the front.

She glimpsed Helena and Sara having dinner, and it was going rather well. Sara's dating life was not a high priority, the kind of trouble Helena's father would cause, and the kind of people who would go after Helena was the problem. Lyla had been surprised Frank Bertinelli didn't have security detail breathing down his daughter's neck and the necks of anyone who was with her.

"Look," Cass said.
Lyla turned her head to the side. A car pulled off, really close to the front doors. The doors opened up and four men stepped out. They had the hoods of their shirts pulled up and walked closer towards the front entrance.

Acting like she was pulling out, Lyla backed out of the parking space and pulled her way at the parking lot before going to a side street. She pulled off to the side of a car parked in the front of the street and exited it.

Cass already slipped out into the shadows and slipped behind the man who moved furthest away from the rest of the back. She ensnared the man in a choke hold and dropped him to the ground.

Lyla caught another one of the goons around the back of the head and dropped him to the ground. Unfortunately, this caused the other two goons to turn towards Lyla and began to shoot towards her. She withdrew her side arm and started to fire back at them.

Cass, slipped undetected into the shadows and grabbed the goon to the right along the back of the head. She flipped up and drilled both of her knees into the back of the goon, snapping him down to the ground.

A second car pulled around to the back and six more men got out of the car. They walked into the back doors and walked up towards the table.

"Queen Industries would be glad to attend the benefit, and we'll match any donation you're able to," Sara said.

Helena looked up, as did Sara. Six men walked over towards the table and one of them grabbed Helena by the shoulder.

"Ms. Bertinelli, we're going for a bit of a ride...NOBODY MOVE OR WE'LL BLOW THE LADY’S HEAD OFF!" the goon yelled, turning from tranquil to angry in a split second.

Sara placed her hands on the table and scoped out the positioning. She saw the goon train a weapon on Helena's head and the goons which kept their eyes on the other patrons.

"What do you want?" Helena asked. "When my father…"

"Your father, it's his fault we're going to have to take you for this ride….."

Sara kicked the goon nearest her in the ribs and jumped out of her seat. A second goon spun around and fired a shot at her. Sara ducked underneath the table to avoid the shot.

"The boss says to get her out of here!" a man at the back door yelled.

Helena gave a hell of a fight, as it took two of the goons to hold her arms and one of them to grab her feet. The fourth and fifth goons held the guns on the patrons and made sure none of them had a chance.

"Get the Tranq…get the Tranq….I can't hold this bitch!"

Helena kicked the man in the face and flipped back onto her feet. She avoided one of the attacks from the goons, however, a dart nailed her in the back of the neck.

The dart put her down for a very long and not so satisfying nap. The goons scooped up Helena and hurled into the back seat of the car.
Sara made her way out of the back and she jumped into the air. She grabbed the goon with the gun around the arm, and snapped it back, breaking it. The gun fell out of the way and Sara kicked it out of the way.

"Hey, I know her!" the goon yelled. "She's the bitch who offed Oliver Queen!"

Sara didn't bother to correct him about this common misconception. She grabbed the goon around the head and dropped him down onto the ground, spiking him head first in the process. She held herself up and drew in a deeper breath.

The other four goons decided to gun it. Lyla and Cass rushed around from the front.

"We just took out another eight up front," Lyla said. "Are you okay?"

"They have Helena."

Sara caught the limo just before it was out of throwing range. The tracer she flung latched onto the back tire of the limo and skidded out of range. She could not believe this happened, on her watch.

"Call the police," Sara said. "And drive me out of here."

Lyla didn't hesitate to agree.

Laurel smiled when sitting down to face the redhead at the table across from her. She had grown an inch or two since the last time they saw each other and hit a growth spurt in a couple of areas. Still, it was the same Barbara she last met in person in a couple of years.

"So, we have a lot to catch up on, don't we?" Barbara Gordon asked.

Laurel answered with a laugh, that was an understatement.

"Yeah, Sara's back, and things have gotten really interesting in other places," Laurel said.

"Not to mention Starling City has gotten their own resident vigilante," Barbara responded. "But, given how the crime rate is rapidly catching up to Gotham, it's only a matter of time."

Laurel nodded in response. She didn't really know how to proceed next. Barbara hadn't outright said Sara was the Hood, although given how Barbara was way too smart for her own good, having graduated college when most people were struggling with high school, it was only more than obvious she would have figured that out.

"So, how's your work been lately?" Laurel asked.

"Oh, you mean in Gotham City," Barbara said. "You know me, I like to keep busy. I don't my mind is completely at east unless I'm doing about a half of dozen projects at the same time. It's a weirdly focused form of ADHD."

Laurel smiled; Barbara had always been like that. She took more than an otherwise sensible person should have at any time.

Barbara leaned back against the chair. She had an earpiece which was hooked to a police scanner which gave her the latest news coming in from the city.
"Hopefully you're actually remembering to have fun," Laurel said.

"Well, my employer runs me ragged a bit, but I have some time to relax if I want to," Barbara said.

Barbara closed her eyes and heard something interesting coming in through the earpiece. She adjusted her posture to make sure she heard it correctly when it came in.

"Helena Bertinelli has been captured by a small army of masked men. They were last seen going West on Allen Street."

Barbara heard rumors that Sionis had his new headquarters close to there. Her boss insisted she check it out when she had a chance, and he was a pretty hard person to say no to.

"I just remembered, I needed to pick up something for my boss when I was in town," Barbara said. "Thanks for the coffee….but I've got to go."

"Oh, sure," Laurel said.

She watched when Barbara walked off. No sooner did Barbara disappear off into the other direction, Laurel lifted up her cell phone and received a text message. She frowned when looking over it.

Laurel looked over her shoulder and then slung a bag over her shoulder. She put money, along with a tip down on the table, before slipping off out the door, in the same direction Barbara went.

Helena shook off the effects of the tranquilizer dart and found herself in an even worse situation than she ever knew before. Her hands had been tied. She looked around and saw a small group of thugs playing cards, smoking cigars, and drinking booze.

"Looks like you boys have lost another round!" the man at the front of the table said. "Go ahead, pay it up!"

The other men grumbled. Helena grumbled as well when she realized the man who spoke was the bastard who held a gun to her head. He made her look weak, something she vowed to never be again after her mother died. It was a moment of despair and it would not hit her again.

"You know, if you don't let me go you're going to be fish food by the morning," Helena said.

The goons all turned around to face the girl. The man at the front of the table walked forward and moved towards her. His rancid breath came a few inches away from Helena's face.

"You really think you're holding the cards, Princess?" the man asked.

"Untie me, and throw away your gun, and we'll see how big of a man you are," Helena said.

The man chuckled. He wasn't stupid. After three tries, he finally graduated high school and started to work for Black Mask ever since then. He managed to stay alive when so many of his fellow gang members died.

"Back off!"

Helena saw a man dressed in a black mask which looked like a skull walking in. Her stomach turned a fraction of an inch when seeing him approach. His voice sounded familiar.
"I'm sorry for the inconvenience," the man said. "Your father, he decided not to play ball."

Helena scowled. So this was because of something her father did. It wasn't the first time he did something to fuck over her life.

"I can see it in your eyes," Sionis said. "Daddy issues?"

Helena only mustered a look of supreme loathing and hate towards this waste of oxygen. Sionis didn't remove the mask, and to be honest, she thought it was a bit easier to stomach than his actual face.

"What the fuck do you want?" she asked him.

"Power, wealth, and all the perks that go along with it," Sionis said. "And once Daddy Bertinelli drops dead, the two of us can build a brand new empire all to ourselves."

Helena didn't know she could be more revolted in her life.

"Could you please do me a favor?" Helena asked.

"Of course, darling, what do you want?" Sionis asked.

"Drop dead."

Sionis had no time for a comeback. The windows above them broke open and the Hood dropped down to the ground. She strung together two rapid fire arrow shots to take the goons down to the ground. They fell back without any trouble whatsoever.

"Finally, I've wanted to show everyone you're nothing but a pretender!"

Sionis broke open a box to withdraw a flamethrower. He shot flames towards the Hood who avoided the attacks. The hooded vigilante evaded all of the attacks. She sweated because of the flames constantly filling the room, and this psychopath was going to burn the room down just to prove his point.

Sara took aim and fired an arrow directly at the sprinkler system. The water cooled down the fire which Sionis created. A second arrow fired at his hand and knocked the weapon out of his hand. The flamethrower hit the wall and busted from getting knocked out of his hand.

More goons rushed in, all of them armed to the tee with weapons, high-level weapons.

"These aren't your average goons on the streets of Starling City, Hoodie Girl!" Sionis yelled. "They are born and bred on the streets of Gotham City!"

Sara readied herself for a hell of a battle. Before she could fire her first arrow, something knocked her off balance.

The sonic attack busted more of the windows. Sara's hood protected her from most attacks, therefore it didn't effect her just as much. Black Mask staggered back, clutching his goons.

A figure dropped down from the darkness. The figure gripped one of the goons around the side of the head and pulled him into the shadows. A series of strung together punches dropped the goon.

Helena finished taking one of the dropped knives and had cut herself free. She watched the battle continue with two of the goons flipped down onto the wall. Another goon smashed down through the card table.
A goon staggered forward. Helena picked up a crowbar and waffled him across the back of the head.

Sionis hurled a bomb into the air. Smoke filled the area and all the goons who were left standing scrambled to the nearest exit. None of them were willing to give a hand to all of their fellow goons out.

'No honor amongst thieves.'

Sara tried to squint through the smoke. It cleared and she came face to face with a woman in a skin-tight black costume with a red bat symbol on it. A belt hung from her hips with pouches containing gadgets upon gadgets.

"Batgirl."

The cowled crime fighter smiled, which she was pretty sure was a violation of basic Bat Boot Camp. "Hoodie Girl."

"I'LL KILL THAT BASTARD!"

Helena swore and walked in a circle, about ready to lose her mind. She noticed the bastard who held a gun to her head down on the ground. The fact he also shot Sara, and she didn't know how if Sara was fine set Helena off more. She stomped his groin hard.

The Starling City Police Department arrived, and Helena turned to see where the two vigilantes had gone, but they disappeared into the shadows.

"It's okay, Ms. Bertinelli, everything will be okay," one of the cops said.

Helena snorted. She gave the goon one more stomp to the groin just because she could.

To Be Continued on January 10th, 2017.

Black Mask doesn't seem like the best employer, does he? Then again, when you're working for someone from Gotham City, and you're a criminal, you're really playing roulette with your future.

And Batgirl makes quite a first impression.

Heh, West on Allen Street…would you believe that was unintentional, and I didn't catch that until I went back over this chapter?

Until next Tuesday.
Sara slipped out of the backdoor just as the Starling City Police Department arrived. It was a very near miss then they met each other. She drew in a deep breath and kept as calm as she could. She peered over her shoulder to search for her mysterious savior. Sara should have known with Black Mask in town, someone else from Gotham City would be soon to follow. It wasn't the Bat she completely expected, but regardless, it was one she appreciated even more than the one she did.

The hooded heroine repelled up to put some more distance between the two of them. She peered over the side of the building and watched the Starling City Police Department haul some of Black Mask's men out in handcuffs. The man himself slipped off into the night like the slippery rat he was.

A very distressed looking Helena had been escorted out next. Sara watched the poor woman being lead out as well, and get into a rather heated discussion. They had been just out of range from Sara, so she could not pick up a single word they said. She threw her shoulders back and sighed before turning around.

She came face to face with Batgirl. Batgirl stood in the shadows for a moment and motioned for her to follow her. The two heroines moved around with each other.

"Maybe we should go somewhere and….."

"My place is closer," Batgirl said. "It's a little ways from here."

Sara would have liked to say she was surprised a headquarters had been set up in Starling City but given who Batgirl's mentor was that was the furthest thing. The two of them made their way forward. Batgirl repelled and the hooded vigilante followed them.

She stopped in the middle of an abandoned flower shop. It had been blooming before Sara left on the ill-fated Queen's Gambit voyage. Now it had been put out of business and just left to collect dust. The person who had purchased the building from the former owners obviously did not fix it up.

'Perhaps that's by design.'

Batgirl walked over and pulled back a shelf before she activated a switch. The wall retracted and revealed an elevator. Both of them slipped into the elevator. The wall snapped shut behind both of them and they descended back down to the area below.

Neither said anything for a moment. Batgirl pushed a button and the elevator opened up. Sara looked around and saw a spacious looking cave with several pieces of equipment, a computer, and also a spare suit or two.

'Not really surprised, and why would I be?' Sara thought.

"So, did your boss send you here?" she asked.

"Not exactly," Batgirl said.
"So, you were just in town visiting my sister then and just happened upon a crime wave."

Batgirl smiled and once she was certain no one followed them. She pulled back the bottom of her cowl and pulled it over her head. The face of Barbara Gordon showed underneath the cowl.

"We're just skipping the pretext then, we know who each other is under these masks, so we're just going to get down for business," Barbara said.

Sara dropped the hood and took the seat which Barbara offered her. She smiled.

"I figured the less drama we had to deal with, the better," Sara said. "So, Starling City got some of Gotham's rejects now. As if there isn't more than enough to deal with."

"Yeah, I know, and I'm really sorry about that. And I mean it, from the bottom of my heart."

Barbara reached in and put a hand on Sara's shoulder. Sara relaxed for a moment. There was something very apologetic in Barbara's eyes, even though one could argue none of this was her fault. She just happened to be in the city and gave Sara a little bit of assistance when she needed to.

And it was a good thing Barbara showed up when she did. Sara was in a lot of trouble.

"Black Mask and several of his men are still out there," Barbara said. "Your night's not over yet. Far from it."

Sara figured just about as much. She tried to figure out what her next move was. There was not a shadow of a doubt in her mind that Barbara was already doing her homework and already had an idea what she wanted to do. Barbara was oddly efficiently like that, almost scarily efficient if Sara was honest.

"They kidnapped Helena Bertinelli," Barbara said. "Do you have any idea why?"

"I'm sure you do," Sara said.

Barbara gave one of those knowing smiles. The interesting thing about Barbara was she always knew a lot of things. Sara checked up on a couple of things for her. She knew Sara was alive a fair few months before Laurel did, or rather Sara confirmed to Barbara she was still alive. Barbara likely put two and two together after the handful of times Sara had to go into Gotham on business for the League of Assassins.

Including one memorable occasion where she ran afoul of Bruce Wayne's butler who was wielding a shotgun, but that was another story for another time.

"Frank Bertinelli was exiled from Gotham City several years ago," Barbara said. "He's not as vicious as your Maronis, Falcons, and Thones of the world, and he's a hell of a lot more reasonable than someone like the Penguin, Two-Face, or Black Mask, but he's not exactly a boy scout."

Sara frowned. The name Two-Face caused her eyes to close sadly, and Barbara almost broke her stoic façade. The story of Harvey Dent was a tragic one, although when Sara left, he was still trying to work his way up of Gotham. She missed his rise and so descent, and from what she learned, it had been tragic.

"His daughter seems like she's trying to do the right thing, although it got her in a bad situation," Sara said. "You think it was her father who got her in the bad situation."

"Yes, I know it is," Barbara said. "I've dug up some phone records. Sionis and Bertinelli are doing
some deals, even before Sionis had been forced out of Gotham. And now Sionis wanted to strengthen the partnership. Guess he didn't like what Bertinelli had to say."

Barbara took a second to ponder this next thought. Should she tell Sara?

"Your sister is trying to get something on Sionis, and remove his influence," Barbara said. "That's the case she's working on, the one which almost got her killed."

Sara let out the breath. Her sister was in a lot of danger, and she didn't realize how much danger she was. Or maybe she was and didn't really care. Sara turned towards Barbara.

"Thanks for the help," Sara said.

"You're not pulling the I work alone route?" Barbara asked.

"Do I look like I dress like a Bat?" Sara asked.

The two women exchanged a knowing smile with each other.

"Ah, touché," Barbara said.

Sara leaned closer and cupped her hand over Barbara's. The two of them got closer together, very close together in fact. Sara decided to tell Barbara what she really thought.

"That trick with the sonic device was pretty amazing tonight."

Barbara frowned, almost caught off guard by Sara. "As much as I'd like to take credit for the sonic thing, that wasn't me."

Needless to say, this particular revelation threw Sara for a loop, and now she had another mystery on top of everything else.

The next night, Roman Sionis made his way to his secondary base of operation. His men had been given him enough room for him to breath. The mobster looked about ready to lose it. His men did not want him to lose it gun wise all over him.

"Where are they?" Sionis asked.

The men didn't really know what Sionis was talking about. They just all shrugged and kept their distance from the mobster. The mobster continued to pace around in circles and get more frustrated. He fumed more so much the members of his gang were not surprised if they would see steam billowing from his ears. He did his best impression of a teapot and one that was about ready to burst.

"If it's not one thing, it's another!" Sionis yelled. "I thought some little vigilante playing dress up and playing Robin Hood would be the least of my worries. But, the Bat has to send one of his little sycophants all the way to Starling City to screw with my life. I don't like it, I don't like it at all!"

Sionis fumed and then members of Black Mask's gang all backed up, not wanting to be on the business end of his nasty outburst. One of them tried not to quiver. Black Mask hated when his men quivered, it was a sign of weakness for them. The lead goon, the one who had been designated Number One, stepped forward.

The other members of the Gang looked at Number One. The man looked very brave, although some
would have designated him to be extremely stupid. He had more guts than sense to be perfectly honest.

"Sir, you just need to calm...just take a deep breath and calm down everything will be..."

Black Mask turned around and pulled the trigger to shoot the thug in question. He caught Number One in the chest and caused blood to spill onto the wall. Everyone stood transfixed at the sight of Black Mask killing his own Number One man. All of them looked towards him when the man peered down at the corpse of his former chief lieutenant.

The gang lord calmly picked up the eye piece and tossed it to the nearest thug.

"You're my new Number One," Black Mask said.

The other gang members took a wide step away from the man who had been designated as Number One. To accept it would be a curse upon his life. To refuse to accept it would also be a curse just about as much. Either way, this man had been doomed, and all of the men were glad it wasn't them, at least for now.

"They're here," Black Mask said in his coarse voice.

Several tough men stepped into the room. One of them crossed his arms and looked towards Black Mask.

"Not sure if I like some guy blowing in from Gotham City, and telling us how things should be in this city," the man said.

Black Mask would have normally shot someone for such insubordination. He checked his temper and leaned towards the men.

"You all have a common problem, namely the Hood," Black Mask said. "This vigilante has come into Starling City and messed with your lives."

"It isn't enough how these fat rich bastards are sucking the blood from us, this Hood is messing with our lives as well," one of them agreed.

"Yes, and I can give you weapons which could give you a fighting edge and take back Starling City," Black Mask said. "You give me the manpower, and I'll give you the political power and the backing, and the tools to get the job done right. I only ask for one thing in return."

Everyone had their attention fixed on Black Mask. He stared at them, waiting for the other shoe to drop before he responded.

"I want your help in destroying not only the Vigilante but also Batgirl," Black Mask said. "We need to nip this problem in the bud before it becomes like Gotham City. Make sure that Starling City is established as a Bat Free Zone!"

Everyone in the room listened to Black Mask's words. They all cheered in triumph pumping their hands into the air. Black Mask shifted a smile.

The Vigilante and Batgirl cut his forces in half, which didn't really bode well for the future of his operations. He would reverse his fortune sooner rather than later. Black Mask prepared himself for war.

He made a tactical error kidnapping Helena Bertinelli, instead of kidnapping her father. It allowed
Helena Bertinelli had been asked so many questions she just wanted to throw her hands up and scream to the heavens. She understood the Starling City Police Department were doing their jobs, at least making an attempt to do their jobs. Of course, she also figured if they were really doing their jobs, someone like Sionis would not be out on the streets and targeting everyone.

She looked at the mirror at herself. For a long time, Helena wore the mask of a perfect heiress, someone who was devoted to the cause of the Bertinelli family. She knew deep down where that money came from and resented it every single day of her life. The dirty, filthy blood tainting that money paid for all of the finer things in life.

Helena tried to justify what was happening with her family and the money coming in at first. She tried to do the right things, try and help people. Deep down inside, no matter how many charity galas she put together, no matter how many dinners she attended, no matter how many dollars she invested, it was not enough. There were so much more that needed to be done and so many people who suffered.

All because of those people who smiled to the world, while stabbing the people they claimed to help in the back when it put more money in their bank accounts.

Everything turned back to her father. Some people thought he softened after the death of her mother. Helena didn't know him for long prior to them, but she did know her father was willing to bring people like Sionis into their lives. The very thought turned her stomach and sickened her beyond all belief. Something had to be done about it.

Helena looked out the window. This Mansion was in the gated neighborhood, secluded from the real problems of Starling City. She turned out and saw security guards walking outside her door. Now her father put security on her, a bit after the fact. Helena gave them the slip earlier to attend her dinner with Sara.

She reached over and dialed up Sara's cell phone. Despite all that what happened, Sara didn't deserve to be caught in the middle. Especially after the kind of life she lived.

"Sara, I know you're….you might be mad about what happened tonight, but I just want to make sure you're okay," Helena said. "They told me you didn't get hit hard, but….I don't want to even pretend I know what you've been though."

Helena was being honest with Sara. She didn't even know what the girl had been through. She spent five years on an island. Helena did some research and what little she found out about the island.

The heiress shook her head. People like Sara could handle themselves. No matter, though, she was concerned about something else. The people who could not handle themselves, the people who needed protection, and the monsters who were left on the street; someone needed to do something to save them from the one percent who would gobble them up like some unassuming monster.

Helena took notice the Hood and what the person underneath the hood did. It didn't matter to her who was underneath the hood, in fact, that was the least important thing to Helena. The Hood jumped in and took on Sionis and his thugs without any fear.

'I need to do something,' Helena thought. 'I need to stop being afraid. I need to jump in and do my
fair share.'

All of the charity donations were nice and helped people but they did not help them enough. Helena rose up to her feet and looked at herself in the mirror. She took in a deep breath and craned back, deep in thought. Helena recalled a billboard which had been taken out about three years ago, in response to the growing crime rate and problems in Starling City.

'What have you done for this city lately?' Helena thought.

Helena took a moment to consider that question. It had been asked many times by the people she encountered. They did not live in a Mansion. They did not have a small army of bodyguards to protect their interests. They were at the mercy of people like Sionis, and yes, like her father.

Those people fed off the scraps of society. Sometimes those scraps were not enough. Most of the time those scraps were not enough. Helena unclipped her hair and allowed her dark hair to fall freely about the area of her face.

"The Hood started a revolution," Helena muttered. "But, she isn't about to take it far enough to prevent these people from hurting anyone."

Helena took up Archery as a hobby during her college days. Mostly because shooting targets allowed her to burn through her frustrations and not put the frustrations into more lethal endeavors. She never put it in a more practical application, though, at least not yet. She hoped sooner or later though to put it into practice.

"Sionis, I'm coming for you," Helena said.

She rustled through her closet to find something which would help strike fear and terror into the hearts of Black Mask and his gang of goons. An old Halloween costume should do the trick.

'Couple of modifications, and I'll be good to go,' Helena thought.

The Huntress would hunt tonight, and she would have the blood of Black Mask's elite. And then, she would pin Black Mask to the wall and show him the meaning of torment.

Sara didn't hear anything regarding Sionis after he slipped off into the shadows. She would have liked to think they were out of the woods because of him, but she knew better. Experience taught her just about as much.

Barbara and Sara moved over to meet with Laurel after work the next day. The three of them took a private booth to the back even though the place had not been crowded.

"Okay, this place is not bugged," Barbara said.

Sara thought Barbara could be a bit too careful, at least in her mind. She kept one eye on the conversation and one eye on the ear piece. Lyla and Cass were keeping a close look out, and this time, Sara was doubly prepared.

"So what happened to the two of you last night after you went all vigilante?" Laurel asked.

Barbara figured Laurel knew. She never told Laurel she was Batgirl, but this was the first time she just came out and said it. It was one of those things, where Barbara knew Laurel knew, and Laurel
knew that Barbara knew, so they didn't come out and say it.

A smile crossed a face of the woman when Barbara just gave her a scowl which she hadn't quite perfected from her mentor, but it was pretty good.

"It wasn't that hard to figure out because I know you like a book," Laurel said. "Besides, your father gets framed for taking bribes, and suddenly Batgirl shows up. It doesn't exactly take a rocket scientist to figure it out."

"You'd be surprised," Barbara said. "We ran into Sionis last night, saved Helena Bertinelli from them....."

"And you got shot," Laurel said to her sister. "Are you okay?"

"I dove before the bullet hit anything vital," Sara said. Laurel frowned when leaning closer towards her sister. Sara knew she was getting the third degree. "Relax, it's not like you're not doing anything reckless."

Laurel frowned and almost became a bit nervous. She decided to play it a bit cool, though.

"What are you talking about?" Laurel asked.

"Well, I'm talking about the case with Sionis," Sara said. "Seems like we have the same problem, and he would like nothing better than to kill both of us."

Barbara stopped Sara from going any further by clearing her throat. Sara pulled back, stopped and smiled before she amended the statement.

"Sorry, he would like nothing better than to kill all three of us," Sara said. "And are you still getting those threatening phone calls?"

Laurel relaxed a little bit. She figured they might have been talking about something else.

"The two of you are way too smart for your own good, "Laurel said.

"Thanks," Barbara said. "But you didn't answer the question."

"They're just threats, and other than the incident at the apartment, nobody's really done something serious," Laurel said. "He thought he could destroy all of the evidence, but I keep back-ups of everything. It's going to be hard for him to get the better of me. It's going to be hard for him to get the better of you two. He's running scared after last night."

"Well, to be fair, we had help from a third party," Sara said. "She performed some kind of sonic attack...thankfully I was blocked otherwise that could be bad."

Barbara's sensor underneath the table started to give a light beeping. Those who didn't know would think her cell phone was going off. It meant someone was way too close and might overhear their conversation.

"You might have a Guardian Angel," Laurel said.

Barbara looked at Laurel strangely and just offered a "hmmm" before returning back to the conversation.

"We're going to need to take Sionis down and soon," Barbara said when she realized the coast was clear. "His forces have been whittled down in Gotham. I think he's using Starling as a means to
mount a brand new assault in Gotham City."

Sara looked, the sun was almost down. Most people were settling down for the night. The night time was time for her to get to work.

"He's been sighted," Sara said. "Talk to you later."

Laurel turned towards Barbara after Sara left.

"Should you get going?" Laurel asked.

"Are you trying to get rid of me?" Barbara asked, half teasing her.

Laurel responded with a shake of her head. She reached underneath the table and pulled out her cell phone.

"Well, I guess that's my cue to go, I just remembered I had an important meeting with one of my clients," Laurel said. "She's doesn't like when people stand her up. One of those types."

"Maybe the third time we try this it will be the charm?" Barbara asked.

Laurel smiled, leaned down, and gave Barbara a kiss on the cheek before slipping out. Barbara frowned and looked thoughtful. She did wonder.

'We all have our secrets,' Barbara thought with a shrug.

One of Black Mask's goons ran as fast as his tired little legs could carry him. The figure swooped down just as fast as she did in front of the men.

She dressed in a long black overcoat, a tight purple top, and pants, with a mask over her. The dark haired figure pointed a crossbow at his chest and pulled the trigger. One bolt pierced the chest of the man and dropped him down. The arrow struck his heart and put him down for the count.

The Hood dropped down from the rooftop in front of the Huntress. The Huntress turned her attention towards the Hood and responded with a smile.

Needless to say, the Hood did not look too amused.

"You're a bit late, I've already taken care of eight of his thugs," The Huntress said.

"Yes, you've killed eight of his thugs," the Hood said.

"You're soft, you've sent too many of these assholes to prison when you should have sent them to the morgue," the Huntress said. "Don't you know prison only works on the poor?"

The moment the Hood looked into the eyes of the other woman, she knew instantly. She caught a glimpse of Helena's rage.

"I saw what you've done, you can do more, but why wait for someone to do it for you?" the Huntress asked. "If you're not part of the solution, you're part of the problem as far as I'm concerned."

Sara knew she had to approach this matter delicately. She saw an angered, battered woman
underneath that hood. Oh boy, had Sara ever been there and done that far too many times.

"Helena, I know you're angry....."

"Oh, no, I'm not angry," Huntress said. "This isn't about anger...this is about justice. And making sure no one gets hurt ever again."

Sara always hated it when someone had a skewed perspective on justice. The Hood aimed her bow and pointed it towards the Huntress. The Huntress did the same.

"I don't want to hurt you," Sara said.

"And that's your last mistake."

A figure watched from the shadows, seeing the face off. The two vigilantes were blissfully ignorant about what approached them before their battle took place.

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To Be Continued on January 13th, 2017.

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Well, everything builds up to this moment. And we end with a face off.

Interaction between Barbara and Sara and later Barbara, Sara, and Laurel I thought held this chapter together. Meanwhile, Sionis is preparing to avenge his loss, and we get into Helena's head a little bit.

A lot of the pieces are slowly falling together as we finish up the final part of this arc. See you on Friday the 13th for Part Three.
The Huntress tried to fire her first shot at the Hood. The Hood deflected the attack and jumped into the air. If the Huntress wanted to play these games, it was more than fine for the Hood. She brought herself down with a huge punch which had been deflected. Another deflected punch thrown back and the Huntress tried to run up on the wall to get the higher ground.

Not going to get that way, not that easily, not if the Hood could help her getting away at least.

The Hood caught her around the legs and snapped her down to the ground. The Hood caught her off guard, bending her legs back when pushing her down onto the ground. The two of them struggled with the Huntress flipping her away from the attack. The Hood flipped onto her feet and stuck the landing without any trouble.

Huntress mock clapped her and tried to fire another shot with her. The Hood was quicker on the draw. One arrow knocked the crossbow out of the hands of the Huntress. Another roundhouse kick knocked the Huntress back a couple of feet. Huntress popped back up and went for a swing. The arm had been caught and the Huntress had been forced down onto her knees. She struggled underneath her grip.

"Let me go," Huntress breathed.

"I'm going to tell you one more time," the Hood said. "What you're doing is dangerous. You could get other people hurt, likely yourself."

Huntress responded by twisting out of the attack. She moved eye to eye with the Hood. Both women stood across from each other, neither backing down from the other.

"I thought you were a symbol for this city," Huntress said. "We need to wipe the scum like Black Mask off of the street. What I'm doing is no different than what you're doing in principle."

Sara didn't want to have a debate about the philosophy of both of them and how they're different. She heard several people behind her. Her training gave her a sixth sense of when trouble was coming and most certainly trouble was coming around the corner.

"GET DOWN!"

Helena had been pushed to the ground. She narrowly avoided a blast with the rocket launcher when one of the thugs tried to blast both her and the Hood off of the map. Both of them laid on the ground, the dust and debris surrounding them.

The Hood already disappeared, and sent an arrow to the ground. The arrow struck the ground and caused more dust to fly up into the ground.

"Get Batgirl and the Hood!" one of the goons yelled, choking through the dust.

Helena narrowed her eyes. Did she look like Batgirl? The very fact the confused her for that do-gooder almost insulted her. The dust gave her a perfectly opportunity to grab the loudmouth behind the back of the neck and start choking him.
"The name is Huntress," she said, forcing her arm underneath the man's chin. "Not that you're going to be awake long enough to learn the difference."

She slipped her arm deeper underneath his chin, putting the pressure on him. Helena looked over, and saw some of Black Mask's men. They lead some people off of a bus, with guns on them.

"Alright, if you don't want these people to make a big mess all over the sidewalk, I suggest you two bitches step back!" the new Number One yelled. "Yeah, that's right, back off nice and easily!"

Sara judged how the hostages were positioned and what she would need to do to get them out of the way. She could see two of Black Mask's men and how they were about ready to blow the hostages away in a blink of an eye.

'Just as long as the Huntress doesn't do anything stupid, I should be fine,' Sara thought. 'Oh, that was too much to hope for, wasn't it?'

Huntress rushed from the shadows and grabbed the nearest goon around the neck. Sara needed to move quickly, and throw herself into the line of fire. She fired an arrow and took out both of the trigger men in one shot.

The goons suddenly backed off when their ears had been bombarded by some kind of attack. The Huntress had also been taken aback by the sonic blast.

Sara, sensing her opportunity, caught Black Mask's Number One with an arrow to the shoulder. It caused him to fall back down onto the ground. She didn't really have much room to breathe to be honest. The hostages all looked at her in fear.

"Go, run, get away from here as far as you can!" Sara yelled.

Sara looked around for her mysterious savior, for the second time tonight. She caught a glimpse of a figure in the shadows, clad completely in black leather. The figure disappeared before Sara could get a proper look at her. And Sara had a strong sense it was a her, given how all of the puzzle pieces fit in her mind.

'No way.'

The figure vanished into the darkness before Sara could get a crystal clear look at her. She turned her attention towards other matters, namely Helena diving on top of one of the goons and grabbing him around the throat.

"Where is he?" Helena asked. She smashed him with a punch to the face.

"Go to hell!" the goon spat.

"WHERE IS BLACK MASK?" the Huntress yelled. "That bastard Sionis….his reckoning is at hand….I'm going to kill him."

"No…he'll kill you, both of you!" the goon yelled though a toothy, bleeding grin.

"He doesn't know anything."

Huntress wasn't convinced at the fact this goon didn't know anything. She pushed her foot against the man's chest.

"I'm going to have to hit him harder."
The arrow fired at the ground and came close to hitting Helena in the ankle. It missed a few seconds away from hitting her. Sara already loaded another arrow and directed it towards the Huntress.

"The next one goes through your knee," Sara said. "Back off."

Helena backed off, but she had something in her hand. One of the grenades Black Mask's man had on him, she hurled it down onto the ground.

Sara threw herself behind the bus to avoid the explosion. Several of Black Mask's men, along with his Number One Man, weren't exactly so lucky. She took a deep breath, frustrated wasn't really the word for what she was.

The hooded vigilante peered out from the shadows, and saw that the Huntress disappeared through the night. All Sara could do was close her eyes for a moment and return back into the night, to see if she could catch a glimpse of the mysterious figure clad in black leather.

'Tonight just gets weirder, doesn't it?

Some people referred to Starling City as a diet version of Gotham City. Barbara Gordon could see where they got that comparison. There was a fair amount of crime, corruption, and all of those things. Starling City didn't have the colorful villains as Gotham City. They didn't have their own Joker, Penguin, Two-Face, Poison Ivy, Scarecrow, and all of the other criminals which made Gotham City so manic.

Still, it had their own protector. She might not dress like a flying rodent, but she would do. Barbara found Sara on the edge of the building and one could see the frustration brimming over her face.

"So, any luck tonight?" Barbara asked.

The sigh told Barbara all she needed to know.

"I was hoping you had some luck in finding Black Mask," Sara said. "Because we really need to find him before the Huntress does."

Barbara raised an eyebrow. The Huntress, boy that was a new one for her, although she doubted it was the same one who had taken up residence in Gotham City.

"Helena Bertinelli decided to put on a costume and play vigilante against Black Mask and his men," Sara said.

"And this is bothering you a little bit, isn't it?" Barbara asked.

Sara responded with a nod. She knew she couldn't police anyone, but she was concerned Helena wasn't sure what she ended up getting herself in.

"She has some issues," Sara said. "And she could end up getting herself killed out there. She's done so much for the people of Starling City through her charity work."

"So does Bruce, and yet he has the need to dress up as a bat every night and fight a colorful gallery of criminals," Barbara said. "It's really hard to explain…..I guess some people really think they don't do enough. I mean, let's face it, with the resources of Queen Industries, you can do other things to help the city. But you put a hood on and put the fear of God into criminals. No sane person would do that."
Sara gave a hidden smile underneath her hood.

"And I'm the daughter of one of the most honest cops in Gotham City," Barbara said. "Things are far better here they are there, but far from ideal."

Their conversation about why they bothered to put on these masks would have to wait. Barbara sensed someone in the shadows. Sara instinctively pulled out her bow and pointed it towards the shadows.

Sara sensed the presence of this figure was familiar when moving forward. She pointed the arrow at the shadows, not firing, but not relaxing. She didn't want to be wrong and get attacked. So in case she was wrong.

"Come out," Sara said.

The figure dressed in black walked out. She dressed in black from head to toe wearing a mask. Barbara recognized her immediately.

"Well, you felt left out, didn't you, Laurel?" Barbara asked.

Sara's suspicions been clarified to the point where they slapped her in the face.

"Wait, it was you," Sara said. "You're the person who helped us....how did this happen? How did you..." 

"How did I feel like I was good enough to dress up and start fighting crime alongside my sisters?" Laurel asked. "It's a long story."

"Do you think you can just get the really fine details?" Barbara asked her.

"Well, it all boils down to an assassin named Lady Shiva," Laurel said. "You haven't heard of her, have you?"

A long pause followed with Sara's body going a bit rigid. She took a second to calm herself down and not jump to the wrong conclusion.

'Ooh, Laurel, what have you gotten yourself into?' Sara thought to herself.

"Yes, we've met," Sara said. She motioned for Laurel to continue, so she did.

"I had a meeting with her a few weeks ago, where she said I had a lot to learn, but....I didn't think she gave me enough credit," Laurel said. "Obviously, I'm not going to beat her in battle, but I think that I can do something. And when you came back, I realized there is more than one way I can help this city."

"Laurel, you don't..."

"Sara, I trust you can handle yourself, all I ask for you is to trust I can do the same," Laurel said to her. "I've spent a lot of time trying to work out my aggression with what happened after you left on the Gambit. It wasn't until Lady Shiva found me in an alleyway, after I ended up getting into a scuffle with a purse snatcher, that I found my purpose. The same purpose the two of you found."

Barbara just smiled.

"But, there's a pretty big step from working out aggression than becoming a vigilante."
"I didn't envision going out this soon," Laurel said. "But, with Sionis, or his alter ego in town, I have to do something. If I can bring him down as Black Canary, then…maybe I have more leverage to bring him down elsewhere."

"The Black Canary?" Barbara asked.

Laurel answered and nodded. She took the inspiration of the old stories her mother told her when she was younger, about the Justice Society of America, and the adventures of the Black Canary in that group. The name stuck to her. The Justice Society was long gone, but she figured the legacy of the Black Canary should continue.

Sara had been in two minds about this. She didn't want any else dragged into her crusade, but it appeared Laurel had been making plans to jump in and do something before even Sara returned to town. And to be fair, Laurel intervened at a perfect time, twice.

She had confidence she could have done worked out how to save the day herself. A lot of her bigger missions ended at her with a disadvantage because she was dealing with some extremely dangerous people. Others would call her soft, and Sara wouldn't necessarily disagree.

"So, if you really want this, then I'm not going to complain," Sara said. "But, we have a situation to deal with."

"Yes, there's both a revenge happy mafia princess and a blood thirsty mobster on the street," Barbara said. "So, I guess we're now in this together."

They were, Sara would not argue with that point. The three of them were working together, the best they could.

Frank Bertinelli thought tonight couldn't go any worse. The only solitude he had was his daughter was safe and secure and out of the middle of this madness. He didn't really want her around when it was time to get his hands dirty.

People called him soft, and Frank hated that. Hated how much they had a point. Fatherhood may have softened him a little bit, but Frank was still as rough and tumble as they came, at least in his mind.

Something caused the limo he was in to skid to a stop. Frank frowned and leaned forward.

"Where are we going?" Frank asked. "I told you to take me back there driver."

The divider between the limo opened up. The limo driver had been replaced by Roman Sionis who slipped on his Black Mask. How he managed to switch was up for a lot of debate.

"Buckle Up, Franco!" Black Mask yelled.

The two bodyguards grabbed Frank and pinned him down on either side. The limo turned around the corner and pulled into a parking garage off to the side. Frank Bertinelli came to the realization these men were not his bodyguards, they were Black Mask's men and they were not screwing around at all.

His hot temper reared its ugly head at the worst possible time. Bertinelli was going to go down swinging, if at all possible.

"YOU SON OF A BITCH, I'LL KILL YOU FOR KIDNAPPING MY DAUGHTER!"
Frank felt the gun of one of Black Mask's goons at the side of his temple. No matter what the temple was, a gun pressed against his temple.

"You shouldn't have dug your heels on our deal!" Black Mask yelled. "I'm pretty sure your pretty little daughter is just counting down the days where she has you in a position where she can kill you. Take control of your millions of dollars, for her own."

Black Mask pulled the limo into the garage so he could have a talk with his former business partner. The doors burst open and Frank Bertinelli flew out. He found himself at the business end of several more guns.

"What do you want, you sorry son of a bitch?" Frank asked.

"Now, now, we're going to have none of that," Sionis said. "The reason why you're like this is because you've disrespected me for the last time."

Frank didn't know what to say. He knew Sionis would kill him, regardless of what he said.

"I'm going to have to buy Helena dinner and apologize to her, for robbing her of the chance of killing her father," Roman said. "I know it's what every child of some rich, two-faced bastard dreams of. The day where they can finally kill their parents, who pretended to like the same people they badmouthed in front of you, and forced you to like their pompous rich prince of a son."

Roman Sionis descended into pure madness and ranting and he became unraveled. Frank Bertinelli just watched the horror show unfold.

"But, the Wayne brat was lucky, he didn't have to deal with his parents until he was in college," Sionis said. "He was lucky enough to have them shot! And he got to watch, that lucky, lucky, bastard."

"You're completely mad!" Bertinelli yelled. "You should be locked in Arkham with the rest of them!"

Sionis pointed the gun straight at Bertinelli's open mouth. The mobster shuddered when he stared down Black Mask. The man looked like pure evil and more demonic than ever before, especially with how the light shined off the mask.

"Don't worry, Franco, I'll take real good care of your daughter when you're gone and dead."

Glass shattered and one of Black Mask's men nearest to the window got a piece of glass sliced into the back of his throat. Two more of them turned around. Huntress jumped up and nailed them with a swiping blow. She caught another one with a jab to the throat, not even bothering to pull her punches.

Huntress moved around and cracked the man against the back of his head.

"Take her out!" Sionis yelled. "Whoever takes her out, you're my new Number One!"

Frank grabbed Sionis around the back of the neck and began to strangle the bastard with his tie. Sionis shrugged him off and threw Frank over the hood of the car. He landed on the other side of the car with a thud, the breath knocked out of him.

The Huntress rushed one of the men. She had to get to Sionis, nothing else mattered in her life.

Three figures dropped down to the shadows. Black Mask narrowed his eyes. First, the Hood
dropped from the ceiling and took out one of his men with one shot to the face.

Batgirl flipped through the air, using her acrobatic abilities to avoid the attacks from Black Mask. She dodged the bullets from the men, with only one of the bullets passing through her cape. Something she was sure the big man was going to lecture her about when she returned to Gotham City. She came down onto the back of the head of the goon and bounced off. Batgirl brought down the heat with a huge punch which crumpled the goon down onto the ground.

The third figure was Black Canary. Sionis thought she was long since retired, at least that was the gossip which went around in Gotham City. She held a device in her hand and pressing a button released a sonic pulse which caused the criminals to move back.

Sionis watched his men get the ever living shit kicked out of him by the trio of heroes. They descended down on them like vultures, or some other kind of bird of prey. The criminal bolted towards the door and tried to head out of sight, and more importantly out of mind.

'Oh, no you don't, you're not getting away that easily, you son of a bitch,' Helena thought.

Two of the goons rushed towards her. Helena stabbed him in the stomach and doubled him over. She hit a very prominent roadblock which prevented her escape.

Huntress gripped one of Black Mask's larger goons around the head and slammed his face off the concrete. The Curb Stomp cracked the man's head off of the ramp.

Black Mask was outside and moving towards the alleyway where he may have had a getaway car.

"Oh, no, you don't!" she cried.

Huntress rushed out of the back entrance and chased down Black Mask. The rain started to pour down. Huntress looked to the right side and looked to the left side.

Black Mask nailed her in the side and knocked her down to the ground. The criminal grabbed the vigilante around the throat and started to throttle. Huntress gagged when the larger man tried to kill her with his bare hands.

"I'm sick and tired of freaks in masks!" Black Mask yelled.

"Ever looked in a mirror," Huntress gasped.

Black Mask might not have blown Frank Bertinelli away but he could blow the Huntress away. He aimed for her to put a bullet in her head.

One arrow knocked the gun out of his hand, with said arrow being put through his hand. The other arrow exploded and entangled him in a sticky glue like substance which the criminal struggled to break his way out of.

"It's over," the Hood said. "The Starling City police is…"

Huntress picked up the gun and pointed it towards Sionis. The Hood stepped into the way. Huntress pointed the gun. The woman's hand shook and her angry glare increased.

"Get out of the way, or I'll blow you away too," Huntress said. Despite her firm tone, her hand was shaking and she struggled to hold the gun steady when pointing it at the vigilante.

"You're not going to do it," the Hood said. "And you're not going to kill him."
"Why are you defending him?" Huntress asked. "Rich bastards like Sionis, my father, Malcolm Merlyn, they'll keep running roughshot over everyone unless we do something."

A patient sigh followed. Arrow met gun and both of them circled around each other.

"I'm not defending Sionis," the Hood said. "I'm worried about what might happen to you…..I don't want the blood on your hands."

"I kill one man, I save millions more," Huntress said.

"It never comes off, and it never stops at one man," the Hood said. "Trust me."

Sionis writhed on the ground in absolute agony. Huntress let the gun drop to the ground. Her angry glare snapped back to the face of the Hood.

"Fine, we'll do this your way, but the blood won't be on my hands when innocent people die," Huntress said. "It'll be on yours."

Sara watched Helena disappear into the round. The sirens coming from Starling City's finest indicated that Sara had been doing the same.

'Hope you find your peace, and it takes a lot less longer than it did me.'

She caught eye with the Black Canary, and smiled. Sara wondered if Laurel understood the significance of the identity she took, and was able to put two and two together. It took a while for all of the pieces to click in Sara's head.

Deep down, she thought Laurel might have always suspected, just like Sara had. But she needed to make herself scarce.

Sara returned to the makeshift Batcave. She thought about putting together a couple of lairs in Starling City in case one had been compromised. Perhaps some place more efficient than the little makeshift warehouse she put together. It was just something to think about.

She looked around. Barbara returned from the other end of the room. She dressed in her street clothes, a black tank top, shorts, and black high heel boots. The redhead placed a hand on Sara's shoulder and edged closer towards her.

"Roman Sionis and Frank Bertinelli have been put away for a long time," Barbara said. "Bertinelli got pretty banged up; Sionis did as well come to think about it."

"Good," Sara said. "Have you heard anything about the Huntress?"

"No," Barbara said. "Our Miss Bertinelli has gone underground."

Sara didn't really know how she felt about that. All she could do was close her eyes and attempt to focus on everything going on around her. She sighed deeply. A second passed when Barbara reached over and gave her a gentle shoulder caress in an attempt to get her back.

"And there's the Black Canary," Barbara said.

"I didn't really think she had it in her," Sara said. "If you told me she'd be that five years ago, I would have thought you were insane. I guess things change."

A smile crossed over the redhead's face.
"Yeah, they really do," Barbara said. "I wonder how your parents would react if they knew both of their daughters put on costumes and fought crime."

"How would your father react to you being Batgirl?" Sara asked. "Or does he know?"

"I'm not sure," Barbara said. "If he does know, he hasn't said anything. Maybe he can't anything."

Sara figured that would make sense. She was pretty sure it would be a revelation for her father, given he had been tasked to lead the manhunt against the vigilante. Her mother, well that was interesting, although given what she got up to with her friends, it didn't really give her a leg to stand on.

"You're brooding about something," Barbara said.

"Not brooding, just contemplating," Sara said.

A disbelieving look spread over Barbara's face and she placed a hand on Sara's shoulder.

"Look, given who my boss is, I think I have a pretty good idea what brooding is," Barbara said. "So, I guess I'm sticking around for a couple more days. I'm actually not expected back in Gotham until Wednesday."

"I'm glad you're here," Sara said.

"Are the urges still flaring up?" Barbara asked.

"The bloodlust?" Sara asked. Barbara answered with a nod. "You know how I deal with that…..how I've found a way to keep that at bay."

Sara smiled and looked at Barbara properly, without the masks and the hoods or the costumes in the way. She leaned towards her.

"I'm here to help," Barbara said.

"Good," Sara said. "Wish Laurel was here….I need to take her as well for helping me, just like I'm going to thank you."

Barbara figured Laurel was hard at work trying to get something to stick to Sionis and stay stuck him. Right now, Barbara and Sara's lips stuck together in a passionate kiss. It had been a long time since the two of them had a chance to get together, and they would have to make up for lost time.

Sara pushed Barbara back onto the cot and she straddled her hips. The two of them met in the center with another kiss, both of them increasing their passions while Sara's hands traveled down and one slipped inside the waist band of Barbara's shorts.

Barbara closed her eyes. Sara's questing fingers found her heated mound and started to rub on it. The passions between the two of them grew more heated when Sara shifted her finger around in a long, circular motion. She lifted her hips up and down to meet Sara's fingers which buried their way deeper between her thighs.

"Yes," Barbara moaned.

Barbara found her shirt pulled off. Sara buried her face in Barbara's chest and licked her breasts. Every time Sara teased her breasts, Barbara could feel it.

Sara indulged herself in Barbara's warm flesh. The lust spreading through her body made Sara only
attack her breasts. She removed Barbara's shorts in a blink of an eye and peeled off her panties.

Electricity coursed over Barbara when Sara hit all of the spots which drove Barbara wild. Those kisses increased when Sara traveled all the way down Barbara's body. She made her final stop between her legs.

"You're really wet," Sara said. She teased Barbara for a second. "You've wanted this for a long time. Didn't you?"

Sara shifted one tiny finger inside Barbara's opening. Barbara hoisted her hips off of the cot and breathed heavily. Sara gave her a finger fucking while licking the dripping fluids from between her thighs.

"Yes, a very long time!" Barbara panted. "You have no idea how long."

Sara added another finger. She worked Barbara into a frenzied orgasm. A third finger gave her more pleasure. Sara pumped her way into Barbara and worked deep inside to pleasure the woman's core.

Barbara thought Sara sent her to a one way trip to heaven. Those fingers shoved deeper into Barbara and caused her to grow numb with passion. She lifted her hips up to meet Sara's probing fingers.

Sara pushed herself into Barbara and continued to speed up the fucking with her fingers. She smiled when seeing the look of pleasure on Barbara's face. Eventually though, Sara pulled away.

"Damn," Barbara said.

Sara slowly licked her fingers clean of Barbara's juices. She locked eye to eye with Barbara. Barbara groped herself and started to rub her pussy at what Sara was doing. Sara decide to give Barbara something to really fell good about. She removed the clasp of her top and pulled it down. She revealed more of her beautiful, toned body.

Barbara watched Sara removing her costume. She was really gorgeous, and Barbara found herself drooling in response. She took a second to eye Sara's body. Her nice round breasts, with pointed nipples, her flat stomach, her sex shaved bare, her long toned legs, and her juice ass which could stop people in their tracks. Sara was really sex on two feet.

Sara moved over and captured Barbara in another liplock. Their upper lips joined together just as much as their lower lips. Slowly, but steadily, Sara rocked her hips back and caused Barbara to moan into the kiss. The kiss increased and Sara sped up her thrusts, bringing her hips down into those of her partners

"SARA!" Barbara yelled. Sara rode her onto the cot while clutching her breasts.

Sara only rode Barbara with quicker attacks, making sure her partner really felt the heat boiling though her. The two of them molded closer to each other. She sensed Barbara's orgasm and intended to bring it out of her.

"When's the last time you've had sex?"

"Since the last time Laurel visited Gotham, but that was months ago," Barbara said.

Barbara placed her fingers on Sara's back, tracing the faint scars on it. She took a mouthful of her breast as well. The combined sensations brought a tingling feeling down her body. Sara kept working her way between Barbara's hips, and pushed down on her.
Sara reached her own orgasm and boy did it feel really good to get to this point. She sped herself up when riding Barbara. One look at Barbara's face made Sara feel really good. She wanted to make her partner feel just as well as good as well. She paid close attention to all of the spots which made Barbara lose her mind to the pleasure.

"So good!" Barbara moaned.

"I know it is," Sara told her. "And you're going to feel better. Just release yourself, Barbara. Feel how good this feels."

Barbara wasn't going to lie. This felt extremely good. Sara touched all of those pleasure spots and made Barbara moan even more. She rolled her hips up to meet Barbara rolling her hips down onto her. Both of them met each other with those long passionate hip rolls.

Sara managed to create the illusion of penetration as much as she could. She pulled back and forced her hips down. Barbara's hips bucked up. The combination of fluids rose up, created by both of their loins meeting in the center. Sara reached down and squeezed Barbara's chest.

"Damn, so good!" Barbara yelled.

"Yes, I think we've established this," Sara said. "Are you going to cum for me again?"

Barbara's entire body underwent a pure blast of pleasure. The pleasure increased when her hips shoved up against Sara. They combined together in a passionate display. Sara pushed herself down against Barbara and rode her out all the way to the edge.

"Yes, keep cumming for me," Sara said. "Cum like your life depends on it."

Sara nibbled Barbara's ear lobe, remembering how this drove her wild. Her hands brushed over Barbara's body otherwise, and showed how much she had control over the other girl.

Barbara could not believe Sara went for such a dirty tactic. She supposed it didn't matter. The moans coming from her fellow vigilante showed Barbara how much she enjoyed this as well. Sure, the moans were subtle.

Another shared orgasm joined the two of them together. Sara rocked herself up and down on Barbara. She hit the nerve endings at the right spot which stimulated deep penetration. Barbara responded by pushing her hips up. Sara gave her friend all she needed.

"I'm glad you're there for me," Sara said.

"Well, you'd be there for me if I need you," Barbara said.

Sara stroked Barbara's hair and once again went in to nibble her ear. While she did it, she bounced on Barbara's center and pushed herself into her.

Barbara thought her legs would go numb from so much pleasure. Her mind was already going that way. The stars flashed through her mind when she came.

Sara came at the same time. They met with another passionate kiss when their pussies swapped their delicious juices. They knew no matter what they would be there, always and truly there.

Barbara only had a second to catch her breath before Sara had been put back on the attack. The latest orgasm, the most powerful orgasm hit her. Sara really knew how to push all her buttons.
The only thing she could do was push some of Sara's. Judging by the moans coming from her, Barbara gained confidence she was doing something right.

"Good, for that, you should cum again."

Barbara once again saw stars when Sara tempted her body with more pleasure than she ever thought she would feel. The dance continued even though the steps changed slightly during the night.

To Be Continued on January 17th, 2017.

Laurel becomes the Black Canary earlier, because we are balls deep into AU territory to begin with, so why not.

Helena….has some issues to work out. But at least she's more stable than Sionis is.

So, Sara and Barbara have fun and not for the first time. Barbara would have liked both sisters at once, obviously. Who wouldn't?

Until Tuesday.
All Right Plays

Chapter Twenty: All the Right Plays.

Thea slammed the door shut in her car and walked into the curb. The sun barely rose up over the horizon. For the first time, in a long time, Thea managed to have a mostly restful evening. Her nightmares induced by her brief exposure to Vertigo finally faded off into the distance and she doubted it was a moment too soon. Hopefully, she could move on with her life.

Moving on, wow that was something Thea did not think she could do for a long time. Thea did have to make some changes in her life.

She kept a distance from the friends who ended up being the toxic influence. Thea thought all of those people were good for her, but anyone who encouraged those things was not her friends. They looked at Thea as if she betrayed them. Those fair weather friends made Thea almost push away the people who she cared about.

"The only reason they were friends is so they could get hooked up easily, Thea thought. I had the money. How could I be so stupid?"

The Queen heiress put the energy formerly used self-destructive behavior into other things. Namely, this particular trip to the gym was the next stop. For the past week, Thea dragged herself out of bed for an early morning workout. It had been tough.

Any time Thea wanted a hit, she just hit something. The teenager punished her body for craving the poison which almost led to the deaths of some very important people. Thea closed her eyes tighter as her mind twisted back into her mind.

Thea peeled off her jacket and let it fall to the ground. A black tank top clung to her body which grew fitter with each punishing work out. Thea clasped her hands together and stared doing breathing exercises. The tight black yoga pants stretched over her.

"Not too bad of a view."

Thea pulled out of the workout and came face to face with the same girl who she met at the courthouse all of the weeks ago. The girl dressed in a green sports bra which showed her toned abs. Thea noticed a few scars on the girls back when turning around. The mysterious woman dressed in a pair of green pants which formed a pretty nice fit.

The stretches continued and Thea watched in an appreciative manner. The girl bent at the knees and took a deep breath when touching the ground. Thea stepped off to the other side before and stretched
along with her. The girl stopped and turned her attention towards her.

"You don't want to bend like that, you'll pull the muscles in your back if you're not careful," she said.

"Right…um…I'm sorry, we haven't been introduced," Thea said. She frowned while biting her lip and turned towards the other young woman.

"My name's Artemis Crock," she responded. "I'm going to go over and see if I can get some shots over there."

Artemis picked up a bow and arrow set. Thea frowned, pretty certain the last name Crock was pretty familiar to her. Damn if she could place it though off the top of her head. Her brow crinkled up in thought.

The wealthy teenager turned towards the slightly older girl. The girl pointed the arrow towards a target and drew it back. Thea watched the tricky shot being made. Artemis was pretty bold, to be honest trying a shot like that, in the position she was in.

The bow snapped back and put the arrow through the central target. Sara watched, impressed when Artemis pulled back and smiled in response.

"How did you do that?" Thea asked.

A grin passed over the face of the blonde woman.

"It's all in the wrist," Artemis said.

Thea really wanted to know how she pulled that one off. The girl moved over to load another arrow into the bow and draw back. The arrow fired into the target again, this time hitting with more precision than ever before.

"That's amazing," Thea said. "I would never have taken a shot like that….I'm not sure if I could even hit the target."

"Oh, do you practice?" Artemis asked.

Thea could not help, but see the girl's interest grew and it made her smile. The brunette stood up and took the bow and arrow which Artemis handed her. Thea looked at it in confusion, wondering what to do now.

"Show me what you got, kid," Artemis said.

Thea was pretty sure she was only a year younger than Artemis if that. So, calling her "kid" might be a little bit rich. Thea positioned the bow. It had been a while since she took up practice. Other things distracted her; some really bad things distracted her at that. Thea drew back and shot the arrow.

The arrow caught the target about three over from the most central ring. Thea slackened her grip and responded with a very obvious sigh.

"That wasn't too bad," Artemis said.

Disappointing how she did not hit a simple shot which she could have hit maybe two or three years ago.

"It needs work," Thea said with a shrug. "I'm a little bit out of practice."
Artemis reached towards Thea and placed her hands on the other girl's shoulder. Thea allowed herself to be positioned, the bow placed in her hand, and the arrow properly placed in the bow.

"Don't overthink it, just try again," Artemis told her.

Thea did, in fact, try again. She pulled back the bow and shot the arrow forward. The arrow caught the target flush on, well closer than it did the first time around. Thea wasn't as good as Artemis was at aiming the arrow.

"So, what have you been up to lately?"

"Me?" Thea asked. "Oh, I've just been keeping out of trouble, trying to keep away from the people who encouraged me to do what I did in the first place. It's not easy."

"If it was, so many people wouldn't throw their lives away," Artemis said. "Try another shot."

Thea did and came a little bit closer to hitting the target. She guessed practicing archery was kind of like riding a bike. One never forgot what they had to do to completely.

"So, what have you been doing lately?" Thea asked.

"I've excused myself from the detention facility they put me in," Artemis said. "Quite frankly, the food sucked there."

Thea looked a bit nervous at what Artemis implied, even casually. She hoped this didn't get either of them in too much trouble. Thea's days of getting into trouble were over, she swore.

"You mean you broke out…"

"Don't sound surprised," Artemis said. "And they didn't really care about the circumstances. The law never does.....they didn't care about my mother and how she's doing. The state doesn't care. They'd rather milk what little money we have before pulling the plug. I've just been barely scraping together enough to pay their medical bills."

"Surely, there's something someone can do to help?" Thea asked.

"Sorry, but no, if the system wasn't so broken, then my mother wouldn't be where she is in the first place," Artemis said.

"Why don't I help you a little bit?"

Artemis frowned when looking at the girl. Deep down, despite her issues, Thea had a good heart. Which was why Artemis didn't feel like dragging the poor girl down with the mess which is her life. She had more than enough issues to deal with, hence why Artemis did not want Thea to deal with her issues.

"I'm not looking for charity," Artemis said.

"Well, at least somewhere to stay, until the heat dies down," Thea said. "The Mansion's big…my mother really isn't there half the time, she's busy."

Artemis turned away for a moment and reclaimed the bow and quiver. She reloaded the arrow and fired at the target one more time to hit it centrally.

"Thanks, but no."
Most people who looked at life in prison without the possibility of parole would look a bit worn and worried. Roman Sionis walked down the hallway, with three guards escorting him. The mobster looked about calm, cool, and collected as one would think. They turned him around the corner and walked him towards the table.

That bitch who gave him so much trouble and was trying to get him thrown away walked to the door. Sionis would have liked five minutes alone with her to teach her a lesson in respect. Her name only made him smile.

"So, Lance, now I know who you are," Sionis said. "Your old man and Gordon almost got me put away from offing my nice, loving parents back in Gotham City."

Laurel stepped back in front of Sionis. She wanted to look the man in the eye who sent her death threats for months on hand. It started as another aspect of her career. Now, the investigation with Sionis veered into the territory of personal. The face she stared at; it was one of pure evil and made the attorney shudder internally.

On the outside, Laurel wore a look of pure defiance.

"Some of your men aren't as loyal as you thought they were," Laurel said. "They were willing to talk in exchange for reduced sentences."

Sionis returned fire with a crooked and quite terrifying grin.

"Just tell me who they are and I'll sort them out when I get out of here," Sionis said. "And you better watch your back. And if you see your bastard of an old man, tell him I haven't forgotten him."

Laurel brushed off the death threats. It would serve nothing to get upset about them. She resolved to redouble vigilance and prepare for any attack.

"We have enough evidence where you're going to put you away for a long time," Laurel said. "This time, you're not going to get out."

Sionis answered with a grating laughter. Laurel was glad a barrier separated the two of them. It would have taken more self-control than she was capable of to avoid reaching across the table and slapping him around.

"You can put me away now. But, if you put me away, none of you will ever know about the Undertaking."

Laurel slackened. She wondered what Sionis talked about.

"What are you talking about?"

Sionis smiled. His scarred, disfigured face looked more ominous in the light. Those sunken in eyes danced with malice and arrogance altogether. The man was a sociopath to the highest degree, and Laurel wondered if she could take anything he said seriously.

"You just had to be the little harbinger of justice and be the good girl scout who brings down the big mad monster. And now since you brought me down, Starling City is going to fall to them. Countless
innocent people are going to die."

Sionis leaned back as casual as a man who was cuffed and secured could be. His eyes narrowed when looking towards the girl on the other end of the cell.

"It really doesn't matter," Sionis said. "Monday passes, and I'll be out of this dump. And you still won't know anything….my lawyers in Gotham City will be in touch. And I'm sure the GCPD and Mayor Hill won't want Starling City to keep me locked up for long."

Laurel knew deep down this bastard had a point. She stepped back, the meeting about as pointless. Sionis kept looking at her with of those looks which stated he knew something very bad was going to happen and there was really nothing anyone could do about it.

One of the suited men who joined them bumped into Laurel. The other men near him looked nervous. They were other attorneys.

"We received something, a taped message," one of them said. "You have to see this to believe it."

'Oh, I believe a lot.'

Despite her internal thoughts, Laurel waved her hand and motioned for them to lead the way. The small group of attorneys walked down the hallway. A man slipped the DVD into the player and pushed play.

An image of a man dressed in a black bodysuit flickered on the screen. He dressed in a hockey mask with his blonde hair tied back in a ponytail. He dressed in gloves of some sort. The only part of his skin visible were eyes which flashed in pure and undiluted madness.

"My name is Sportsmaster. And I have this message for everyone in Starling City, especially the mysterious vigilante and the Starling City District Attorney's office. My employees had a game plan and you ruined it for them. You have Roman Sionis."

Sportsmaster peered into the camera and almost stared down the group of attorneys who watched.

"You have twelve hours to release the man you've held captive. If you don't, I have a bomb ready to detonate. The bomb is armed. I can disable it, but only if you bring me Sionis."

Everyone realized he wasn't bluffing. If they didn't do something soon, it would be lights out for Starling City.

Laurel stepped back and prepared to make the necessary phone call. Time ran out and there was only one person who was in the position to stop this. She might have gone out in costume if it hadn't been for the fact it would be hard to slip away now. Guards moved in to secure the area.

They were in the middle of a hostage crisis.

Sara pulled her hood up and peered over the city. Black Mask and the majority of his game had been put away. The vigilante needed to check to see there weren't pockets of his men still active elsewhere in Starling City. She positioned high on the ledge and stared down.

The ringing of her cell phone caught Sara off guard. She switched to the headset while still on the look out.
"We have a problem," Laurel said.

Sara didn't miss a beat in responding to this question.

"Tell me."

Laurel wasted just as little time in explaining it to her sister. "There's this guy who calls himself the Sportsmaster. He is threatening to blow up the city if Roman Sionis isn't released. And he's not going to get released."

"Are you sure?" Sara asked.

"The Mayor was firm on this," Laurel said. "He said they're not going to negotiate with terrorists."

"So, that means I'm going to have to find the bomb and make sure it doesn't detonate," Sara said. "Did you say Sportsmaster?"

"Yes," Laurel said.

Sara took a moment to collect her thoughts before explaining the situation to her sister.

"Sportsmaster is a professional for hire and whoever hired him paid top dollar.....look, I'll find the bomb. And then after I find the bomb, I'm going to have to find him."

Sara assumed there was a bomb in the city. The type of people who hired Sportsmaster wouldn't have risked having their charade ruined by a well-placed bluff. The man wasn't cheap and was pretty good at what he did. Gawdy name or not, he was pretty competent, and Sara knew she would be in for a headache if he felt cornered.

The hooded vigilante dropped down and prepared to contact Barbara.

'You picked a hell of a time to get back to Gotham City,' Sara thought. 'Damn, it I can't pick up the signal.'

Sara decided to get in touch with Felicity. The only reason why she didn't call Felicity first was Barbara was used to very early mornings, and Felicity hadn't been ingrained into that particular habit just yet. Sara made the call to the girl.

"It's three in the morning," a very sleepy Felicity muttered.

"Yes, I know," Sara said. "A wise man once said crime never sleeps."

"Well, that man must have been an insomniac or just plain crazy," Felicity said. She yawned on the other end of the phone.

"Are you near a computer?" Sara asked.

"I can get near one in about two minutes," Felicity said. "Why do you want to know?"

"Well, we got a bomb in the city."

Sara almost could have laughed about the fact Felicity jumped up almost so much. She heard the distinct sound of a knee banging against the side of the desk.

"Well, that got you up in a hurry," Sara teased.
"Well, yeah, it did," Felicity said. "So, how much time do you we until we're all blown up?"

"Less than twelve hours," Sara said. "You need to find it, and I'll find a way to disarm it."

Felicity took a moment to take in a deep breath. Sara decided to ask her another question.

"Do you think you can find it?"

"Of course I can find it!" Felicity said. She calmed herself down with a couple of deep breaths.

Sara moved into position. She had a couple of good ideas where to look in the city. A couple of extra eyes and ears to verify where they were going never hurt anyone.

"Yes, there's almost a ninety-five percent chance I can find it and about…oh….a sixty-five point nine percent chance I can remotely disarm it," Felicity said. "Yeah, I know….that's a bit crazy, but….."

"Just find it, and I'll take care of the rest," Sara firmly said. "And see if you can dig up anything on Sportsmaster why you're at it….."

"Sportsmaster?" Felicity asked.

"Don't discount him because of the name," Sara warned Felicity. "One of most dangerous criminals in the world is named after the most useless playing cards in the deck."

Felicity couldn't discount this, despite her not being able to hear the name "Sportsmaster" without breaking out into laughter. She had a job to do and to find both the man and his bomb.

Malcolm Merlyn heard the Mayor finish up his speech. The last two Mayors of Starling City ended their terms being carted out of office in a body bag, so Malcolm would have assumed this mayor wouldn't have been so brazen. Despite the name, Malcolm took the threat of Sportsmaster very easy.

Closer to home, the fact Sionis had been locked away and sat on information which could ruin Malcolm's well-placed plans. The cancer which destroyed this city and which cost him his wife was almost close to being purged. Sionis shooting his mouth off to the wrong people would cause problems.

The leak already had been eliminated, only with the damage having been done. Warren Crawford was good friends with Roman Sionis. The two talked a lot, and Crawford needed to be let in on certain secrets. Secrets which he had trouble in keeping when he had been given a few drinks.

Malcolm didn't make many missteps in his plan. Not killing Crawford sooner and not taking out Black Mask before he became a threat to Starling City was both plans.

Malcolm paced down the hallway and flipped on the light. Moira sat on the chair in the middle of the room.

"Well, a change of the usual format," Malcolm said.

"I've heard from our source inside the prison that Sionis talked about how no one is going to know what the Undertaking is if he doesn't get let out," Moira said. "You know the walls are tumbling down now."
"No," Malcolm said. He stuck one long finger out and pointed it directly at Moira's face.

Moira hoped she could reason with this man. Reason flew out the window, with petty revenge following instead. What looked like a good idea years ago, might have looked like less than a good idea these years.

"He's already talking and now they're going to want to know why " Moira said. "We're both going down."

"Stay calm," Malcolm said. "You don't want to commit political murder-suicide, therefore you need to stay calm. If not for Thea's sake…she's really all you have left."

Moira hated that card had been pulled. Malcolm performed one of the Magician's greatest tricks. Suddenly disappearance in a blink of an eye, which left Moira sitting as calm as could be.

X-X-X

"Subway tunnel to the North," Felicity said. "I'm pretty sure that's where you can find the bomb."

Sara dropped down into the subway tunnel. Very few people were here during this time of the day. It made her job a bit simpler to maneuver around. The train wouldn't come by for another hour. The subways would bustle with activity in about ten hours.

'When the bomb is about to go off,' Sara thought.

The hooded heroine pulled the board back from its position and made her way inside the tunnel. She saw a few pieces of broken rock, a couple of old newspapers, but nothing which looked like a bomb. Sara hated to admit Felicity would have been wrong.

"The Mayor's still being pretty pig-headed about the entire not negotiating with terrorist thing," Felicity remarked.

"Some people are stubborn to a fault."

She noticed a bag lying in the middle of the tunnel. Sara couldn't realize something this blatant had been left behind. The bag unziped and she tipped it over. Several dirty gym socks and some cheeseburger wrappers dropped to the ground, along with a couple of empty cans of beer.

"Okay, that's not…"

Sara caught a glimpse of it off in a crevice in the wall. A football submerged in the wall. Sara raised a hand and slid it out of the wall. She unstitched the football.

"Got it."

Now it was time for her to disarm the bomb and do so carefully.

The guards remained on edge after their new and most high profile prisoner had been put inside. They paced back and forth.

"Some nutjob in a hockey mask is trying to cause trouble," one of the guards said.

"What the hell is this, Friday the Thirteenth?"
The oldest of the guards, the one who had the most experience with the weirdness shrugged his shoulders. He transferred in from Gotham City a couple of years ago, hoping for a less stressful job. Seeing one of Gotham's collection of sociopaths did not do wonders for his stress level.

"Wait, what's that?"

"What's what?"

The lead guard extended a hand. The other side of the wall he heard something. Ticking, and hissing as well. The guard placed a hand on the wall.

The wall imploded and the guard fell down to be impaled on a piece of pipe. The other two guards stepped to check on the intrusion.

One arrow shot through the hole created in the wall and impaled one of the guards in the chest. The guard collapsed to the ground and gasped for breath. The second guard didn't have much less luck. The arrow speared through him and sent blood splattering through the ground.

The Dark Archer stepped in. He reached down and lifted a keycard off of the goon. He slipped the key card in and was one step closer in silencing Sionis once and for all before he ruined years of well-formed plans.

He turned around to see a dodgeball fly at his head. The dodgeball bounced off of the wall next to him and the explosion sent rocks and bricks flying. The Dark Archer threw himself out of the way and looked up in time for another dodgeball to be launched at him.

The Dark Archer shot the arrow and pierced the dodgeball before it connected. The explosion happened several feet away from him.

"Thanks for doing half of my job, buddy, but I'll take it from here."

Sportsmaster walked down the hallway and came face to face with the Dark Archer. Both men stood at the end of a long corridor, with smoke and dust and debris flying through it, ready to make the first play.

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To Be Continued on January 20th, 2017.

Sportsmaster arrives, and thus this chapter had a very interesting beginning and ending scene which kind of wrapped into each other in a way that no one expected.

Until Friday.
Chapter Twenty-One: Game Over.

Everyone had been put on edge after the terrorist threats given by the Sportmaster. He threatened to blow up the city. Laurel found herself back at the Starling City Police Department, as everyone who did not work directly for the prison had been forced out. It was about time for her to meet with her father. He had something to tell Laurel and judging by the tone of his voice when they talked, it wasn't exactly going to be a conversation she looked forward to having.

'Just my luck,' Laurel thought. 'I'm sure I'm going to get an ear full about the entire trying to take down Sionis thing. Good thing he doesn't know about the other things I've been doing to take down criminals. And Sara…unless he does, and….he just can't say anything.'

Those questions entered Barbara's mind. Did her father know anything about what she was up to?

Barbara pretty much said outright her father couldn't confirm whether or not she was doing what she did. Asking the question to him might blow a secret which was already lost. And Jim Gordon talking about it might make him compliant to some morally questionable things.

Laurel thought about it. Vigilantes, as much as the law hated to admit it, had their purpose. The police couldn't act many times against some very dangerous people because of legalities and red tape. It always frustrated anyone who had to work within the law. Protocols had to be followed from higher up. And criminals knew about that and thus used every method at their disposal to thumb their nose at the law while also using it as a shield when it suited it.

It kept police in check and kept them on the straight and narrow so Laurel appreciated the necessity on those accounts. Other accounts though the frustration increased and right now, Laurel's frustration hit a very high mark.

The thoughts cleared from her mind about the pluses and negative of being a vigilante. Her father stood at the edge and was talking to a few people. The people at the station looked to be on edge and Laurel figured it was for good reason. Quintin looked up and saw Laurel standing right in the middle of the doorway.

"So, it was Sionis you were going after all this time?" Quentin asked. "Do you realize how dangerous that man is?"

Laurel figured that was coming. And she guessed she deserved it, all things considered.

"Yeah, I know," Laurel said.

Quentin raised an eyebrow when staring down his daughter. He tried his best to communicate the dangers of the situation. Sionis not only was as crazed as anyone in Arkham, but he had a vast criminal empire at his disposal which mean he could accomplish things your usual gang of Arkham loners could not.

"I still don't feel quite right after he tried to off me and Jim," Quentin said. "And speaking of Jim Gordon, he came back with some news that you're not going to like."
Laurel could tell by the tone of her father's voice this wasn't exactly going to be a happy conversation. She frowned and motioned for him to continue.

"There are people in Gotham City who want Sionis to be brought back there and putting pressure on Starling to get him back there by early next week," he continued. "There's a political mess between the two cities. And given that the Hood was involved, they're trying to say we have no right to hold him."

A frustrated groan escaped from Laurel. She tried not lose it, but her fists clenching tight and holding her breath made it very hard not to lose it. All of that work and Sionis was going to walk straight back to the custody of Gotham, where he was going to likely walk free and the cycle would continue all new.

"Did they say anyone else was involved?"

"It doesn't matter right now," Quentin said. "You risked it all for Sionis, and he's going to be shipped back to Gotham."

Laurel wasn't sure she liked this, and there was a small part of her who wondered how much Sionis liked it either. She learned there was a reason why he moved his operations further west. The landscape of Gotham City changed. Sionis bridged the old school generation of mobsters with the crazed costumed generation of super criminals.

"There's more than enough to get him without the Hood," Laurel said.

"Yeah, maybe," Quentin said. "There are some powerful people who want him back in Gotham City, and they want him back there yesterday. There's not much I can do, there's not much you can do. The Mayor's going to send Sionis away if it gets him out of his hair."

"You heard about the threat tonight, didn't you?"

Quentin hoped to steer clear of that particular thing. No use in denying there were some serious problems.

"Yeah, we're looking into that one, don't really know where he has put the bomb," he confirmed. "Don't even know whether or not there's a bomb, to be honest."

"Guess we're going to have to hope someone finds the bomb," Laurel said.

Quentin's stomach turned and thought the person underneath the hood played a very dangerous game. Especially given his suspicions of the identity of the hooded vigilante mounted with each passing day, and it would put him in a very awkward position.

"Detective, there's been an attack at the prison, where Sionis is!"

The bomb they both had been waiting to drop hit, although Laurel had to play her part.

"Almost expected this," Quentin grumbled.

"How could there be an attack?" Laurel asked. "How could anyone find him? Where he's being stored isn't really public knowledge?"

"Well, there's leaks," Quentin said. "Just get home, get some rest, we'll handle this."

Laurel resolved to get home alright, but she wasn't going to get some rest. Now she had the chance
to slip off, she was going to make a change of clothes.

The Dark Archer drew back the bow and shot an arrow towards Sportsmaster. Sportsmaster dodged the attack with expert reflexes. He hoisted up a bowling ball and rolled it on the ground towards the ankles of his enemy. The Dark Archer jumped over the bowling ball and rushed towards Sportsmaster. Sportsmaster pulled a miniature club and swung it at the Dark Archer.

The two enemies flashed together. The Dark Archer caught the Sportsmaster with a punch to the stomach. The enemy stepped back and smiled. The punch barely had any effect on him.

"You really think this costume is just because I'm a man of all sports," Sportsmaster said. "Padding in all those spots where you can kill a person with just one strike. Guess you're going to have to try something else."

The Dark Archer stepped back and blocked the Sportsmaster from nailing him with a punch. The two men struggled in the battle. Dark Archer gained more leverage and turned around the attack. The Sportsmaster flipped over his back and landed onto the ground.

An arrow almost nailed Sportsmaster flush in his mask. He tilted his head to the side to pull it out and drop it down onto the ground. Sportsmaster hurled a javelin in the air towards the Dark Archer. The Dark Archer shot it out of the air with one arrow.

"You call yourself the Dark Archer," Sportsmaster said. "You must have been up all night trying to figure up that one, eh sport?"

The Dark Archer didn't even acknowledge the trash talk. Rich coming from someone who called himself the Sportmaster, if the Dark Archer had to say himself. He just kept firing and one of the shots caught Sportsmaster almost on the side of the arm. Part of the costume ripped and came close to piercing the armor.

"Fine, you want to take the gloves off, I'll rumble with you!"

Sportsmaster speared Dark Archer down to the ground. The two of them ended up in a tussle, and both ended up in front of Sionis's cell.

Sionis took one look at Sportsmaster and hung his head in agitation. He did not look too particularly pleased with what was going down around him.

"Really, this is who they send to spring me?"

Dark Archer crawled across the floor and reclaimed his bow and arrows. He fired the Sportmaster and caught him with one arrow to the shoulder which pinned him against the wall. The Sportmaster struggled when the arrow ripped into the side of his costume.

Another arrow drew back. Sportsmaster turned away from the side to block it and the arrow connected with the side of the wall. Sportsmaster picked up a pipe and swung it like a baseball bat. He swung overhead and missed when the Dark Archer crouched out of the way.

The sound of doors opening up caused Sportsmaster to be distracted. The Dark Archer shot the pipe out of his hand. The pipe flew back and smashed onto the ground with a clatter. The Dark Archer drew back more arrows and fired. Two of the shots missed and the third one caught the Sportmaster in the chest which doubled him over. The man slumped forward and gasped in pain when blood
splattered from his body.

Starling City's finest stepped inside. The Dark Archer judged what he needed to do. He saw Sportsmaster down on the floor and Sionis in the cell. The police rushed towards him. It was time to make an escape.

The Dark Archer broke a window and threw himself down to the rocky surface below. He landed before moving into the water with swift precision.

"Freeze!" one of the cops yelled.

Sportsmaster staggered to his feet. He reached up to his sleeve and dropped a golf ball on the ground. The golf ball burst open and released a blinding tear gas which filled the room. Starling City's finest staggered around. All of them tried to hold their heads up towards the blinding smoke and gas billowing through the room.

A casual step towards the cell later, Sportsmaster unlocked the cell and gave Sionis his freedom. He passed Sionis a pair of goggles to block the tear gas and he walked from the cell. The cops continued to thrash around on the ground, their eyes burning from the assault.

"About time."

"Your ride's outside," Sportsmaster said. "You're welcome."

"Yeah, this isn't over yet," Black Mask said. "I'll be back in town to pick up the pieces after Merlyn has his fun."

Black Mask could hardly wait to see Starling City collapse. After having some time to think, it would have been better off to return after Merlyn pulled off his little scheme. Then the city would be riper for the picking.

Sionis would swoop in when Merlyn finished the job, and he would also take out the bastard, providing someone else didn't get to him first. And he also had that Dark Archer to contend with.

"Hey, tell that attorney bitch if she survives, I'll be back later for her!" Sionis yelled. "And I'll show her what a real man does to put a woman in her place!"

Sionis left and by the top the cops recovered from the stunning gas, he disappeared without a trace.

Sportsmaster slipped underneath the radar after springing Sionis. The sports-themed criminal made his way down the stairs to the subway station to disarm and collect his bomb. Now Sionis was out, there was no need to threaten the people of Starling City was a bomb to comply.

He wasn't paid to blow up the city, only paid to get Sionis out of prison. The only part of this plan which went wrong was the Dark Archer showing up.

Sportsmaster pushed back the rooted board and climbed into an abandoned part of the subway station. He stepped closer towards the wall and looked to see the bomb where it was to have been jutting out from it. Only the bomb no longer jutted out from the wall.

The mercenary turned around a fraction of an inch to the left and frowned. Something really wrong was going on and he didn't like it at all. His heart thumped harder when he looked around.
An arrow fired towards him. Sportsmaster had plenty of practice dodging arrows tonight and avoided this one piercing him in the side of the face. He looked up to see the mysterious hooded vigilante standing above him, bow aimed, and arrow loaded, ready to fire at him.

The Sportsmaster avoided another shot, this one coming way too close to ripping his mask off.

"Archery seems to be a pretty popular sport these days," Sportsmaster said. "But, you think you can match me arrow for arrow, think about. They call me the Sportsmaster for a reason."

"Because all the good super villain names were taken?" Felicity chimed in through the communication link even though Sportsmaster could not hear her quip.

The Hood fired another shot with the intention to disable her enemy. Sportsmaster dodged the attack and fired an arrow of his own at her. Both drew back their bows and fired their arrows at each other. The arrows connected in mid-air. Both did so again, and both canceled each other again. A third time was not the charm as the two of them connected arrow to arrow with each other.

"He's good," Sara muttered.

"Not too bad," Sportsmaster said.

The Hood jumped to the side from another attack. The arrow flew over near her ear and almost came on through it. More arrows fired though and she dodged and maneuvered around them.

"You can't keep this up forever!" Sportsmaster yelled.

Sara drew back her bow and fired on the ground. The arrow caught a weak section of the floor and cracked it. Sportsmaster jumped off to avoid the attack. He fired back and shot an arrow through a pillar. The pillar cracked from his attack and he fired back two more arrows towards her.

Sportsmaster ascended up the ladder and fired another shot down the hole. He was running low, and it was time to switch to a different sport.

The Hood rose up and Sportsmaster pulled a racket out of his bag. He lifted a green object into the air and hurled it up before smacking it.

Sara ducked the birdie which shot towards her. She rolled out onto the ground and fired an arrow which knocked the Sportsmaster's racket out of his hand.

Sportsmaster stepped back and turned his head around. He came face to face with the Black Canary. The two of them boxed the Sportsmaster in and kept him boxed in.

The masked clad criminal charged towards the Black Canary. She dodged his punch and returned fire with one of her own. A kick caused Sportsmaster to step back. He tried to attack her, but two of the moves had been blocked.

'Great, she trained this one,' Sportsmaster thought.

Sportsmaster stepped back with the Hood standing one side and Black Canary standing on the other side of him.

"So, I guess it's time for me to call a time out," Sportsmaster said.

Sportsmaster dropped to his knees and put his hands above his head. Both sisters looked surprised at his sudden surrender. He reached behind his back and threw one of his dodgeballs into the air.
Sara caught the dodgeball with an arrow before it could properly activate. She shot a second arrow which ripped the Sportmaster's mask off. The blonde haired middle aged man underneath the mask went to cover his face which left him open for a kick to the face from Black Canary.

The Sportmaster fell back with a solid thump which resounded. The sounds of sirens prevented them from basking in their triumph too much.

"Go, I'll secure him," Sara said.

Laurel nodded and slipped into the darkness. She flashed a smile towards Sara. Sara didn't really acknowledge her for the longest moment. Rather, she bent down and secured the Sportmaster.

Starling's finest came around the corner a half of a second later when Sara disappeared into the night. The sun was almost coming up.

'Most people get up out of bed when my night is ending,' Sara thought.

The Sportmaster finally had been put away. She just hoped he would stay put away. Someone that dangerous out in the wild wasn't exactly an ideal thing for her.

Thea stopped by the gym the next morning. She heard Starling City had been under a bomb threat, but the bomb had been disarmed before too long. It was funny how this city was so close to being destroyed and pretty much no one was really wise enough to it until the danger had passed. Thea found herself very grateful for the person who managed to find the bomb and disarm it, and really, it didn't take a genius to put two and two together who did it.

'Funny what happens when we're all asleep,' Thea thought.

The Queen heiress pushed the door open. No sooner did she step into the gym, she heard the sound of someone punching away at a heavy bag. The bag swung back and forth when the person in question continuously hammered at the bag. Said bag continued to swing back and forth.

Thea took a glimpse at Artemis with a frown spreading through her face. The older girl kept hammering away at the back. The bag almost ripped apart from the imprint of her fist nailing into the back.

"You're really going to town on that bag, aren't you?" Thea asked.

Artemis almost caused the bag to fly off. Thea reached in and grabbed the bag to make sure it wouldn't go flying. The force Artemis exerted when swinging at the bag made Thea worry she was going to fly along with the bag. She struggled and held a firm grip.

Only now did Artemis let up enough. She took in a deep breathing exercise and whipped her hair back a moment later. Artemis looked towards Thea, frowning.

"What's the deal anyway?" Thea asked.

"You want to know what the deal is, do you?"

Thea frowned. She heard Artemis's tone and it wasn't really one she liked. Thea answered with a slight shrug and motioned for Artemis to sit down and take a breath.

Artemis frowned and conceded it. The two girls sank down on the bench. Thea offered Artemis a
water bottle and she almost tore it open. She swigged down the cool water. It didn't refresh her, but it gave her something to focus on.

"I wouldn't have asked you if I didn't want to know what the deal was," Thea said. "There's something eating you really bad."

"It's not your problem," Artemis said.

Thea stared towards Artemis for another long moment. The two girls locked eye to eye with each other a couple of minutes later.

"Fine, take a look at the television, it will tell you everything you need to know."

Thea turned to the television to do as Artemis suggested. The images of a blonde man dressed in a dirty blue bodysuit had been lead up the steps of a courthouse. Thea got to her feet and rose to her tiptoes to turn up the television. The moment the volume was at an acceptable level, she sank back down.

"Lawrence Crock was part of the prison break which allowed Roman Sionis to escape a secure lock up facility. While Sionis is at large, Crock has been captured, found bound in the alleyway. Crock, better known as the Sportsmaster, is wanted in seven different states and twelve different countries for various crimes, including terrorism, arson, and murder."

"Lovely," Thea muttered.

She turned towards Artemis who looked very rigid. Thea reached in and put a hand on her shoulder.

"So, that's your father?" Thea asked.

"I told you my father was a deadbeat," Artemis said. "Tell me, does that guy look like a deadbeat to you?"

Thea looked towards Crock's face. It was obvious Artemis only got the color of her hair from her father, and thankfully got her looks from her mother, at least that's what Thea figured. He did look quite pathetic if Thea had to say so herself.

"He looks pretty bad," Thea admitted. "But, at least he's locked up."

Artemis rose up to her feet. She really wished Lawrence would stay locked up. The bastard was responsible for putting her mother in a coma. The type of people who hired her really put her on edge.

"So, are you ready to head to breakfast?" Thea asked.

Artemis really appreciated Thea trying to change the subject. Looking on the sunny side of life proved to be difficult. Her father came close to blowing up Starling City, just because he wanted a payday.

"Then again what can I expect from the guy who gambled your college fund on the races and lost."

"Sorry, not hungry," Artemis said.

Artemis had a couple of ideas who bankrolled her father, especially with Sionis's escape. She tried to move away from Thea who followed her.

"Best keep your distance, things are going to get rough."
"I'll see you tomorrow, I'll make up for it then," Artemis said.

Laurel stepped over to the heavy bag in the gym in Sara's base of operations. She fired a punch towards the bag which rocked back and almost smashed against the wall. The bag whipped back and she punched it again. It was hard for her to let off some steam.

Cass stepped into the room and motioned for Laurel to move away from the bag.

"Are you sure you want to do this?" Laurel asked. "I'm not in a very good mood right now."

Cass smiled and motioned for Laurel to get into a battle stance. So she did and the two girls circled each other.

Laurel swung towards Cass. Cass caught her arm and flipped her down onto the ground. She bounced back up to the ground and avoided another punch. Cass caught her in an arm hold and forced her to her knees again.

"Just as good as your mother is."

Cass decided to take it as a compliment because she was certain it was meant as one. She detached Laurel around from the neck and allowed her to get up to her feet.

"Sionis got away," Laurel said. "I mean, I knew he was going to get away legally, at least there was a chance he did but…..

Another punch blocked. Cass grabbed her around the arm. This time Laurel blocked the hold and grabbed Cass around the arm. She flipped her to the ground and scissored Cass's arm with her legs. Cass flipped out of the hold and sprung to her feet.

Sara stepped into the room, talking on the ear piece. Both Cass and Laurel stopped to take a look at Sara's face. Whatever she heard, was not to her likely.

"So, Crock's been recruited," Sara said. "Yes, I figured he's the skills she wants….but….yeah… thanks for giving me the heads up. I'm sure we're going to bump heads before long."

Laurel looked towards Sara as she hung the phone.

"Crock's been transferred," Sara said. "He's been recruited by a group called the Suicide Squad."

Cass scowled at the thought of those people. Laurel could figure out just by the name whatever Crock had been recruited to wasn't exactly a good thing for his long-term career prospects. She leaned closer towards Sara.

"Sionis mentioned something called the Undertaking," Sara said.

"Do you know what it is?"

The longest pause followed. Laurel could tell Sara entered deep thought mode. She extended a hand and touched Sara's shoulder to try and bring her out of these thoughts.

"Do, I know what it is?" Sara asked. "No, I don't. I might have some ideas."

"Do you think it has something to do with the list?" Laurel asked.
Sara frowned before giving her assessment on the situation.

"It has everything to do with the list."

Laurel and Sara agreed on one thing. Both of their mornings and the next couple of days shaped up to be rather frustrating ones.

"Do you think it's time to put our best minds to work on this?"

Sara only answered with a nod.

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**To Be Continued on January 24th, 2017.**

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Well, Black Mask got broken out. That guy will be back.

*Sportsmaster is not so lucky as he got caught up by the Black Canary and the Hood. But, given what ragtag group of misfits he got drafted into, we'll be seeing him again all too soon.*

*Artemis is about to do something very dangerous and potentially very reckless.*

*Things are heating up, in many ways.*

*Until Tuesday.*
A long hallway stretched for miles around. The walls of the hallway covered with several high-end pieces of art, many of them obtained by very questionable means. Down the hallway, a couple of men walked around to do an inventory and make sure all of the important things were there. One of the men looked extremely bored and shook his head while looking at one of the items.

The man picked up an antique vase and looked it over with an appraising eye. Art was in the eye of the beholder and there was no account for taste. When he double checked the markings on the vase, the guard checked the item off of the inventory and put it down on the table. The frown crossed his face when he moved onto the next piece of art, walking over from one end of the hallway to the next. His counterpart took the other side of the hallway.

The two of them met in the center of the hallway.

"So, you have everything, right?" the guard asked.

The first guard responded with a nod and reached over towards the man before pointing out the list. "Yes, everything is present and accounted for. I don't get it. They have a state of the art security system. Why do they need a daily inventory of all of the items?"

The second guard responded with a slight shrug of his shoulders.

"It is not our job to question what our jobs are," the guard said. "If one piece of art is out of place, then our bosses will have our heads. And you know what happened to the one guard who thought he would lift a couple of art pieces, and think our bosses wouldn't notice."

"Yeah, I've heard about that," the first guard answered with a frown. "Shudder to think about it."

The members of this organization which had been hired, well there had been some rumors they had been in some very shady things over many cities. Many of the people who worked for this organization heard these whispers. None of them really paid them too much mind. Their paychecks always cleared and that was what really mattered to them in the end.

The younger guard leaned back and reached for a cigarette. The older and more put together guard stopped the man from lighting up.

"They have a strict anti-smoking policy," the older guard warned him. "You're new here, but you need to follow the rules. People who smoked in this building have never been seen again."

The younger guard wondered what kind of people he worked for. At least the pay was good, and he could use his unique talents to get things done. He looked towards one of the pieces of art. The security guard blinked and did a double take when he looked at the painting.

"You work too long and you start seeing things," the younger guard muttered.

The older guard only reached on and put a gentle hand on the shoulder of the younger guard to steer him down the hallway. The security guard turned back towards the painting and frowned when
looking at it. Every time he looked at the painting, he swore it was looking back at him, staring back at him. It really was unsettling to say the very least.

"They're all here," the older guard said. "Think we can return to the station and just pack it in for the night."

The security guard turned away from the painting which had the moving eyes. The eyes moved no longer, and the guard turned away.

'These people are so paranoid, I wouldn't be surprised if they had paintings which they could spy on us,' the security guard thought. 'Anyone who makes us do an inventory on all of this art must be really paranoid. Don't know who would steal anything here. Just a bunch of old art and junk.'

The security system flipped on and the lights flipped out of the hallway. Everything turned quiet, with the exception of someone shifting around in the air vent. The person in the air vent waited for the guards to move down before making the move.

The air vent cover slipped off. The figure slipped out and caught the air vent cover with her dangling feet, before flipping it into her arms while hanging from one arm. The figure clad in black dropped down to the ground. There was very little room for error for her to remove. By sheer luck and a whole lot of skill, she just barely avoided landing on the hot spot on the ground. The figure turned her attention around down towards the very end of the hallway.

The figure in black leaned the vent against the edge of the wall. She pulled out a bow and slid an arrow from the quiver. An adjustment of the night vision goggles showed the hidden security control box at the end of the hallway. It was a very precise shot not to hit the grid.

'Good thing I've been practicing these tight shots.'

The figure in black pulled the arrow back and made the very precise shot. The arrow flew through the grid and hit the very small central target. An EMP blast shot through the hallway and cleared it which allowed her to move.

Based on her research, the security would kick on within the next three minutes, plenty of time to walk forward. The figure moved into the side office and opened up. The desk had been pulled back to a floor vault.

Another string back and the arrow caught the floor vault. A blast of energy shot from the ground and flung the vault open. The vault had stacks and stacks of money inside, money used to pay their various assassins. She reached down and scooped the money up before stuffing it into her bag.

The black-clad figure turned around and accessed the computer. A couple of commands pushed in and she tried to access one of the bank accounts. A couple of clicks later, and she was almost in where she needed to be.

The encryption could not have been broken in time when the two security guards rushed down the hallway. One of them pulled open the door.

The figure in black leaned against the wall and waited for the other shoe to drop. One of the guards shined a flashlight into the shadows.

"The security's been disabled, someone is in here!"

The black-clad figure rushed out of the corner, drew back the bow, and caught one of the security guards in the chest. The arrow knocked him back. The older security guard pulled out a retractable
baton and swung it towards the figure. The figure dodged underneath the attack.

The thief nailed the security guard in the face before rushing into the hallway. The alarms started to blare off, and lasers cannons rose out from the floor. The woman clad in black loaded the arrow into the bow and shot a blast down the hallway. The arrow connected and took out the cannons.

Another security guard rushed down the hallway and grabbed the hooded figure. The two tussled, with the hooded figure knocking her attacker down. The hood ripped off in the struggle.

The dirty blonde hair whipped back. Artemis, now exposed, spotted a couple of skilled guards coming after her. She put an arrow in and shot it into the air. The arrow exploded and caused a choking amount of dust to spread through the hallway.

She busted the window and jumped out of it, landing down on a slippery set of rocks. The black-clad archer slid into a muddy ditch and run off into the distance. Dogs barked and gunfire went off, but she slipped into the wooded area and was out of sight, and out of mind.

"Damn it, that could have gone better."

Sara perched on the side of a table at the edge of the lab, bent over some papers she would have to look over. They seemed to be standard fare, but she wanted to take a close look at it. Read everything back and front before you signed it. Her sister wasn't the only legally minded person in the family.

The gritted teeth coming from the other side of the room and the sounds of frustration made Sara look across the room. She could barely hold back her smile. Felicity had Sara's cell phone out on the table and was currently trying to go over some information. Only she couldn't access the information on the cell phone.

Sara grinned when looking at Felicity. To the younger girl's credit, she didn't give up, despite the cell phone being a rather tough nut to crack even though with someone of her prodigal skills.

"Is there a problem?" Sara asked.

Felicity could not be completely sure whether or not Sara was trolling her or being completely serious. Regardless, she turned her attention towards Sara with a flash of a forced smile over her face.

"Well, I can't get on your cell phone," Felicity admitted. "And I normally can hack into a lot of things. Including a lot of things where no one really should be able to hack into, but somehow I manage it"

Felicity thought she had something for a fleeting second and it had been lost. She was pretty sure the cell phone ended up locking itself.

"My friend will be happy her encryption works pretty well," Sara informed Felicity.

Felicity shook her head. On one hand, she was frustrated about the challenge which had been thrown down at her. On the other hand, the fact she actually had a challenge stimulated her creative juices.

"Well, the encryption is out of this world," Felicity said. "Come to think of it, it's almost like the security is designed by someone who is out of this world."
Sara barely hid the smile over her face. Felicity really had no idea, to be honest. Regardless, she took pity on the younger girl and took the cell phone out of her hand. She accessed it.

"And I really should have given you the password earlier," Sara said. "But, I really wanted to see if you could actually get into it. And Karen will be pretty pleased you couldn't hack into her cell phone after…what, maybe an hour?"

"Oh, I felt like much longer," Felicity said. She looked up at the clock to check the time. "Really, only an hour and a half….that's really something."

Felicity shook her head. Okay, the fine people of Starrwave may have run this round, and Felicity never could breach their system, which she tried. Just for science, not for any malicious intention reason to be honest.

'Sorry, Felicity, do not pass go, do not collect two hundred dollars.'

"The password's Nyssa by the way."

Felicity was pretty sure there was some kind of interesting backstory behind the name. She didn't want to press Sara about anything. Hell, Felicity tried to keep their relationship mostly to the professional aspect, both under the hood and with the hood off.

The occasional mind-blowing sex not withstanding of course. That was pretty nice to be honest if Felicity had to say so herself.

"So, you've been pretty busy," Felicity said. "And I see you've been putting together everything you've found out."

Sara seemed a little bit distracted when she consulted a couple of handwritten notes she made. The girl frowned. Felicity reached over and gave Sara a light nudge to get her thoughts.

"Yeah."

'It might be time to talk to Moira,' Sara thought.

Sara turned her full gaze from the papers to Felicity.

"I think it might be long overdue to talk with Moira."

Felicity frowned. "Do you mean talk to her, as in actually talk to her. Or do you mean talk to her….as in…talk with her."

The hacker made a quote motion with her fingers on the words "talk to her." Sara filed away the papers, and they were all to her liking. At least everything was moving around nice on the business end of things. She hoped the Arrow end of things would work well.

"A juvenile is wanted for her robbery at the Westberry Mansion. Her name is Artemis Crock, she is eighteen years old, and stands at five foot eight inches tall, with dirty blonde hair, although she has been known to dye it black."

Sara frowned. She took a whole lot of interest in this. Westberry was the name of one of the men who was on the list, but the name Artemis Crock was also of interest for a couple of reasons. The first reason being she had been hanging out a lot with Thea lately. And also, who her father was, someone who Sara knew all too well in her exploits under the hood.
"I've got to take care of something," Sara said. "Make sure these papers get filed."

Sara leaned in and kissed Felicity. She left the other blonde in a daze. Lyla already waited for her on the door outside of the office.

"I'll get the car ready."

There was a huge problem. Sara figured she might have to take care of something like this, but she did not think it was too soon.

Thea waited from around the corner of the gym. She frowned. Artemis always showed up early in the morning, in fact, she was at the gym many mornings before Thea. The Queen Heiress crossed her arms and then slipped into her purse to pull out the cell phone.

She waited for the phone to ring. Artemis wasn't really picking up on the phone. This worried Thea a little bit. The teenager tapped on the phone and also tapped her foot in a very impatient way on the ground.

'Come on, pick up,' Thea thought to her. She crossed her arms together and waited, and waited for the phone to get answered.

Artemis walked around the corner almost on cue. Thea noticed Artemis looked over her shoulder a little bit more than normal. This was the look of someone who had upset some rather dangerous people, and it was affecting her. She also noticed a couple of small cuts on Artemis's cheek and some bruised fingers.

"I missed you this morning," Artemis said.

"What took you?" Thea asked.

Artemis didn't miss a beat when answering the question. She leaned in closer towards Thea and flashed the girl what she hoped was a winning smile. "It's been a really busy night."

Thea raked her eyes over Artemis's face and took in the cuts. Artemis turned her hair where her ponytail covered them. The damage had already been done, and Thea had seen the evidence of what happened to her.

"I can tell," Thea said. "What happened?"

"I can't say," Artemis said. "I'm going to be out of town for about a month, until…well, I have some things to do."

Thea grabbed Artemis around the arm and stopped her. She noticed a heavy bag draped over the shoulder of the friend. The bag bulged and several stacks of money bulged down. Artemis moved over to shove the cash back down into the back, but it was too late, and Thea already saw it.

"What's this? "Thea asked her.

Artemis sighed. She took a moment to make sure the money was out of sight, and more importantly, they were out of sight. She gripped Thea around the shoulder and positioned her close to the alleyway.

"Money, I had to steal," Artemis said. That caused Thea to give her a very frustrated look. "It's not
for me….it's for my mother's medical bills, to pay them…and then when I've paid them all off, I'll donate the money to the people who really need it. I'm not going to use the money for myself."

Thea stared down Artemis for a few seconds.

"You know, I would have given you the money if you would have asked," Thea said.

"I know, even though you should know why I'm not going to ask," Artemis said. "This isn't just because I need the money…it's because of the people involved...Westberry, they're some bad people."

Westberry, Thea went to school with the nephew, and he dealt drugs. So she would have to agree they were some really bad people, and she wondered if Artemis really screwed herself over by stealing from them. If they knew who she was, they would not rest until she's dead.

"And they're the ones who employed my father, and brought him into Starling City," Artemis said. "I really want to make sure they can't bring anyone like my father into Starling City ever again."

Thea looked towards Artemis as if trying to process what she was doing. The younger girl looked towards the older one. What happened frustrated her.

"You're going to be in a lot of trouble if they found out it's you," Thea said.

"They did find out it was me," Artemis said. "I don't know if you….."

The loud sound of police sirens echoed from behind her. Artemis pulled herself into the alleyway and grabbed the bag of money. She stashed it quickly, before returning out.

"There's been a terrible misunderstanding," Thea said.

"No, I don't think there's been one," one of the officers said. "You just can't keep your nose clean for a couple of months, can't you? You've been helping her."

"She hasn't."

Artemis stepped out of the alleyway and walked closer towards the officers. Her arms swung against the air when she walked up towards the police officers. No words came from her, just a calm, narrowed eyed gaze directed towards the security guards. They stared down each other.

"We'll see," the officer said. "The two of you girls should come downtown…you're in a lot of trouble now."

Artemis didn't really want to get Thea involved in this. She just couldn't skip town without saying goodbye. Now, Thea ran a risk of violating her probation.

'You just fucked things up for her,' Artemis thought. 'Way to go.'

Thea sat down at the Starling City Police Department with hands folded in lap. The proper demeanor on her face wasn't going to be betrayed by the fact she felt terrified to death. She turned around, looking down the hallway, and waiting to face the music.

The door swung open, and Quentin Lance walked in. The moment he saw Thea, he stopped and frowned.
"I thought you swore up and down you were going to stay out of trouble from now on," he said from
her.

Artemis burst her way through the door. Quentin turned towards her. Artemis threw her hands up in
the international motion of surrender.

"You're going to be in even more trouble than you already are," Quentin told the other girl.

Boy did Artemis know it. She had pushed her way towards the two cops guarding her and ran down
the hallway. They were already coming back behind her.

"Thea wasn't involved with this," Artemis said. "She happened to be in the wrong place at the wrong
time….if I wasn't too stupid to not…"

"Yeah, well I've looked at your files, and you've pretty much cornered the market on stupid decisions,"
Quentin said. "You checked yourself out of a juvenile detention facility a couple of months ago…
and now you just turned eighteen, so you could be looking at some serious prison time for you what
you've done."

"I had a pretty good reason," Artemis said.

Quentin heard that question from so many people over the years, it just became background noise.
Still, he motioned for the girl to sit down. Once Artemis settled down on the chair, he turned outside
to look towards the men who ever waiting on the other side.

"Yeah, I got both of the trouble makers in here, and I'll be having a word with them," Quentin said.
He turned towards Artemis. "So, you just decided to wake up one morning, and think you should
rob people blind?"

"Detective Lance, I know you're not an idiot, so please don't treat me like one," Artemis said.

There was a long pause between the two of them.

"Well, I've not always been the sharpest knife in the drawer, and I hoped if you could tell me….."

"Westberry is dirty, they all are, and the people who they are working for are pretty dirty as well,"
Artemis said. "And they hired the Sportsmaster to bust out Sionis."

Quentin's face spread with a grimace when hearing the name of Roman Sionis.

"I robbed them so they couldn't hurt use their filthy money to hurt anyone else," Artemis said. "And
to take care of my mother's medical bills, and then I'd give the rest to charity if there's any money
left."

"Robbing from the rich, and giving to the poor, at least that's what you think you're doing," Quentin
said.

A knock on the door brought Quentin out of the conversation. He looked on to see both of his
daughters standing on the other side of the door. He frowned and decided to let them in.

"What happened?" Laurel asked.

The gaze of Laurel was onto Thea directly, looking past Artemis. Sara looked towards Artemis for a
second, frowning before turning around.

"I know you people aren't deaf," Artemis said. "I'm going to tell you one more time. Thea wasn't
doing anything wrong. We just ran into each other…and she….she didn't know what I did until I did it."

Thea squirmed. She knew Artemis had broken out of the detention facility for at least a month and hadn't said anything to anyone. If that fact came up, she was going to get in a whole lot of trouble.

"Where did you put the money?" Sara asked.

"I don't have to answer any more questions," Artemis said. "Not without an attorney and not from someone who isn't a cop."

All she intended to do was keep it from people who were going to use it to hire thugs and assassins. And suddenly, she was the criminal?

"Dad, can I have a word, please?" Laurel asked.

Quintin nodded and the two of them walked over towards her.

"I don't think Thea really had anything to do with this," Laurel said.

"Yeah, that's about the only thing coming out of the Crock's kid mouth that I'm believing right now," Quentin said. "But, she knows something."

Quentin took a moment and sighed.

"You better take her and make sure she gets home safe," Quentin said. "We don't have anything to hold her in, but…she should really watch her back….because things are going to get tough."

"Can I…can you make that call?" Laurel asked.

"I'll take the heat," Quentin said. "Maybe, Artemis will be a bit better in opening up now that she's all alone."

"You should be worried about the people she stole from."

Sara walked out of the room, and Thea walked a couple of steps behind her. The Lances moved away, to shield Thea from the conversation.

"She's putting up a tough act, but she's scared," Sara said. "They know it was her….and these people…I don't think they're going to wait for the law to win the day. They're the revenge type."

Quentin Lance had not been born yesterday. It was really frustrating to deal with people like this. He knew all about the Westberry clan and the people they hung around with. They had been charged with crimes, and then evidence disappeared, charges got thrown out, and witnesses changed their tune, before promptly dropping out of sight.

He turned around and noticed Artemis was not sitting in her spot. Quentin walked over and looked at a pair of chairs which had been stacked up, along with a vent which had been removed. He could have sworn.

'Maybe I'm not as sharp as I used to be if, if I let some teenager girl get the slip. '

Sara held a palm-sized device in her hand. A blip flashed across the screen which showed where Artemis was going.

"Take Thea, and make sure she gets home fine," Quentin said. "I'll…well, I'm going to have to deal
with this mess."

Could the day get any worse? Quentin didn't really want to say anything one way or another in case he would jinx something.

Sara acted like she was leaving with Laurel and Thea. She was almost on top of Artemis. All she needed to do was to follow her down the rabbit hole.

A well-dressed gentleman stepped into a flea-bitten motel with a briefcase in his hand. He knocked on the door which opened up.

He locked eyes Floyd Lawton sitting down at the table. He worked open a can of baked beans. Lawton held up the can opener and brandished it as a weapon.

"I see you have not taken your loss to the Hood quite well, Mr. Lawton," the man said.

"No, the jobs have dried up," the mercenary said. "My reputation is shot when I missed my shot."

It was nothing, but baked beans day after day, night after night.

"Well, as they say, when you get thrown off the horse, you don't wallow in the mud. You just pull up your bootstraps and get back on the horse."

Deadshot didn't know what he was talking about. He never really rode a horse. He shot a few horses in his day. The gentleman stared at him for a minute.

"Is there a point to this?" Lawton asked. "Otherwise, you're blocking the mold."

"Deadshot has a job," the gentleman said. "A young lady has stolen from my employers. They want her dead. Her name is Artemis Crock."

A picture fluttered down on the table of a young girl with blonde hair. Lawton looked over the picture with some interest, smiling when taking every inch of the woman's features. She did look hot. Too bad she wouldn't look too hot with a bullet hole in her head.

"Is she legal?" Lawton asked.

"She just had her eighteenth birthday within the last month," the gentleman said.

"Good, then I won't feel guilty when I kill her," Lawton said. "Crock, boy does that name bring back some memories."

"And if you take down the Hood, we'll throw in a generous bonus," the gentleman said. "Your down payment, good sir."

For the first time in many months, Floyd Lawton broke into a smile. He would have a chance to restore the damaged reputation and make things right.

To Be Continued on January 27th, 2017.
Oh, Artemis, you got in a lot of trouble, and even more so, now that the rich douchebags hired Deadshot. Naturally, she has the best intentions, but legally speaking, she screwed up.

Sara tagging Artemis with a tracer, how very ninja of her.

Until Friday.
Artemis crept through the bushes. She did not only have to avoid the Starling City Police Department, who had it out for her because of run-ins they had in the past. She had to avoid Westberry and his goons before they caught up. She figured deep down it would have been for the best to take the first bus out of town and get the hell out of dodge. The problem was Artemis had a couple of last minute things to take care of. Her heart sped up when moving through the bushes.

The young woman just needed to check up on Thea, make sure she was okay, and then she was gone. With any luck, Artemis could peer inside of the window of the Queen Mansion, and get out of here. There would have been no regrets. She didn't even tell Thea where she was going because plausible deniability was a really good thing.

Some might think Artemis would have been a fool showing up there in the first place and trying to see Thea. Perhaps she would agree with them at times. The girl's mind flashed to the words her sister gave her, right before she disappeared in the dead of the night almost three years ago. Artemis remembered it well because it was the night their mother suffered the injuries which left her in a coma.

'Avoid attachment. It's easier to say goodbye when you have nothing holding you back.'

Artemis shook her head. Jade was pretty cold, especially after the problems their parents had been going. Artemis asked to go along with Jade, but her older sister refused Artemis. Jade made Artemis promise she would keep up with her schooling and try and build a better life, get away from the influence of their father.

She failed at that. Artemis wondered what became of her older sister if she was still out there. She didn't really know, and the thoughts just burned through her mind like an ever present inferno.

Every single police siren put Artemis on edge. The hairs prickled up about the back of her neck. As long as Artemis couldn't draw attention to herself, she's fine.

'Let's get this over with,' Artemis thought. 'Check up on her, and get the hell out of town.'

Artemis only wished that Thea wasn't there. If word got back to Westberry that Thea Queen was there, her goons might grab her. The only solace Artemis has was the Hood. Artemis appreciated the work she did, even though, it would never be enough.

'Providing it is a she,' Artemis thought. 'I like to think it was.'

Artemis blinked and stood up straighter. A figure walked past the gates at the speed of light. Artemis caught a glimpse of the back of Moira Queen's head when she passed the gate and disappeared into parts unknown. A second later, the attorney, the daughter of Detective Lance, Laurel, Artemis thought her name was, walked by. Laurel looked around and almost spotted Artemis in the shadows, but walked off.

'That was way too close for comfort.'
Artemis walked up to the windows and peered inside. She didn't see Thea anyway.

"Laurel, are you still out there?"

Artemis tried to step forward. Thea came out of the side entrance and walked in front of the other girl. Artemis stepped back, hands held up, as if she had been caught with them in the cookie jar.

"Artemis, I thought you'd...I thought you'd be leaving town!" Thea hissed.

"Keep your voice down," Artemis responded in a very urgent voice. She kept looking over her shoulder and waiting for something.

Thea gripped Artemis around the arm and dragged her through the side entrances of the mansion. The two of them made their way inside. A couple of seconds passed, and Thea looked out the window, seeing her mother's car pulling around the corner, going somewhere really fast.

"Your mother's leaving awfully fast for having a daughter who just got in trouble," Artemis said.

"I don't know," Thea said.

Thea really didn't spend too much time thinking about what her mother was up to on any given day. All she could do was go with the flow and see what happened.

"You….well I'm the last person who should give you the morality lecture," Thea said. "But, running like you did is really just digging your hole deeper."

Thea received a look from Artemis which was extremely annoyed for the most part. It almost made Thea feel guilty, although she managed to stand her ground.

"People keep acting like I'm robbing seniors or orphans," Artemis said. "I'm not robbing anyone who is innocent or doesn't deserve it. These people will sooner watch the world burn than help anyone."

Thea realized now how very dangerous these people were. She racked her brain for a solution and had to come up with one quickly. Getting Artemis as far out of town was a priority, especially now that she was in trouble with not only these people but with the Starling City Police Department.

"The Queens have a private jet which we can get you out of town, at least until the heat's off," Thea said. "We need to leave now, before…"

"You've done enough for me, and you've gotten in enough trouble on my account," Artemis said. She could see the girl about ready to protest, but Artemis was not going to have any of it. "Just….please...I didn't mean to see you again, I just wanted to check up on you."

"It sure does seem like you're looking for reasons to see me," Thea said.

Artemis closed her eyes. Boy was Thea right. Jade's warning about letting go of all attachment rang true in her mind. Artemis really wished she could let go, but it was harder to let go than people thought.

A loud explosion brought Artemis out of her thoughts. On instinct, Thea grabbed Artemis and threw her to the ground. The bullet flew through the window and hit its new destination which was in Thea's shoulder.

"Thea!" Artemis yelled.

Artemis had some experience with treating bullet wounds, and thankfully it just hit her in the
shoulder, and not in a vital organ. Yet, despite that, Thea started to have a seizure and was foaming at the mouth. Her hips thrust up and down when Artemis made an attempt to stabilize her.

'This is insane,' Artemis thought to herself.

A further barrage of bullets shot through the windows. Artemis shielded herself behind the couch, trying to gently drag Thea. A figure stepped into the room, dropping down onto the ground.

Artemis came face to face with Floyd Lawton, better known as Deadshot. The young girl looked up towards the man.

"I don't normally like to get this close and personal," Lawton said. His eyes shifted down to look towards the figure on the ground. "And another poor person plays the hero."

Artemis clutched her fists angrily. The girl considered her options. She moved, and she would get shot. Artemis didn't move, and she would get shot. She entered the most no-win situation possible, at least in her mind.

"I never liked your father."

"Oh, we have something in common."

The windows from up above broken open before Deadshot could make his next shot. The Hood dropped down to the ground and fired an arrow the exact second she hit the ground. Deadshot dodged the attack. Another arrow flew up over his head, and almost nailed him in the side of the face.

"I've waited to get some revenge on you," Deadshot said. He fired another shot towards the moving target.

The Hood avoided the attack and fired a couple more shots. Deadshot wasn't about ready to be hit. The Hooded Archer had to be conscious of the injured, and bleeding Thea on the floor, and also Artemis, who seemed to have disappeared in the shadows.

Artemis stood now on the banister with a bow and arrow of her own. She fired and caught Deadshot with a glancing shot to the side of the arm. Deadshot turned around to blow the girl away.

This allowed the Hood to put an arrow into his chest, and drop him down.

"Finally," Artemis said. She dropped down to the ground.

The young girl drew back her arrow and aimed it towards the head of the downed Deadshot. The Hood rose her hand which stopped her.

"She needs help," the Hood said.

Despite sounding composed, Sara was about as unnerved as anyone could ever be. The two woman worked together in hoisting Thea's body off of the ground. More blood spurted from the back of her shoulder when they walked her away.

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Guilt turned into one of the most powerful emotions imaginable and could grip a person to the point where said guilt poisoned their body. Artemis could feel the did she have to come back? It seemed silly, because if she had not come back, then Deadshot would not have found her.
The question of how did Deadshot find her rang in her mind, a little bit. Artemis shivered, they left the mercenary down on the ground. The only reason why she didn't put an arrow through his skull was for Thea's sake. She was injured, and that injury just became worse.

'And here I am, I'm in the secret headquarters of the Hood,' Artemis thought. 'Any other day, under any other circumstances, this would be the coolest thing in the world, but now.....'

Thea had been secured on the table. Artemis looked up and saw a dark haired female, who looked Asian, about sixteen, maybe seventeen years old.

'I've seen you somewhere, I've seen you in a lot of places,' Artemis thought with eyes locked on the girl. 'You're at the gym a lot, I just didn't think anything of it at the time.'

Artemis saw a woman she recognized as Sara Lance's bodyguard. Everything slowly began to click together in the face of the young woman. It made way too much sense, to be honest.

"Get the kit on the shelf, and help me stabilize her wounds."

The question of asking questions never entered Artemis's mind. She stepped with robotic precision and moved over to grab the kit on the chest.

"She's been poisoned, it's very lucky you got her here," Lyla said. "She's...built up a resistance, for better or for worse."

"No, she hasn't, she just has a pretty strong will," Sara said. "Hang in there Thea, another Queen isn't going to die on my watch."

Artemis realized how hard this was going to be with Sara if Thea did die. She already saw Oliver die on the island, and then it was this.

Sara would have to deal with the fact the Hood was down, and Artemis knew who she was. At least by coming into contact with her, Sara had the perfect chance to fulfill another promise she made.

'I seem to make a lot of promises,' Sara thought to herself. 'I just hope I can end up keeping half of them before it's all said and done.'

With Lyla and Cassandra's help, the wounds had been stabilized, and an antidote had been given. Sara had one ready, after encountering Deadshot the last time. Thea's breathing and heart rate stabilized to a more normal rate.

Artemis sat down and breathed a sigh of relief. The worst was about over. Now, the Hood, Sara, whoever, turned towards her. A long moment passed with the girl staring down Artemis on the other side of the hood, almost like she burned a hole through her.

"This is all my fault," Artemis managed, choking out these words.

"Yes," Sara agreed. "It is."

The coldness in her voice made Artemis cringe. She deserved it.

"But, now's not the time," Sara said. "Thea's mostly out of the woods for now....all we have to do is wait."
Malcolm Merlyn drummed his fingers against the arm chair. He heard about the attack at Queen Industries, and he had been making some calls to see what happened. Thea must not have made it home quite yet.

The Crock girl, she was trouble, and Merlyn wasn't sure how she figured in just yet. Her father was trash, though, and if the apple didn't fall too far, then there was going to be a lot of trouble.

One of the calls he made must have gone through. The phone rang and Merlyn reached over to scoop up the phone.

"Hello, Malcolm."

The tone of voice as both deep and equally distorted. Malcolm almost allowed the phone to slip to the floor. He kept himself calm despite the fact it could only be one person.

"I figured this conversation was only inevitable," Malcolm said.

"There's very little which surprises you," the man on the phone said. "Well, you should know we understand your plan is to go off next week if there aren't any more hitches in the operation. And given how the Hood lingers close, you can understand our concern."

"I don't know where you hear your rumors, about this plan," Malcolm said. "But, I can tell you sooner or later, the landscape of Starling City is going to change. The city is diseased, and I must save it. There's no way around it, I'm going to have to save my city."

The man on the other end of the phone only responded with a very loud and patronizing laugh. Malcolm clutched the phone and breathed for a second later, waiting for the conversation to pick back up on the other end of the phone.

"Yes, well, we're just calling to give you our blessing to move forward with your plan," the man on the other end of the phone said. "Your plans match up nicely with ours. We can do some business together Malcolm if you keep your mind open enough to do so."

Malcolm kept his hand on the phone and frowned. He could already tell these people would co-opt the Undertaking for their purposes. He took a calming breath and waited for the conversation to continue.

"We wish you the best of luck, and hope your plan goes on through without a hitch."

"Well, I thank you for your support," Malcolm said. "The funny thing is, I don't recall asking for permission from the Court of the Owls."

"Yet, our blessing will ensure your plan will go on without a hitch," the distorted voice on the other end of the phone said. "If it wasn't for our blessing, then you wouldn't have been able to walk out that front door. Our protection is what keeps you active in this city. And our protection is what keeps the League of Assassins diverted."

Malcolm heard rumors that his former master had his sights set on Gotham City, and a certain urban legend there, but they were just rumors. Gotham City was the only place more than the Glades which Merlyn hoped got wiped off the face of this planet.

"Oh, and when you encounter the Vigilante, do not hold back," the man on the other end of the phone. "You will kill her this time because she's intervened in our operations more than often enough."
"Are you ordering me to kill the Hood?" Malcolm asked.

"More of a suggestion, one that we suggest you follow. It will be through both of their benefits."

Malcolm allowed the phone to hang up. This call only reinforced one thing. Knowledge of why his group broke free from the Court of Owls. The arrogance of this member of the High Court dug away at Malcolm. He clutched the glass in his hand.

’When I'm done with this city, you might be next,’ Malcolm thought.

Thea Queen shook awake with a shiver. It was a really bad flashback from her, to the time where she had been coming down off of her Vertigo high, which lasted weeks, months. The young girl's body shuddered. Bed sheets covered her, but damn it, Thea had become hot and cold at the same time.

‘Okay, the last thing I remember, I got shot...Artemis was there....oh I hope she's okay,’ Thea thought.

Her vision blurred for a second. Thea rubbed her eyes and woke up to see the Hood of all people sitting at the edge of the belt.

‘Maybe I'm still tripping,’ Thea thought.

A small amount of paranoia gripped through the mind of the young woman. The Hood had her and Artemis had committed a crime. The crime which Thea knew about, but she didn't say anything. The girl took in a deep breath and tried to be bold and brave. Her eyes flashed and frustration continued to spike through her.

"So, how are you doing?"

Thea blinked. To be honest, out of all of the things she thought the Hood could say, an inquiry about her general state of well-being was pretty low on the list. The girl tried to figure out whether or not to answer.

‘I better, it would be rude.’

"Um, I guess I'm fine," Thea said. "I would be a lot better if I could see the person underneath the hood. No offense, but you're pretty threatening, and I don't know if you're going to put an arrow through me or not."

The Hood looked on and looked to be considering. Thea wondered if she had insulted the person underneath the hood. There must have been a good reason why whoever was underneath the hood wore the hood, at least in her opinion. Thea chewed down on her lip and waited for the Hood to come down.

‘Great, did you make the dangerous vigilante mad!’ Thea thought, panicked.

The hood popped down. Thea gasped in response when she came face to face with one of the last people she expected, and yet, the first person she should have expected. Thea sighed.

"I thought….well this makes sense," Thea said. "I mean, I thought it could be you, but there was really no way to prove it. There's just so much about my life that makes so much sense."

Sara answered with a nod. She was taking a calculated risk removing the hood.
"You're in danger," Sara said.

"Yeah, the bullet kind of clued me in," Thea said. "Although that was kind of for Artemis….speaking of which…is she alright?"

"She's fine, I'm keeping a close eye on her," Sara said. "I don't know what we're going to do for her, but we'll figure out something."

Thea nodded in response. She really hoped Sara kept Artemis on a pretty short leash. The girl had the tendency of slipping away at the worst possible times. The dark-haired heiress frowned and turned back towards Sara just a moment later.

"You have something else to tell me, don't you?"

Sara answered with a brisk nod. "I've been trying to figure out how exactly to tell you…you've been busy getting your life back on track."

"Anything, you need to tell me, please tell me," Thea said. "If it involves me, I don't care how scarring it is, how much it ruins my life, I need to know. The sooner I know, the sooner I can deal with it."

Sara thought that was a mature response. She reached over and picked up the cell phone before pressing a couple of bottoms. The images reflected against the wall.

"This is evidence your mother was partially responsible for the Queen's Gambit going down."

Thea let out the breath she held in a hiss. Sara really wasn't kidding about this changing her entire life. The frown deepened when she looked back towards Thea.

"Robert wasn't on board with whatever plans were being made, so….there was supposed to be a message sent to him to either get with the program or else," Sara said. "At least, that's what I figure….they intended to scare Robert into compliance….they never expected Oliver to be on that ship until it was too late to correct course."

"Or you?" Thea asked.

Sara nodded in response. "Or me."

Thea let it all soak in. Her mother was responsible for the deaths of her brother and father.

"Malcolm was in on it," Thea said. "There's…there was something going on with the two of them, I couldn't really figure it out why…she really didn't know Oliver was on the ship….at least until he was about ready to leave."

"And by then it was too late to change the plans," Sara said.

"Oliver made me promise not to tell our mother…that was the last time I talked to him before…before….it happened," Thea said. "If I had said something sooner, he might have been alive."

Those words were always sour, what might have been. Thea kept mentally thinking about those particular words. She just felt a relief after saying those words for five years.

"We always think about what might have been," Sara said. "We're going to have to just look towards the future."

"You're going to have to do something about this," Thea said. "You're the Hood, it's what you do…"
you took down the Count, Black Mask, and Sportsmaster."

"I had help on most of those," Sara said. "But...you're right, dealing with your mother...it isn't going to be easy. Because I think she does have her share of regrets."

There were some situations where an arrow would not be enough to solve the problems. Moira Queen ranked pretty high on the list as one of those particular situations.

"You think my mother actually still has a soul or has she sold it to Malcolm Merlyn?" Thea asked.

"She's broken, it's...it's difficult to tell you, unless you've been through some of the same things," Sara said. "Shared some of the same demons."

Sara sat in reflection. Those five years away had more ups and downs than a really busted up roller coaster. It took a second for her to come back to the real world. Thea looked at her curiously.

"Oh, you know I've had my fair share of demons," Thea responded. "But, I'm dealing with it....."

"And I'm going to have to do something I've been putting off," Sara said. "I'm going to have to have a word with your mother, remind her what it's like to finally be able to do the right thing."

"I don't envy you," Thea said. "Um, thank you by the way."

"It wasn't a problem," Sara said. "I would have saved everyone else all of the same, so it really wasn't a problem..."

"No, not just that, just with everything, even when I was acting like an entitled brat," Thea said. "You were looking out for my best interests, and I appreciate that."

Thea leaned in and kissed Sara on the cheek. She wasn't willing to do anything more daring just yet. Thea pulled away from her with a smile.

"So, I'll be fine," Thea said.

Artemis stepped into the room to check up on Thea. Sara rose up to her feet and walked across the room.

"She's okay," Sara said. "And you should stay here until we figure out how to sort this all out."

Artemis looked to protest. Sara put up a hand to stop her, not in the mood to put up with whatever the younger girl was doing.

"No one is going to come after you here," Sara said. "I'm counting on you to keep Thea safe, just in case I'm wrong. You better not disappoint me."

Artemis shivered despite trying very hard not to. Sara really had a way of making her point hard. She didn't even have any time to answer when Sara disappeared into the night.

Moira Queen heard about the attack at the Mansion. The broken windows and the known mercenary found with an arrow in his back on the ground painted a very frustrating situation. Her daughter wasn't there anymore. The important phone call Laurel received was a false alarm, but it was more than enough to draw the girl away.
Her daughter wasn't there. Moira anticipated the ransom demands, which was all she needed with all that happened. She turned around and entered her office to pick up something.

The Hood crouched in the office. Moira reached for a concealed weapon to defend herself. The Hood was a bit quicker on the trigger. Moira thumped down to the ground and had been knocked out.

'I really don't want to play it like this,' Sara thought. 'But if her office is bugged, it's going to look like I'm dragging her away from interrogation.'

Sara scooped up the tranquilized Moira and made her way towards the nearest window. The alarms one floor above blared, thus sending security down to check that out while Sara escaped.

'Thanks, Felicity.'

Now, it was time to get to the bottom of this.

To Be Continued on February 3rd, 2017.

Well, anxious moments regarding Thea, and she finds out Sara's the Hood...even though you get the sense she suspected.

Well, that was a desperate move for Sara, but all things considered, it was one that had to be done.

Until Next Friday.
Moira Queen slipped into a state of consciousness after being abruptly rendered unconscious what seemed like moments ago inside her office. Her arms hung limp by her side and it took a few seconds to realize nothing tied them down to the chair. The blindfold over her face did obscure her vision though. The woman closed her eyes and tried to keep her head above the water.

A pair of gentle hands reached up and removed the blindfold. Moira's blurred vision came back into light. She tried to focus on everything around her. The biggest thing which came into focus was the one and only Hood who stared in front of her. Moira tried to rise up a second later.

"You don't have any concealed weapons, I took them all away," the Hood said.

"You do realize they weren't to defend against you, but….I'm glad you did, because it shows you have your eye on the ball," Moira said. "So, I'm guessing there's a reason why you had to attack me like that, and didn't ask to talk to me straight away."

The Hood took a moment to observe Moira. The woman rose up to her feet. Her legs felt like they ached with fire. Moira grabbed The Hood around the arm to not to drop down onto the ground. Her heart raced when looking at the woman before her.

"Please tell me, Thea's okay."

At least, despite everything else, the woman had some moments where her priorities remained in line.

"Thea's fine," she said. "She's been a little shaken up, but she'll be fine."

Moira nodded. It was a good thing her daughter was here, wherever here was. It took a long time for her to catch the breath and walk around. The exit leading to the outside was not able to be opened. Moira put her hand on the door latch and frowned.

"We need to talk."

"Yes, we do," Moira said. "I've known who you were underneath that hood for some time."

The Hood didn't really say a single word. All she could do was stare back towards Moira. It was hard to tell whether or not this woman bluffed her or not. Moira Queen could be pretty savvy, and she didn't get to the top in a company full of vultures, ready to see her harm by not being observant.

"So, you do," the Hood said.

"Yes, I do," Moira said. "It makes perfect sense when you think about it. Robert must have told Oliver something, before he died, about…the List, and Oliver told you, didn't he?"

The Hood only offered a very swift nod. Moira looked towards her for a second. Sara understood the meaning and pulled down the hood so the two of them could properly look at each other face to face. It was a very risky gamble, but no use in hiding if Moira had sat on that information for months.

"Yes, the List, the people I've been going after for months," Sara said. "I didn't want to believe you
are a part of this…a willing part of this, but the evidence is piling up and it's pretty damning."

"It started as a plan to save this city, and to deal with a really pressing problem," Moira said. "My crusade is not that different from your own….but the methods which we're using, they couldn't have been more different. And the best intents, unfortunately they go sour."

Moira looked out the window in reflection before turning back towards the woman in the shadows. She admired Sara's resolve, and also admired her ability to try and think better of others. Moira hadn't had much of a chance to think better of herself.

"When I found out Oliver was dead, I realized the ends didn't justify the means," Moira said. "But, by that point, I was in very deep. To take these people down, to stop them, it means….it means I would have gone down myself."

"I realize that, but there has to be other ways to stop them," Sara said. "Whatever they're planning, I can stop it."

Moira spent a few seconds studying the younger girl, as if debating on whether or not to get her involved. It was a decision Moira was going to have to accomplish. She took a small amount of solace in the fact the Undertaking would not be ready for several days. Maybe there was still time to stop it after all.

'Maybe, if I have enough courage.'

The older woman turned her eyes back towards the younger woman. "I know we need to stop it, and I know you have it ability to stop it, but…"

"If you're about to say I shouldn't get involved with this, I've been involved," Sara said. "I've been involved for the past five years. What is he planning?"

Moira hesitated for a second. Then she responded with a defeated sigh.

"Malcolm plans to level the Glades," Moira said. "He has a device…which will create an Earthquake. I used to know where it was, but he…he's had it moved at least three times since it's been brought into town."

"So, do you have an idea where it might be now?" Sara asked.

"No," Moira said. "Once he's found out I've been kidnapped, he's going to move it again….but if I had to hazard a guess, he's moved it under ground."

Sara took a moment and took a deep breath. The woman knew they were running out of time. The underground was pretty vast.

"I understand now more than ever that there are sacrifices which need to be made to save this city," Moira said. "I need to make the same choices that Robert did, and apparently Oliver did. Now it's my turn to do the right thing."

"Please…don't do anything too reckless," Sara said.

"Doing the right thing….might be the riskiest thing I've ever done," Moira said. "Keep Thea close…because things are going to get dangerous. And I'd prefer she's not anywhere near the crossfire."

Moira intended to start this before it started. She knew taking these actions would not be easy for her. It would be very rewarding for her to be honest.
Thea sat up on the cot. Her hands touched the underside of her chin and leaned back a couple of seconds. The teenager's legs crossed together. Everything she learned to today just flipped her life upside down and it was really awful to think about the things her mother could do.

She spent a few minutes in denial, trying to justify the reasons. Thea did come up with the theory her mother did this to protect the city.

'Yes, but do the ends justify the means?'

The door swung open, and Artemis stepped into the room to walk up towards Thea. The other girl moved towards her.

"For the record, I'm sorry," Artemis said. "Everyone around me just keeps getting hurt."

Thea lifted up a hand to stop Artemis from entering self-pity. Her friend entering self-pity really was one of the last things Thea wanted to hear right now.

"Don't worry about it.....I feel like I'm going to get caught in the crossfire more now for some reason," Thea said. "There's enough of my life being ripped apart, I'm just glad to have a friendly face here with me. It makes life a little bit more bearable, at least I think it does."

Artemis only heard a few snatches of the conversation with Thea and Sara. The Hood, Sara Lance, the girl who came back from five years living on some island. Boy, Artemis would have liked to say this revelation surprised her. Overall, it should have been something she put together because all of the pieces made sense.

'Guess it's just one of those situations where you are missing that one piece to the overall puzzle, and you just got to fit it in somehow,' Artemis thought.

Thea gave Artemis one of the more curious gazes possible. Artemis only responded with a sigh and looked towards the younger girl.

"What did you find out?"

"It's about my mother," Thea said. "And it's about how she might...well she's done some very illegal things."

Artemis sympathized with this particular punch to the gut. Having a parent who thought they were above the law, or just didn't care they weren't, she related fully and completely with Thea on this particular point. She reached in and touched the top of Thea's hand.

"The situation does seem pretty awful," Artemis said.

Thea's eyebrows shut up. "Only seems like its awful?"

Artemis shook her head and hastened to amend the statement. "Okay, fine, it doesn't seem like it's awful. It really is awful, but you know what....it might not have been as black and white as you think it is."

Thea folded her arms. Artemis understood the look of skepticism on Thea's face. Hell, not too long ago, she wore the similar look of skepticism when her sister had the same conversation with her.

"My mother....before she got into the accident, she wasn't exactly the perfect law-abiding citizen,"
Artemis said. "She did some pretty unsavory things…just to help me and my sister, Jade."

Artemis closed her eyes and tried not to get too wrapped up in her own frustration. Thea leaned in closer towards her for a moment.

"It got her hurt in the end," Artemis said. "It got her hurt really bad….of course, her father convinced her to go in for that one last big score. She saved up enough money to move us away, move us far away, far away from that life…and as far away from him."

Artemis looked away from the wall. She refused to show weakness. Thea bounced up and placed a single hand on Artemis's shoulder.

"My mother's in a coma, my sister ran off, and….my life has been nothing but trouble ever since," Artemis said. "You remind me a little bit of me when I was younger….but you have your entire life ahead of you. Please, promise me, no matter what, you're not going to get wound up in the bitterness."

Thea didn't really know what to say.

"I'm….your father talked your mother into doing one last big job," Thea said. "Maybe, Malcolm….Malcolm Merlyn, maybe he talked my mother into doing something. For the good of this city, or something…."

Thea understood her parents were not perfect. They were human beings. And they also were prone to mistakes. What burned Thea the most was this entire incident resulted in the death of her brother and father.

Artemis took her opportunity to comfort Thea. "Like I said, this isn't black and white. There are always reasons. And I can't tell you for sure, but I'll bet your mother did this to protect you."

Thea thought about it, and it was the answer to this burning question which she thought was the most logical.

"I don't really know what to do," Thea said.

Artemis sighed at Thea's words. As always, she wished it would be very easy to help a friend in need. This time, helping a friend in need was one of the hardest things possible. It was a pain, in more ways than one.

The door opened. Laurel stepped into the room and looked in.

"Sara sent me to keep an eye on both of you," Artemis asked.

Laurel answered with a nod. Honestly, it surprised Laurel how Sara willingly revealed her identity to both Artemis and Thea. Sara did have some pretty good instincts though, well most of the time.

Malcolm Merlyn hated to have to convey to his son he needed to be out of harm's way. Especially since Tommy was stubborn enough to ask questions exactly why he needed to be out of town, but somehow Malcolm had to make it work. There were two many chips on the table.

"I really didn't want you in that part of town in the first place," Malcolm said. "Especially not tonight,
one of my friends mentioned there's an increased amount of gang activity in the area."

Malcolm wasn't necessarily telling a lie now, for once. He just thought it was a convenient excuse.

"I still don't know why you had Mom's clinic shut down.....she would have wanted to help people, no matter what, if she was still here," Tommy said.

Malcolm hoped by doing that and by cutting his son off, further trips into that particular area would have been discouraged. Tommy's resolve to help people, and also his attempts to establish a foundation in the name of his fallen friend, Oliver Queen, frustrated Malcolm to no end.

'The weeds need to be pruned for the garden to flourish.'

"Yes, she wanted to help people, but...some people are beyond help," Malcolm said. "I'm sending a car right now to have you picked up.....I'll explain everything to you in the morning."

"You're actually going to tell me something?" Tommy asked. "That will be a first....."

"I only want what's best for you," Malcolm said. "And what's best for this city."

Helping those people would not be for the best of the city. They were on the longest rungs of society, and they were responsible for eighty percent of the crime. It would be wasted money to help people who couldn't help itself. Leveling that particular area and building over it would solve the problems.

A knock on the door resulted in Malcolm almost dropping the phone. He kept a steady grip on it. One of his aides stood in the door and waved his hand from side to side in a frantic way.

"We'll have this discussion in the morning," Malcolm said.

The phone hung up. Malcolm turned his attention towards the man standing inside the doorway. Having such a burning gaze directed towards his direction from Malcolm Merlyn caused him to gulp.

"Um, sir, I need to....."

Malcolm made a motion for him to be silent. The man turned completely silent and kept staring at him.

"You obviously thought it was important for you to interrupt a telephone conversation," Malcolm said. "So tell me, and I do hope for your sake you have a good reason for doing so."

"Sir, I do, it's about Moira Queen...."

Malcolm wondered what difficulties Moira Queen was making now. This would be the worst possible time for her to get cold feet. Malcolm thought she would be distracted by Thea's unfortunate attack. Deadshot, a pretty skilled hand, and Malcolm had no clue where Thea would have ended up, but he was having people look into it.

"What about her?" Malcolm asked. "You should speak up and tell me so I can determine how to solve this problem."

"Moira, she's been kidnapped by the Hood!"

The man's frantic declaration caused Malcolm to stare at him for several minutes.

"Have the proper authorities been contacted?" Malcolm asked.
"Yes, sir, they have…"

"Then, I thank you for informing me," Malcolm said. "Right now, there's nothing else I can do until the Hood makes a further move or the authorities track her down."

Despite there being nothing he could do, there was more than plenty going on in Malcolm's mind. This entire situation was about ready to go from bad to worse. It was time for him to make a phone call, or two to help ease the situation.

'When it rains, it pours. Between Thea, my son being stubborn, and the Hood abducting Moira…..'

Malcolm paused a second before making the phone call. The Hood never abducted people. She always took them out, before leaving them for the police to pick up. Most of the time, incriminating evidence had been in plain sight.

'Clever, Ms. Lance….but not clever enough.'

He finished dialing up the number.

"The Queen has been swept off the board. It has to happen tonight...get ready."

Felicity knew something big was happening tonight, actually she knew something big was happening for a long time. She walked up towards the entrance of a Clocktower which overlooked Central City. She whistled, impressed, despite herself.

She swiped a thumb against a pad and it registered her thumb print. Felicity walked into the elevator. A crackling sound went over the ear piece Sara gave her.

"Welcome to the new base of operations," Sara said. "I figured since we're expanding, the warehouse is going to get a little bit cramped."

"Yeah, no kidding, it was much than sufficient when it was just you and Cass working out of there, but now….you can't walk two feet without bumping into someone," Felicity said. "So, you've been busy."

"I've got a couple of bases set up over Starling City," Sara said.

The elevator door opened up and Felicity stepped inside. Excitement brimmed through the eyes of the girl when she made her way up to the top floor.

'And to think, I'm only in an elevator.'

The doors opened up, and Felicity stepped into the room. A high tech computer display greeted her the moment she walked inside. Felicity looked around and saw the state of the art system. Hell, she was pretty sure a system like this hadn't been on the normal market just yet.

"We can thank our friends at Starrwave, yet again," Sara said. "Are the headsets working fine?"

"Yes, perfect, thank you," Felicity said. "And this is….a very big upgrade to the one laptop…."  

Felicity saw one of the most comfortable computer chairs she ever had the pleasure in sitting in. She walked towards in and smiled, sitting in the seat. There were a couple more chairs.
The elevator opened up and Felicity turned around to see a redhead woman step inside. She dressed in a black tank top and a black skirt which came down to her stocking clad legs. She walked down the cool marble floor and looked around. Impressed, but not the blinding awe which Felicity has.

"Oh, you must be Felicity," the redhead said.

"Yeah, I must be," Felicity said. "I mean, I am…sorry, introductions are never my thing."

The redhead answered with a smirk when looking towards her.

"My name is Barbara Gordon," she said.

"Oh, you're the daughter of James Gordon, the Commissioner of the Gotham City Police Department, then?" Felicity asked.

"Yes, thanks for the back story," Barbara said. "And we're both in on the big secret."

Sara sent Barbara here for two reasons. One, her hacking skills were going to be a pretty huge asset to this mission, and tracking down what Merlyn was doing. Second, she could handle herself in a fight, and Felicity hadn't been trained. So it was Barbara's job to keep an eye on her.

Barbara sat down in one of the chairs and put on the headset.

"Testing, one, two, three," Barbara said. "This is Oracle to Black Canary…"

"WAIT A MINUTE, YOU'RE ORACLE!"

Barbara took the matter in stride even though she hit with Felicity's excited shriek bombarding several times the normal frequency.

"Yeah, they work," Laurel said. "I heard you…and I heard Felicity as well…boy did I ever hear Felicity."

Felicity almost collapsed onto the chair next towards her. Barbara frowned when looking towards the girl, who looked in a daze.

"Seriously though, you're Oracle," Felicity said. "As in, the Oracle, the legendary Oracle, a living legend among hackers, you're her, you're that Oracle….aren't you?"

All Barbara did was flash one of those knowing smiles in Felicity's general direction. Felicity blinked.

"Yes, I'm that Oracle," Barbara said.

"You're really amazing," Felicity said. "Marry me, I'll have your babies!"

Barbara didn't think her reputation had got this out of hand. All she could do was smile and made sure everything was lined up properly.

"Yes, autographs later, right now we have a city to save," Barbara said.

Felicity could not believe she currently basked in hacker royalty. Seriously, she must have been doing this for a very long time, at least since high school. Hell, she wouldn't have been surprised if she had been doing this before high school even, because Oracle had been active for a very long time.
'Okay, calm down before you need a fresh set of panties,' Felicity thought.

She allowed herself one more fangirl squeal before getting back to business.

Detective Quentin Lance thought about the last day, and boy were things rough the last day. It all started with Crock’s daughter committing grand theft against some very important people. People who wiggled their way out of the law granted, but two wrongs didn’t make a right. Thea Queen was caught up in it, and that girl had a knack of getting herself in the wrong place, at the wrong time.

Then, Artemis escaped lock up and they were still hunting for her. In the meantime, Queen Mansion had been attacked by Deadshot, who was currently taken away by some people from the government. He had been wanted for several acts of terrorism, so really nothing other than Starling City Police Department could do.

A report came in where the Hood swooped in and kidnapped Moira Queen. At least, that’s what the people claimed, the evidence didn’t seem to be too solid. Quintin didn’t really know what to think.

'Maybe this entire city took too many crazy pills, including me,' Quentin thought.

He walked down the hallway and made his way outside the back entrance of the Starling City Police Department. Something shifted in the shadows.

"We need to talk."

Quentin turned towards the Hood. Boy, was this ever a confrontation he dreaded having.

"You do realize the Mayor wants me to bring you in, dead or alive, don't you?" Quentin asked. "And I thought you were brought up to have more sense than to walk up to someone who is in charge of arresting you."

Sara knew he knew and he knew she knew that he knew.

"I know you're not going to arrest me," the Hood said. "And as capable as the Starling City Police Department are, you won't be able to hold me for too long."

"Yeah, if we were really that capable, we wouldn't need someone running around with a Hood," Quentin said. "But, hey, I could bring you in. But next Thanksgiving would be pretty awkward."

'Well, if that's not direct confirmation, I don't know what is,' she thought.

"So, why did you do this?" Quentin asked. "Why did you decide to put on a Hood, and do what you do?"

"Long story, but I don't have the time to tell it," the Hood said. "I'm taking a calculated risk talking to you but....you figured out what was going on a long time ago."

Quentin didn't confirm nor deny anything. There could be people who would walk around that corner at any minute. He knew Sara knew this, so there was no reason to say anything.

"I need the Glades evacuated, now," she said. "Malcolm Merlyn, and a group of his associates are about to level the city."

Quentin blinked for a moment. He knew something was pretty shifty about Malcolm. Guy never was
quite right after his wife died.

"He has an Earthquake machine, which could level this entire city, unless he gets stopped," The Hood continued.

"Yeah, this…this is a bit hard to swallow," Quentin said. "I can't go after Malcolm Merlyn on mere suspicion alone…especially on the word of….well, I just can't do it, even if I knew where he is, which I don't. And this Earthquake machine….it sounds very Comic Book."

Both sides looked at each other. Trust had been very difficult to come by, especially in circumstances like this. Things changed in those five years, both of them were very different people than they were.

"You need to trust me."

"Yeah, I trust you, even….I trust you know what you're talking about at least," Quentin said.

"Then, you need to know what to expect when all hell breaks loose," she said. "And I have a good idea where he might be keeping it, and where he needs to deploy it."

"Hey, I'm listening, if you're going to tell me," Quentin said.

He didn't know how messed up his life was. After everything that happened today, Malcolm Merlyn leveling Starling City made about as much sense as anything else.

"Good, here's what I need to ask you to do."

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**To Be Continued on February 7th, 2017.**

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*All of the moving pieces are in order, and well things are just going to get even more intense especially when the next battle between the Hood and the Dark Archer takes place over the next two chapters.*

*Felicity's fangirl moment, well obviously that was going to happen. Of course, Barbara still dabbles in that persona, that she used when in high school, pre-Batgirl. It may be a more full time thing if she has a run in with everyone's favorite criminal clown, in the worst possible way, but no telling what will happen.*

*And Moira knew, which has been hinted at very, very, subtly in a couple of places.*

*Until Tuesday.*
Heart of Darkness

Chapter Twenty-Five: Heart of Darkness.

Malcolm Merlyn peered from the top of a very tall building over the solemn city beneath him. A long time had passed, the culmination of many years. Years of hard work passed, and he had a couple of bumps, a couple of problems along the way. The plan very nearly fell apart at the seams at least a couple of times. The brilliant man was not about ready to call the plan a success until all of the pieces were in place.

'It's time to begin. Years of planning, I'm ready.'

No doubt entered the mind of the man. All of the pieces shifted into place on this night, closer than ever before. All he had to do was set the ball in motion. There had been a couple of surprises along the way. Overall, Malcolm Merlyn appreciated the success of this plan. The man balanced upon the ledge and peered into the city. Soon some of the harsher elements of the city would be wiped out.

Some decent people would also be a sacrifice in the process of this plan being moved forward. It was the unfortunate result of having to save this city. There were always consequences for any action. Malcolm lost so much to the darkness. Now he intended to step forward and embrace the light.

Malcolm descended down to the ground. Very few people were out on the streets on this night. He moved deeper into the city, and a couple of unsavory figures lingered. They didn't pay Merlyn any mind, they were up to their own devious tactics. Perhaps, they took in the black attire and realized Malcolm was not one to be trifled with. Perhaps there were other reasons why they did not attack.

'So many people have lost so much because of this city,' Malcolm thought.

Malcolm stopped at the spot where his wife bled out. Years ago, she suffered, bleeding out and no one cared enough about her. A cell phone call had never been reached until it was too late. The man who did so was still at large, never to have been captured. He might have been still out there on this very night, elsewhere. The criminal searched for another victim, looking for another attempt to crush the innocent life, just like he crushed an innocent life all of those years ago.

Everything was a loss, all of a part of the disease of this city. And Malcolm Merlyn vowed to do what he could to save this city.

'With any luck, the Undertaking will bury monsters like that,' Malcolm thought. 'Even if it does lack a personal touch of a monster dying by your own hand.'

Malcolm made his way towards the boarded off entrance to a subway station. The sign "closed for renovations" did not deter Merlyn. The renovations never occurred thanks to a lack of funding. It was a problem in some parts of Starling City. The city fell into disrepair, and crimes escalated. It
made it a necessity for some fractured young woman to dress up as an archer and fight crime.

'Tonight, that all changes,' Malcolm thought.

The best way to fix a problem would be to build anew. Malcolm slipped underneath the sign and descended a set of stairs. A crew of men worked around the clock. A device had been set up in place.

"I trust it's secure, and there will be no further delays," Malcolm said.

"Yes," one of the workers said. He wiped a bead of sweat from his brow.

Merlyn eyed the man very carefully and just responded with a nod.

"Good," Malcolm said. "I don't want to even begin to discuss with you how far we've gone. When I give the signal, you have five minutes to clear the area….not a second more."

"We know what to do, no problem," the worker said.

Malcolm didn't want to hear bland reassurance everything was going to go fine. He wanted crystal clear results. The man clad in black leaned forward to the worker. Their eyes locked together in an intense stare. The worker tried to be the bigger man and tried to back down Merlyn without blinking. The attempt went about as well as someone could expect, which was to say not well at all.

"You tell me there are no problems, so I better not see any problems," Malcolm said. "Have I made myself clear?"

All of these gentlemen answered with brisk nods. Merlyn accepted their actions and understood the fear brimming through the minds of the men. Fear made a man competent. Deep down, even Malcolm thought what might have happened if he failed. Years of work would have been down the drain.

'Few understand what I do,' Malcolm thought.

Merlyn took a second to breathe in and make sure everything was in order. They needed to understand.

"You are to guard the device with your lives until I give you the signal," Malcolm said. "Guard it to your very last breath. Guard it with your very last drop of blood."

The men didn't hesitate in giving their affirmation to Malcolm Merlyn. These men were pretty loyal to the cause and they would lay their lives down if it meant accomplishing their goals.

"What about the Hood?"

The other gentlemen turned towards the man who had given the outburst. Malcolm didn't betray any emotion. He just responded in a stoic voice.

"Leave the Hood to me, when she intervenes."

Malcolm turned around and walked off without another word. The men received their orders and there was no point in sticking around. He walked out and climbed up, exiting the subway. A gunshot in the distance only caused him pause, followed by screams, a cop car going off in the distance, and then a clap of thunder.

The man looked up and frowned. The clouds in the sky darkened tonight.
'A little rain never hurt anyone.'

The Dark Archer pulled his hood completely on and disappeared in the shadows. It was time for the return match, it was time to take the Hood down once and for all. There were too many things which could go wrong.

'\textit{It's time to make sure this stops. One way or another, it ends tonight.}'

Queen Mansion had been the scene of a crime just less than two days ago. No one completely cleaned up the broken glass and there were a few blood stains on the ground. Moira tried not to betray the disgust she felt by standing five feet away from where her daughter's blood splattered the floor.

Thea was fine, she was safe and wouldn't be in the middle of this, thankfully. Moira thought Sara would make sure her daughter stayed safe, which was why she was doing this right now. The members of the press began to fly in and a few members of the Starling City police department also lingered, because this still was a crime scene from yesterday.

Moira held press conferences before over numerous things, but never to this particular degree. Every single time she held it, though, she prepared to give a bunch of corporate double speak, dazzle people, ensure Queen Industries moved to the next level. It was to cement a big idea to investors, or maybe to assure them that there were bigger plans in the works.

Those press conferences were business. This press conference seemed more real. Moira could feel a blade hanging over her head as if she walked up to the guillotine. And not because someone sentenced her, but because it was done so on the woman's own accord.

Moira blinked and set her jaw firmly. It was now do or die. Moira didn't have to do this. A year ago, Moira would not have cared. Oliver's death changed everything, and it slowly ate away at her conscience. A part of her did not think it would go this far.

'\textit{Courage, you can do anything.}'

Every single member of the press waited for Moira to say something. One of the bolder members of the press stood up and looked towards Moira.

"Mrs. Queen, what do you have to say about the rumors the Hood kidnapped you at your office?" the member of the press thought.

"There has just been a misunderstanding," Moira said. "The Hood only visited me to inform me of the whereabouts of my daughter. I misinterpreted the Hood's actions."

"Why did your daughter get attacked?"

Moira tried to be polite, but they really were diverting this conversation away from its intended purpose. Moira held her breath and sighed.

"My daughter was simply in the wrong place, at the wrong time," Moira said. "I don't know the reasons, exactly, I didn't have a chance to speak with the man who destroyed my front windows. It's not my concern to do so, that's the concern of the Starling City Police Department, and I have the utmost confidence they are taking this investigation seriously."
Moira hoped there would be no more questions. She chanced another glance towards the window. The woman half expected an arrow to be put through her by the Dark Archer before the truth could be told. Thankfully, the assassin was currently out doing other things, and Moira slipped underneath its radar.

For now, but Moira needed to speak soon. The moment Merlyn knew, the Dark Archer would be coming for her. It was time to say what was possible before the damage was done.

"But, my daughter, and the Hood, those aren't what I called this press conference for today," Moira said. "Rather, I've called a press conference, because….well, there are a lot of decisions I've made over the past several years which have not been in good faith."

The members of the press conference started muttering to each other. None of them seemed surprised. Rumors always circulated from someone of Moira Queen's status. Said woman looked at them, a frown passing over. A ragged breath followed when staring at these people.

"These bad decisions have cost me dearly," Moira said. "And I know now, I can't live with the fact these decisions will end up costing other people their loved ones. After losing a son, I didn't want to be a part of that. Almost losing my daughter as well as what put me over the top, and I have to do this because it's not worth anyone suffering losses like I have."

"So, the ice queen has a conscious, who knew," one of the reporters muttered.

Moira didn't pay much mind to the comments of the reporters. All of them were deserved, and several of them were warranted. She pressed on without another thought.

"I've been part of a part of a group which has plans to overhaul this city," Moira said. "And we intend to take some drastic measures, to rid the city of some of its more crime ridden areas. My husband was a part of this plan…but he had a change of heart. This change of heart resulted in the Queen's Gambit being sabotaged, in an attempt to send a message to him, by…this group."

The woman pressed on once again.

"We've gone too far," Moira said. "But, we haven't gone as far as we intended to go, now yet at least. There's something out there, you all need to know about. In the next few days, we intend to level the Glades and all of the people inside. Most of the most dangerous criminals in Starling City reside there….at least so we think."

The members of the press all gasped and the Starling City Police Department moved in to detain the woman.

"The worst criminals in this city don't use guns or knives," Moira said. "The worst criminals in this city use their power and influence to alter the lives of people less fortunate than than…..and I was one of these people. I didn't think these people deserved any consideration to live. I am one of the worst criminals ever to step foot into Starling City. Not because of what I did do, but rather what I didn't do."

Moira knew she didn't have much time. The Starling City Police Department moved closer towards her.

"I have a list of people, which I will relinquish to the Starling City Police Department, for them to conduct their investigation. On the top of that list, is Malcolm Merlyn. He has a machine which will cause an Earthquake which will level the Glades. It will look like an accident. So please, leave, while you can, if you see this."
Hands had been placed on the table in surrender. Everyone allowed that to sink in. Moira wasn’t going to fight this.

"I know, I may never see the light of day again, and for good reason. My actions have been both reprehensible and disgusting….disturbing, and twisted. Know this, though, I thought I was doing the right thing. But, the road to hell is always paved with good intentions."

Moira turned her attention to Starling City's finest as if beckoning them to do their job.

"Moira Queen, you have the right to remain silent. Anything you can say may be used against you in a court of law. You have a right to an attorney."

The truth caused Moira to be set free, even though her freedom now had been eliminated. Moira could have gotten out of the city and run at any time, but she chose not to.

There were times where a person had to do what was right, even if it was not easy.

A loud "whoop" echoed followed by a broken bottle flying down the streets and smashing. A group of young men, teenagers, who had dropped out of school moved over. They swung crowbars, chains, and anything they could get their hands on.

"We're going to burn this fucking city down before we let some rich bastard level it with his fancy Earthquake machine!" one of the teenagers yelled. "They think just cause they're rich, these assholes can handle us. Come on, man, let's do this….let's show them how they can't mess with us!"

The windows of several homes and businesses shattered by the rioters who acted like the best way to show their displeasure with the system they felt held them back were to destroy the city they called home. Fires shot up, and a car exploded, injuring a couple of rioters, along with a couple of hapless civilians in the process.

Cassandra Cain looked at the scene next to her, clad completely in black. No one noticed her in the shadows. The younger girl clenched a fist. These people were given the suggestion to get far away from this place as possible, and instead, they lost their mind.

Laurel, clad as the Black Canary, stood behind Cassandra. Her eyes followed the progress of the people down in the city.

"I think you're pretty close to the Earthquake device," Barbara said. "I've got it isolated...I just hope there isn't any trigger which causes it to go off."

"Wouldn't Merlyn have some men down there to guard it until it's ready?" Laurel asked.

Barbara shook her head. "Yeah, and given Malcolm Merlyn tends to kill innocent people along with the criminals, what's a few minions being buried alive?"

Laurel looked at the situation around her. The rioters marched down the street. Chaos continued to occur around them, at every corner. It just made her want to scream how stupid these people were being. What did they think burning down the city would accomplish? If anything, they only justified Merlyn's actions in some twisted way.

The leather-clad heroine drew in a breath and calmed down. It would not be a good idea to lose her cool.
"So, how do we deal with this?" Laurel asked.

Cass lifted up a hand and reached behind her. An arrow hooked to the crossbow and the skilled woman took aim. The arrow hit the side of a building and released a blinding cloud of tear gas which made the rioters slow down their progress.

The sounds of cop cars pulled up. The SWAT exited, followed by several members of the Starling City Police Department. More tear gas had been thrown into the ground.

"Fuck off, you puppets of the rich!" one of them yelled.

A bottle flew into the ground by one angry young man. The cops had to dodge it. The screams continued to go with the rioting in the street.

About the only thing which wasn't happening was an Earthquake machine going off. Laurel regretted the nature of potentially having to use force against the people who were being threatened.

'Where the hell is it?' Laurel thought.

"Felicity, are you getting the same reading I'm getting?" Barbara asked.

"Yeah, the Earthquake machine is right off to the left, at the Northwest Subway Tunnel," Felicity said.

Laurel and Cassandra both slipped around the rioting, taking a short cut down the alleyway. She had the sonic at the ready, in the event, there were any attacks. Laurel caught a glimpse of her father walking over close to the subway tunnel.

The girls slipped into the tunnel and made their way down to it. They saw a group of Merlyn's men waiting.

Laurel considered her options. The sonic could result in a cave in down here. Which might destroy the machine, but it could also crush them together. So, that would be avoided.

Cass grabbed Laurel's shoulder and nodded. The younger girl stepped in and moved into the shadows behind one of the strangler's far away from the ground. The dark-haired assassin grabbed the goon around the throat and gave a rather rough squeeze, dropping him to the ground.

"What the hell just….."

Laurel clipped one of the goons in the back of the head. The man fell down onto the ground and caused the water collected on the ground from the sewer to splash. Another one of the men swung the baton at Laurel. The leather-clad vigilante kicked him in the face.

Two more were down. Cassandra caught both men with a split kick. Both of them snapped off of the wall, the wind knocked out of them with no way to go.

A figure came into prominence down the tunnel. Both girls tensed up, ready for a fight, but relaxed when they saw Quentin Lance walking. The man frowned as if he had almost caught sight of them. Both girls slipped into the shadows to give the Detective some room.

"So, it's really is here," Quentin said. "And right where you said it was as well…and you said the path would be clear for me as well."

"Do you have any reason to doubt me?" Oracle asked.
"No, you really didn't give me any reason to doubt you," Quentin said. "So, I just hook...the thing the Hood gave me into the side, and then what."

"Then, it establishes a connect, and I'll do the rest," Oracle said.

Quentin answered with a shrug. Who was he to argue with how things got done. He just established the connection and did what needed to be done. The man hooked up on the other side.

A man on the edge lingered and pointed a gun towards Detective Lance. He prepared to take a shot at the man.

Laurel picked up a chain one of the goons dropped and swung it up. She wrapped the chain around the ankles of the man and pulled the goon off of the ledge. The man landed down on the ground, and Laurel gripped the man in a headlock before smashing him face first into the pavement.

The sounds of rioting on the streets above showed this was going to get a lot worse from here.

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Sara stood at the end, she was certain the Dark Archer would come out to play. Lyla didn't stay too far away, backing her up all of the way.

The Dark Archer stepped out of the shadows almost in a blink of an eye. Sara took half of a step back and frowned when looking towards the man who approached her.

"You see them ripping apart their own homes?" The Dark Archer asked.

"I only see you, and you're going down tonight," the Hood answered

"These people aren't worth saving. And they aren't worth dying for."

The Dark Archer took a step closer towards the Hood and both of the archers circled each other.

"Lose the hood, so I can see you properly when you die," The Dark Archer said.

The Hood didn't waver from the stance she held. The arrow pointed firmly towards the Dark Archer. "After you."

The Dark Archer didn't say a single word. A gunshot fired from above. The man narrowly avoided receiving a bullet to the shoulder, hitting the ground very hard to avoid the attack.

The Dark Archer whipped around and saw the woman from above trying to take another shot at him.

Lyla's shot was good, but the Dark Archer now caught her when the element of surprise had been taken out of the game. A barrage of arrows came from above. Two of them missed, while a third knocked the weapon from Lyla's hand.

The Dark Archer turned back towards the Hood. Both of them fired arrows at each other. Both of the arrows bounced off of each other.

Both stood across from each other. Both fired arrows one more time. For the second time, the arrows bounced off of each other.

The two archers stared each other and tried to quick fire each other. The third time, the arrows bounced off of each other.
"The League has taught you well."

The Hood fired at the Dark Archer one more time. Much like the previous two encounters, the Dark Archer fired back. This time, both of them disarmed each other simultaneously.

A thunderclap echoed and the rain happened around them, along with the sounds of the rioting not too far away from him. The Dark Archer charged the Hood and went for a punch.

The Hood caught the Dark Archer with a roundhouse kick. Another roundhouse kick had been avoided. The Dark Archer evaded several more rapid fire attacks by the vigilante. These attacks came rather close to taking down the Dark Archer. The Dark Archer made an attempt to reclaim his weapons.

This attempt to do so failed due to having his arms stomped hard. The pain racked through the arms of the Dark Archer.

"It wasn't supposed to happen like this!"

The Hood reclaimed the bow and arrow and fired an arrow. The arrow ripped the mask of the Dark Archer off, revealing the face of Malcolm Merlyn.

"Malcolm Merlyn, you've failed this city!"

Sara fired two arrows towards Malcolm. He blocked both of them and moved over to try and attack her with a concealed blade. Sara avoided the attack and returned fire with a couple more of her own.

"Without me, you wouldn't have had the strength to put on that Hood," Malcolm said. "You would have never had the motivation."

Sara disagreed by nailing Malcolm with a huge forearm to the chest. The impact resulted in ribs cracking. Malcolm scrambled away and slipped out the remote control device.

"Well, at least with my dying breath, I'll see justice done! I'm willing to sacrifice myself to say this city!"

A press of the button occurred, and nothing happened.

"It's impossible, someone has blocked…"

One arrow shot the remote control device out of the man's hand. Another arrow pierced through Malcolm Merlyn's hand and blood splattered everywhere. The arrow pinned Malcolm to the ground by his hand, and he was bleeding.

Malcolm looked up and saw the arrow pointed directly at his face. Sara deeply contemplated putting an arrow straight through his skull into his brain to end it right now.

"You can do it, but you've lost," Malcolm said, pain flashing over his face. "You see, you shut down only one machine, but there's a second machine. And it's on a timer, to go off at Midnight….."

Ten minutes from now. Sara shot an arrow into the side of Malcolm Merlyn's neck. He collapsed down to the ground, breath fading from his body.

'Ten minutes, no problem.'

"Archer to Oracle," Sara said. "I've got a bit of a challenge for you, both of you."
She shot another arrow to secure Malcolm, and locked eyes with Lyla, who nursed a bruised arm but was ready to rejoin her in battle.

'Ten minutes, damn, he doesn't make it easy.'

To Be Continued on February 10th, 2017.

Well, things aren't going to be that easy. People are afraid, and when people are afraid, they don't act in the most constructive ways and end up looking worse by comparison.

Back on Friday.
Barbara Gordon received the news. She tried to take it as calmly as possible without freaking out. Those who freak out often got pretty sloppy and those who got pretty sloppy made a lot of mistakes. Barbara wasn't going to make many more mistakes, not if it could be helped anyway. Barbara turned towards Felicity.

It was almost amusing how much on pins and needles Felicity was, waiting for Barbara to pull some amazing solution out of her mind.

"We're going….do you think we can find it in time?"

Felicity bit down on her lip and looked nervously towards Barbara. The young hacker reminded herself about one simple fact. The legendary Oracle stood there, the woman who performed many amazing feats of technological brilliance. Someone who knew her way around every single computer system, just as seamless as breathing and some might say she knew her way around easier than breathing.

'Truth is stranger than any story,' Felicity thought.

Barbara reached over and grabbed the younger blonde by the shoulder.

"Just be prepared to be my extra set of hands if I need your help," Barbara said. "It wouldn't be the first time I had to save the world in a very limited time."

"Well, to be fair this isn't…" Felicity said before trailing off. "Right, not the time or the place."

Barbara was glad she knew a lot about priorities. The hacker backtracked to the first bomb. The first thing to do was a quick verification it was in fact shut down. The last thing they need was another surprise which could cause a lot of problems. Barbara leaned in and closed her eyes.

'Okay, so far, so good, now time to find that bomb.'

Barbara decided to piggyback off of the Wayne Industries satellites which should help locate the scope. The young hacker's fingers whirled across the keyboard. Felicity worked her own search a few inches away from Barbara. Both of the girls focused on the task at hand.

The seconds ticked down to Midnight. They had to go under the assumption Malcolm Merlyn wasn't just bluffing something fierce about another Earthquake device. Barbara Gordon knew one thing, and that was men like Merlyn rarely bluffed about anything. She typed up a couple of things, and a flash of light appeared on the screen.

'Did I just get lucky enough to hit the jackpot?'

Felicity gave a surprised gasp on the other side of the room. Barbara turned around, offering a half of a smile towards Felicity. Felicity sank down into the chair and took a deep breath with Barbara's very amused gaze locked onto her for several minutes.
"Well, you obviously found something, so out with it," Barbara said.

Felicity took several seconds to compose herself before going into a very clear and concise explanation.

"Well, I was wondering…what if the second Earthquake machine is pretty close to the first one," Felicity said. "Logically, speaking, you'd think it would be as far away as possible….but you know…..maybe that's what Malcolm Merlyn wants us to think. The first one could be right on top of, right below or….I guess across from the next one, or really the other way around…"

Barbara blinked and looked towards Felicity who pulled a sheepish smile in response.

"Sorry, if it sounds stupid, but…"

Barbara shook her head and cut off Felicity before she started to ramble something fierce.

"No, it's not stupid, it's actually….a pretty sound strategy," Barbara said. "One no one in their right mind would think of….."

"Well, no one accused us of being in our right mind," Felicity said. "Oh, shit, I didn't mean to imply that you were…"

Barbara blocked out the girl's mile a minute apology, and locked the second signal, right across from the first, and up a little bit. "Oracle to Hood, we have it. All I need you to get there to establish the connection, I'm relaying the coordinates to you right now."

"Okay, I got it, and I'm already halfway there," Sara said. "I can't believe it was right under our noses this whole time!"

Barbara shook her head. Putting something in the most obvious place was a very dangerous gambit. Most of the time it paid off, but this time, it didn't seem to do so, for Merlyn.

Sara could not believe the answer stuck right under her nose. Lyla guarded Merlyn, who had been tranquilized and bound, so there was no getting away. Sara wondered if it had been better off if she killed him.

'Whatever decision I make, it's going to be someone's wrong decision,' Sara thought. 'But every choice has consequences.'

The hooded woman didn't really have that much time to reconcile this argument. She would deal with any consequences, any frustration, the moment she disarmed the bomb. Only two minutes to Midnight. Sara could most certainly do this, but damn if a frustrating situation hadn't been dropped down on her head.

"FREEZE!"

Sara turned around and saw a group of Starling City's finest approaching her. Their guns were out and pointed towards her. They surrounded the hooded vigilante, who took a moment to assess the situation.

If any humor could be found in this situation, it was after all of this time, all of the close calls, all of the close shaves, Sara was about ready to be caught on the night where they were less than two
minutes away from being killed. Time never seemed so fast, and at the same time, ground by so slowly. Sara had to make a decision of what to do.

'I could take them all out, but most of them are doing their jobs,' Sara thought. 'The Mayor and the Captain, they both put pressure on them to take me down.'

"There's an Earthquake Machine in that building," the Hood said. "I'm the only one who can stop it."

Could she make them see reason in less than two minutes? Sara somehow doubted it was even possible, but she had to do it. She had to try.

"Hands in the air, you're fun is over!" the man repeated on the other end.

A couple of the police officers shifted in a very uncomfortable way. More than a few of them prayed this day would never come where they would have to confront the Hood like this. They didn't want to do this, but technically, whoever the Hood was, they were breaking the law.

"Hey, what are you doing?"

Quentin Lance rushed over to see the sight. Several police officers surrounded the Hooded vigilante.

"She's trying to save the city, and now you decide to be competent in your jobs?" Lance asked. "I don't know if you heard her, but we're all going to dead in a minute!"

The officers turned towards Lance. One of the younger ones, who looked intent to prove himself, stood up straighter and stared the Detective down.

"Look, we have orders here, and you can't tell me you've gone soft on this entire Hood thing!" one of the officers yelled. "You were the one who was going on about how Vigilantes shouldn't be tolerated in this city."

"Yeah, well…times have changed…"

Sara shot an arrow at the ground and released a cloud of dust which allowed her to slip out of the way. She didn't really know how much time she had left, only there wasn't that much time. Sara darted up the steps as quickly as possible, but there was no way she could go fast enough with how she wanted to go. She stopped in the center of a large hallway which almost looked like a tunnel.

'Talk about putting the pressure on."

"Sara, what's up?" Barbara asked. "Because we have less than a minute left before….."

"Believe me, I know," Sara said. "There's no time to explain, I'll tell you later if I find a way to get out of here with my sanity mostly intact."

Sara realized ran out of time. She didn't even know if there was enough time to disable the machine before it started to crush the city and pretty much everyone in it. The first hints of something wrong happening occurred when some vibrations started

"He set it to go off when someone came in proximity to it!" Sara yelled. "I don't have much time….."

"Sara, you need to get out of there, now!" Barbara screamed frantically. "You're going to be crushed if you don't get out of there, now….."

Sara appreciated Barbara's concern, but there were more pressing concerns. The group of Starling
City's finest who had tried to capture her had been above as well. They could be killed if Sara didn't disable the machine.

The Hooded woman grabbed the front panel of the machine and pulled it off. A stinging sensation erupted through her and a couple of her arms busted from the feedback of the machine coming down it. Sara couldn't be worried by the pain. All of it had to be blocked out if she had a chance.

Sara closed her eyes, and she was inside the machine. The energy core was inside.

"You can remove the core, but it's going to cause a backlash that's going to crush the tunnel with you inside," Barbara said.

"That's the price I'm going to pay for saving this city," Sara said.

Perhaps if she sacrificed herself, the balance what be restored. Perhaps, Sara's past failures would be reversed.

Sara gripped onto the core. She ignored the burning sensations coming from her hands when trying to pry the energy core loose. Every nerve ending in Sara's body twitched when trying to remove this item. Everything was going to come down now if she wasn't careful with what she did.

'Better me, then the entire city,' Sara thought.

The Hooded Archer ripped the energy core out. The core faded into a puff of energy, not able to exist outside of the native machine. The vibrations coming from the tunnel didn't go too far outside of the building. The tunnel started to collapse, and Sara bolted towards the nearest exit.

The nearest exit had been covered by falling debris. Sara turned herself around and tried to find her way to a secondary exit. The wall crumbled around her, and Sara tried to make her way up the slippery wall. Sara tried to pull herself up a couple more times.

A gentle hand grabbed hers and gave Sara the extra boost needed to come up through the tunnel and go back out on the other end, and just in time.

The tunnel and the building all collapsed. Both Sara and her savior made their way out of the back entrance. Their breathing grew rather shallow. Sara dropped down to the ground for a moment. She looked and saw Laurel, dressed in full Black Canary attire.

"You didn't think I was going to let my sister die after getting her back, did you?" Laurel asked.

Sara responded with a smile. She was pretty banged up, but it could have been much worse. At least she was still breathing. Sara grabbed Laurel's shoulder and propped herself up. Both of the girls made their way through the dust and debris.

"This way!" Sara muttered.

The two girls walked down and could see someone standing at the end of the alleyway. Quentin looked at them for about ten seconds before turning around.

"She must have got outside in the last second…slipped out that way," Quentin said. "But, you should really be happy the Hood saved your asses, vigilante or not."

Sara closed her eyes and nursed a couple of charred fingers. They already started to heal, even though the blistering remained on her hand. It wasn't exactly the best night possible.
Laurel had a sixth sense of what it was like to feel impending dread. She felt a sickening feeling just before the news came out after the Queen's Gambit going down. There was general uneasiness in her mind, before the day which Lady Shiva stepped into Laurel's life, even though she was very glad Shiva came into her life. Otherwise, Laurel would have stepped down a dark path, a path which she could not return from.

Now, the uneasiness returned tenfold, one more time. Laurel walked over, followed by Sara. The rioting died down, after causing more damage than Merlyn could have ever done.

"I can't believe these people….would have destroyed their own town out of protest," Laurel said.

"People are capable of some rather terrifying things when they think their livelihoods have been threatened," Sara said.

'Humanity's natural state is chaos. We here at the League of Assassins intend to tame the chaos and eliminate those who cannot be helped. We are not criminals, we are not murderers, but rather we are the force which is necessary to cleanse the Earth.'

"Sara?"

The hooded woman cleared the cobwebs with one shake of the head. Laurel looked at her, concern in her eyes, and pretty much rightfully so. Sara answered with a sigh.

"Just…thinking about what happened," Sara said.

Laurel could tell in an instant there was something else bothering Sara. Hell, tonight had been a night where things happened which bothered them.

Sara stopped short and could see a figure face down on the ground a few feet from where she left Merlyn tied up. She rushed towards the figure and saw Lyla on the ground. The woman was starting to come too and groaning from the attack. Lyla tried to climb up to a standing position.

"What happened?" Sara asked.

Lyla tried to reconcile what happened. She had a terrific headache and it was very hard to keep concentrating. Sara grabbed Lyla's shoulder and steered her a little bit over to one side, trying to keep her steady.

"I….I was watching Merlyn," Lyla said.

The three women made sure they were out of harm's way, and out of the line of sight of any trouble. There were still a few members of the Starling City Police Department around town. Sara had a pretty good idea of the location of a shortcut down one of these tunnels. Sara kept her hands clasped together when moving around the tunnel.

"Okay, we should be safe," Sara said.

Sara sensed a presence. She knew right away Merlyn left. Did he fake being unconscious? Sara really didn't know if he did, and the fact annoyed her.

"I was watching Merlyn, and someone attacked me from behind," Lyla said. "It didn't take long
before the person who attacked me, well it didn't take too long before they knocked me out."

Laurel and Sara exchanged a very uneasy gaze with each other. Both sisters tried to think over time about who could have been the culprit behind these attacks. Both sisters had their own ideas about the person who was responsible for this. Sara locked onto Laurel's eyes who nodded in confirmation.

"Well, if she wanted you dead, you would have been dead," Sara said.

Lyla blinked and suddenly the frustration hit her at least tenfold. "You don't think it was….."

"I don't think," Sara said. "I know it's Lady Shiva."

The million dollar question of why Lady Shiva wanted to get her hands on Malcolm Merlyn of all people taunted Sara. Why did she want to do something like this?

Sara and Laurel returned back to the Lance Household. Both of them wanted to have a word with their father. A quick change into their civilian attires was necessary for them. Despite the fact it was obvious their father knew what was going on, they still wanted to maintain the illusion.

"Tonight's been a hell of a night," Quentin said. "They actually want me back into the station, bright and early. Don't really need to be a rocket scientist to figure out what is going on."

"You're not in trouble…you are in trouble, aren't you?" Laurel asked.

"Yeah, I am, I told them to back off of the Hood last night," Quentin said. "I'm not sorry about it… saved a lot of lives doing so, but I'm going to get busted down, maybe put on probation. People are going to watch me very closely, on both sides of the wall."

Sara shifted for a second. She didn't want things to come down to this. Quentin reached over to grab his daughter's shoulder.

"Hey, look, I'm not blaming you…well either of you," Quentin said. "Still, both of my daughters… this is a lot to take in…your mother might have a fit when she finds out…if she doesn't already know."

Laurel frowned in confusion. That was a problem, but one she decided to tackle head on. Laurel tried to keep her nocturnal exploits secret from the people around her as much as possible. It was done to various degrees of success. Laurel would have been dishonest if she thought the secrets would last forever.

"They really think you're in the league with the Hood," Sara said.

"Yeah, and….well…it's not black and white, but you don't expect the politicians in this city to understand that," Quentin said. "The Hood, for better or worse, has made their lives harder….and I guess that's the real reason why they're coming down on this pretty hard."

Sara was not going to argue with that fact.

"Oh, and there's some more bad news," Quentin said. "Moira Queen, she's been taken in for her part in the plot to take down the Glades."

Sara almost groaned. She feared this would happen when Moira came clean, and without Malcolm, it would be borderline difficult to clear her name.
"Don't they realize if it wasn't for Moira, we wouldn't have been able to save the city?" Laurel asked. "She came clean, at the risk of being threatened by some very…evil people."

"Like I said, black and white," Quentin said. "I don't suppose you can pull Merlyn out, or has he pulled a disappearing act."

"No, someone took him before I could bring him in," Sara said.

Quentin raised an eyebrow. "Why do I have a feeling we won't be seeing him alive again?"

"Actually, I'm pretty sure if she would have wanted Merlyn dead, she would have left him dead for me to find," Sara said. "He has information, he knows where a lot of skeletons are buried."

Sara pretty much put two and two together regarding the person who snagged Merlyn. It was hard to slip all of the pieces together, based off of the situation. She managed to make the most out of a rather frustrating situation.

"Well, I got to go," Quentin said. "They want me downtown as soon as possible before the sun even comes up…and….well….keep safe."

Sara and Laurel watched their father leave. Both girls could not help but think they had won one small, insignificant battle in a larger, more violent war. Neither of them wanted to say anything.

"You saved this city," Laurel said.

Sara turned to her sister, for a minute. She wasn't sure if it was possible she did.

"For now," Sara said. "I'm not even halfway through the list…and there are threats which aren't even on the list."

The mission wasn't already over. The mission had just begun. Laurel tightened the grip around Sara's shoulder in an attempt to soothe her sister's nerves. Sara appreciated Laurel's attempts, but it was hard to keep calm and steady.

"Hey, just coming by to check on how you two are holding up."

Barbara stepped inside the room. She approached Sara and Laurel with a smile. The two girls returned the smile.

"Why don't we go up to my old room?" Sara asked. "There should be enough room for us to talk up there….plus, I guess I'm feeling a bit nostalgic."

Barbara responded with a grin and looked over at Sara with a wink. "Well, your bed was always the most comfortable."

"Oh, and you mean my bed wasn't," Laurel answered, folding her arms.

Barbara simply responded by laughing. Sara made her way up the stairs, leading the way to her bedroom. Laurel and Barbara followed a couple of steps behind her. Sara reached to the door and opened it up

"Just the way I left it," Sara said. "You know, the girl who once slept here…she didn't really come back."

"Maybe, but it's possible that girl grew up to be a woman," Barbara said. "And quite the woman indeed."
"I'd agree," Laurel said. "So, you didn't have any troubles with Mission Support?"

"Please, I've been doing this for years," Barbara said. "Felicity wasn't any problems...although she creamed her panties when I mentioned I was Oracle."

Sara answered with a dry smile and a tone to match. "Imagine that."

"She's competent at what she does, although can get a bit overexcited, and emotions can get the better of her too much," Barbara said. "Which is a refreshing change given some of the people I deal with in my day to day life. Gives you a fresh perspective, which is good."

Barbara looked over Sara, taking a good look at her.

"You did well, Barbara," Sara said. "I don't think I could have found that second machine without your help."

"Felicity was the one who pointed me in the right direction," Barbara argued.

Sara put smiled and leaned over. Her hand brushed a strand of Barbara's hair out of the other girl's face. Sara leaned in, a half predatory smile crossing the face of the girl. "Well, she's not here, so I'm just going to have to thank you, won't I?"

Barbara didn't have much time to argue. Sara moved in and kissed Barbara on the lips. Barbara returned the kiss. Sara always knew what she liked, and was even more skilled with experience.

"And no, don't worry, I didn't forget to thank you," Sara said.

Laurel took Sara into an embrace and the two kissed each other. For a small second, Laurel thought she was going to get the better of Sara. Sara turned the tables on her older sister and increased with the kiss. Sara's fingers already moved their way to the underside of Laurel's shirt to get better access to her.

Barbara smiled and tugged her skirt down. Both of the Lance Sisters turned to Barbara, like hungry animals scoping out their next meal.

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Sara placed a finger at the edge of Barbara's panties and pulled them back to reveal the girl's dripping pussy. The hungry blonde looked towards her and leaned down to plant a series of kisses down Barbara's thigh. She reached closer and closer to the promise land.

Barbara gasped when Sara kept kissing. Closer to the nether lips, and Sara hit the spot in a moment. Barbara attacked her pussy without any abandon. All Barbara could do was get her hips back and enjoy Sara's oral pleasure when the girl explored her pussy on the inside.

Sara made out with Barbara's never lips, spreading her legs. Behind Sara, Laurel cupped Sara's ass and squeezed it before working the girl's pants down. Sara gasped at the sensations of Laurel's fingers taunting her, and brushing against both holes, teasing Sara.

"Oh, this is nice," Laurel said. "Does she taste as good as ever?"

A few more licks happened before Sara backed off. She turned towards Laurel with a smile. "Well, I'm not going to be able to tell you. You're going to have to find out for yourself."
Laurel hovered over between Barbara's legs and crawled between the girl's thighs. The dripping slit made Laurel break out into a smile and she leaned in. The honey dripping from Barbara's slit proved to be a tasty meal. Laurel swirled and licked from Barbara's dripping center, taking her time in feasting on it.

Sara stripped Laurel completely bare. One finger slipped between the woman's juicy thighs. Sara pumped the finger in and out to gain some moment. She licked Laurel just in time to Laurel's licking of Barbara. The pleasure from all sides increased.

In a blink of an eye, Sara slipped into a strap on and used Laurel's juices to lubricate the tip of it. She positioned the tip at Laurel's pussy and shoved inside of her.

Laurel almost broke her concentration from licking and sucking Barbara's cunt lips from Sara penetrating her. The penetration was deep and felt really, really good. Sara's hands explored with purpose and touched all of the spots. Laurel gasped and moaned.

"I know you're a screamer," Barbara said. "But, try and....argh!"

Barbara's reprimand faded out into the distance due to Laurel licking her pussy well and good. The Lance sisters sure knew their way around a pussy. It was hard to tell which one was the better pussy licker. Barbara would need them to lick and eat her out many more times to make an educated response.

Sara rocked into Laurel and pounded her.

"Oh, and I thought you were the screamer, but Barbara...she really is going to town, isn't she?" Sara asked. "You must really be licking that sweet pussy nice and fast. Can't say I blame you, though."

Laurel dug into Barbara's thighs and took the sweet juices. Her mind became a constant loop of pleasure with Sara thrusting away. The toy delved deeper into Laurel than any of her solo attempts.

Sara rode her sister from behind. The taboo sensation of Laurel's juices sticking to Sara's toy made the stunning blonde only work faster into her.

"You're cumming for me and it feels so good," Sara said. "I can't believe you cream yourself to your little sister."

Laurel thought it helped because said little sister was sexy as hell. Sara drove into her and touched Laurel in the places which just caused a fire of lust to spread from head to toe. Laurel's walls clenched hard with each thrust, each slam into her. Laurel rocked onto the bed.

Sara pulled out of Laurel. The beautiful blonde took the dildo which dripped with Laurel's juices. Sara wrapped her lips around them; eyes heavily lidded over, and licked the dripping dildo clean of all juices. The woman took the dildo down her throat and sucked it off, making lewd sounds.

Laurel's pussy leaked at the sounds Sara made behind her when cleaning off the toy. It was time to finish Barbara off, at least for now, and take her turn with Sara. Laurel's licking grew in intensity and in speed. Barbara's moans increased in time with Laurel licking and having her way with the sultry redhead beneath her tongue.

Barbara lost herself to a hell of an orgasm. From head to toe, pleasure washed over Barbara's body. Laurel gave her a few more licks and pulled away.

"She'll be out of it for a bit," Laurel said.
The two sisters entered a heated embrace and leaned in. They kissed each other, complete with tongue. Sara locked her hands on the back of Laurel's head and deepened the kiss. The taste of Barbara's pussy juices encouraged Sara to deepen the kiss and also pull away to kiss and suck on the side of Laurel's lips. The little clothes both girls had on had been slowly removed, both feeling their naked toned bodies rubbing together when they kissed and groped each other.

Laurel found herself on the bed right next to Barbara's dazed form. Sara climbed on top of her. The toned bodies of both girls molded together. Sara kissed and sucked the side of Laurel's neck and took the time to attack her breasts. Laurel gasped and Sara moved down.

One loving kiss on Laurel's belly button brought the girl into a fit of passion. Sara made love to Laurel's navel with her tongue and then moved down closer to tasting how wet Laurel's pussy was.

Sara kissed all the way back up Laurel's body. The older sister racked with passion by how much her younger sister took her. Sara kissed up Laurel's neck and all the way to the ear.

"Round two, then."

Their pussies scissored together. Laurel grabbed Sara's back and the two met pussy lip to pussy lip. They rubbed together with Sara rocking those perfect hips. Laurel took a handful of Sara's ass and squeezed it. This only caused Sara to go down deeper and stimulate more of Laurel's nerve endings.

"My...oooh!" Laurel yelled. "OOOOH!"

Laurel let out a passionate scream to see her actions. Sara showed what a good sister she was by teasing Laurel and making each orgasm more spectacular than the last. The older girl responded by raking her sister's back. The two continued their passionate activities.

"Oh, you're going to cum, aren't you?" Sara asked. "I bet you do...I bet you can't hold back, no matter how much you want to....but don't worry...it's going to feel so good when you're released."

Sara and Laurel made out with their pussies grinding together. Hardened nipples brushed against each other. Both girls became an entanglement of limbs and fluids as they tried to get each other. Laurel tried to get the better of Sara, but her sister proved to be a natural in many things.

Laurel submitted to Sara's passions and a reward came in the form of a mind-blowing orgasm. Sara passionately worked over Laurel's body, with the final push being directed towards her core. Laurel bucked her hips up and collapsed down onto the bed.

"Why don't we say we make a Batgirl sandwich?"

Laurel didn't think of a better idea. The two of them looked towards Barbara, who smiled in anticipation. Both Lance sisters dove on top of Barbara and started to have their way with her toned body.

Sara produced a strap-on for Laurel and slipped it to her. Laurel slipped it on and moved her way from behind Barbara. The tip brushed against Barbara's sweet ass.

"You should be used to this by now," Laurel said, smiling when working into Barbara.

Barbara nodded and braced herself for the penetration of the strap on, for it to be driven inside her. Laurel eased the phallus inside Barbara's back passage, kneading her cheeks when slipping inside. Barbara could feel the pleasure, which was about to be doubled, through double penetration.

Sara paid attention to Barbara's ample chest for the first time tonight, squeezing and licking it in
response. The two of them exchanged a kiss with each other. Sara moved down and brushed herself against Barbara's slip walls. The tip of the cock pushed into Barbara's pussy.

"Always liked this pussy," Sara said.

Barbara closed her eyes and accepted the point of the cock inside her. The two of them pushed into her on either end. The crime fighter's body sandwiched between the two sisters. Laurel's body fit nicely around her back when pumping, and Sara pressed into her front. A combination of sensations bombarded Barbara.

"Just think of how hard she's going to cum," Laurel said. "I wonder if she's going to stand up straight."

Both girls took out the frustration of a very long night on Barbara who happily complied. Juices dripped from Barbara's center which allowed Sara to shove into her deeper.

The riding of Barbara Gordon continued every second. Barbara didn't think much more pleasure could come from this sinful action of being double teamed by two beautiful sisters. She was happily and cheerfully proven wrong when both sides buried into her with everything they could do.

"Fuck me!" Barbara begged. "This is so good!"

Barbara twisted around Sara and milked the phallus driving deep inside the redhead's dripping with lust body. Every single time Barbara came, Sara just sped it up to rode her orgasm.

Laurel did the same hammering Barbara's ass from behind. Barbara turned around and Laurel kissed the beautiful redhead. Their tongues danced together, trying to increase the passionate display. The heavy breathing escalated with both coming in from both sides.

Sara reached a peak and juices flowed out, landing on Barbara's thighs. Their bodies coated with any number of fluids made the encounter all that much more passionate.

"Mmm, I think we're about ready to finish her off...providing we haven't broken her."

Sara wiped a strand of drool from Barbara's chin. The obvious vacant look on the gorgeous redhead's face made Sara very pleased. Their hips slammed down against each other.

Another orgasm caused Barbara to reach her fever pitch. The double teaming continued throughout the night, leaving Barbara a dripping, drooling, sore, but quite satisfied mess by the morning.

Many more climaxes had been shared, before Laurel and Sara both had their fill with their friend and then with each other, at least for now.

Malcolm Merlyn slowly returned to a state of consciousness. His arms chained to the wall of a damp room. The dimly lit room made it very difficult to see. Merlyn's entire body racked with agony when he made an attempt to try and get free.

A small amount of light flickered on. Malcolm came face to face with the one and only Lady Shiva. Malcolm relaxed, only slightly. Experience taught the man assassins like Shiva only left a person they wanted dead alive.

"Your plan didn't work, and the League won't be very pleased with you," Shiva said. "Especially
when you consider the fact your head is already wanted for treason…..perhaps I should deliver it to them on a plate. That would allow me a significant amount of political capital to cash in at another time."

Malcolm tried to look up at the woman with the usual defiance. It was hard to focus on the woman due to the position Malcolm had been put in.

"If you intended for me to die, you would not have left me alive to have this conversation," Malcolm remarked.

"Perhaps," Shiva answered. She moved closer towards Malcolm. "But, you shouldn't press your luck, especially when you've had the fortune of having a price on your head from both the League of Assassins and the Court of Owls. They detest betrayal."

The Deadliest Woman Alive held a blade inches away from Malcolm's jugular to demonstrate how easy it would have been to cut into the man's throat.

"And rest assure, if Sara or Cassandra died in your Undertaking, there wouldn't be enough left of you to bury," Shiva coldly said. "You're to do something for me, and you may be granted a swift execution…or I may decide to allow you to live long enough for the League to hunt you down. It depends on how much you're willing to cooperate."

Malcolm looked towards his captor with a bleary eye. He answered with a nod, having no choice.

"What do you want from me?"

"Tell me all you know regarding the whereabouts of David Cain."

To Be Continued on March 7th, 2017.

So Season One is wrapped up, and Season Two will beginning on March 7th, in Chapter 27. Granted, if you're reading this in the future, there's going to be no break for you.

Damn right, Laurel isn't going to let her sister die after getting her back. And the Starling City Police Department enters the zone of competence at the worst possible time.

That Barbara/Sara/Laurel scene was foreshadowed a little bit ago and paid off.

Malcolm slips narrowly out of the grasp of the Hood and enters into the grasp of Lady Shiva. And that's where we're left this season.

See you in March for Chapter 27.
Chapter Twenty-Seven: Darkness Within the Light.

Three long months passed for the people of Starling City since the night of the Undertaking. The divide between the elite and the less fortunate of the city had been less more prominent now than ever before. There were some voices of reason on those who had been victimized, but the loudest voices had shouted them down and caused them traitors to the cause. They were not part of a solution, no they were a huge part of the problem.

Tension rose even more, long since Malcolm Merlyn disappeared three months ago. No one knew where the architect for this event disappeared to. They wanted someone to blame, and the remaining members of the Elite were the most obvious scapegoats to blame.

Only a portion of the city had been destroyed, a few lives had been lost, but many had been shaken. There had been increased crime on the street. The Starling City Police Department made their attempts to curb this crime by imposing a hard curfew on the people of the city. This could only go so far, because some people did not adhere to the curfew, and would not bend to the rules.

The more people got pushed, the more they pushed back. Most of the people who got hurt were more innocents who tried to put their lives back together.

Everyone in the city feared for their lives and wondered what would happen next. The hooded vigilante, whoever was under the hood, there were rumors they heard pointing to the fact she had been buried deep underneath the city while stopping the Undertaking. No one had seen hood or hair of the vigilante for over the past three months. Concerning described what some felt, and relief felt what others had.

Either the vigilante had stopped helping, or had been unable to help either because of death or serious injury. Either thought terrified the people in the city. They double and triple checked the locks and held their children close, and their families dear.

They had also lost faith in the police department of Starling City. If these people of the law had done their job, there wouldn't be a need for some vigilante in the hood to stop these criminals. Many harsh whispers occurred, wondering if they could take back the city.

Amongst the people who had been calling for bloodshed and violence, there were many normal men and women who were trying their very best to live their lives. Those lives had been lived in absolute fear every single moment, and the fear continued to spread.

"We should really have been inside."

Two women, one a teenager and one an adult, walked down three blocks, in the middle of a street, past the buildings with broken glass and various bits of graffiti spelling out rude messages of what the people involved would have liked to do with the Starling City police department and also a few about Moira Queen, who they blamed for their predicament.

"Maybe we can get inside," the older of the two women said.

The younger woman took a deep breath and turned around just in time to see a group of street punks. They were carrying crowbars, chains, and one of them held a knife. They looked at the women in a way which made them feel like they need a shower.
"Well, well, what do we have here," one of the gang members said, leering at the people involved. "Looks like a couple of babes, lost, and in need of some tender loving care," another gang member said.

The older woman stepped in front, shielding her daughter from the attack from these two ruffians. "Yeah, well, you know the rules, you're on our territory, you're going to have to pay the toll."

"You can't do this…"

The leader of the gang grabbed the woman by the hair and forced her down to the ground. His buddies laughed and began cheering him on. The woman struggled, and the gang leader slapped her in the face to force the woman down on her knees before him one more time.

"Look at this, she looks pretty much at home on her knees," the gang leader said. "Have you been servicing some of the boys to put your little girl through college?"

"Leave her alone!" the daughter yelled.

Two of the gang members grabbed the daughter and the grip tightened. She started shaking like a leaf, horrified behind all belief. One of the gang members stared her down, looking rather horrified. Her heart started to beat.

"Then again, we have some fresh meat here," one of the gangbangers said. "Look at the look at this bitch, she looks like she wants it….how about it, little girl, do you want some of this?"

The man grabbed his crotch in a very lewd gesture. The girl on the ground shivered and started to break down in tears. There was really no way out of this one.

The mother started to breathe in and out. One of the men pushed her face first onto the ground. Everything was starting to become very terrifying and moved in slow motion. Both wished they would just get this over with.

"Please, do anything you want with me, just leave my daughter alone!" she screamed.

"Oh, I'll give you something to cry about, bitch, I'll give you a whole lot to cry about!"

An arrow caught the gang leader between the shoulder blades and dropped him down to the ground. The other gang members dropped the younger girl and looked around, surprise and shock.

"No, it can't be, the Hood's dead!"

The shooter of the arrow dropped to the ground. She wore a familiar green hood and stood in front of them. All of the gang bangers stepped back, the person who had brought such fear into Starling City stood across from them.

"Oh, you're not the real hood…"

The loudmouth who spoke rushed forward and swung the chain at the hood. The hood dodged the attack and grabbed the man's arm and snapped it. The man dropped down to the ground.

"Looks like you caught a bad break," the Hood commented.

The gang members stepped back, they didn't think the Hood was this chatty. Two more of the goons rushed towards the Hood. A goon blocked the attack, and the Hood grabbed onto the arm before
pushing him back down onto the ground. A series of elbows drove down onto the back of the head of the hooded goon and brought him back down onto the ground.

One of the figures nailed the Hood across the back of the head.

"I got her?" the figure asked.

Another figure dropped down from the building. The remaining gang members turned around. They came face to face with a woman in black, wearing a mask. She lifted a device and pressed a button which released a super-super cry to back off the gang members.

The gang members all staggered back. Another woman dressed in black came in from the shadows and caught the goon in the side with a vicious punch. Another punch rocked the nearest gang member and brought him down to the ground with a violent attack to the side of the neck.

The Hood reclaimed her bow and arrow and fired an arrow through the shoulder. The goon dropped to the ground, blood splattering everywhere when he fell down onto the ground.

The long gang member tried to rush down the alleyway and away from this. It wasn't worth it to stick around. Unfortunately, one of the women in black moved behind her and stopped the man from rushing forward. The man stepped back, throwing his hands into the air.

One solid kick caused the man to snap back down to the ground.

The Hood stepped forward, staring over the person and gave him one more stomp for good measure. A couple more stomps caught him in the head until the Black Canary grabbed the Hood, and spun her around.

The Hood and the Black Canary came face to face with each other. One could see by her body language, the Black Canary did not seem too pleased at all.

"Artemis, we need to talk, now."

Artemis convinced herself putting on the Hood was the right thing to do, especially given the circumstances and how things had gotten much worse since Sara ditched town. The walk back to the Clocktower to talk was long and hard. Laurel gave her the disapproving gaze, the one which Artemis was pretty sure all older sisters practiced.

The three of them entered the Clocktower. Cassandra stepped back to check on something. Laurel pulled out a chair and motioned for Artemis to sit down. Artemis did sit down in front of her. Laurel pulled off the mask and dropped it onto the table, sitting down in front of Artemis. Her arms folded and one burning look stared in Artemis's face.

"What were you thinking?"

Artemis fired back. "What do you think I was thinking?"

The two of them stared down each other. The tension between the two of them could slice through the air with a well-placed knife. Her arms folded when looking towards Laurel. Both girls looked into each other, their stubbornness rearing the ugly head.

"You know, when your sister left town, everything went to hell," Artemis said. "And you know where she went, and you aren't saying a word of it, or doing much of anything. The city's gone to hell, and it's all because there isn't a Hood out there to keep people in check."
Laurel responded with a long glare directed towards Artemis. Artemis never once backed down from her position, still staring down at her.

"Sara's left, and she's not here to do what she's been doing for over a year," Artemis said. "A lot of people think she's dead, and those who know better….they might think she's up and abandoned them all in their darkest hour."

Here, Laurel finally spoke out loud.

"How dare you even imply Sara's just left this city from behind?" Laurel asked. "She didn't…she didn't have to come back."

Laurel was glad Sara did come back, but she didn't have to come back. It was hard for her to come back, and Sara never would return to the way things were. Laurel appreciated though her sister did come back.

"No, she didn't," Artemis said. "Did she have second thoughts? Did Merlyn getting away shatter her confidence?"

Laurel didn't say anything, but she did fear Artemis struck a point which was very close to home.

"The point is, I don't know why Sara left town, no one bothered to tell me," Artemis said. "I have a feeling you know, and Lyla and Barbara obviously know and Cass….well I'm pretty sure she suspects."

Cass looked at Artemis from across the room giving her a long look which plainly told Artemis to kindly keep her out of this conversation. Both girls locked eye to eye with each other, several moments passing before they returned to the conversation.

"It's not my place to tell," Laurel said.

"Of course it isn't, but…." Artemis stopped short of saying Sara owed her an explanation because if anything, Artemis owed Sara. Hence, one of the reasons why she put on the hood and went out to fight crime in Sara's place, was because Artemis owed Sara, and owed her big time. Sara had been an inspiration to her, in ways she could never fully explain.

It did hurt so much to see Sara apparently leave at this time.

"You can't deny the situation in Starling City is getting worse by the day," Artemis said. "You can't look me in the eye and tell me things are really bad."

Laurel hated the fact she couldn't look them in the eye.

"The police are very short handed, and the last Mayor of this city left it in a body bag," Artemis commented.

"Yes, there are problems, but you're not helping by putting on a Hood and going out on the field before you're ready," Laurel said.

"Oh, I disagree, I'm ready," Artemis said. "Although, I don't know who died and made you the supreme authority about who should be able to protect the people of Starling City."

"Physically, you're about as skilled as anyone can be, but mentally, emotionally, you're way off the
mark," Laurel responded, sounding completely exasperated when she talked.

Artemis folded her arms in response and stared a hole through Laurel.

"And you are a bit excessive out there in your violence," Laurel said.

"Oh, given what those douchebags were going to do to those women, I think I was completely justified with my force," Artemis said. "If anything, I was holding back."

The doors opened up and Felicity entered. She stepped into a situation where Laurel and Artemis were in a heated debate. The woman threw her hands up in the air and turned to Cass.

Cass responded with a defeated shrug.

Sara could not return soon enough.

Sara Lance returned to town, and based on various things she heard through the grapevine; it wasn't going to be the happy homecoming. The past three months, Sara had been searching all over the world, trying to find various leads on where Malcolm Merlyn disappeared to, along with Lady Shiva. All of the leads turned up empty and caused Sara a great amount of frustration.

Now, she returned to Starling City, a different, and more caustic Starling City than it was three months ago. All of the work Sara did after putting on the Hood seemed to have evaporated. Lyla drove her into town, past the graffiti tags. Sara read messages about Moira Queen, about the Starling City Police Department, a couple were even about her. The words were too disturbing and disgusting to repeat.

"Sorry we couldn't turn up a more tangible lead," Lyla said.

"It wasn't….well you couldn't have expected this to happen."

Sara hoped for Malcolm to see justice for the crimes he committed, even though it might have been wishful thinking. She knew what the man was capable of. Sara went face to face against this particular man on two separate occasions, and both of them didn't end up as well as she thought it could.

Yet, Malcolm Merlyn just seemed to disappear off of the face of the Earth. It was a very maddening thought to even consider. Malcolm's disappearance made Sara consider something. One thought entered Sara's mind above all else, though.

'He couldn't have just vanished off of the face of the Earth. Although Shiva could have made him disappear very easily, and she would be the one not to tell me she did so.'

The sounds of loud protesters could be heard. Some of them marched down the hallway, spilling down the street. Lyla had to put the brakes on the limo.

"A nice car going down a road in this part of a town, why wouldn't we attract attention?" Lyla asked.

The very raucous crowd continued to increase in frequency, getting more loud as time went on.

"Get out of town!"

"You're no good, you're the reason why this city is in the state that it is!"
Sara wasn't going to take this lying down. She moved to unlock the door by her side. Lyla gave her a look like the girl was insane, and maybe she was, after everything she had been through. Regardless, the two of them exited the limo and made their way into the midst of protestors who did not look too happy.

"The Queens were responsible for us losing our home!" a woman shouted. "What are you going to do about that?"

"Yeah, she's about as good as one of them, considering she married Moira's deadbeat son!"

Sara spent a moment counting to ten, remembering the exercises she learned during training. Control, Sara had control, and she would not engage these people. It would not do her well to flip out and have an episode. All of these people, they could be an outlet. Sara could not, under any circumstances lose it. Even though these were some of the same people who burned homes and businesses down in a fit of rage because of the Undertaking not even a month ago, some of the same people who rioted through the streets.

Debating them now would be like tossing gasoline on a fire.

"Ah, what's the matter, no comeback?"

"I….Moira was the one who informed the world of what Malcolm did, and she's sitting in prison," Sara said.

"Yeah, well that's not good enough!" one of them yelled. "If you ask me, that bitch should have been lynched!"

Sara felt it would be a waste of time and energy to explain about due process to someone who was willing to kill. Some of them moved in close.

"Stand back, let her pass."

Much to Sara's surprise, the people involved in the riot stood back, even though their eyes still burned on her with fury. A young, fresh-faced man, dressed in casual clothes stepped forward. They were a bit nicer than the clothes of the protestors, but they were still very casual.

"Let her return, now that she has her look at what's happened to the less fortunate in this city," the man said. "I don't have a doubt in my mind there's a charity ball for her to go to, or maybe a board meeting, or maybe another trip to Vegas, or maybe another ocean cruise."

Lyla gripped Sara around the wrist. The Queen's Gambit trip was still a sore spot and this man looked towards her with a grin.

"Sebastian Blood, not that you've bothered to learn the names of the people actually helping this city," he said. "Go, leave her be….allow her to sit back, while the try face of Starling City changes. We will not be silenced any longer….we have nothing to left to lose. We will rebuild from the ashes."

"OUR PLIGHT WILL NOT BE SILENCED!"

Sara was reminded of a cult leader. She entered the limo, with Lyla, as all of the protestors lined up on the sidewalk. Blood took a spot off to the side as well. The limo rolled on by, and it was several city blocks before they passed the long line of accusing eyes.

"So, Sebastian Blood…he's really taken advantage of this situation to move up, hasn't he?" Lyla
asked.

"I want to know when he starts handing out the Kool-Aide."

Sara spoke in a bit of an absent-minded tone of voice. The last disapproving eyes looked away as the limo passed through. Sara took another deep breath to calm herself down before pulling the laptop from her bag. It had been a while since she had a chance to check her e-mail.

"Well, this is not good," Sara said.

"Bad news?"

"Barbara has been digging into what's been going on at Queen Industries since my absence," Sara said. "$The last quarter, the bottom of the stock fell out and it keeps dropping. And there's…this woman, named Isabel Rochev, who has been buying up stocks."

Sara put up a picture and frowned. The woman was attractive, if not giving up the appearance of an ice cold bitch. Something about the demeanor and something about the look in her eyes seemed very familiar.

Did Sara run into her before somewhere? Sara couldn't recall, yet had a feeling she should.

Thea Queen kicked back and thought things could be much better. She would like to have thought things would have gone a little bit worse. Several folders had been laid out on the desk, the Queen family finances, and boy had that been an eye opener.

'Okay, I'm the last Queen, well by blood,' Thea thought. 'How do I fix this?'

Thea wished she spent more time paying attention in business classes, and less time slacking off. She had been a bit better off since last year. Still, she had always been good with numbers when her head was on straight, and it really did need to be on straight right here.

'Okay, obviously, the answer is to make more money.'

"And the fight for the trial of Moira Queen continues, as her lawyers are fighting to move it outside of Starling City. Meanwhile, the whereabouts of Mrs. Queen's Co-Conspirator, Malcolm Merlyn, are unaccounted for, as he disappeared sometime after the failed undertaking."

These news reports kept coming in. Thea found them interesting, like a train wreck which you couldn't quite look away from. Frustration hit the teenager on.

The door opened, and Thea turned around, jumpier than a cat underneath a rocking chair after all of the death threats she received over the past three months. Her eyes widened in response and Thea relaxed.

"Sara, you're back?"

Sara walked over, and Thea sprang to her feet, nearly knocking over her coffee on the table in surprise. The brunette threw her arms around Sara with a hug.

"Oh, the city's gone to shit since you were gone."

Thea pushed against Sara, and pulled away from her, trying to keep herself calm.

"It's nice to see you," Sara said. "I'm sorry I had to leave."
"After, all of what you've done, I wouldn't blame you if you left and never came back," Thea said. "And….well, things are a bit rough."

"Including with you personally."

Sara looked at Thea. Thea sighed and all of the problems she experienced started to come out before she could really help anything she said.

"Yes, my finances are shit, my mother's situation is even worse because the Governor wants her to get the death penalty."

"She….she doesn't deserve that," Sara said. "She could have kept her mouth shut, and many more people would have died."

"I think people don't think about that, all they think about is someone suffering to make themselves feel better," Thea said. "And now, my mother is going to suffer, because Malcolm skipped town….and there are a few other things, which aren't really as important."

Thea sighed in response.

"Why don't they realize killing my mother won't bring those people back?"

Sara leaned in and grabbed Thea by the shoulder, turning her around.

"If they're bothering you, they're problems we should talk about," Sara said. "So just let it all out, you might feel better."

Sara really wished she took her own advice sometimes. Thea responded with a smile, feeling a bit better under the face of Sara's warm eyes.

"And, remember the night club I was thinking about," Thea said. "The one that I wanted to run….well it turns out, getting a loan is not easy, especially given the name Queen is mud."

"Don't you have resources?" Sara asked.

Thea smiled, looking like the little girl who had her hand caught in the cookie jar.

"Well, I've been dipping into a couple of accounts the state don't know about and haven't seized yet," Thea said. "But, I've got to be careful with that, when the money's gone, it's gone."

Thea shook her head and returned to the conversation.

"I don't want to say they laughed in my face, but they really laughed in my face when I tried to apply for a loan," Thea said.

Sara considered Thea's plight, frowning.

"I might be able to set you up with someone in Gotham City, who wanted to start up a club in Starling City," Sara said. "Not sure if she wants to start now, given what's happened, but it won't hurt to talk to her."

"Yeah, it won't hurt to talk to her," Thea said. "But, we really have to worry about Queen Industries, because if that goes down the drain, the rest of my inheritance goes down the drain along with it. And a club will be the least of my worries."

Sara decided to break the news to Thea.
"Isabel Rochev, she's looking to swoop in and buy Queen Industries," Sara said.

"Oh, that bitch?" Thea asked. She fumed at the very name. "Yeah, I've heard of her...she worked at Queen years ago...disappeared shortly before my father died, looks like she's making a comeback and in style. Last time I saw her, she was fetching coffee for my father. She's no Felicity, I'll give you that much."

Sara answered with a smile.

"I only met her once, when I visited my father, but that was more than enough," Thea said. "But, given what I do know about her, if she runs the company, we're going to be beyond fucked....she's performed the hostile takeover of several small businesses, but she's working up to the big fish. And I think this one might be kind of personal, although I can't imagine why."

"Well, you've done your homework," Sara said.

"You aren't the only one who can make a call to Gotham City," Thea said. "So, what are we going to do about this?"

"Ask someone else to outbid Isabel, and get the company away from her," Sara said. "And I might have an idea."

Thea was intrigued if she was honest. She trusted Sara's judgment, because of how much Thea's own had been fucked in the past and clouded by emotions. She had been walking a careful tightrope despite being clean for several months.

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**To Be Continued on March 10th, 2017.**

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*Well, things are even worse in Starling City, then when Sara left. Doesn't help that some parties are stirring the embers for their own help.*

*Let's see what Sara can do this Friday.*
Chapter Twenty-Eight: Stand Together.

Sara returned after leaving town for three months. It would have been the easiest thing in the world to do, to walk away, and stay away from Starling City, to give it up as a lost cause. Exposing the Undertaking most certainly saved a lot of lives. It also opened the door for a lot more problems. Discontent with the establishment reached an all time high and men of the people like Sebastian Blood stirred those fires of discontent, making it very hard to get anything done.

It would have been the easiest thing in the world to leave and to stay gone. Yet, also, one of the hardest things in the world as well, as Sara would not have been true to herself if she just upped and left. And more importantly, she would have failed to get a promise. Sara remembered the promise, and not just to Oliver either, but to herself. To atone for some past mistakes, even while when atoning for past mistakes, she made some new ones.

She searched for Malcolm Merlyn, the architect of this entire scheme, and again, there was nothing. Sara returned because she had to face what happened. The discontent felt three months ago was even worse.

'I guess there are some problems which can't be solved by putting on a hood and hitting the streets.'

Sara endeavored to solve one simple problem a little closer to home. She made her way into Queen Industries. The hallways had been a little less barren, a little less productive because several people had been either laid off or outright lost their jobs. Those who worked the closest with Moira ended up getting shoved in the fire first, and the effect trickled down to other areas of the company.

Thea exited the elevator right behind Sara. The blonde turned to a brunette with a smile etched on her face.

"Thanks for coming," Sara said.

"It's my future on the line," Thea said. "I'm not going to lie, I'm scared to death what's going to happen. This Board meeting could mean the end of Queen Industries as we know it."

Sara put a hand on Thea's shoulder. She managed to hold it together. No denying it, both of them walked into the lion's den. The world of business almost horrified Sara more than the world of fighting criminals.

"It won't come to that," Sara said. "I won't let it come to that."

She lost too many battles recently to let Queen Industries sink underneath the surface of what happened. She needed to restore confidence with the people, and keep this company out of the hands of people who had an agenda. It was a key point in the future, and she wanted to keep another promise. Thea's future was on the line here as well.

"You shouldn't have to fight this battle," Thea said.

Sara turned around towards Thea. Her eyes burned bright with an intensity which took Thea completely off guard. Thea took a step back and looked towards her.
"There are many battles I don't need to fight," Sara said. "If I go away with that attitude, then all is lost. I'm going to have to go out there and make sure this company stays where it should be. I need to make sure this company stays where it belongs."

Thea smiled. "Wow, you….well you should save that speech to dazzle the Board."

"Don't worry, I intend to."

Felicity turned around the corner and a folder overflowed in her arms. Sara turned around towards her. Felicity almost skidded to a stop at the edge of the hallway. Sara held her up straight and Felicity took a deep breath.

"Slow down," Sara said. "And it's nice to see you again."

"Nice to see you too, I wish I could say it's been under better circumstances," Felicity said. "I'm sure you know by now…we're about to undergo a hostile takeover, the entire face of the company could change, and more importantly, I'm kind of worried about my job security right now. I mean, don't get me wrong…my other work is great and all, but this gives me a sort of day to day stability and…."

The notes pushed into Sara's hand. Felicity looked shaken, and Sara grabbed the blonde by the shoulders. She leaned in and kissed Felicity to calm the other girl down. Felicity took a deep breath after Sara rocked her world with a short, but very passionate kiss.

"Relax," Sara said.

"I….tried," Felicity said. "I don't know how you can, be so calm when this company, is about ready to be taken over by some rich ice-cold…."

Felicity stopped short of saying what she wanted to say.

"Bitch?" Thea concluded.

Sara turned around to look out the window and take one more gaze outside into Starling City. The city was not putting its best foot forward now, although things would change. Everything came together nicely at times, and she hoped it would come together nicely this time. She turned towards Felicity and Thea, both of them had looked worried, and to be honest, rightfully so.

"Relax, I have everything under control."

Felicity could not believe the calm nature of Sara's voice. Granted, it was pretty easy to freak out, and don't get her right, she found herself excited one of them was able to keep it together, even in a situation like this, a situation where everything goes really bad.

"How can you be so calm?" Felicity asked. "No, I'm being serious…..Isabel Rochev is about ready to perform a hostile takeover of the company, how can you be so calm?"

Sara lifted a hand up and Felicity stepped back, a frown crossing her face.

"Did you really think I spent the last three months on a beach, having a non-stop orgy with an army of Amazon warriors?"

Felicity blinked at Sara's words, being kept completely off guard.

"First, that's oddly specific," Felicity said. "And no, I didn't think...I didn't mean to imply, I mean....."
"Felicity, you'll still have a job, relax," Sara said. "I'll still have a desk to bend you over after today, don't worry."

Felicity grew flushed and all she could do was respond with a nod.

"I have a plan," Sara said. "And here she comes right now."

The elevator door clicked open. Felicity turned around to the person who exited the elevator. Her jaw almost hit the floor and her eyes bugged out. There was only one thing for Felicity to say in this situation. "No way….well, we should have seen this coming."

"Thank you for coming," Sara said.

"Believe me, the honor is all mine."

Malcolm Merlyn spent the last three months underneath the watchful eye of Lady Shiva. He didn't dream of trying to get away from her, mostly because there would be no escape. It would be a cold day before she allowed him to escape. The snow and the ice showed the conditions Shiva forced them to travel in.

Not the worst place possible, but Merlyn knew Shiva was taking him around the longest way to make sure he understood who was in control on this trip.

"You've been with the League of Assassins in the past," Shiva said. "Surely you must recognize these landmarks."

Malcolm took a look around and answered with a nod. "Yes, I recognize them."

Lady Shiva led Malcolm through the village. She kept her eyes locked onto him, keep your enemy close, it was a philosophy she followed. The only reason Malcolm stayed alive was for the information.

"Remember the deal we made," Shiva responded. "I will shield you from retribution from Ra's al Ghul, and others who would like nothing better than to have your head. You will be allowed to live…at least for now. And you will help me locate Cain. You've worked with him in the past, so you have an insight to how the man things, and how the man operations."

Malcolm drew in a breath. The cold air filling his lungs made it extremely difficult to hold his head up in this particular situation. The slippery rocks made it very hard for him to hold the rest of himself up.

"We have been in contact, at infrequent points over the years," Malcolm said. "But, when I found out what he did to Cassandra, what he did with your daughter…"

"Yes, I'm quite aware of who my daughter is," Shiva said. "Get to the point before you bore me. And you know what happens when people bore me."

Malcolm swallowed a lump in his throat and started to get to the point, at least the best he could.

"When I found out what he did to your daughter, I made it my purpose to distance myself from him. I'm a father myself, as you know."

"Yes, and such stellar parenting skills as well," Shiva said.
Malcolm decided not to argue this point. Some hills were not worth dying on.

"The point is, to train a child up, at such a young age, to force her to be a weapon since the point she could barely walk, it's disturbing," Malcolm said. "He wanted to push his theories the perfect warrior could be created from birth. I didn't want any of that."

A long pause followed. The cold air from the mountains ripped through. Malcolm lead Shiva up a long and rocky pathway, the rocks sliding underneath him when he almost walked up to the mountain.

"I'm pleased to see you still have standards," Shiva answered. "Providing, of course, you haven't decided it was worth the risk to lie to my face to further your agenda."

Malcolm responded with a very deep frown. He pulled his fair share of deceit over the years, but under these circumstances, he did not lie. He was in fact disgusted with Cain. What he didn't inform Shiva was the former member of the League of Assassins learned to put aside that disgust for the greater good.

"I know where to look, or we're on the right track," Malcolm said. "Cain has acquired property in this village. He's hiding under the nose of people from the League. In fact, there are certain parties in the League who are shielding him. It appears Ra's al Ghul may value him, more than he does you."

Shiva placed a knife at Malcolm's throat and leaned in towards her. A cold voice entered Malcolm's ear.

"Don't make presumptions, Mr. Merlyn."

Malcolm thought of three ways where he could escape. Unless he managed to get lucky enough to get some distance, Shiva would have killed him right there for his impudence.

"Just trying to put things in perspective, apologies if I offended," Malcolm said.

Everything remained as cold as the lands around them. Malcolm watched his step, both literally and figuratively.

"Just remember, you try anything, and you will die," Shiva said.

Malcolm breathed in and breathed out. The cold steel retracted from the man's throat and left him staggering back. "I thought you were going to kill me regardless of what happened, once you were done with me."

"We'll discuss this further once the final drop of blood drains from David Cain."

The finally made their way to the front entrance of a temple, with a distinct lack of guards in front of it. Malcolm reached behind him but remembered Shiva didn't have any weapon. He walked into the unknown without anything to defend himself, other than his limbs and wits.

The two of them entered the temple and came across a short man. The short man nodded towards Merlyn. However, the moment Lady Shiva came into the scene, the man's hands threw up and he turned, making his way towards the nearest exit as fast as his legs could carry him.

Merlyn jumped in front of the short man. The short man retracted a knife and brandished it in warning. Malcolm blocked the stab and drove an elbow down at the pressure point of the attacker. The attacker fell down on the ground and Malcolm nailed him with a couple more rapid fire attacks before he flipped the man over and caused him to crash down onto the ground.
Malcolm turned towards Lady Shiva, who stood in the shadows.

"Here you are, he's all yours."

The woman stepped forward towards the man who cowered on the ground. The blade returned to Shiva's hand and she leaned over the man.

"You can be useful and obedient when the situation calls for it after all," Shiva said. "Then again, so can a dog."

The man on the ground stared into the eyes and the face of death. Lady Shiva's narrowed eyes didn't look too good and he continued to shake when Shiva stood over the top of him.

"We're going to have words."

A dark haired woman paced back and forth the Queen Industries boardroom. She wore a stoic look on her face and approached the situation.

"I couldn't even begin to….I couldn't even begin to have time to discuss how this company has taken a downturn over the past year," Isabel said. "And the future of this company isn't good either, the only Queen who is not dead or in prison is both underage and also crashed into a cop car in a drug induced stupor. Is that the type of person who you want to hold the future of this company in their hands?"

Isabel looked at the board of Directors. None answered it was a rhetorical question.

"I love this company, and I want it not only to survive but also thrive," Isabel said. "Some people seem to think that I do this out of malice, but I do it out of mercy. I do it because of the good of this company has done in the past, and can still do in the future."

"Well, at least we agree on that much."

The doors opened, and Sara stepped inside, with Thea following. Felicity walked in behind them as well. Isabel only looked towards Sara for a moment.

"You don't have to do this anymore," Isabel said. "I see what you're doing, you're maintaining the charade. You're feeling guilty about what's going on, and you think it's somehow your responsibility to maintain this company, through both the good times and the bad times."

Sara frowned. She was obviously playing some sort of game and Sara didn't know what it was. She just leaned back and prepared to find out.

"No one blames you, no one worth listening to," Isabel said. "What happened to Oliver Queen is a tragic accident, and you thought you had the responsibility to carry on the burdens he left behind. But it isn't your responsibility. You left, and no one blamed you for leaving."

Isabel walked over and put a hand on Sara's shoulder. It was funny how such a gesture could be so condescending.

"The Queens used people," Isabel said. "They spit them up, and throw them away…..and Moira fell into that life just as much. She exploited your grief, and I'm sure she wants to hold on some kind of proxy control in the company. I know you're hurting, and you should just return back to a normal
life. It's not worth it to be hung up on what might have been."

'I really wonder if you should be having this conversation with yourself.'

Isabel's lips curled into a slight smile, at least it was what passed as a smile for her.

"It's time to move on from the toxic legacy left behind, and return to the heart of what this company really could do."

Thea opened her mouth, about ready to light into Isabel for dragging the memory of both her father and brother through the mud. Sara nudged Thea to keep her calm and keep her quiet.

"But, perhaps you've grown fond of this company, "Isabel said. "And a girl as ambitious as yourself deserves a job underneath me, as my assistant."

Sara looked towards her and gave one of the smiles, one of those fake smiles, where it was obvious to anyone with the greatest amount of self-awareness she was struggling with the impulse not to stab Isabel on sight.

"You're too kind," Sara said. "But, I didn't run away, I had been away trying to get some business done. And to keep this company afloat, to secure the funding for Queen Industries to save the company."

Isabel blinked. She resumed the tone of calmness, despite the disdain threatening to creep into her.

"No bank in town will touch this company," Isabel said.

"Oh, believe me, I didn't even try, I knew that was going to be a failure," Sara said. "I've made an agreement for a partnership, and a partial buyout of Queen Industries from one of the hottest technology companies in the world. I'm sure you've heard of Karen Starr and Starrwave Industries."

One would have to be living under a rock not to hear of this particular technology company. Isabel didn't really like where this one was going, to be honest. All she could do was nod, and look towards her.

"Myself and Karen Starr have been talks, and it turns out, you're not the only one who has been buying up stocks here at Queen Industries," Sara said. "I worked with her to round up the remaining shares and combined with Thea's shares….well that gives us a good portion of the company. You can do the math if you really want to look into it, in fact, my assistant has the paperwork…why don't you give it to her, Felicity?"

"Gladly," Felicity said.

Isabel snatched the papers, unable to believe this happened. She flipped through them, and her expression darkened for a moment.

"Well, it's all in order," Isabel said.

"And don't get me wrong, you still have a place in this company, as part-owner," Sara said. "However, you're not going to own the majority of this company, are you?"

"So, is it safe for me to come in now?"

Sara turned around and broke into a smile. "Yes, it's safe for you to come in."

A blonde with shoulder length hair, and glasses stepped into the room. She wore a conservative blue
blouse, which only just barely hid her assets from the world, and a long skirt which came down to past her knees, along with a pair of sheer stockings. In followed a second blonde woman, her assistant, who had a very sunny demeanor when passing through her.

"Karen Starr, at your service, but I'm sure many of you have been watching the news," Karen said. "So, all the paperwork is in order?"

"Yes," Sara said. "Although, I think we can all work together, hand in hand, and make this company a better place. It's obvious Isabel wants to better Queen Industries, doesn't she?"

Isabel looked across the room. If looks could kill, every single person in this room would have dropped dead. She maintained a mostly professional demeanor.

"Looks like we're partners."

Sara believed it was not the most ideal circumstances, but given the alternative, it was what needed to be done.

Thea didn't mean to fangirl out, okay, maybe just a little bit. She was very excited this deal went down and the company slipped out of the hands of Isabel, well at least mostly. She was glad Sara put a leash on Isabel as well.

Figuratively for right now, but it would be literally, later on, regardless, the two of them were on their way back out of the meeting, where Sara was dropping Thea off at the Clocktower. She would have stayed at Queen's Mansion, but there had been a few break-ins and lootings in the past couple of weeks.

Sara resolved to have a word with Lyla to see what she could do about that.

"I was worried for a little bit," Thea said. "Guess, I shouldn't doubt you."

"Yeah, I guess you shouldn't," Sara said. "If Karen hadn't agreed to join forces with me, it couldn't have happened."

"How did you meet her anyway?" Thea asked.

"It's a long story," Sara said.

Thea could have laughed. "Well, I'm sure the entire five years you were away could classify as a long story."

Sara only nodded. She didn't spend too much time thinking about the time away. No flashing back to that period, but the lessons learned in the five years away allowed her to become the woman she was today.

"You should really know something else," Thea said. "While you were away, Artemis put the hood on and decided to go out and fight crime."

Sara answered with a very obvious sigh. The car pulled up outside of the Clocktower and Sara wondered how to deal with this one.

"I should have known she would be the one to hood up after I left," Sara said. "But, I'm back, so there should be no reason for her to ever put that hood on again, right?"
Thea responded with one of the more obvious snorts possible. It lacked any manners, but she did it anyway.

"Right, Artemis got bit by the bug, and you know, like I know, there's no way she's going to back down now," Thea said. "Looks like you might get a new sidekick out of this....."

"You better talk to her," Sara said.

Thea frowned. "Me, why should I….why should I be the one who has to talk to her?"

"She's your girlfriend," Sara said.

Thea sputtered and turned rather red. She wasn't sure what herself and Artemis were.

"Well, that isn't exactly true, we're friends, who are girls, and we occasionally sleep together, but it's rather open, for other women, if the opportunity presents itself."

Sara had no question in her mind exactly what Thea implied, especially with the not so subtle look. She smiled and looked towards her.

"Maybe if you're lucky," Sara said.

"You know, my eighteenth birthday is in four months, right?"

Sara would be lying if she didn't keep that fact stored away in the back of her mind. Sleeping with the sister of her late husband would be another taboo line to cross.

She stepped inside the miniature apartment inside the Clocktower. Thea went off to the right to the room she crashed in, and Sara went to the room to the right.

"I hoped to catch you here."

Sara turned around and came face to breast with one Karen Starr. It wasn't exactly a commentary on how Karen's breasts were the first thing people noticed from her. Sara just came up to her breasts due to Karen's height when relative to hers.

"Glad to see you," Sara said.

The two of them joined with a kiss. It had been way too long since they had a chance to properly get together, other than discussing business. Sara pushed Karen back and lead her into the bedroom, making sure to pull her back.

"So, we got a lot done," Karen said. "And we still have a lot to do."

"Yes," Sara said. "And Queen Industries can do a lot more to help the people which the Undertaking hurt.....I told you about the meeting I had with Blood earlier, didn't I?"

"Yes, the guy likes to stir up trouble, I wouldn't pay him any mind," Karen said.

"Well, trouble stirrer or not, he has given me an idea, in a roundabout way," Sara said. "It's an idea which I'll need to help the people, I just hope they'll be willing to accept it in time."

"The vocal minority will question every action, and be loud enough to sow seeds of doubt in the mind of those people who don't know any better," Karen said. "But, I've learned one thing, and that's to follow what's right in your heart."
"Yes, I know," Sara said. "Thank you for your help, and I really mean that. Hell, you even brought your own Felicity to the meeting, so you came ready to work."

Karen laughed in response.

"I prefer to think you brought your own Chloe," Karen said. "But, now we're going to have to agree to disagree."

"Maybe we should just swap assistants some time," Sara suggested.

"For business, or for pleasure?" Karen asked.

"Well, both, maybe," Sara said. "But, there's no telling why they can't both mix."

Karen slowly unbuttoned her blouse and let it slide to the floor. A black bra contained her massive breasts, costume made to fit because there was no traditional bra on the rack which would fit her melons.

"It's been a long time, Kara," Sara said.

"Yes, and you look like you have a lot of tension," Karen said.

Karen leaned down to kiss Sara on the lips. She reached behind to cup the shorter girl's ass. Sara moaned into her mouth when Karen's hands touched and squeezed her ass, knowing what Sara liked. Karen's fingers shifted underneath her skirt.

The fabric of Sara's panties tore away, and Karen dipped her fingers deep inside Sara's gushing pussy. Sara closed her eyes tight to enjoy the feeling of Karen's fingers digging deep inside her. She shifted her hips up and brought them down, humping her fingers.

"You want more, don't you?" Karen asked.

Sara nodded with a lustful smile. Karen squeezed her ass with the right hand while fingerling Sara with the left. Sara leaned up to rest her hands on Karen's chest. She cupped one of the wonders of the universe in her hands.

"Good choice," Karen said.

Sara reached up and unclasped Karen's bra strap. The bra dropped down to the ground and hit the ground. Those red rosy nipples stuck out for Sara, they just begged to be sucked and sucked very hard. The tips stood erect. Sara leaned in and grabbed her breast with both hands, squeezing it.

Karen continued with the pace of fingerling Sara. Her own core started to moisten and soak through her panties. Sara leaned in and flicked her tongue about the area of the nipples. Sara showed such talent, such promise. Very few people could be as good as she could be in a situation like this.

"Mmm, I've missed this."

Sara couldn't answer on the account of her mouth being very full. She did miss this as well. Karen's fingers establishing a momentum, better than any vibrator inside her pussy made things even more intense to her. Sara ground up against the probing digits.

Karen threw her head back to moan. Sara bit down and released her nipple in a flourish. Sara
wouldn't leave the bite marks for long given the busty blonde's natural healing abilities, but it would feel really good.

"I want to eat your pussy," Karen begged.

Sara ceased sucking Karen's breast. She backed Karen off towards the bed and spread the legs of the woman. That beautiful pussy shined out, ready to be indulged in. Sara smiled and approached Karen, getting closer, before dipping down to her knees.

The blonde buried herself face first between Karen's warm thighs. Karen closed her legs around Sara's head and gave a passionate moan when she went down on Sara.

Sara took her fingers and gripped onto the back of Karen's head.

"Yes, eat my pussy, eat it all up!" Sara begged him. "Shove your tongue into my twat and lick it clean!"

Karen sped up the pace and licked the juices. She wanted to get a mouth full of Sara's very essence. Her nails raked against Sara's thighs and pushed herself deeper into her.

Sara bucked her hips up and into Karen's mouth. The busty blonde ate out Sara like there was no tomorrow, eating her insides. Sara closed her eyes and pushed further towards her.

"Good, so good," Sara breathed. "You've improved."

Karen pulled away from Sara, face dripping with her juices, and a smile crossing her face.

"It helps when you have a personal assistant who is willing to help you experiment."

The busty blonde rose to her feet and wrapped her arms around Sara before meeting in the center with a very sensual kiss. Both of them came tongue to tongue, having them encircle each other. Karen gripped the back of Sara's head and moaned when shoving more of her tongue deep inside the other girl's mouth.

Karen smiled and pulled her skirt off, revealing her panties. Sara helped Karen out of them. Her beautiful body dripped in sweat. She had the assets which would stop traffic. Karen got on her hands and knees.

"You know, people really shouldn't think you're just a pair of nice tits," Sara said. "You have a great ass as well."

Sara responded by slapping Karen on the ass in response. She scissored Karen from behind and started to rub up against her lover like a cat in heat. Sara's hands roamed aimlessly, reaching around to squeeze Karen's breasts and twisting her nipples.

"It's been a while since you've really had a chance to cut loose," Karen said.

"Well, I don't want to hurt any of them," Sara said. "With you, I don't have any problem."

Sara kissed all the way down Karen's neck, to the small of her back, and then stopped right between her legs. The dripping slit pushed open for Sara. She shifted a tongue inside the hole and tasted Karen. She dripped, but Sara thought she could get that pussy even wetter if she just worked for it.

"You're...just too much!" Karen yelled. "And don't hold back, please."

Sara rubbed Karen's clit, pinching it, and giving her pleasure. The hips bucked back, and Sara lapped
up some of Karen's juices. The exotic taste made her body hum in pleasure. Her hand reached down and cupped Karen's pussy, giving it a nice squeeze.

"Don't worry, this is primed and ready to be fucked," Sara said.

Karen could hardly wait. Her body sang with pleasure. Sara slipped away from behind and returned, putting on a strap on. The large phallus connected to the strap-on pushed into Karen's entrance. Her lips lubricated it when Sara slid inside of her.

"Deeper!" Karen yelled.

Sara smiled and Karen took the full cock inside of her, in a way that most women could not. She squeezed Karen's breasts and the feeling of this warm pussy wrapped around the phallus caused the Sara to work herself into Karen. Nails raked down Karen's body, and reached underneath, cupping her breasts, squeezing them.

Karen rocked back along with Sara. Sara plunged herself deep into the body of her lover. The two connected together hip to hip.

"Don't worry about the sheets," Sara teased.

The sheets ripped underneath the force. Karen turned around to give Sara encouragement and Sara took Karen's lips into a forceful kiss. Her tongue slipped deeper into Sara's mouth, and the two worked back and forth with each other, never breaking up their momentum.

Sara sucked the tongue briefly like a cock before Karen slipped away and fell face first on the bed. The crime fighter reared back and took careful aim. She stuck the target. Karen's pussy clenched down onto it.

"You said these were built to last," Sara said. "Let's see if we test this theory."

Sara's frantic grabbing and handling of Karen excited and horny as hell. She grabbed onto the bed, screaming when Sara pounded into her. And the pounding got even rusher.

"OOOH, SARA!"

Karen screaming her name out encouraged Sara to drive herself deeper into Karen. Her loins tingled with ramming one of the most powerful women on Earth with a huge cock. Every time Karen clenched, the nerve sensors in the strap on shot pleasure up to her.

"You told me not to hold back."

Karen could have laughed, she told Sara exactly that, not to hold back. And as a result, she took a huge cock deep inside her body at an immense and rapid fire force. Karen held onto the bed, giving a deep breath when more of this large hunk of manhood pushed into her.

"No, I didn't...more...more!"

Sara took the fucking to its limits. Karen's tight clenching was enough to crush an iron bar in her pussy, reducing it into a flat pancake.

'Well, we're testing the durability here.'

Sara rammed deeper inside Karen and made sure to make her feel it. Karen's cries for more spurred Sara on to do just that, hit Karen with even more. They connected together, loins meeting together in
a passionate encounter. Karen grabbed onto the bed and practically screamed her head off while Sara hammered her.

"Cum."

One word from Sara made Karen come completely undone. The muscle contractions made it a challenge for Sara to move. She could feel the force of Karen and it made her squirt and squirm. She roughly groped Karen's body. The encouraging cries of bliss encouraged Sara to keep up this tactic.

Karen closed her eyes. It had been a while since she had an orgasm this prominent. Not to discount all of her other lovers, but Sara just had that extra spice to her.

The next orgasm finished off both Sara and the toy. The two beautiful blondes shared their orgasm with each other. Sweat and fluids combined when they basked in the moment of mutual release.

Sara pulled away, and the toy had been smashed flat as a pancake when she extracted it from her.

"Needs a bit more fine-tuning."

To Be Continued on March 14th, 2017.

Sara pulled a fast one for sure. There may be some consequences.

Can't think of a better way to celebrate a business deal.

Until Tuesday.
Artemis wasn't going to lie, she was very glad to see Sara back in Starling City. Given the abandonment issues, she acquired over the course of her life, having one solid constant was a good thing for her, a very good thing for her as it turned out. For once in her life, Artemis felt a little bit better.

Despite the enjoyment of seeing Sara return to Starling City, Artemis really felt a little bit of dread. Thea talked to her a bit about it, and it was obvious she may have messed up putting on the hood. Artemis would go down defending it seemed like a good idea at the time, but at the same time, hindsight tended to a bitch.

The two of them made their way to the rooftops where they ran. Artemis realized how good of shape Sara was in. While Artemis was no slouch in the endurance department, Sara cut a pretty fast pace when going from rooftop to rooftop. Artemis tried, very hard to keep up and match Sara's pace. Her heart raced when following Sara along these rooftops as fast as she could go. One thought popped into Artemis's head.

'I really think this girl is trying to teach me a lesson.'

Sara repelled over one set of rooftops. Artemis thought she could make the jump and it turned out, the jump had been made, just by the skin of her teeth. Artemis gripped Sara around the arm and pulled her onto the rooftop, looking her directly in the eye a few seconds later.

Time stood still. Artemis really did not know what to say. She did not want to be the first person to say something and potentially put her foot in her mouth worse than Felicity on a bad day.

"Okay, now we really need to talk."

"Sure, talk," Artemis said. "Just give me a moment to catch my breath."

Artemis remembered deep breaths, deep breaths, and calming breaths. This was the key to keeping herself together, in a very troublesome situation, at least how she remembered. She turned around, with Sara leaning over the ledge. A small smile flickered over the face of the older girl.

"Do you have your breath caught, yet?" Sara asked.

Artemis tried not to smile. "About as good enough as it's going to be. You make it look so easy."

Sara just looked towards Artemis with a smile, almost knowing what she was going to say next.

"You had the right idea, this city does need someone to protect the less fortunate," Sara said.

Artemis blinked and looked back at the woman in question. "I'm sensing a but here, though."

Sara answered with a half of a smile. "But, despite the fact you had the right idea, you went along this in the very wrong way. You might have made matters worse."

The younger girl gave Sara one of the most cross looks possible. Sara recalled how she was around
that age. Not exactly the bastion of common sense to be perfectly honest, the five years away really caused her to grow up. Still, she made many promises, and not that Artemis knew this, but watching out for her was one of them as well.

"I thought I did a fair enough job," Artemis said. "Granted, I'm not as good as you, no one can be as good as you, but I think I did a pretty good job in keeping the fear of the arrow alive and well in Starling City."

Sara responded with a long sigh, and it was then Artemis realized she might have said something wrong.

"It's not about fear. Well, there's a little bit of fear, criminals are a superstitious and cowardly lot."

"Didn't you steal that from…"

The older woman held up a hand to stop the younger woman flush in her tracks before she said the obvious inspiration for that particular phrase. "It might have stolen it from someone, but it does bear repeating. They are, a superstitious and cowardly lot."

The wind blew over the city. Tonight, it had been a quiet night. A lot of the heavy rioting died down, but then again, it was early. The Starling City Police Department's new zero tolerance policy may have caused people to take a second look at what they were doing.

"The point is, it's not about fear, it's about cleaning up this city," Sara said. "It's about making this city a better place to live, for the rich, for the poor, and for everyone in between. A lot of the people I go up against, they're of the higher end of society. But, that doesn't mean there aren't problems on all rungs of the class."

A long second passed before Sara sighed.

"Every single night, I walk a fine line between mercenary and defender," Sara said. To empathize this point, Sara stuck her forefinger and thumb apart just barely to show Artemis how fine the line was. "And I learned a lot of these skills as an assassin. It's only second nature to want to eliminate the problem. And there are times where I have to. And there are times where I wish I did."

Artemis realized Sara was referring to the one and only Malcolm Merlyn. A frown flickered across the face of the younger girl.

"You had the right idea, it's just….it takes a certain something you don't have yet to put on this Hood," Sara said. "It's not to say you won't be ready someday because you will. And then I can retire."

"Being a vigilante doesn't seem like the type of a job to have a good pension," Artemis quipped.

Both girls smiled but a sound caused them to stand up straight. Sara realized the same thing Artemis did. Someone had been stalking them from the shadows and was watching them.

A flash of light appeared in the darkness. Sara avoided a dagger plunging into her and nailed the attacker with a huge kick to the side of the head. The attacker pulled back the knife and plunged it towards her. The skilled fighter blocked the arm, pinned it around his back.

She forced him down to the ground while putting her foot into the back of his thigh. The goon struggled and tried to break free from the attack. Sara turned to face the attacker who tried to nail her with a shot to the throat. The arm had been caught and Sara flipped him down to the ground.
This man and the way he fought, he would not go down that easily. Sara understood from moment one when she stood up against him.

A vicious shot to the side of the neck caused a numbness to appear in the spine of the person. Sara dragged the man over to the edge and dangled him over a ladder. There's a long drop to the city.

"Why did you come here?" Sara asked. "Who sent you?"

The assassin looked up, without fear, and flashed a bloody smile towards Sara's general direction.

"Remember, your promise."

The assassin threw his head back with a snap and slipped out of Sara's grasp before life completely exited his body. His body landed onto the ground in a perfect position.

"What the hell was that?"

Artemis's question broke Sara out of her concentration. Sara turned around and responded with a very labored sigh directed towards Artemis.

"He has been sent here to deliver a message, and nothing more."

Artemis wondered what the hell was going on with that. Sara didn't seem to be too inclined to give details. She gripped the arm of the younger girl and pulled her along.

"Let's go."

No questions could be asked, at least those which Artemis would be getting the answers out of anytime soon.

Felicity Smoak found herself spending way too much time in front of a computer screen to be really healthy. Tonight, she pumped through a lot of late night leads at the Clocktower. This had been built to be the most state of the art computer system. Therefore, it could filter out the nasties, at least better than most.

'Another Nigerian scam….who falls for these things anyway?'

She cleared out the spam messages and looked at the interesting leads. A couple of rumors coming in from her good friend in Gotham City, the Oracle. Yes, Felicity couldn't believe she could say that with any degree of seriousness. Her life really got pretty good as of late. She had been giddy to she met the world's most notorious information broker/computer hacker.

'Nice easy night. Hopefully, Sara is able to talk some sense into Artemis. She won't really listen to Thea or Laurel. But, I can't say I'm complaining about having a nice quiet night without any trouble.'

No sooner did these words come out of Felicity's head, the lights on the tower went completely out. Felicity grew rigid on the chair and rose to a standing position.

"Okay, who forgot to pay the power bill?"

This joke fell upon very deaf ears. Someone had been moving about in the shadows. Felicity stepped back against the wall and pressed herself against it. The woman's heart started to beat very heavily.
Felicity was very good at what she did, but what she wasn't very good at, is handling herself in stressful situations. If someone was good enough to slip past all of the security in the Clocktower, then there wasn't a doubt in her mind they were good enough to put a serious beatdown on her. She reached over and found the baseball bat in the corner. The blonde looked around, holding the baseball bat and preparing to swing as if her life depended on it.

And something told Felicity her life did depend on what happened tonight.

'Doubt the old Thumper is going to do me much good, but it's worth a shot.'

"Whoever you are in there, this isn't funny. This isn't funny at all. You better leave...because I'm armed, and I know...how to use this thing. Do you hear me?"

The figure swooped out of the shadows. Felicity swung the baseball bat and whiffed it entirely. The figure pulled the baseball bat out of her hands and caused it to go flying. It landed on the ground and rolled away from her. Felicity's heart kept racing.

'Damn, that isn't.....oh shit....'

The figure in the shadows grabbed Felicity's arm and slammed her down onto the table with a surprising amount of force. The wind left Felicity's lungs when she had been put up against the table. She struggled against the person who pinned her down against the table.

Suddenly, a second figure moved from the shadows.

Cassandra jumped out and kicked the figure away from Felicity. The figure moved in the shadows with expert precision and withdrew a knife. She could barely be seen from the moonlight illuminating from the tower. The figure charged Cass with the knife extended.

The movements were not entirely foreign to Cass. Cass reached up with her hands and blocked the extended knife before jumping up over the attacker. The attacker turned around and tried to nail Cass with a back swing. Cass blocked the attack and pulled the knife away from the attacker.

The light barely gave them enough visibility to continue this fight. Cass pushed herself through with a brutal attack and rammed the attacker into the side of the wall. The attacker pushed out of Cass's grip and sent her flying back. The attacker put Cass in an arm hold and pushed her down to a kneeling position.

Cassandra broke the hold with a vicious elbow strike which shoved her opponent back. Her opponent staggered a couple of steps back and ran towards her with an attack. The blade had been avoided, just coming seconds away from impaling deep inside her of.

The clash of blades flicking together came through the light. Both fighters battled with each other.

The backup power came back on, which gave Cassandra a momentary advantage. She disarmed her opponent and knocked the wind out of her with a vicious uppercut punch to the stomach with dropped the woman onto her back. Cass slipped back and took both blades before slamming them down in the form of an "X". They pinned the woman down to the ground.

Artemis and Sara entered the tower and returned to a little bit of carnage. Sara blinked and looked towards the woman who had been laid out on the ground.

"Cass, back off."

Sara turned and saw a beautiful woman with dark hair rising up off of the ground. Her eyes blinked
when looking towards Sara.

"Hello, beloved."

A mixture of emotions flew through Sara's face. Cass finally backed off, but still kept her eyes on the figure. She relaxed, but only slightly, when she realized who it was.

"Nyssa, it's been a long time."

Moira Queen sat in the jail cell, contemplating her face. She did live a very privileged life, as the many threatening letters she received in prison pointed out for her. The guards regarded her with about as much contempt, and Moira lived every day, wondering if it would be her last. Accidents did in fact happen, and there were a few people in this prison who had family on the outside who had been through the undertaking.

The guards had family on the outside, and many of those family members would have been put in the line of fire because of the undertaking.

The doors opened, and a rough looking guard entered the jail cell. His eyes peered towards Moira and looked a bit bug-eyed in the process.

"You have a visitor," the guard said. "Don't know why anyone would even bother, but I guess…"

The guard motioned for Moira to rise to her feet. Moira walked with hands visible and to her sides. She wasn't going to try anything and would give the guards no impression she intended to try anything. The two of them walked with what seemed like miles, past the prisoners.

Even the prisoners regarded Moira like she was nothing more than scum being scrapped out of the gutter. Moira held her head up high and refused to look beyond them. She would be tall and proud and wouldn't be bullied into submission. That was one thing you could say about her beyond a shadow of a doubt.

'I'll weather this storm,' Moira thought.

Moira had been strong before through adversity, and she would be strong again. You had to truly hit rock bottom before appreciating what you had, and what you lost.

She stepped out and saw Thea and Laurel both waiting there for her.

"The entire Queen Family seems to have fallen from grace at one point or another in their life," Moira said. "I suppose it was my turn to be knocked upon my pedestal."

Thea snapped forward and directed a very stern look in the direction of her mother. "No, it's not your turn, because you're getting out of there. There's no way any rational journey can convict you, especially under the duress you were in."

The Queen Matriarch appreciated her daughter's optimism, despite the fact common sense dictated otherwise. The problem was they were not dealing with a rational jury of their peers. The point was they were dealing with people who were motivated by emotions, and wounds which were still raw.

It was why Moira's lawyer pushed as hard as possible for the trial to take place outside of Starling City. Where people would be less emotionally motivated and would be less likely to make decisions
to convict her.

The death penalty lingered in Moria's future if this trial happened in Starling City. She didn't fear this. Moira made peace, and she didn't fear what happened to Thea when she was gone. As long as Laurel and Sara were around, Moira was

"I actually agree we should have the trial as far away outside of Starling City as possible," Laurel said.

"You're the one who is going to have to….."

"Yes, I know, they want me to work for the state against you," Laurel said. "I don't really want to do it, it's a conflict of interest but….there's a job review around the corner, and they're backing me into it."

Moira frowned. She didn't really like this to be perfectly honest.

"There are people who are fighting the attempts to get the trial moved out of Starling," Laurel said. "They don't really want to see justice, they don't want to hear the facts. They want to see someone pay for their pain and suffering. It's mob mentality at its finest."

Moira just answered with one of the briskest ever.

Deep down, Laurel did believe Moira likely should have been held accountable for some crimes. She would have been more in support of a conviction if it wasn't for the death penalty thing. People could debate about the death penalty all day long, but Laurel felt deep down this wasn't one of those situations.

"It's not like I'm not used to having my fair share of critics, and it's not like I'm not used to being hated as well," Moira responded. "I have these vocal critics, and I've had to make some pretty tough choices."

She put a hand down on the table and looked on, almost thoughtfully at the situation.

"I'm certain, though, if having to cut jobs was the worst thing I had to do, then my entire life would have been easier."

Moira came to peace and realized what had to be done now. The trial was coming, and it was likely to be in Starling City. Unless someone found Malcolm and dragged him into court on that day, there was no way there was someone who would collaborate her story, at least no one who was willing or able to come forward.

"It's funny," Moira said. "I lost my husband and my son, to my obsession with saving my city, which I almost nearly lost."

Laurel and Thea exchanged a nervous look. Moira kept speaking, closing her eyes.

"And in a way, I have lost my city," Moira said. "I can't get on the stand and lie I wasn't an accessory to any of this, especially the murder of my husband and son. There's no way I can say it with a straight face."

Thea looked towards her mother, annoyance very visible. Moira didn't pay her much mind now.

"Guess this is the end of the road," Moira said. "I can't say I didn't expect it come, I just wish, everything would have been a bit different."
"Shut up!"

Thea finally blurted out. She was sick of her mother adopting thus a defeatist attitude as if the trial had already happened, like she already had been sentenced to death.

"Look, you never gave up on me," Thea said. "Why would you just give up on yourself?"

"Well, you're my daughter, I couldn't give up on you," Moira said. "No matter how much trouble you got into, that fact couldn't change."

Thea waved her hand and wasn't about to be deterred from the subject.

"The point is, if I can get my life back together after hitting bottom than so can you," Thea said. "There has to be something you can do. Something you can do to stop from getting convicted."

"Right now, I doubt there is much that I could do."

"Again, what happened to the woman who succeeded despite all of the obstacles?" Thea asked.

Moira looked around and turned towards them.

"Until Malcolm Merlyn is found, there's not much that I can do, and I doubt he's going to be found. Our hooded friend spent about three months looking for him, to no avail."

The older woman sighed. They didn't call him the magician without a very good reason.

Nyssa al Ghul didn't really know what the reunion with her beloved would have been like, but she didn't envision having to come to Starling City for reasons like this. The two of them walked forward. She sensed a bit of unease to her.

"I know I may have….not approached this with the most tact possible," Nyssa responded.

The way they parted, well that left unsaid. Nyssa wasn't too happy that Sara returned to Starling City to take up Oliver's crusade. She was less happy with the person who convinced Sara to do so.

"Nyssa, I'm happy to see you," Sara responded. "Really, I am."

"As am I, our parting….was rather abrupt," Nyssa said. "And yes, I know the reasons why…and I only wish I would have left along with you."

"But, you didn't."

Nyssa answered with a stiff nod in response. "No, I didn't."

"Are you here on the authority of your father?" Sara asked.

Blunt and to the point, Nyssa did appreciate that about Sara. She really did get to the point a lot of the times.

"I'm not, and he isn't in the position to have much authority these days," Nyssa said. "His plans for the Detective didn't go as planned, and they resulted in his apparent demise."

"We both know how that sticks."
Nyssa nodded in response. She had seen her father apparently perish too many times to be a fool and think this time would be the time where it would stick. She was well aware what no body being found in the train's wreckage meant.

"I'm guessing he made it abundantly clear he wasn't interested in being Ra's heir," Sara responded. "Yes, he did."

Nyssa picked up on the coldness in Sara's tone when addressing her father. Ra's and Sara had a rather turbulent co-existence; most of it had to do with Sara's relationship with Nyssa. Nyssa was not blind, she knew her father did not approve. He was a traditionalist, and their relationship flew in the face of anything he believed in.

The Daughter of the Demon's attempts to maintain the peace fell on mostly deaf ears.

"So, you're here on your own," Sara said.

"Yes."

Nyssa drew in her breath and leaned closer towards Sara.

"I'm here to give you a warning," Nyssa said. "When you left the League, you were released from your duties, with the promise you were going to be able to fix the situation here in Starling City. But the situation only has gotten worse."

Sara opened her mouth in protest at what Nyssa was saying. Nyssa cut her off with one raised hand. Sara shifted back a couple of inches.

"I'm here to assist you, to see what can be done to help fix the problems in Starling City," Nyssa said.

The blonde warrior found herself both pleased, and also a slight bit annoyed she met up with Nyssa tonight. She leaned closer towards Nyssa.

"You should have never sent the mercenary after me tonight to get my attention," Sara said. "If you wanted to talk to me, then we should have done it face to face."

Nyssa blinked in astonishment and opened her mouth, before shutting it.

"I didn't send him, though, I didn't give any such order," Nyssa said. "I managed to find your location….and I was going to come here…but your hacker surprised me by being here. And then there was Cassandra….she's really grew since we last met."

Nyssa rubbed her shoulder at these words. Sara responded with a nod.

"I know we didn't part on the best of terms," Nyssa said. "But, rest assure even though I didn't agree with your decision at the time, I respected what you needed to do. And unlike some, I know you're not beholden to the will of a dead man. Oliver, or not, you would have been pushed into this life. Regardless of my discomfort with it."

Sara had a noble heart, the noble heart which Nyssa wished she had.

"And I should have insisted I would have come along in the first place," Nyssa said.

Sara nodded, she understood why Nyssa was not too pleased. Had the situation been reversed, Sara would have had her own concerns as well.
"There's another reason why you're here, isn't there?"

Nyssa smiled. She would have to say Sara never missed a trick.

"One of my father's subordinates is hiding in Starling City," Nyssa responded. "I'm sure you recall the Ubu clan. They served my father for years."

"Yes, they were rather…dedicated to his cause," Sara said.

"Well, his faithful lapdog, his latest one, is here in Starling City, and it's not for reasons which are good."

Sara answered with a nod.

"And you're going to have to deal with him sooner or later, and I'm here to make the process easier," Nyssa said. "If you will trust me?"

Sara's thoughts lingered for a moment and nodded. She leaned forward.

"I do."

Not the first time Sara said those two words in Nyssa's presence.

To Be Continued on March 17, 2017.

Artemis and Sara have a talk, and they hash out some things, which is needed. Sounds pretty simple.

What's not simple is Moira's situation. And Laurel's role in it. Laurel is trying to be supportive of Thea, while deep down believing Moira deserves to be in prison for her role in what happened. Although, she's not extreme as some people, who think Moira deserves the death penalty.

Nyssa's back and Felicity...well points for effort. Although you weren't winning that scuffle without divine intervention. Cass is a more even match and given whose daughter she is. Nyssa is back to deal with a problem, and obviously, Ra's being temporarily inconvenienced allows her to move a bit more freely.

I think you can guess the implications of the last line.

So for the first time in a long time, Nyssa and Sara reunite and team up. Friday will be interesting. Join us then.
The night had been rather uneventful, one of the few ones in recent memory where the members of the Starling City Police Department can say that with one hundred percent accuracy. The members of the Starling City Police Department sat around, playing cards. There had been nothing else for them to do. They had been in one of the most boring jobs ever known to mankind, at least if you were a law enforcement officer.

Behind them, there was a store room where a device had been confiscated in the Undertaking about three months ago. It was a really big Earthquake machine and the fact they were sitting on top of that type of machine really put them on edge. One of the younger cops dealt the rest of the force in, hands shaking when he thought about it.

"What's eating you, son?"

The young officer's eyes darted backstage. The object which caused the Undertaking remained locked up. It was not active, but it still gave him a very distinct case of the chills.

"I don't know why they don't try and destroy the machine," the cop said. "I mean, isn't it common sense? We have this really dangerous machine out there, it really should have been destroyed. What if someone tries to get their hands on it, or something?"

"Yeah, I get you, we should just end up smashing the entire thing to pieces, it might save us a lot of grief later on," another cop responded.

The third cop frowned and lifted his cards off of the table. He thought this was going to be a good hand, he just had a feeling it was going to be one of those games. Excitement hit him full on, and he was pretty giddy with excitement this game was going to be amazing.

"You know what, I don't know why we don't have the stupid thing smashed to pieces," the cop responded with a sigh. "You know, there are a lot of times where I don't know why the people running this city don't do the most logical thing involved. But, that would require them to actually do something smart."

The cop sighed and leaned back in the chair. He had to be careful not to lean back too far because otherwise the chair would topple over and make him land on the ground. He embarrassed himself by doing such a thing before.

"I just know by now not to ask too many questions, because it's just bound to give me a headache. Just lay back and let my checks clear. We're on guard tonight. This thing's been sitting here for three months, and so far nothing. I don't think they're going to find it."

"Wasn't there another one?" the guard asked.

The older police officer just sighed. These young kids, they asked way too many questions. He learned a long time it was just better to keep your mouth shut.

"Yeah, there was, but…..if it's out there, it's not in here," the police officer said. "Just got to stop
being so paranoid about everything. "Life is going to be a lot shorter if you're paranoid if you're scared of everything."

The cops played cards. The youngest of the three didn't know why this was his first night guarding the really big Earthquake Device and he just felt a general sense of uneasiness. It was almost like he stood on top of some kind of ticking time bomb.

"So, the Queen trial, do you know what's going on with that?"

"I don't know, but if you ask me, the bitch should fry."

A thumping sound brought the cops out of their conversation. The young cop rose to his feet and craned his neck. The thumping sound was once and stopped. All of them stood on guard.

"You need to relax."

"Nah, man, there's something there, and I don't like it."

"Likely, the rats, or something," one of the cops said. "Look, rookie, if you keep getting paranoid, they are going to get you."

"You know who I feel sorry for. The poor lug who has to end up lugging this thing to the courthouse for evidence when the Queen dame goes on trial."

The oldest cop shook his head and spoke in what he thought was a clear manner. "You know something, you carry on like that, and you're going to be the poor lug who ends up carrying it to trial. Trust me, that's how these things normally go. You ever hear of Murphy's Law?"

"Nah, I don't think they covered that in our training, did they?"

The oldest cop shook his head in response. There were some days where it just wasn't worth it to get out of bed and to deal with these people. He leaned back on the chair, thinking there might be a pretty good hand to play. He heard a click but thought nothing better of it.

The young cop sprang to his feet and spun his head around. A glass ball rolled on the ground in front of them all. The oldest cop turned around, mouth halfway open when he saw the glass ball. He pulled a gun out and pointed it towards the ball.

The ball split in half and released a purple gas towards the police officers. The officers of the law began to choke when the dust started to overwhelm them. The officers staggered back to avoid the dust when it caught them in the air, choking the very life out of them.

Several figures clad in black entered the room and started to get to work on the police officers. One of the stabbed the nearest officer in the chest and dropped him down to the ground. Another grabbed an officer around the head and kicked him as hard as possible. The officer slumped to the ground like he was nothing.

More attacks followed. The police officer laid out on the ground tried to reach for his gun in an attempt to defend himself. The attacker nailed him with a brutal punch.

The largest, fiercest member of this group of assassins stepped forward. He turned towards his men, all of them who nodded in response.

"Make sure to bring the truck around."
The large man grabbed the steel door and ripped it off of the hinges. The door went flying and landed right next to the police officers. He looked towards the Earthquake Machine which had been restrained to the ground. It was almost an insult to him. The large man leaned down and yanked the Earthquake machine off of the ground. Sparks began to fly.

The police officer rolled over onto the ground and tried to pull himself up. One of the assassins lunged over in a blink of an eye and stabbed the man in the shoulder.

Ubu had what he wanted, and now it was time for phase two. They would make sure the one who disrespected their master and her adoptive city would pay.

Nyssa cleared the rooftop as fast as she could go. Sara kept up pace with her when the two of them moved. They slipped out, avoiding a helicopter which flew over Starling City. Nyssa understood the need to move along with the shadows, and be stealthy.

The Daughter of the Demon remaindered herself how much stealth in a larger area such as Starling City was very different than performing stealth maneuvers in a small village. She could see Sara was more in her element here, which was why Nyssa was glad she was along. They could help each other like they had in the past.

"It's important we find Ubu and his followers," Nyssa said. "The Ubu clan was loyal to my father and the League, but I fear without my father's guidance, they have broken free from the values of the League. They should be considered traitors."

It was a mark of their relationship, Sara didn't mention how many might consider Nyssa a traitor. Hell, she wouldn't be at the top of any Christmas card lists for the League of Assassins. Granted, such things would not exist, but there you go.

"So, you've made a name for yourself in Starling City, and you've accomplished a lot," Nyssa said. "I can't say I'm not pleased how far you've come. Given the state, you came to me in a very long time ago."

"That might as well have been a lifetime ago," Sara said.

"Yes, of course."

Nyssa answered with a nod. The two of them made their way to an alleyway and dropped down. The skilled assassin felt around and looked for an entrance of some sort. The League had used this factory as a go-between point in the past when they had to search down a rogue agent in Starling City. Perhaps, Ubu was using it.

She pushed her way inside of the factory. Stacks of empty boxes surrounded her, cobwebs, but there was no sign of Ubu and his men. Nyssa didn't even see anyone scout her. It was not for the first time where Nyssa wondered if Ubu even knew she was in Starling City.

'If it gives me the element of surprise, then so be it.'

Nyssa made her way to the back room and tried to locate the person in question on the other end of the door. She knocked on the door and pulled back. No one was here. She pulled back the door and entered. The items in the office, if there had been anyone here.

"Dead end," Nyssa said.
Sara looked around herself. "We could try the basement."

Nyssa responded with a nod, thinking Sara's instincts could be very much spot on. She didn't think there would be anyone down there, but she brought Sara along for a fresh perspective on things. The two of them descended the basement stairs and made their way downstairs. All they had was more boxes, and there were also a few documents on the table. Blueprints, and by the looks of things, someone went to a lot of trouble to try and scrub the information on the blueprints out so whoever was down there did not have a chance to see what was on them.

"So, while we're here, I have something to ask you," Nyssa said.

"You know why I left," Sara said.

"Yes, I do, but it's not that," Nyssa said. "There's word coming back you had a battle with Malcolm Merlyn, who nearly masterminded the destruction of Starling City."

The League's checkered past was littered with examples of them destroying cities in their mad attempt to cleanse the world. Nyssa really wasn't comfortable about it, but it would be useless to deny what happened in the past. Her father, before his fateful final encounter with the Detective, had big plans for Gotham City, considering it a blight which would be wiped off of the plan.

"Yes, I ran up against him," Sara said. "It wasn't an easy battle."

"But, you managed to put him in a very vulnerable state, did you not?"

Sara nodded, technically speaking she did, and technically speaking, she blew a very big opportunity to take Merlyn down once and for all.

"You had Merlyn, and you had him dead to rights," Nyssa said. "I'm having time struggling why you didn't kill him."

Sara didn't really want to have this conversation. She made her way up the stairs and out of the entrance. She repelled to the rooftop and Nyssa followed her and jumped in front of Sara. Sara leaned back, on the pretext of looking around, but mostly to avoid Nyssa's eyes.

"You're avoiding the topic," Nyssa said. "Which normally means you know I'm right."

Sara didn't disagree. She thought Merlyn would be back there, she didn't know what was going to happen, ended up happening. It was just one giant mess of frustration if she was perfectly honest.

"Yes, I had him," Sara said. "But, I also had a city to save, and choosing between Merlyn and the city, I was going to take the city every single time."

Nyssa nodded in response.

"Yes, I understand," Nyssa said. "You were in a tight spot. I understand you perfectly. Which is why, as you've learned in your training, you make your first shot your last shot. You should have aimed to kill."

Sara turned her head around. Sometimes she wondered what might have happened if she took that fatal shot. Her mind went wild with a million thoughts at a multitude of different possibilities. She placed a hand to the side of her head and frowned.

"Hey, um, we've got a bit of a problem," Felicity said. "You know the Earthquake Machine, the one that hasn't been armed, and the one which wasn't destroyed….it's been stolen."
Nyssa and Sara didn't need to say anything. Both of them knew who stole it. And both of them knew they needed to move quickly. The League, or at least the hardline Ra's loyalists, were sending a message to Sara.

Ubu stepped forward with a smile on his face. The man served Ra's al Ghul for some time, just like many members of his clan. They were born and bred to serve the League of Assassins, and they were born and bred to serve the demon himself. The large imposing man walked forward, arms swinging when he made his way up towards the altar. He stepped closer towards the front and a wicked smile spread over his face.

An alter which resembled his great master lingered off to one side. It was almost like his master smiled beyond the grave back towards him. Ubu stepped towards the alter and dropped to one knee before his master. He looked up and clasped his hands. The large man started to enter a prayer when speaking of his master.

"Rest assure, great one, I will help deliver this city from its decay. I will right the wrongs caused by the League traitor."

The other members of the League crowded around and they inclined their heads, bowing them in respect towards their master. Their master was currently in a state where he could not lead the League. The various members of the League understood this and would prepare to serve them at their own time.

"This city will be destroyed, great one," Ubu said. "I will do you proud, and make sure your empire remains intact until you're ready to return, unlike those who are refusing to acknowledge the traditions and values of the League."

The men all started to chant and they dropped to their knees. Ubu smiled, he was merely just a humble servant, leading the League until their master was ready to return, and there would be a day where he would be ready to return. All he had to do is wait for their great leader, the great Ra's al Ghul to rise once again.

A figure stepped from the shadows and started to clap slowly, but loudly. The members of the League all stood up and eyed this figure suspiciously. Ubu looked towards them and they all inclined their heads.

"The League is going to bring a new age to the world, and blood will be spilled in the name of the Demon," the figure in the shadows commented.

Ubu growled when raising up. He moved to a fuller height, fists clutched when he leaned towards him. The man in the shadows moved, not once blinking at Ubu, despite his massive frame being terrifying.

"I've done everything you've asked of me."

"Yes, that's all you can do, that's all you've been born and bred to do," the man in the shadows said without missing a beat. "You have done everything a servant should do in the name of the League of Assassins."

Ubu took another step forward and his burning eyes locked on the man in the shadows.

"You are to tell me where the body of my master is kept."
"I can assure you Ra's al Ghul is perfectly safe, and secure, and there will be harm brought to him."

The implied threat from this man's silky voice did not cause Ubu any good. Ubu almost reached forward and grabbed the man. He pulled back seconds later, thinking better of it. It was best he didn't lash out without a good reason, not unless it would be for the sake of his master.

Ubu took another deep breath. The man in question looked towards Ubu with a very wide grin.

"I'd feel a lot better about this if you show me his body."

"Yes, a simple man, but not one who gets enough credit," the man in the shadows responded. "Rest, assure, I will bring you to the location of your master's body. All I require is one more favor."

Now, Ubu lost it and reached over. His hands grabbed the wall where the man stood. His beady little eyes moved closer to the destination of the man. His teeth gnarled and he snarled when looking at the man against the wall. The captive gentleman didn't blink, he didn't even back off from the man who had backed him against the wall.

"All I require is one more favor, and I will deliver you to your master," the benefactor said. "I will show you how this has all been in good faith."

"It this is a lie, you will die like the dog you are."

"Oh, I wouldn't doubt you would like nothing better," the man said. "But, I can assure you, I'm not lying to you. I would never lie, not about a situation which can be easily verified."

Ubu relaxed the grip on the wall.

"What is it you want?" he asked.

"The Archer," the man in the shadows informed Ubu.

Ubu retracted the wall and his interest had been grabbed. The woman in the hood, yes, Ubu heard reports of her, and it was obvious she was a rogue former member of the League. Someone who their master wanted to be eliminated at all costs, to not spread the influence of the League.

He made this particular mistake once before, and it had not gone very well.

"She poses a threat to not only the threats of my associate, but also she may seek to eliminate Ra's al Ghul."

The benefactor did it, he said the magical word. He said the hood would be a threat to Ra's al Ghul. Ubu looked off and responded with a nod.

"Very well, I will help you."

Sara hated to think they were going around in circles looking for not only Ubu and his men, but also a stolen Earthquake machine. The machine exactly wasn't stealthy. She figured it would have to be hauled on the back of a very big truck, which that in itself didn't lend itself to stealth, at least too much.

Nyssa didn't say much of anything when they were on the hunt. She was pretty sure all of the known outposts were narrowed down, and there could only be one place. It should have been the first place.
She moved her way over towards the gate which had been covered in an overgrowth of many weeds. It had been in disrepair. Nyssa hid her disgust.

"This place, I shut it down, one of the first places I've shut down in Starling City," Sara said. "One of the first people on the list I took out. It was for a smuggling operation."

"Yes, it was," Nyssa agreed.

She oiled the hinges to make sure they did not squeak before pulling the gate open.

"And I'm guessing because of your tone, there was far more to this than meets the eye," Sara said. "I've been back here a couple of times, and there's been no activity."

Nyssa thought everything was slowly clicking into Sara's mind. They were banking on the fact she ignored this place because she already shut it down.

"Well, none until tonight," Nyssa said. "The League is taking extra steps to ensure this place is abandoned, to anyone who dares look into it. But there is a far bit more to it than meets the eye."

Nyssa and Sara climbed their way inside of a broken window. This place had been abandoned for a very long time. Both of the warrior women stepped inside. They made their way towards the headquarters. So far, it was more of the same, boxes with nothing in it, a few overturned empty barrels. There was even some old furniture, piled up in the middle of the warehouse.

"What are we looking for?"

"You'll know when we find it."

Sara sensed something and turned around. She held the bow off to the side and unfortunately, or maybe, fortunately, there wasn't anything.

'Okay, that's strange.'

Nyssa crouched down and felt underneath a knot on the floor. She located an item underneath the floor, a switch, which lead to something. She pressed in the switch on the floor.

The floor underneath them divided and a set of steps lead them to their destination. Nyssa and Sara walked down towards an underground tunnel. They both noticed fresh footsteps covering the mud in the tunnel, which indicated someone had been here already tonight.

Nyssa extended on a single finger. Sara followed the progress of the finger, and her eyes saw the Earthquake machine, waiting for them.

Sara figured out something was really wrong here. The location of the machine was smack dab in the middle of Starling City. And she had a sense it was much too easy. One look directed towards Nyssa showed Sara Nyssa agreed with her words.

"Okay, Felicity, you're up," Sara said. "I'm going to establish a connection, and this time, we're going to have to shut this down."

"Yeah, I've got just the thing, although I've never had a chance to test it due to not having any Earthquake machines to test it on," Felicity said.

They approached the Earthquake machine and looked around. Several assassins dropped down to the ground, followed by Ubu. Ubu stepped forward and looked towards the Daughter of the Demon
with scorn. The scorn had been pretty much matched by the other woman.

His eyes fell on the woman in the Hood, and it dawned. Ubu clenched his fist, pure hate boiling through the large assassin's body.

"The master should have allowed you to perish."

"Why didn't you inform him of your concerns himself?" Sara asked. "Or does he have you by the balls so hard you won't dare voice an opinion?"

Ubu pulled a really long knife out and brandished it at Sara. "You're a deceiver, you were responsible for all of the strife in the League, and you are responsible for corrupting the Daughter of Ra's al Ghul."

Nyssa frowned, that was a very unfair statement to make. The various members the league clenched their weapons, ready for a fight.

"I will finish my master's work, and I will avenge his honor, by putting you down, along with this city," Ubu said.

"That plan's pretty ambitious for a monkey."

Ubu turned her attention towards the Daughter of the Demon. The look of contempt and scorn she wore this entire time never left Nyssa's face. Ubu did not back down, even though he was fully aware it would be his head if any harm occurred for his master's daughter.

"I wonder who riled you up because I doubt you have the ambition, or the mind to come up with a plan on your own," Nyssa said.

Ubu brandished the knife. He was in no mood for talking, he was in a mood to fight which suited Nyssa just fine. She withdrew a blade of her own and charged her adversary. The blades clashed together, with them dropping to the ground.

Nyssa moved in for the kill, and Ubu blocked it. Both assassins circled each other, bad blood obvious.

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To Be Continued on March 21st, 2017.

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Some nefarious goings on in Starling City, as the League is splintered several ways. Which in some way, is actually worse than a unified League of Assassins.

There's a bit of tension between Nyssa and Sara which needs to be worked out, but right now they have bigger problems.

Until Tuesday.
Ubu's men approached Sara and Nyssa with malicious intentions in mind. Sara and Nyssa locked eyes with each other. Neither of them was willing to back down from this encounter, not if they could happen. They stood back to back and waited for one of the men to make their first move.

Nyssa would make the regret it the second they attacked. Sara stood next to Nyssa in battle.

Only a split second passed before one of these men did make that all-important first move. Sara turned around and caught him with an arrow to the chest in mid-air. Another man tried to swing towards Sara. She blocked the attack and nailed him with a series of stinging jabs. Sara flipped over the head of the man and planted him to the ground. One fluid moment later flipped Nyssa into position.

Nyssa smiled, it had been a very long time since she had been out and ready for battle. Perhaps one of these gentlemen would serve a challenge for her. One charged her, a dagger extended in an attempt to cut into Nyssa. Nyssa pushed forward and blocked the dagger. She popped back with a couple of long jabs with the dagger before she shoved her adversary off to one side. He tried to catch her with a shuriken tossed to the side of her head.

The Daughter of the Demon returned fire with a well-placed swipe with the dagger. The man in question dropped to the ground, the wind knocked out of him. Nyssa bent the man over and knocked more of the wind out of him before taking him down.

Two of the ninjas moved into the shadows. Sara followed their progress until one swooped in from the left and another veered in from the right. The hooded heroine spun around and caught both of the ninjas off to either side. One of them took a tricky arrow which put him down for the count.

Ubu cracked his knuckles. Anger went through the eyes of the servant of the Demon.

"Make them pay!"

More of the mercenaries charged to attack their adversaries. A dagger swiped into the air and came inches away from striking Nyssa. Nyssa blocked the dagger, and caught the assassin with a vicious snapping kick to the side of the head, dropping him down to the ground.

Sara grabbed the hand of one of them as he attempted to punch her and nailed him with a glancing blow to the back of the head. Another shot caught the mercenary flush in the throat and bent him over. Sara strung together numerous attacks, each of them putting an additional hurt on the mercenary until he dropped down. The moment the mercenary went down, Sara did the next one, and the next one, all while watching Nyssa's back.

Nyssa, as it turned out, did a pretty sufficient job of watching her back. She grabbed one of the attacker's arm when he swung what might have been a death blow directly at her throat. Nyssa grabbed the man's arm and rolled around before popping it back to give it a violent break. One of the attackers tried to swing a chain towards Nyssa. Nyssa grabbed the chain and slid underneath the attacker.

Sara caught the assassin with a running kick to the face when Nyssa wrapped the chain. She turned around and knocked one of her adversaries back with a well-placed arrow to the shoulder.
Nyssa would have been pleased to say Sara's timing was still down. Unfortunately, there was no time to praise when a large man tried to club in her skull. Nyssa evaded the man's punches and arched down underneath them. She came back with a stinging jab to the chest which knocked him back a couple of inches. Nyssa propelled herself high into the air and grabbed the man by the shoulder.

One nerve pinch brought him down. She followed up the nerve pinch with a knee to the small of the back. The man sized up and every nerve ending in his body shut down.

Ubu grew progressively more angered as the battle raged on. His rage hit a boiling point. The servant of the Demon took a deep breath before he stepped back into the shadows.

One of the mercenaries swung a punch towards Sara. Sara grabbed his hand and took him down, wrapping him up in a cross arm breaker hold before snapping his arm. She avoided another kick and came down onto him, hooking the man around the head, before flipping him to the ground.

The numbers were dwindling, not a bad thing. Nyssa took one of them into the wall. She knocked the wind out of him with a well-placed knee buried in the solar plexes. Nyssa dropped her adversary down onto the ground.

One dove in the air and Sara caught him out of mid-air. The arrow pierced his side. Nyssa fired off with a snap punch to the throat and knocked him to his back. The wind left the ninja.

Sara and Nyssa stopped and looked around. The mercenaries disappeared into the shadows. Neither were willing to say.

"Ubu's gone," Nyssa said.

"Yes, I've noticed," Sara responded. "But, he left the Earthquake machine here."

Sara walked over towards the machine. The readiness of Ubu leaving almost made Sara think something else was up. Regardless, she shook off these particular paranoid thoughts and locked onto the woman on the other end of the communication link.

"Hey, sorry, I think we got disconnected," Sara said.

"Is everything okay?" Felicity said.

"Well, I've got the machine, and I think it's time to shut it down," Sara said. "I'm plugging you in, so the programming you and Barbara whipped up should in fact work."

"Right, one useless hunk of metal coming up," Felicity said. "You know, I really hope there isn't a third one of these things laying around."

Sara would have given Felicity a "please don't joke about that" kind of look if she was there. Regardless, Sara leaned back against the wall. Nyssa stepped back and looked around the tunnel. Both women understood one thing. This entire mess, it ended up as too easily. And when something like this ended too easily, there was a pretty good cause to be very suspicious about the entire mess.

"Okay, we're done," Felicity said.
"And the machine's been destroyed," Sara said.

"Good, but Ubu is out there," Nyssa said.

Nyssa bent down on the ground and picked up an item.

"Although I think I might have a more clear idea where he disappeared to."

Ubu walked forward, his head slightly inclined. The attack from his master's child and her debauched companion set Ubu off. He continued to walk, making his way closer. The Earthquake machine would have been lost along with several of his men.

The man dressed in a hood, with a hideous demonic looking mask underneath, approached Ubu. Ubu grunted in acknowledgment at the man.

"Did you succeed?"

"I didn't take care of the Hood," Ubu said.

Ubu didn't care about failing this man, on the surface. By failing this man, Ubu had performed an act which he dreaded doing for a long time. He failed his great master. That was something Ubu could not stand to do. His entire being rested on succeeding and helping his master out.

The man in question frowned before looking towards Ubu. Ubu dropped down to one knee. In his clan, the price for failing a task and your master was execution. If a master gave you mercy, then it meant you messed up even more and you would have to live with that for the rest of your life.

"You think you've failed?" the man in the mask asked. "No, I don't think you've failed. There are many roads towards success, my dear Ubu. And the Earthquake machine is not my objective, although it was a handy distraction in keeping both The Hood and the Daughter of the Demon away from me, wasn't it?"

Ubu blinked. The man motioned for Ubu to rise to his feet. The man nearly refused, out of his disgrace. The persistence of the man in front of him forced Ubu to take a stand, in the most literal way possible. He would not fail, not when his master's body was so close, so close to being at hand.

"But, your honor has been destroyed," he continued. "And that is not a burden you should carry. While my employer is pleased with you, and your master will be pleased with you, when you have secured his body and taken him to the Lazarus Pit to secure his health."

Ubu's shame faded away and anger returned. How did this dog know of the Lazarus Pits?

"I am a man who has traveled the world numerous times over," he replied. "I am well educated. Rest assure, I will bring you before your master, and the League of Assassins will be stronger than ever. It's very fractured at a moment, but think of how well you will be rewarded."

The larger man rose to his feet with renewed pride. He rose one hand.

"You should take me to my master when I finish one task," Ubu said. "His child disgraced the League when she entered a forbidden relationship. This disgraced, disgusting relationship must not be allowed to flourish, and the one who corrupted the Daughter of the Demon, the price for such treason would be her head."

The masked man grew very intrigued by Ubu's rantings. He wanted to know more, but he was also
willing not to push his luck.

"Go, then, right these wrongs," the man said. "You know you want to."

"I will and then I will return with the head of the Hood," Ubu said.

The plot just increased. The masked man waited for Ubu to leave. He turned around and ascended a long and winding set of stairs before entering an office.

The man pressed a button and the lights came on. A garbled view screen also followed, and several gentlemen and a couple of women sat around. They all were dressed in hoods.

"Everything is going to plan."

"For your sake, you should hope so," one of the leaders commented. The others nodded in response. "I want to inquire about your associate."

"He's been useful in getting us what we want," the man said. "Don't worry, he will not betray us."

"Ah, you better hope he doesn't betray you at a crucial moment," one of them commented. "Malcolm Merlyn has gone rogue, and we have not been able to locate him. His crimes committed against this court are far too vast for us to even mention as we speak."

The man in question didn't know much about what Malcolm Merlyn was up to. The man dropped his hood to reveal the fresh face of Sebastian Blood.

"The underprivileged in Starling City are flocking to me," Blood said. "They believe I am the leader who can rescue them. And what better way to bring about a new age is to give the rabble hope, before swooping it away from them. This once great city has been built on a foundation of lies. A brand new age will dawn over the ashes of this city."

The eyes of these men and women watched Blood.

"Save your grandstanding speeches for your political rallies," one of the members of the Court stated in a board voice. "The Court of Owls does not do anything without reason or just cause. Therefore, we must ask one more time, if the man you have partnered with is trustworthy."

Blood received this question so many times, it was almost to the point of annoyance.

"Our mutual friend is getting us everything we need," Blood said. "Nothing more."

"What of Ubu?" one of the members of the council of Five asked.

"He's loyal to the cause," Blood said. "Tonight, he may end a recurring problem for us, the Hood, this Arrow as the press is now calling her."

"For you sake, you better hope so. You do you wish for us to get involved and have to correct your mistakes."

Blood heard the Court had more than their fair share of difficulties as of late in Gotham City. The recurring Bat Problem caused much agitation on their parts.

"We will be in touch."

The screens went dead and Blood returned to his thoughts. These people irked him, but soon, his new partnership would give him the power needed to finally rise above. His life had been one trial
after another. The trials stopped and Sebastian Blood would not be denied.

'The world will be mine. Or it shall burn.'

Nyssa made her way towards the first League base she searched tonight. It was very amusing to think they had pretty much gone around in a loop. She walked in, alongside with Sara.

"I can't help but think this is a trap," Sara said.

"Yes," Nyssa said. "But, Ubu doesn't have the cunning to properly spring one which could pose a threat."

Sara would have liked to comment on Nyssa's boldness and potential arrogance. There was no time to do so though when the lights kicked on. Ubu stood in the shadows.

"Finally, I was wondering if you would follow the breadcrumb I left you," Ubu said.

"Yes, you think you've lured us here," Nyssa said. "Your betrayal of the League of Assassins will not go unpunished."

Ubu responded with a harsh laugh, right before his gaze became serious and a tad bit murderous.

"You were the one who betrayed the League with your relationship to her. And what gives you the right to speak on behalf of the League of Assassins?"

"My father is no longer with us," Nyssa said. "Therefore, I am the League of Assassins!"

Ubu growled. "You're nothing but a traitor to the cause if you don't think he will rise again. And he will rise again with one less child. Before he does, I will take care of the disgrace you've caused."

Nyssa sounded almost amused by this fact. She noticed out of the corner of her eye Sara slipped away.

"You're a mongrel, nothing but my father's lapdog, just like the Ubus that came before you, "Nyssa said. "I wonder if you're lost without yipping at my father's heels like the obedient dog you are."

Ubu clenched his fist. He would teach this woman some respect.

The moment passed, with Sara moving in from the shadows, and nailing Ubu in the side with an arrow. The arrow pierced the man on the side. Ubu gave an angry howl before turning around. Another arrow fired towards his side and he blocked the attack.

Ubu rushed towards Sara and tried to take her head off with a wild swing. Sara avoided the swing. Ubu turned around and Sara caught him with a series of punches. The man shrugged off a couple of the strikes. She moved back and tested several points where the League armor would have been the weakest. Sara swung her fist into the man's chest and doubled him over.

The servant stepped back and withdrew a large blade. He plunged it towards Sara. Sara dodged the attack.

Nyssa jumped into the attack and withdrew her blade. She slammed it into the blade of Ubu. Both of them pushed back and forth with each other. Neither was willing to back off from the attack.

"You will succumb!" Ubu yelled.
Nyssa caught him with a sliding kick to the knee and moved behind him. The blades clashed together again. Nyssa tried to exert enough force to disarm Ubu. Ubu grunted underneath her attack. Nyssa flipped back up over the top of the man's head and caught him with more strikes, driven to the side of the head.

She nailed him with numerous attacks which strung together in a flourish of assaults. Ubu stepped back against the wall, his breathing increasing in heaviness.

"No, I won’t be disgraced!"

"Too late for that."

Nyssa’s sharp words had been joined with an even sharper blade. She pushed the blade against Ubu. The two of them moved back and forth with grace and skill. Ubu kept only a half of a step ahead of Nyssa, to defend himself and not battle.

Sara wasn't about to be taken out of the battle. She shot an arrow towards a hook hanging onto the chain. The heavy hook swung down. Ubu avoided the hook and rolled over. He turned his head in time to see Sara unloading an arrow at him. Ubu dove behind a barrel to avoid the arrow before it pierced into him.

Ubu popped up on the other end of the barrel and Sara motioned for him to come forward. The large man did jump forward and almost take Sara down with a swinging punch. Sara avoided his beefy fist and came behind him. She nailed him with one point to the arm.

Nyssa and Sara worked in tandem to bring Ubu down to the ground. Ubu dropped to the ground, the breath knocked out of him. He refused to go down without a fight.

Sara jumped down and from above and caught him with both feet rammed onto the top of his head. Ubu staggered a few down to one knee. One concussive arrow put Ubu down for the count.

Ubu groaned and rolled over. He tried to push up onto the ground from this position. The man’s breathing grew very heavy when pushing up.

Nyssa struck hard by bringing her foot down onto the small of Ubu's back. Ubu smashed into the ground with a thunderous blow. His body grew limp from the impact of Nyssa's attack.

"My father is going to have to replace this one," Nyssa said.

The paralyzed man could not even twitch after Nyssa nailed him. Nyssa watched over towards the satchel on the man and unzipped it. She slid out a flash drive from it and frowned.

"This may be useful," Nyssa said.

Nyssa looked over her shoulder. No one had come for Ubu. He would lay in this factory, beaten, broken, and disgraced, which she judged to be a very fitting end to a man like Ubu.

Nyssa and Sara returned to the Clocktower, resting themselves from the rigors of a very long battle. After they checked and double-checked to make sure the Flash Drive wasn't a trap, Felicity was hard at work at trying to put it together.

"So, Ubu was ignorant enough to keep vital information on him," Nyssa said. "My father would not have been pleased."
"But you are?"

"Given the information allows us to find out what he's been doing, yes, rather," Nyssa responded. She moved towards Felicity to see how she was coming along at uncovering the information on the drive. The hacker bit down on her lip when moving through it.

"This is the most complicated thing I've ever had to hack," Felicity said. "Which makes sense, given this is highly sensitive information, and I about bet it could incriminate a lot of people."

Felicity started to type in the information on the screen. Sara put a hand on her shoulder.

"If it's too difficult for you, I can call Barbara and see if she wants to take a crack at it."

"No, I'm good, really, I'm good," Felicity said. "I can do this."

Sara smiled, all Felicity needed was the right incentive. The implication she couldn't do something proved it. Nyssa smiled and Sara looked towards her.

"Just thinking about the good times," Nyssa said. "Even if the times ahead could be very challenging."

Sara sighed; she hated to admit Nyssa had a point. Felicity gasped and she tried to take a look at everything to make sure she was reading it right. Because, if she was reading it right, there would be a lot of trouble.

"You better take a look at this, I can't believe this," Felicity said.

Sara and Nyssa moved over to take a closer look. It was a map of several tunnels underneath Starling City. Felicity brought them up and zoomed in on several of them.

"I've seen maps of Starling City before," Felicity said. "But, this seems to be excessively complete….and these red dots, they are all of the access points in and out of Starling City, they are clearly marked."

Nyssa closed her eyes.

"This raises some interesting questions," Nyssa replied.

"Yes, it does," Sara said. "It almost looks like they're smuggling something out of Starling City or into Starling City. I don't know what they are….if it's a plague, a weapon, or an army of some sort…..is this some kind of League plan?"

Nyssa shifted for a second.

"I'm afraid I'm unaware of any plans the League may have to this extent," Nyssa responded. "Despite the fact I'm the rightful leader of the League, there are some who disagree. I'm taking steps to deal with those who undermine me."

Nyssa knew there were many in the League who did not respect her because of the relationship she had for Sara. She turned around and prepared to walk off.

"Wait."

Nyssa turned around and looked towards Sara. The hood had been pulled down and she looked off into the same face which she fell in love with some time ago.
"Stay, there's no reason for you to leave right now," Sara said. "You don't really have a place to return to, do you? Even if you are the rightful leader of the League."

Nyssa responded with a sigh. Sara always had been one of the people who would see past her bravado.

"Do you really want to be your own person?" Sara asked. "Or are you going to go back to your father, just as obedient as Ubu is?"

The Daughter of the Demon winced. That particular slight was right across the face.

"I told you, my father is not around anymore, he's not a concern," Nyssa responded.

"We both know that's a lie," Sara said. "He's been dead before, and he's returned from the dead before."

Nyssa answered with a sigh.

"I don't see much harm in staying around for a couple of days," Nyssa said.

"Great," Sara said. "I think you deserve some time away…..get a clear head. You've never lived a normal life."

Nyssa didn't want to burst Sara's bubble, but she didn't have the luxury of normality in life.

"Speaking of old friends, have you heard from the Princess lately?"

Sara smiled. She knew Nyssa and Diana got on about as well as oil and water due to their different philosophies in battle. They did respect each other as warriors, though.

"Yes, a couple of times, and I ran into her when I searched for Malcolm Merlyn," Sara said. "I would have sought you out as well but…"

"No, I understand," Nyssa said.

"Your father made it very clear I wasn't welcomed back on Nanda Parbat, especially given what I had to do to be released from the League, "Sara said. "And he doesn't approve of our relationship."

Nyssa's very long sigh followed.

"My father's approval might have been nice, but it wasn't needed."

The two leaned forward and kissed each other. The two of them parted after the intense kiss.

"Maybe you should show me a bit more of Starling City, to show me why you thought it was important to honor a dead man's promise to fight an unwinnable fight. There has to be something worth fighting for."

"Well, soon," Sara said. "First, we have to discuss the terms of your living arrangements."

"I may not be staying for long."

Here, Sara only smiled. She would see what could be done about convincing Nyssa to stay.

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To Be Continued on March 24th, 2017.
Nyssa and Sara team up to deal with Ubu. There are more nefarious goings on happening in Starling.

It's been hinted a couple of times, but this is the first direct confirmation Sara knows a certain Amazon Princess, and they've been involved.

Ra's dying and returning is kind of what he does. And he gets more twisted each time he's brought back.

Until Friday.
Nyssa could not deny it for a second; it had been a long time since she really had a chance to live a normal life. Actually, come to think of it, she hadn't had a chance to live a normal life. From the moment she had been born, life had been anything other than normal. She worked hard to become the heir to Ra's al Ghul, an honor she truthfully knew was not going to be given to her easily.

By blood, she had every right to ascend up in the League of Assassins. Receiving the favor was another matter entirely, though.

Every single time, Nyssa heard her father's attempts to get an heir, a male heir, despite Nyssa never once doing anything against her father's words. At least until the moment where she met Sara, and then everything started to change. Sara gave Nyssa something else. Something else to live for, and Nyssa could not help, but smile about it.

The two of them made their way to the town. Nyssa slipped into a form-fitting green dress. Her normal attire might draw attention, not that this particular attire didn't draw its fair share of attention. She moved closer behind Sara who smiled when walking behind her.

Sara looked like a vision of beauty in a white dress which hugged every inch of her body. Nyssa positioned herself behind Sara to discreetly enjoy the view. She balanced on high heels which made Sara's elegant legs.

Every single fighting style in the world, Nyssa learned, and yet she found herself at a loss onto how to balance on high heels. Nyssa almost could have laughed in bemusement. She waited for Sara to enter the room, walking a few steps ahead of her.

"You know your way around this city?" Nyssa asked.

"Well, it's changed a lot since I left," Sara said. "Or maybe my perspective changed?"

"Perhaps a little bit of both?"

Sara nodded in response. "You know, I'll buy that one."

Nyssa smiled and walked inside of the club with Sara. The music beating against the wall was very different than what Nyssa had allowed herself to get used to. It wasn't something which made her uncomfortable, no far from it. It was just something that took Nyssa completely out of her element.

"I actually thought about you convincing to come with me, just once, to see what else was out there," Sara said.

"My father would have never allowed it."

Sara answered with a sigh and leaned closer towards her beloved. "Yes, I know, he wasn't going to allow much of anything with you. You always tried to be the best you could be, his dutiful little soldier. But you couldn't please him, could you?"

Nyssa sighed. Sara's perception made her such a good warrior, and it also made her question everything. Nothing about Nyssa's relationship with her father was simple. Complicated would be a
"Not everything is serious," Sara said. "If I went out there and was the Hood twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week, it would drive me nuts."

"You know another life other than that hood," Nyssa said. "I…admire you holding onto that, over the five years. The conditioning of the League training was supposed to strip recruits of their being, of everything which came before."

For Nyssa, there was nothing which came before, only years of tutelage under some of the greatest masters of the world. Nyssa admired Sara for many reasons.

"And I can never let my guard down," Nyssa said. "And you know why."

Sara answered with a nod, she understood a little bit. The two of them ventured further into the club, and Sara invited Nyssa onto the dance club.

'Everyone wants to be the one to take down the Daughter of the Demon,' Sara thought.

Nyssa took Sara's offer to dance with good grace. The two of them made their way onto the floor and cut a path in the club. This was one of the few moments Nyssa would even entertain letting her guard down. It was a constant struggle, and Nyssa almost relished the fact she didn't hold it down.

"See, you don't have to be that warrior all of the time."

Sara always saw Nyssa as much more. Much more than Nyssa saw herself at times. Her attempts to please her father failed on every level. He became fixated on the Detective.

Nyssa tried to reign in her distasted for that particular individual. He allowed Gotham City to further spiral into chaos by not being a decisive protector. He allowed men who would sooner watch the world burn return to an asylum with paper security.

"It's who I am, I can't change it," Nyssa said.

"But, you can improve it."

Sara's words showed great wisdom. Nyssa tightened her grip around Sara's waist and the two of them walked around. For a brief moment, Nyssa considered about leaving it all behind and taking Sara's offer to take a more permanent residence in Starling City.

She couldn't though, the League was in disarray.

'Sorry beloved, I can give you this night, but I'm not sure much more.'

Still, for one night, maybe two or three at most, Nyssa decided to see how things were on the other side, beyond the responsibilities of being the Daughter of the Demon.

Nyssa decided to relax a little bit and enjoy the end of the song. She leaned closer towards Sara, lips brushing against the side of her ear.

"You've done about as well underneath the circumstances as anyone could when cleaning up this city," Nyssa responded. "Even though there are some people who are in the League who would disagree."

Sara frowned for a brief moment before shaking her head. "The people in the League who would disagree want me dead. The fact you think I'm doing well under the circumstances means the world
to me."

The two of them met with a kiss. Brief, intense, and yet the two of them enjoyed the fun with each other. Sara and Nyssa pulled away and sensed there were eyes on them. It turned out someone was coming towards them, and that someone was Isabel Rochev. The woman noticed Sara and moved from whatever she was doing to come towards her.

'Wonderful,' Sara thought. 'Guess it's a small world after all.'

Sara noticed something very intriguing. A moment passed when Nyssa and Isobel locked eyes. They both acknowledged each other's presence, but at the same time, did not acknowledge each other's presence by refusing to say anything. Both of them turned their attention away from each other.

"Earlier, we had a misunderstanding," Isobel said without missing a beat. "We got off on the wrong foot… and I may have been a little aggressive, but business is business."

Sara raised an eyebrow. Isobel reached over, and Sara casually pulled away from her. The woman dropped her hand to the side and nodded.

"I've put a lot of years in my life building an empire, but my heart is with Queen Industries," Isabel said. "I don't want to see it fall into the hands of the Board of Directors, who cruelly sell it off to be part of a larger machine. I don't want that…but I hope we can work together, along with Doctor Starr….and make Queen Industries as profitable as it once was."

The longest moment passed while Sara looked towards Isobel. There was some truth in what she said, but Sara also sensed there was something else. Isabel walked off having said her piece. She moved, not even allowing Sara the courtesy to respond to her.

"She's not what she says she is," Nyssa muttered.

Sara turned over and responded by muttering herself. "All the more reason to keep her close by."

The old adage of keeping your friends close and your enemies closer fit very nicely.

Felicity learned over the last few months what it was like to work on the least amount of sleep possible. Granted, there were times in the past where she kept some pretty odd and unique hours when sleeping. Still, these hours, they pretty much took the cake.

Sleep was a sacrifice one had to make to be a technical support for a vigilante.

She poured over the information Nyssa and Sara acquired during their meeting with Ubu. Cass sat off to the side, and while the girl wasn't one for talking too much, she was pretty good for listening. Felicity cracked her knuckles.

"This is just… wow, this just is," Felicity said after a few seconds worth of thought. "We have one of the most comprehensive networks leading in and out of Starling City. They have to be smuggling something, something big inside the city."

Felicity tried to research several of the points and came up with some interesting information in the process.

"These points, they've been closed down for a long time," Felicity said. "They used to be where all of the supplies came into the city, but they opened up some new points. Hardly anyone takes a look at them these days, which could be the point."
Felicity bit down on her lip and leaned in to get a closer look at what was in front of her.

"Of course, this one looks pretty impossible to access, given how deep underground it is," Felicity said making a comment to herself. "This one pretty much leads off of the shore.....you'd have to bring things in by boat. Of course, if whatever these guys are smuggling is coming from another country, it would be the perfect way to bring something in, at least I would think."

Cass smiled and nodded. The girl put down a cup of coffee and extended one finger forward. She pointed at one point on the screen, a glowing red "X". Felicity blinked and looked at where she pointed.

"Oh, that....well that's a pretty dangerous area, or so I've heard," Felicity said. "Ships disappear out of that area all of the time....look here are some reports....they don't know if it's pirates or something, but entire ships worth of cargo disappear, and there are no survivors."

The reports came up on the screen. Cass looked towards them, intrigue building in her eyes. She came to one conclusion.

"Front," Cass said.

Felicity blinked and mouth hung open wide at what Cass was saying. "Are you telling me what I think you're telling me? You think that the disappearances are a front for the people behind this? The League is behind the disappearances and this is their trading route? And they are trying to strong arm the competition into surrendering?"

A swift nod answered Felicity's question. She slipped a pen cap into the side of her mouth and tilted her head a fraction of an inch back.

"Wow, just....well it makes perfect sense," Felicity said. "Almost too much sense.....but these routes, they're coming in by air as well. Obviously, this one is a well-known drug trafficking route, so they could be coming in on here. And the petty criminals who use the route won't be a match for the scary ninja people."

Felicity looked across the room to Cass for a long moment. The skeptical look on the girl's face was well noted by Felicity.

"And you don't think it's drugs, do you?" Felicity asked. "People then, some kind of army."

Cass leaned back, mouth closed and eyes screwed shut in consideration. The dark haired girl nodded.

The doors of the elevator slid open. Felicity looked up, knowing Sara wouldn't have been back. Lyla popped into the elevator.

"Busy night?" Felicity asked.

"Yes, but I can't talk about it, at least not right now," Lyla said. "Where's Sara?"

"Well, she's out with the daughter of Raz," Felicity said.

"Raz?" Lyla asked. "Oh, you mean.....I see."

"Yes, I know," Felicity said. "Guess you can't control who you love....which may be a problem for Nyssa gave half of the people in the League seem to want to kill her. They haven't quite joined us in this century. And Raz seems to be the head of the pack."
"Apparently," Lyla said. "Oh, and its Raash…like Vase."

"I like Raz better," Felicity said, looking quite sullen at being corrected.

Cass snorted for a moment. Felicity blinked. She never heard the girl laugh and it was a very interesting and dare she say it, slightly off-putting sight to see, though.

"What…what's that?" Lyla asked. "Where did you get that?"

Lyla's eyes locked onto the maps of Starling City. Her eyes followed the maps, eyes narrowing when she studied every single inch of it.

"Oh, Sara nabbed them off of some guy named Ubu," Felicity said. "They're pretty detailed."

"Yes," Lyla said. "Yes, they are."

These were the official ARGUS maps of Starling City, which meant there was a leak, and someone in ARGUS was passing on information to someone in the League of Assassins. That didn't bode well, and Waller would hit the ceiling when she found out.

"They're smuggling something into the city," Felicity said. "Although, I'm not sure what it would be….but it's pretty dangerous, and there are at least two dozen points where they can get it in."

"I'll see what I can find out."

Felicity appreciated that from Lyla.

The doors of the elevator slid open one more time. Felicity thought the Clocktower was about to get crowded, although there was only maybe a handful of people who knew about their little hangout. She looked off to one side and noticed Laurel stepping into the Clocktower. The woman looked very tired.

"Busy night?" Felicity asked. "Because there seems to be a lot of that going around."

Laurel answered with a nod. "I just got some bad news about Moira's trial….but I prefer to discuss it with both Sara and Thea."

Bad news, well that just topped off this evening. Felicity could hardly wait to hear it.

Other than one particular bothersome hiccup, tonight's events had gone about as well as expected. Nyssa and Sara returned to the apartment Nyssa was using as a temporary base. It was very plain, with only a sleeping area, and a sparring area. A bag, a practice dummy, and some weights, along with a couple of mats were in the area. A small shelf with various blades, a couple of them broken and blood-stained topped off the room.

"Not too bad," Sara responded. "It could use some decoration, though."

"It serves its purpose," Nyssa said. "It's a place for me to relax, to have a couple of warm meals, and then go back out. I didn't plan to stay for long in Starling City."

The two girls had a couple of drinks, so naturally, Nyssa was a bit more relaxed then she would have been otherwise. Sara guided her into the room, following a couple of steps behind Nyssa.

"Do I hear you correctly, then?" Sara asked. "You weren't planning on it, but now…you're giving it some thought?"
Nyssa turned on the lights, and the two of them walked over towards the bedroom, skipping the couch. She sat down on the bed and Sara dropped down next to Nyssa. Despite this being a temporary hideaway for Nyssa when she was conducting business, the ships were plenty soft, and she respected that.

"My head is telling me one thing, and my heart is telling me another thing," Nyssa said. "Do you know how hard it is when you're being pulled between your destiny and what you want?"

Nyssa shook her head and Sara placed a hand on her bare thigh. The warmth of her hand resulted in Nyssa closing her eyes and smiling. If only this latest for moment than a minute.

"I was so angry when you left Nanda Parbat," Nyssa said. "And yes, I know the reason why...but I felt like I was stuck there. You had the freedom to leave, while I did not. You were the only stable thing in my life. It was just all about training before you came, and now when you arrived, it was something more."

Nyssa smiled when looking towards Sara. She could stare into the other woman's eyes for days. Sara was the one thing which could snap Nyssa out of a really dark place.

"And yet, I understood why you had to go, and I resented the fact you had a choice," Nyssa said. "And you were one of the few to successfully leave the League of Assassins….and it wasn't easy what you had to do to leave."

"If it wasn't for Diana teaching me a few fighting skills Ra's didn't know, I don't think I could have quite pulled it off," Sara said. "And even then, I just barely got out of there."

Nyssa leaned in towards Sara.

"And yet, you did, and you're here," Nyssa said. "I think deep down, he respected your fighting abilities and your determination. If it wasn't for our relationship, he would have completely respected you."

"Getting the respect Ra's is not worth the sacrifices it would need," Sara said. "Yes, I agree."

The longest moment passed. Nyssa had time to think and reflect. She took the opportunity to return to Starling City, not because of League business, but because of Sara. Granted, Ubu coming here, and Nyssa having to track him down was a blessing in disguise.

"And you've freed me," Nyssa said. "But, I know you could have never been free there. Your place is here in Starling City. You needed to return back to your old life, return to your family, back to the way things were."

Sara sighed in response.

"I'll be honest, I don't think I'm the same person."

Nyssa reached up and gripped Sara's hand. Their fingers wrapped together in a tight squeeze. The two of them moved together.

"No, but you're a better person than you were before you got on that boat."

Sara wasn't about to argue about that. The petty selfish reasons why she got on that boat, she moved beyond those for the most part.
"I guess it's all about keeping a balanced mind, alongside your body," Sara said. "A very wise woman taught me that."

Nyssa shifted into a very slight smile and leaned closer towards Sara. Their lips almost touched, but not quite.

"She was wise."

Sara received that lesson in two different ways from two different people, but still, it was an important lesson to receive a constant reinforcement on. Nyssa slipped her hand around the back of Sara's neck and pulled her in for a passionate kiss. The two of them pushed into each other, trying to battle with each other.

Their passions were extremely heated, as much as their fighting skills. Sara reached for the straps of Nyssa's dress and slid them down. Her mouth worked down Nyssa's neck, kissing it. Nyssa encouraged this behavior by brushing the back of her head.

Things only escalated from here.

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Nyssa smiled when Sara's mouth moved further down towards her now exposed breasts. Sara kissed and licked her nipples, hungering for more. She started alternating between breasts, sucking them. She gave them the equal attention they deserved.

"You're still as good as ever."

Nyssa closed her eyes and Sara's talented mouth worshiped her breasts like it was no one's business. She locked her hands on the back of Sara's head and guided her.

Sara continued to work over those beautiful, tanned breasts. Her body was devoid of any tan lines whatsoever. She smiled and started to kiss down her body, before pulling back up and returning to attack her breasts.

A pair of hands slipped behind Sara and cupped her. The dress slowly rolled up, and Nyssa smiled, before running her hands down Sara's thighs. She could feel how firm they were, but what she wanted was those firm thighs wrapped around her when they exchanged their passions.

"You're in fine form as always,"

Sara reached up and undid her dress, sliding it to the ground. She dressed in black lingerie, which was see through. Nyssa smiled and proceeded to unclip Sara's bra in a blink of an eye. Her perky breasts and hardened nipples came into Nyssa's line of fire.

Time to return the favor from earlier on. Nyssa sucked Sara's nipples, with Sara encouraging her to do more. Nyssa slid a finger down Sara's body and reached to the lips of her pussy to see how wet it was. The heat almost sucked Nyssa's finger in.

Sara squeezed her thighs around Nyssa's finger. The light probing made Sara feel so excited. Those fingers pushing into her made a very intense feeling grow even more so. She pumped more inside her.

"Right there, there's the spot," Sara encouraged Nyssa.

Nyssa shifted her fingers deeper inside Sara and pumped inside a couple of times. She decided to guide Sara down onto the bed.
Sara turned with her legs spread. Her blonde snatch dripped with juices, and anticipation of what Nyssa was going to do her. Nyssa crouched down between Sara's thighs and went between her legs with a few long and hungry licks. She pushed deeper inside Sara with her tongue.

The Daughter of the Demon knew all of the points to bring someone pain and pleasure. Her fingers put the right amount of pressure on Sara's clit.

Sara gave a beautiful moan and came hard into Nyssa. Her juices saturated the face of her lover. Sara pumped her hips up.

"You always were good," Sara said.

Nyssa appreciated Sara saying that and she intended to do what she was doing more justice. She got more juices from Sara. Her tongue swiped inside of the hole and captured more of the sticky juices onto her tongue. Sara reached up and grabbed Nyssa, making her face become pushed firmly between her thighs.


Nyssa complied with Sara's wishes. She licked her beloved and slid the tongue about as deep it could go between Sara's thighs.

Several moments of oral sex later, Sara gripped the back of Nyssa's head and pulled her face up. She took a moment to admire the beauty of Nyssa's face, dripping in cream all the way. Sara smiled towards her.

"I want to return the favor."

Nyssa wasn't going to argue about that. She had hordes of female follows who followed her every beck and call. Sara gave her pleasure beyond all others. The skilled assassin made her way on the bed and spread her thighs. Sara buried her face inside of Nyssa's pussy.

Sara went down onto Nyssa. The moans of the Daughter of the Demon increased with Sara shifting her hips up and down. Sara delved inside and indulged in the very familiar taste.

Nyssa closed her eyes and enjoyed the moment. Sara made love to Nyssa with her mouth and it was always amazing. She taught Sara well, too well, and the student was ready to outstrip the teacher. Sara's mouth wrapped around the beautiful woman's pussy and sucked and slurped.

"Beloved!" Nyssa screamed.

Sara kept working deep inside Nyssa and hit the pleasure point and peaked. The juices came out. Sara slurped up the lemony, delightful taste and wouldn't stop from there. She would never stop eating Nyssa out until she wanted to move things to the next level.

One more panting orgasm drove through Nyssa before Sara was ready to take things up to the next level. She crawled over and straddled Nyssa's thighs. She leaned in for a kiss, which Nyssa returned with just as much heat as one would expect between these two women.

Nyssa slipped a hand on the small of Sara's back and not so subtly crept it down to grip her ass. The two of them connected together, their thighs rubbing together. Nyssa wrapped a leg around her.

"You just can't help yourself, can you?" Sara asked.

Nyssa kissed Sara one more time. Sara shifted up on top of her and the friction increased.
"Around you, I forget myself."

Sara wasn't about ready to complain. She pushed her hips down on Nyssa and coated her body with a series of kisses. To see Nyssa slip into a role of submission really excited Sara. She wanted to see how many of these boundaries could be pushed before Nyssa gushed.

Nyssa wilted underneath Sara. She wanted this, more than life itself and Sara was able to give her everything she ever wanted, and then a little bit more. The two of them merged together in a heated and passionate duel of passion. Their legs scissored each other and rubbed their pussies together.

Tongues and hands roamed aimlessly. Salvia swapped between the two of them, among other bodily fluids. They worked each other to their mutual orgasm.

"I want this."

Nyssa grabbed Sara by her sexy ass and squeezed it. Sara looked towards her beloved, with a smile. It was a mark of trust she would allow Nyssa to access her back door. The women she allowed to this point could be counted on one hand and there would still be plenty of fingers left over.

"You want it?" Sara asked. "Help yourself."

Sara rolled over onto her hands and knees and presented her ass towards Nyssa as a tantalizing trophy. Nyssa moved over and grabbed Sara. She buried her face between a very toned set of cheeks and slipped a tongue deep inside the most taboo hole of a woman.

Nyssa's tongue swirling about Sara made her loins practically boil. The rim job lubricated Sara's ass all nice and hot. Nyssa's fingers also rubbed her clit to give more pleasure towards her. Nyssa pushed her face between Sara's cheeks and gave her more pleasure.

"Wonderful," Nyssa said. "You're the best."

Nyssa reached over to open a bedside drawer and she pulled a strap on out. The item fastened to her. Nyssa dripped some lubricate on it, and made her way behind Sara.

A hard phallus pushed against Sara's back entrance. Nyssa gripped her beloved's back end tightly and shoved deep inside of her. It was very hard to resist. You would have to be a man or woman made completely of stone not to want a chance to be back there.

'And I'm one of the few to have the pleasure.'

Sara smiled, proud of her ass, and the effect it had on most people. And the effect it had on Nyssa intoxicated her as well. Nyssa plunged into her depths and worked into her. Sara reached between her legs when Nyssa fucked her tight hole and rubbed herself raw.

"Fuck my ass, fuck it hard!" Sara yelled.

"Don't worry, I will," Nyssa said. "It would be a dishonor if I didn't."

Sara smiled. Nyssa was as firm as Sara wanted. More fingers joined Sara to increase the pleasure. Her body dripped of any number of bodily fluids. Sara rose up to drive herself onto the rod penetrating her bum.

The two girls turned to the side and met each other with a passionate kiss. Their tongues swapped together in salvia. Nyssa pumped herself into Sara.
Their juices continued to go together. The rod slipped away and Nyssa humped Sara's ass with her pussy now. Her arms wrapped around Sara and hands went down to stroke her nether lips.

"Cum for me."

Sara did cum hard. Sticky fluids coated Nyssa's fingers and she pulled up to have a taste while humping Sara's ass to lead up to a second conclusion.

The moment Nyssa pulled away, Sara turned around, pinned her down, and started to eat her again. Nyssa accepted this pleasure.

The night continued to get hotter, until each woman put themselves through the paces just enough before they were willing to back off, at least for a few minutes.

Sara smiled when Nyssa wrapped an arm around her. The two of them laid in bed, in the bliss of the afterglow. Sara rested her head on Nyssa's shoulder, while Nyssa wrapped one arm around her. The other arm moved down to stroke Sara's hair.

"I love you," Sara said.

Nyssa smiled. "Yes, well you taught me what true love could be."

The two enjoyed this silent moment after an intense round of love making. Which was completely broken up by the phone ringing, and in a moment, Sara responded with a groan.

"You better get that, it could be important."

Sara slid off of the bed and walked over towards the phone. She shook her head to clear the cobwebs before moving over to the phone on the floor. She scooped it up with one hand and pushed the button in.

"Sara, it's Laurel…..I need to talk to you…in person…..how long will it take you to get back to the Clocktower?"

Sara closed her eyes, she guessed the party was over, no matter how much she hated to admit it.

"In about a half of an hour, I'll be there," Sara said. "It's my sister she…."

Nyssa walked up towards Sara and silenced her with a kiss on the lips. The kiss was all too brief, but it conveyed how much Nyssa understood.

"Then you better go. I won't leave, not yet."

Sara smiled in appreciation and left.

Nyssa watched Sara go, almost envious at the fact Sara and Laurel had a cordial relationship. Needless to say, the relationship Nyssa had with her own sister was strained. It was one of the many things she regretted above many other things in her life.

Drunken laughter filled the alleyway. A group of four giggling women, about college age, staggered around and tried to hold themselves up.

"Can you believe that guy?" one of them asked. "Crying about what you did to him all over social media. I mean, he should be lucky he even gets to breathe the same air you breathe."
"I know…what a loser," another one of the girls friends respond. "I mean, he'll be lucky to get like a six, and you're about a ten."

"That's a guy for you. They're not too bright."

The woman in question staggered back, clutching onto the wall. She made a face while shaking her head. Almost, she felt bad about the dork. He was harmless, but it was just so fun to rile up people like that. They starved for so much attention.

"It's been really fun, but I have class tomorrow, and I need to get my beauty sleep," she said. "I'll text you in the morning."

Her friends waved bye and walked down the street, giggling. The young woman walked towards the stairs leading into her apartment. The expensive handbag clutched against her side. It had all of her valuable stuff in it.

'Oh, I shouldn't have had that last drink.'

The woman walked over and took a deep breath.

"So, you think what you did is funny?"

The pounding in the woman's head increased. Her annoyance spiked when seeing a figure walk up towards her in the shadows.

"You think you can rip out someone's heart, and stomp on it, just like that?"

"What?"

"The poor boy you toyed with to get your sick kicks. You're just another person who gives women a bad name."

The woman realized what this mysterious figure in the shadows was talking about. It wasn't some random lunatic, it was about that guy.

"Hey, are you the dork's mother, or something?" the woman asked. "Or his sister or…..look, maybe I shouldn't have gone that far? I'll send him a text and apologize to him or…"

The woman stepped back out and the figure in the shadows took another step towards her. The woman's red hair shimmered in the light and the gaze in her eyes shined with psychosis.

"People these days, they think emotions are toys which they can play with as they please," she said. "And they laugh about it when people actually get upset for their cruelty. It's sick and kind of pathetic."

"Look, it's all in good fun, and I don't know how it is any of your business."

The woman's eyes narrowed when looking at this bubble headed bint, the type who set women's rights back a century with their games. While at the same time, claiming to be fighting for women's rights.

"When the Hood saved me in the Undertaking, I found my purpose in life. The Hood was distracted in the big picture, and that was well and good. Someone had to fight for more personal matters, while the Hood focused on the big picture."

The woman drew out a crossbow and pointed it towards the woman. The woman reached for a can
of mace. It slipped from her hand because she was so drunk.

"Even though crimes against the heart are no misdemeanor."

"What?" the woman asked. "Are you the Arrow's sidekick or something?"

"No, I'm Cupid, stupid."

One arrow fired to the heart put the end to the night of this smug bitch. Another criminal who toyed with emotions perished at Cupid's arrow.

To Be Continued on March 28th, 2017.

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Nyssa and Sara obviously were the main point of this chapter. Several interesting things happened though in this chapter.

Felicity and Cassandra having a conversation will never fail to be amusing to me. Given that Cass barely talks and Felicity talks enough for two people sometimes. So it kind of evens out. A little discussion about the pronunciation of Ra's al Ghul. I personally divert to the Batman: The Animated Series pronunciation when I read his name in my head.

Sara's attitude on Isobel is very logical. She's trying to play nice now because she failed. Sara isn't buying it as easily, though. Although, she's inclined to give Ms. Rochev enough rope to hang herself.

Nyssa and Sara have what essentially amounts to make-up sex after their parting and eventual reunion.

Here's Cupid, and she's deliciously bent here. More on her later.

Until Tuesday.
Laurel tapped her foot against the wall. The last couple of days had been non-stop up and down for her, and she was just bursting to talk to someone. She really hoped the someone she talked to would be her sister. Sara said she would be over in a couple of minutes and Laurel respected the fact she had things to do. The hours and moments did grind down at an insane rate.

Still, Laurel had been very impatient. The last couple of months made Laurel feel like her entire life just had been turned around for the worst.

The doors of the elevator slid open. Laurel held her breath and saw Sara walking towards her, wearing a casual black leather jacket, a white top, and a pair of jeans, along with black boots. She walked over towards her.

"So, what's up?" Sara asked.

"I know this could have maybe waited until morning," Laurel said. "It's just been a really long day, and I'm losing my mind....I'm going to have to tell this to Thea later, but I wanted to get your take on it first."

Sara responded with a nod and reached over to grip her sister's hand. Their fingers intertwined with each other and Sara leaned forward to look at her sister. Laurel calmed down at the feeling of her sister's touch.

"Hey. you have something to get off your chest, so get it off your chest."

Laurel pulled back and smiled. She appreciated Sara giving her the outlet, for better or for worse. Laurel didn't have a chance to go to the gym. She had been up to her ears with work. Hell, even the Black Canary had to take a backseat.

"Well, Moira's attorney tried to get the trial moved away from Starling City, but the motion has been blocked," Laurel said. "I can't prove it, but someone pulled some strings there. I don't think it should be there. She seems like she's mentally just accepted whatever happened."

Sara frowned at this. Moira did not seem like the type of person who would give up without a fight. Then again, she changed a lot.

"There's no way for the trial to be moved away from Starling?"

Laurel answered by shaking head. "And they want me to prosecute"

Here Sara responded with a whistle. Just when they thought this situation could not get more awkward, there was a new twist involved. She really didn't know what to make of this, to be honest. Sara leaned close towards Laurel and she looked into Laurel's face. The hard work and the stress of the situation looked like it would really get to her.

"It's going to put me in a conflict of interest," Laurel said.
"Yeah, can't they really get someone else?" Sara asked. "I mean, you've known Moira for years. Therefore, it doesn't seem fair you would be put there. Is there any way to get off because of a conflict of interest or something?"

Laurel responded with a sigh as the struggle within continued to unfold. Two very distinct things began to battle with each other. Laurel had a great amount of professional pride where she would do the best possible, no matter what case, and this would be the case which could make her career. On the other hand, she also had a sense of personal ethics, which told her this trial would be anything but balanced. The state was looking to dig up every skeleton in the Queen closet.

And there was also the part of her who felt Moira did deserve to be sent to prison for her part in Queen's Gambit mess. The death penalty would be pushing things, unfortunately, so Laurel could not get completely on board of throwing the book at her.

"I hate this."

"Then why don't you just disagree to take the case?" Sara asked.

Laurel frowned. "I might... I might do it, but... they said if I don't do it, it might be the end of my career. Before it really gets started."

"Then, it's up to you," Sara said.

Laurel hated this, hated the situation she had been put in. What was worth more? She had a feeling at the end of this, someone was going to get hurt.

"Moira told me no matter what, she wants me to give it one hundred percent," Laurel said. "She doesn't want to get off because the prosecution isn't at their best. And if that's the case, she really doesn't deserve anyone... who might not have her heart completely in it."

The problem was, and Laurel hated to say it, she didn't think Moira was innocent beyond a reasonable doubt. She was compliant with just as many things as she had been coerced in.

Lyla stuck her head into the room. She looked towards Sara, who wrapped an arm around Laurel, who responded with a sigh. "This is a bad isn't it?"

Sara responded with a shrug. "If it's important....."

"It's important, I think," Laurel said. "So... don't worry about me, I'll be fine..... I'll figure out a way to deal with this."

"ARGUS might be closing in on the Court of the Owls."

Sara raised an eyebrow at Lyla's statement and any number of thoughts went through her mind, the first of which being surprise about how Waller decided to let her have any scrap of information. She normally had to pry information away from Waller with the jaws of life itself. Sara suspected Waller wanted something, maybe not now, but down the road. That could be the only reason why this breadcrumb had been thrown. Down.

This statement from Lyla also worried Sara. She wouldn't be allowing Lyla to drop this information unless something happened which threatened something Waller was working on.

"I'm surprised she informed you for anything," Sara said. "She's been closing you out of the loop more.... for security reasons."
"Yes, I know," Lyla said. "I still have a couple of friends in ARGUS, but my mission is to keep a close eye on you, and make you in one piece."

"Waller thinks I'm still useful, I really don't know what to think about it."

Felicity stepped into the room. She stepped back and lingered inside of the doorway until Sara waved her inside.

"I was going to say you're not going to believe this, but with your job, there's a lot you're going to believe. There's an attack, another one, with the vigilante in red."

Sara heard of the attacks, they had been few and far between over the past couple of weeks. Still, she was being active and the arrow motif was not lost on Sara.

"Three women and one man have been killed," Felicity said. "And I did some digging, and all of them broke up with some significant others, or spurned someone who was holding a torch for them."

"What do we have some kind of crusader for spurned love?" Laurel asked.

Felicity shrugged, it seemed to be the case. They both turned towards Sara, who frowned deeply, and wondered what was going on. Something was going on, especially if someone was shooting arrows into people. It was honestly no small shock the press wasn't saying the Hood had gone full crazed social justice crusader.

At least, not yet, Felicity thought it would be unwise to taunt Murphy. His law was the only one in Starling City which no one could break.

Thea held in a deep breath when walking into the prison next to Sara. She could sense something was happening, something she did not like. Dread filled the body of the younger girl, but she also had to hold her head up nice and high, if nothing else, for the sake of her mother. Sara put a hand on her shoulder, and Thea stood up straight.

"I'm sorry if this is all too much to take in…"

"No, it's fine," Thea said. "And when you have a chance to talk to Laurel, or I suppose I should tell her if I get the chance first, tell her I don't really have a problem with this. I'm more upset at the state for putting her in in this position."

Sara gave a solemn nod at this statement. She wasn't too entirely thrilled with what was going on here either and most certainly, she wasn't too entirely thrilled about what might not come out of this trial. The facts of the case tended to be forgotten when the media circus got started. Many people weren't interested in justice, rather they were interested in appeasing themselves, for better or for worse.

Thea and Sara walked in, as did Moira. The guard still observed her with a careful eye and looked at Moira like she had the plague. Moira nodded and sat down next to him.

"Are you holding up fine?" Sara asked.

"I've been through a lot," Moira said. "The two of you should worry about what's going on the outside."
"Laurel told me…"

Moira held up one hand to stop Sara from saying what she's going to say.

"Yes, I know," Moira said. "I know what the state wants her to do and I feel for the girl, she's been put in a bad situation, but she should do what needs to be done. She should do the best job she can."

Thea looked towards her mother for a moment. "Do you think you have a chance to get out of there?"

"The facts of the case don't make this too favorable," Moira said. "At best, I'll get life in prison. At worst….well you've heard what the State wants."

Moira took a moment to reflect on the past few months of her life. What she would have done differently, what could have been done the same, regardless of how many ways you looked at things, there were most certainly changes which could have been made, and at the end of the day, Moira knew this and respected this.

"I want Laurel to do her job, just like I want my defense attorney to do her job, and whatever happens, happens."

Sara took a moment to register a very real frustration.

"This would have been much easier if Merlyn was in custody."

"Perhaps," Moira said. "But, I wouldn't be so sure about it."

Thea wanted to say so much more. The visits with her mother had been limited, especially when they went close to trial. She could see the very restless guard peering in through the room. The fact he started to shift like this annoyed Thea.

"Just hang in there," Thea said. She winced. "Bad choice of words given what the State would like to do to you."

Moira smiled. "Your sentiment is understood."

The guard made her way inside. Eyes narrowed towards Moira and also to the two women. "Okay, your five minutes is up, move on out."

Sara and Thea got up to their feet and took the long walk outside of the prison. The guards in this place really were getting very snippy as of late. They didn't really know what to make of it, but it was starting to become a real problem.

"My mother, she seems like she's just given up," Thea said. "That's really out of character for her… but I guess if you lose half of your family and the plan to save the city ends up getting overtaken and turned into something worse…"

Sara reached over and grabbed Thea's hand.

"I wouldn't count Moira out yet. She may have something up her sleeve."

Thea appreciated where Sara was coming from and knew the girl was trying to lift her spirits, really that was appreciated. It just was one thing after another in her life, but at least Thea found herself clean and sober. If she hadn't been, then maybe it would be harder to comprehend just how very fucked up the world could be.
Sara walked next towards Sara, her own thoughts coming through her mind. What Moira dealt was a problem and always would be a problem, but Sara also had problems of her own to deal with. Top on the list was the mysterious crusader who had killed four people and would be putting arrows in people.

The moment Sara looked up, she saw the woman dressed in red walking up to her. Her red hair hung like a curtain and eyes flashed with a very panic expression.

"You, I've been hoping to run into you for a long time! Do you really think I was going to let you get away with what you did?"

Sara sighed, given the woman's past crimes, she had a pretty good idea where this one was heading, and she also had a pretty good idea it was going to be a very mind-numbing encounter. Sara adjusted her stance when looking towards the woman.

"It was you; it was all your fault!" the woman ranted. "You were the one who betrayed Oliver Queen, left him to die, you killed him!"

Sara braced herself for a fight. The woman turned towards Thea for a moment, eyes slightly less manic, almost sympathetic. She wore the type of sympathy which could fade away in a blink of an eye.

"It must be hard for you to stomach the woman who killed your brother," she said. "I know you're scared, but don't worry, I'll save you! Set you free! Avenge the loss of your brother!"

Thea looked at this crazed woman and wondered what the hell she was on about. She redefined the term completely and utterly mad. The woman turned the bow towards Sara and aimed it.

A gunshot from up above forced Cupid to jump back in surprise. There was someone who dared take a shot at her.

Sara rushed the mysterious redhead from behind and nailed her with a shoulder check, knocking her to the ground. The woman rolled over onto the ground, and Sara caught her with a punch up against the side of the head. More punches followed, and Cupid returned fire.

The sounds of guards coming out caused Cupid to go away, and press a trigger held up her sleeve.

"Another time. Justice will prevail. Crimes of passion will not go unpunished!"

An explosion went off and she disappeared into a cloud of red smoke.

Not before Sara slipped a tracking device on the madwoman before she disappeared.

Malcolm Merlyn took a couple of steps to the inside of a mansion house. He kept his head up high and looked around, knowing the type of security which would be in this building. He prepared for an attack, and the fact nothing so far jumped out to him only put Malcolm on a slightly more even guard. His eyes followed the progress of something down the hallway.

Someone walked down the hallway, a short man, who withdrew a set of knives and pointed them directly towards Malcolm. Malcolm eyed him for a second, knowing this man would strike sooner or later. Malcolm raised his hands up to show the man he wasn't armed. The man didn't attack, but he held the knives firmly in hand.
"I'm not here for any trouble."

The short man recognized Malcolm Merlyn, but he didn't back off for a second. Those knives were kept well sharpened for any intruders who dared pass through these doors. Merlyn was not welcomed in this place.

"If you come here uninvited, then trouble is the only thing you're going to get."

Malcolm chanced taking another step while also staring at the business end of those knives. The man reared his hand back and acted as if he was going to stab Malcolm if he didn't explain real quick.

"I'm not here for trouble," Malcolm repeated. "I wish to speak to Mr. Cain about a project the two of us have been working on. You don't want to keep him waiting."

The knife-wielding man didn't back down from anyone.

"Mr. Cain doesn't get called on, Mr. Cain calls on you."

"Then, Mr. Cain will have to make an exception."

The man received a very distinct case of sweaty palms at the voice which came down the hallway. Hands shook when the knives almost slid from the grip as he turned around and saw the one and only Lady Shiva making her way into the room. The man thought over his options and knew a fight with this woman would not end in a very favorable manner for him.

He turned his attention towards Malcolm with his eyes flaring.

"You will pay for your treachery!"

The man made an about face and turned towards the window. The knife-wielder threw himself through the glass and fell several thousand feet to his death off of the edge of the mountain to avoid having the honor of fighting Lady Shiva.

Malcolm walked over to the window and looked down at where the man had landed. He turned towards Shiva and raised an eyebrow.

"You always leave an impression no matter where you go."

Lady Shiva didn't respond to Malcolm's words at first. She instead started to comb through the drawers of the desk. There were a few minor trinkets of no value. She found a notepad with some information scrubbed out. At least scrubbed out to the naked eye, but not scrubbed out to Lady Shiva.

She took a loose piece of paper and rubbed out the imprint, to reveal several addresses on the paper. The most dangerous woman in the world walked over to Malcolm and put the addresses in front of his face.

"Do any of these look familiar?"

Malcolm stretched out and read every single address on the list. A second passed before he pulled back and nodded.

"This one. I met Cain here face to face, the one time I met him. He was staying at this address."

Shiva studied Merlyn for any signs of deception. She turned around.
"Let's go."

Sara made a change of clothes and followed the tracking device. The device lead her to a penthouse, it was well kept up, other than a few weeds which had grown up. Whoever this person's gardener had been, they had been slacking on the job.

"So, who lives here anyway?" Sara asked.

"Well, that wasn't too hard to find out," Felicity said. "The penthouse belongs to a woman named Carrie Cutter, and she has a checkered past. She was part of the SSPD before getting released due to a roughing up a man who cheated on his wife. And she has a couple of domestic disturbances on her record as well, caused by her. Her ex-boyfriend put a restraining order on her, calling her a crazy bitch."

The hooded heroine started to push into the lock on the door. The door clicked and allowed Sara entrance.

"She's been quiet for a very long time, though," Felicity said. "I wonder what triggered her to start putting arrows in people after they had spurned their lovers or people who wanted to be their lovers, or whatever?"

Sara thought Felicity's guess was as good as hers. The woman raised her bow and started to look around in the area. She felt around and found a light switch.

Bright red lights illuminated the room, it was about as subtle in here as a parade of elephants. She heard music playing in the background, the type of music which people tried to use to set the mood, but all it did was ruin the move.

Sara walked across the room towards a tack board, which had pictures of many people. Some of them had little miniature arrow pins stuck through them as if they were being crossed off. Sara came face to face with her own picture. It wasn't the most flattering picture of the world, to be honest, but it was beside the point.

Her head turned towards the side, and several newspaper clippings detailing the exploits of the Arrow hung from the wall, along with several grainy pictures. A crude looking doll in a green hood laid on the table, as if it had been made by hand. The eyes on it made it look extremely creepy.

Sara looked around to take in the disgusting nature of this room.

"She's built a shrine, to me."

"Congratulations, you have the one thing worse than an enemy. An obsessed fan."

Sara looked at the face of the doll which had been covered with red lipstick marks.

"Don't you get it, you're my inspiration."

Slowly, Sara turned around, expecting to see Cupid standing before her in the room. There was no Cupid, at least not right now.

Sara walked over to a chair where she saw the tracking device laid out on the chair. Instantly, she could see Cupid discovered it and left it here, as a token.
"You're the meaning in my life, you're my inspiration!" Cupid sang in a very off-key manner. "Don't you see we were meant to me, just you and me?"

'Yep, completely bonkers.'

Sara looked around the room and several more heart shape likes kicked on and the mood music in the room increased. The only thing Sara's mood changed to was having a strong desire to throw up.

"You've done a lot to right the wrongs in Starling City," Cupid narrated. "But, you think too big with the people you take out. It's not the big things that make the world work. It's the small things, the matters of the heart, which make our lives worth meaning."

The hooded archer moved around and kept her head on a swivel. She had a very bad feeling something was going to happen.

"You see, you inspired me, a few months ago, to be a better me, and I've been avenging the people who have had their hearts stomped on by screw feminist harpies and disgusting man-children," Cupid said. "Each and every one of them, I liberate them like an angel of love. Cupid's arrow sets them free."

Sara shook her head.

"Carrie, you need help."

"NEVER CALL ME THAT AGAIN!" Cupid shrieked. "Carrie Cutter was a victim, a poor soul who had her heart snapped in two by some uncaring clod who only saw her as a trophy."

The woman started to breathe in and out heavily. She looked to be seconds away from having a mild freak out.

"Most don't understand matters of the heart, but deep down, I know you're the only one who understands. You do what you do for a reason, and I do what I do."

The "mood" music kicked up, and Sara pulled back to the curtain to find the loud speaker.

"You're the meaning in my life, you're my inspiration!"

The off-key singing made Sara want to stuff her ears full of cotton. Suddenly, the doors and the windows locked, and Sara had been trapped inside.

"You're my muse!" Cupid cried. "But, I must beg your forgiveness, for I am not perfect, I didn't kill Sara Lance tonight, I'm sorry, forgive me for my failure. You can punish me if you really like."

She alternated between sobbing and giggling. Sara tried to access the communication on the outside, but there was nothing there.

"But, there's someone who is more responsible for the death of Oliver Queen than that witch, and she also killed her husband," Cupid continued. "Moira Queen will receive justice for her crimes."

Sara grabbed onto the door and pulled on it, but it jammed shut. The loud thumping continued.

"I think I'll keep you!"

Cupid punctuated her statement with an insane fit of giggles. Sara started to look around for a way out of here, and fast because she wouldn't put it past this woman to start pumping gas in here to keep her sedated.
At the Starling City penetration, a redheaded woman dressed in a prison uniform walked forward. The guard at the gate eyed her.

"I've been sent to relieve you."

The guard responded with a nod. To be honest, he was pretty dead on his feet, so any relief would be good.

The smiling face of Carrie Cutter, now Cupid, had been partially obscured in the shadows. It was time to make Moira Queen suffer for her crimes.

Cupid's Arrow would right the betrayal of this woman.

To Be Continued on March 31st, 2017.

Oh boy, Cupid is not exactly the most mentally stable of people. And some more drama happens around this chapter.

A guy throws himself out of a window to his doom rather than fight Lady Shiva. Can't say I blame him.

Until Friday.
Chapter Thirty-Four: Through the Heart.

Cupid proved to be as crafty as she was crazy having trapped Sara in the room. The only thing Sara could say which was going from her was the woman had no intention killing the woman in the hood. Sara wondered if it would break her mind if it ever come to her attention the Hood and one of the women she tried to kill earlier were simply one and the same.

"The revelation would have broken her mind."

The hooded archer surveyed her surroundings, personally feeling it would be a lot easier of the cheesy mood music had been shot down. Sara aimed her bow and arrow and found the speaker. She broke the speaker with one shot. The speaker system shuttered and died. She threw her arms down and suddenly, she could think more clearly now.

"Much better."

Sara faced a bigger problem, getting out of there and stopping Cupid from pulling out of her deed. She adjusted the earpiece and tried to contact the outside world. She received an unfortunate backlash and Sara stepped back, cringing when something rattled through her ear. No matter what she tried, the hooded heroine could not break free to the outside world.

No way to warn anyone, whether it be Felicity, or anyone else, to raise the alarm, that Cupid intended to pay a visit to Moira. How she intended to do this, Sara didn't know, but the woman obsessively thought about it. One look towards the shrine told Sara about this move.

She took a step back and went for the door with a running kick. Sara bounced off with a thump and the door remained in place. She studied the door and realized it would take a fair bit of time to break it down. She could keep pounding it and maybe take about an hour, perhaps more, before breaking down the door.

'At least an hour, maybe more,' she thought frantically. 'That's way too much time, especially given the prison is on the other end of the town. I would barely be able to stop her, and by the time I get out of here....'

Sara moved around and located a storage closet. She put her hand on the edge of the closet and pulled it open. She moved to the closet and located some cleaning products, along with a bucket. Sara studied the labels quickly and an idea processed in the mind of the vigilante.

It was an idea which could get her killed, but desperate times called for desperate measures. Sara opened up the cleaning products while setting the bucket against the door. She started to mix them in the right quantities. It started to bubble.

Sara flipped behind the shrine. The thick shrine managed to give Sara just enough cover. She heard a loud boom which caused smoke to fill the air. Sara held her breath to avoid breathing in the toxic chemicals pumping through the air. Time stood still as Sara waited to be able to see through everything.

The smoke alarm started beeping inside, and Sara noticed the door had been opened. It would allow her to get outside. Sara moved her way down the hallway and moved towards the window. She dropped down to the alleyway below and caught her breath.
"Felicity, are you still with me?" Sara asked.

A pause followed and Sara could hear the relief coming in Felicity's tone when she sighed.

"Yeah, I am," Felicity said. "I lost you the moment you went in there."

"Cupid jammed my signal, but that isn't important," Sara said.

"How did some lunatic jam….actually, we'll figure that out later," Felicity said. "She wasn't there, was she?"

"No," Sara said. "She's heading to get her hands on Moira, to kill her for the crimes she committed."

Sara's heart started to race when she kept moving. She shot an arrow and repelled across the city on a rope. Sara knew Starling City like the back of her hand, she had to familiarize herself with all of the shortcuts, everything around the city because it was essential to getting a quick get away.

"Laurel already left, she was going to go and talk to her….

Sara didn't know what Carrie would do, how she would regard Laurel. The woman was bent, the sting of betrayal from at least one past lover caused some problems. Sara hoped things would work out for the better, but she knew better.

"She's gotten a head start," Sara said. "Warn her…"

"Thea's there as well," Felicity said. "Yeah, I know….."

"Warn them," Sara repeated herself.

She didn't know how this could go so wrong. Expecting the unexpected was one of the things she learned, and someone like Cupid didn't think like a logical person. She had been motivated by her own twisted perception of justice, vengeance was something which caused problems.

"I'll see….."

Sara had no time to continue the conversation. She had to hurry. Fifteen minutes was her best speed to get from one end of the town to the other, and that was on a good night. This was far from a good night, the rain from the sky started to hit the ground and made it very hard for Sara to keep her balance.

She propelled across the building and landed on the top of a moving truck which was heading in her direction. Sara held on tight, and would have to get off at the next exit, and trek the rest of the way by foot, and beat Cupid to the punch, all while not being seen.

It was just another day in the life of Sara Lance ever since putting on the hood.

Moira knew it would be time to face the music sooner rather than later. The guard led her in for another visit. Thea looked towards Moira and mother and daughter locked eyes. The moment she saw Laurel, Moira motioned for her to come forward.

"I do not fault you for having done your job," Moira said. "Do what you can, I know how your job is in the line. Don't waste your time throwing your career away for a broken woman."

"Actually, I can here for an offer if you would like to hear it," Laurel said. "Only if you want to hear it, I'm not going to convince you of anything. I just want you to keep an open mind."
Moira was willing to hear anything at this point, but at this point, she understood what awaited for her. She would either be condemned to death or be disgraced for life. Death would grant her solace, the only thing holding her back was Thea, and Thea would do much better without her mother here to hold her back.

Being alive could tarnish Moira's reputation in ways she could barely able to imagine. She turned towards Laurel who looked very anxious. Moira tried to encourage the woman to speak up.

"You've known me for years," Moira said. "I try and keep an open mind, even though within the last five, six years, I've been lost. And it's led me here."

Laurel sighed, she couldn't believe the State put her as a go-between with this. Regardless of her anxiety, all Laurel had to do was take a deep breath.

"The State will drop the charges if you plead insanity."

Moira raised her eyebrow at this statement. Thea looked from Laurel to Moira, mouth opened.

"You mean to tell me they're just going to drop everything if I say I was temporarily insane when I made the agreement with Malcolm Merlyn," Moira said.

"Look, I….."

Moira responded with a nod. It was surprising how the guard didn't come back around to start to escort Thea and Laurel out of the room. She didn't complain about them not being escorted out of the room, but still, everything was getting to be insane.

The look on Thea's face indicated someone who didn't know what to think. She walked forward and sat down to peer at her mother.

"I've been called many things," Moira said. "I don't think I could take a plea of insanity under good faith. I knew what I was doing the entire time."

"No one would fault you if…"

Moira leaned closer towards Laurel and spoke in a more clear voice.

"I knew what I was doing the entire time," Moira repeated. "I regret what I've done, but you better make no mistake about it, I knew what I was doing the entire time."

The firmness of the woman caused Laurel to receive an insane amount of respect for her. It took a lot to admit the mistakes, especially when her life was on the line. Laurel wondered if she was making a mistake by putting her career ahead of her ethics.

'I have to….if someone else takes this case, they aren't going to pull any punches…but I can't either.'

Laurel took in a deep breath and looked towards her.

"No one would think any less of you."

"It isn't possible for anyone to think any less of me as we speak," Moira said. "This case is going to trial whether or not I like it, you like it, or anyone else likes it. The chances are, I'm going to be found guilty based off of the evidence, and when that happens…"

"It won't happen."
Moira looked towards her daughter.

"If you give up, you've already lost," Thea said. "You told me that a long time ago."

Moira never expected her own words to be thrown back at her like that, but it pleased her.

"I never thought I'd be pleased to have my daughter listen to anything I say," Moira said. "Even though she has plenty of reasons why she shouldn't after all of the lies I told to her."

"Your daughter always listens to what you say," Thea said. "She just chooses only obey when she sees fit."

Moira smiled at her daughter's words.

"Our company will be in good hands now," Moira said.

"Even with Rochev on the table?" Thea asked.

"I don't think you, Ms. Starr, or Sara will allow her to take full control control," Moira said. "And Laurel?"

Laurel nodded in response to Moira.

"Tell your boss I'm not taking the insanity plea. I'll face my day in trial like anyone should. If a jury of my peers declares me as guilty then so be it."

This conversation couldn't go any further when a guard made their way inside. Moira noticed this guard looked different, younger, an attractive female as well. She wasn't like the burly guards they had watching Moira's every move like a hawk.

"Visiting hours are over, why don't you clear out of here?"

Laurel looked on with surprise, that guard didn't look like one she saw before. Must have been new. Thea rose to her feet and took a step out behind Laurel. The two of them were about ready to exit when Laurel's cell phone started ringing. Less than a handful of people had this number, so she knew it was over.

"Hey, Felicity….."

"Laurel, are you still at the prison?" Felicity asked. "Because, there's some crazed woman with a red fetish, and an even bigger revenge fetish who is there to kill Moira for her crimes…she's called Cupid, Carrie Cutter is her real name and….."

"Felicity, slow down…"

"If you see someone suspicious, she's there, our hooded friend is on her way there but…"

A crack caused Laurel to drop to her knees. The guard lashed out and nailed her with a police baton across the back of the head. Thea turned around, mouth wide open at what happened. She moved forward to confront the guard. The guard shocked her with a stun gun.

"They should have left sooner," she said. A smile appeared on Cupid's face. "Moira Queen, you've failed this city."

Laurel's head throbbed when she tried to wake up. A headache continued to fill over her body, and
she realized she had been handcuffed to something. Thea who had laid on the ground in a half dazed state. Laurel tried to pull herself up, but it was no going with Thea's dead weight.

'I can't believe someone like that got the drop on me.'

"Thea!" Laurel hissed. "THEA!"

It took a while before Thea even responded.

"Five more minutes," Thea muttered.

Laurel did the only thing she knew how to do wake a half sleepy younger girl up, and she smacked Thea in the face, hard. Thea's eyes popped open when she finally woke back up.

"Huh, who with the….."

The two of them had been left outside the hall and several other guards had been taken out, tranquilized as well. The door had been held halfway open.

Moira had been put down on her knees, with her hands handcuffed behind her bead. Thea caught sight of a certain woman, one who attacked her earlier. Moira stared at her.

"So, you've come to kill me," Moira said. "Well, I'm sure the taxpayers will be happy at being spared the expense."

Carrie Cutter's eyes narrowed when looking at Moira. This piece of garbage on her knees was barely more than Carrie could stand.

"You betrayed your husband, sold him out, along with your son, for Malcolm Merlyn," Carrie said. "It's your fault both of them are dead because you are selfish. You are a monster, and you deserve to die."

"Carrie!"

Cupid turned around towards the blonde, the one she cracked in the back of the head with a police baton because she stalled Carrie's vengeance. She looked towards the woman, recognizing her as Dinah Laurel Lance, who was Oliver Queen's girlfriend, before her slut of a sister seduced Oliver away, and ended up killing him for his inheritance.

The woman's eyes narrowed and she started to breathe in and out very heavily. Her hand shook and the redhead looked down at Laurel with her eyes narrowed.

"Don't ever call me that!" she snapped.

"That's your name," Laurel said. She managed to calm down enough to talk to her. Thea stood at her side, still dazed after being stunned. "You don't have to do this. She's answering for her crimes, what do you have to prove by doing this?"

The redhead's eyes narrowed when fixated on the woman.

"Please, don't do this. Just think of all of the people you're going to hurt. And you're justifying murder, and she's leaving loved ones behind. Isn't that a worse crime than what she did?"

Carrie took a few seconds to consider what the other woman said. Her breathing increased, but the bow still held tight to the head of the other woman.
"You defend her?" Carrie asked. "You defend her, after all, she's done…all of the hideous things she's done…..we should be of like minds…..we should be on the same side. Given what she did to Oliver."

Laurel looked towards her. Carrie left Moira for just one second and grabbed Laurel around the chin to hold her head steady. Laurel's eyes locked onto Carrie's for a few seconds.

"You were betrayed by your sister when she left with your boyfriend."

"That's in the past, I've moved on," Laurel said. "That's what the heart does to heal….we move on…we forgive and….."

A second passed with Laurel looking Carrie directly in the eye.

"You haven't moved on, something happened, and this is your way of coping. But you can never….."

"I can stop others from feeling the hurt, the pain, by showing them life does give them justice sometimes," Carrie answered.

"Then, why haven't you killed me already?"

Carrie turned towards Moira, head arched to the side. The woman's blazing eyes stared down at Moira. The contempt had been obvious to them.

"I'm curious why you haven't once begged me for mercy like the rest of them," Cupid said. "They knew their guilt, and yet they begged for mercy. Perhaps your heart has hardened so much, you're not capable of any emotions. Perhaps your heart has hardened so much you don't care about anyone."

Moira shook her head. She looked up at the woman without any fear.

"The problem is I care too much. That's the reason why I'm in this position. I made some bad decisions, but they've all been in the name of protecting my family."

"For the greater good?" Carrie asked. "Then, you're no better than many tyrants who use the same justification for what they're doing. You're the same as dictators who oppress their own people, and you need to be put down."

"Then put me down," Moira said. "But, that won't erase whatever happened to you. Every single person you kill, you find new justification, but it's never enough. I don't think you have the stomach to kill a mother while her daughter is watching, though. Unless you have truly lost all sense of empathy."

Carrie paused and turned towards Thea. The young woman glared down at her. Carrie understood, on a level, why she was mad, but she had to understand Moira's treachery hurt her just as much as well.

"I'm truthfully sorry you have to see this, but…..it has to be done. The balance has to have been restored."

"Not tonight."

Carrie turned around and came face to face with the Arrow. A smile crossed over her face.
"Beloved, you are just in time to…"

"Don't ever call me that."

The hooded archer aimed and fired one shot at Cupid. She was so much in awe the trick arrow exploded and wrapped her up in a sticky substance forcing her to be unable to move.

Sara walked over and grabbed the handcuff key before undoing both Laurel and Thea.

"Good thing she preferred to rant, instead of just kill Moira," Laurel said. "Otherwise, you might not have gotten here on time."

Cupid struggled against the sticky substance, agony spreading through her body. Her head dropped down when her breathing accelerated. No matter how hard she tried, she could not break out of her containment.

"Forgive me, I've failed this city."

Sara left, as the guards arrived, along with Starling City's finest. It was about time they got here, all things considered. Their lack of response raised some concerns, even though they were not surprising. And there were still many questions.

Many questions raised in the mind of Sara Lance, one of them having had to do with the fact the guards were out of commission for twenty minutes. She was trying to get some answers to that. It was odd, though, even though she took out Cupid, it unsettled her.

Moira returned to her cell and Laurel and Thea looked fine. Sara moved her way over to a heavy bag and started to punch away at it. Her fists connected with the bag hard and she caused it to swing back and forth before pulling back on the bag and breathing heavily.

Sara walked over to get a drink of water. Her phone rang and Sara walked over to answer it.

"Hey, Lyla," Sara said. "Any good news?"

"Well, Cutter's already been picked up by Waller and drafted," Lyla said. "She's preparing for something big, I think if she's bolstering her ranks."

Sara took a drink of water and frowned when leaning back. She had a couple of ideas in her mind what Waller might have been trying, but none of them were precise. It did seem like her little Suicide Squad was a collection of the Arrow’s greatest hits. And to be fair, Sara didn't know how she felt about it.

"I'm beginning to think I'm her top recruiting agent," Sara said.

"Well, maybe," Lyla said. "So far, nothing on the Court of the Owls."

Sara unfortunately figured just about as much.

"They've been pretty quiet since the Undertaking," Sara said. "Unless they'll involve in this smuggling operation….we still don't know what's being brought into the city, or where exactly it was being brought in."

Sara hazarded a guess though the items, whatever they were, were going to be brought in through the trickiest, most obscure area of the city. At least that was her thought. Sara had been proven wrong before, although this time.
"When do you think you will be back?" Sara asked.

"Hopefully soon," Lyla said. "Cassandra is more than picking up the slack….."

"Yes, and I've convinced Nyssa to stand in for you," Sara said. "She owes me a couple of favors, and it's not like I don't compensate her for it well."

"I'm sure you do," Lyla said. "I'll call you back when I can. Waller just called on the other line, it's urgent, and you don't want to keep her waiting."

Sara knew all too well not to keep Waller waiting.

"Okay, talk to you soon," Sara said.

She paused and waited for Lyla to hang up. She dialed Laurel on the other line. Only a few rings before Laurel picked up on the other phone.

"So, how are you feeling?" Sara asked.

"Better than I thought," Laurel said. "I can't believe I let my guard down. What an obsessive bitch."

"Yeah, but it could be worse," Sara said. "She could have bleached skin, green hair, and a permanent smile."

Laurel shuddered in response at the visual of a female version of that lunatic.

"Yeah, you have a point," Laurel responded. "So, I got checked out in the hospital, I don't have a concussion, thank god. She hit me pretty hard in the back of the head. Guess, you were right, I always had a hard head."

"She's been recruited to….Waller's little group I mentioned," Sara said. "She always recruits the most talented and the worst, and she isn't bad. If she wasn't so much in awe, I don't think I would have gotten that shot in on her."

"Good thing you did," Laurel said.

"Hey, you were pretty good as well, even though you got yourself knocked out," Sara responded. "You kept her talking, that's half of the battle against the super villain types."

"Yeah, listen, I've got a long day ahead of me, especially when this news gets out," Laurel said. "I'm going to lay down, try not to get into too much trouble."

Sara laughed, she was going to try, but succeeding was another matter entirely. No sooner did she hang up on the phone, Felicity walked in, carrying a couple of cups of coffee. She walked towards Sara for a second and held out one cup of coffee.

"Figured you might need it, after tonight," Felicity offered with a slight shrug.

"Maybe I do," Sara said. "And maybe I need something just a little bit stronger to bury my frustrations in tonight."

Sara took both cups of coffee and set them down on the table. She grabbed Felicity and pulled her into a hungry kiss. The other blonde gasped when Sara's tongue pushed into the back of her throat. Her questing hands moved over and started to remove Felicity's clothes.

Felicity realized she was going to be taken tonight, not that she had any problems with that. The two
cups of coffee remained on the desk, still piping hot, but ultimately forgotten.

Sara removed Felicity's skirt and backed her up before pinning her down on the desk. Her talented hands caressed Felicity's thighs which caused the woman in question to start moaning and whimpering underneath Sara's touch. She started to caress the blonde's womanhood, rubbing up and down through the panties.

Felicity closed her eyes. Sara's warm fingers caressed her in all of the right spots and made her want even more. Her nipples grew extremely hard. Sara reached up with one hand and pulled open her blouse the rest of the way. Her tit slid out of her bra and Sara cupped it while also cupping her sex. The two leaned and kissed. Sara sucked on Felicity's lips until they became swollen.

The intense and fevered kiss increased. Felicity arched her hips to feel Sara's fingers slip underneath her panties and tease her insides. The blonde's heart raced heavier, and Sara pulled back with a smile.

"It doesn't take much, does it?"

Sara pulled off her own pants and dropped her panties to expose her pussy. She moved over and crouched on Felicity's face, rubbing her cunt down on the blonde's mouth. She pulled off Felicity's glasses and put them on the bedside table, so she could have full access to the woman's face without any restriction.

Like a good assistant, Felicity assisted her boss on getting off. Her tongue pushed past Sara's dripping hot lips and shoved deeper inside her. Sara pushed up and down on her face.

"Hit all of the right spots, honey," Sara said. "Treat me good, and I'll treat you better."

Sara's finger lapsed into a pattern of grinding on Felicity's clit. She had been rewarded by Felicity slipping her tongue past her gates and licking Sara out. The two of them increased their passions with each other.

"I like it when you squirm," Sara said. She tweaked Felicity's clit and caused a gasp to come from the women. "And I like it when you cum for me....."

Sara slipped her right hand inside Felicity. Fingers buried inside her. Sara worked her up to a peak and then pulled out of her. Her fingers replaced by a tongue. The lemony taste spewing out of Felicity only made Sara want to lick her even more.

The blonde assassin gasped when Sara's tongue stretched inside her and hit her peak. Sara's hands squeezed her hips before moving up to cup her ass as if to remind Felicity of the ownership of that particular part.

Despite her own pleasure, Felicity didn't stop giving Sara the pleasure she craved. Her tongue kept flicking, and suckling on Sara's nether lips. She rewarded Felicity with an entire mouthful and face full of juices.

The two girls wrapped their warm thighs around each other's faces and kept licking away at each other. Neither was willing to back down from their passionate actions against each other. Sara shoved her tongue deeper inside Felicity, and Felicity returned the favor by licking her out.

After a few minutes, Sara pulled away from Felicity and turned around. Their hips pressed together when Sara laid on top of them. The two girls passionately made out with each other, faces and lips covered with each other's juices. They could taste each other and it just got them horny.
Sara decided to increase what she was doing and rub herself down onto Felicity's loins. Felicity closed her eyes and enjoyed the feeling of Sara pushing herself up and down on her. Sara reached up to grab Felicity's hair and deepen the kiss. Felicity succumbed to the passions of her dominant lover.

The two pulled away from each other with a trail of salvia being left between their lips. Sara raised one finger and motioned for Felicity to turn over.

Felicity turned over, ass presented in the air for Sara. Sara smiled and squeezed Felicity's tight ass before giving it a couple of spanks. A lovely grind against Felicity's ass caused the woman to gasp. Sara explored Felicity's delicious ass without any inhibitions, and squeezed them. She pulled back.

"I'm going to fuck it."

Sara kissed Felicity on the back of the neck.

"Please, I'm dying," Felicity said. "Fuck my ass."

Sara slipped her finger inside Felicity's cunt and pumped her to another orgasm. Her tight walls closed around Sara and released the proper amount of lubrication on her digit. The moment that was done, Sara moved up and slipped inside of Felicity's ass, using her own cum to lubricate the opening for Sara to push into her.

Moans came from Felicity when Sara fingered her tight asshole. No matter how many times Sara pushed into her, it was so good. Felicity wanted more, needed more than just one finger pushing into her body. She needed it all, the entire package, no question about it.

"You're getting close, aren't you?" Sara asked.

Felicity nodded and Sara released her finger from Felicity's gripping asshole. She brushed against it with a knowing smile, knowing how much Felicity enjoyed the pleasure.

Seconds later, Sara positioned herself behind Felicity with a large phallus strapped between her legs. She rubbed it, using her hand soaked in Felicity's juices to get it nice and lubricated. Then she slipped inside of Felicity's tight ass, squeezing it when she penetrated her.

Felicity could feel Sara penetrate her from the top. Felicity found herself pushed down onto the bed, taking her role as a perfect submissive bottom. Every time Sara thrust into Felicity, she came unglued with pleasure. The pleasure increased with every single thrust.

"You're going to cum for me, aren't you?" Sara asked.

Sara's mouth sucked Felicity's ear lobe while slipping her fingers deep inside Felicity's pussy. The talented woman gave her.

"Yes," Felicity moaned. "Let me cum, please, oh please, Mistress Sara, let me cum."

Felicity got off on being dominated, and Sara got off on dominating Felicity's ass, reminding her who she belonged to. It was an amazing arrangement. Her fingers slid over Felicity's wet slit, caressing her womanhood. She breathed heavily and ran towards her. Those juices stuck to every inch of Felicity's body.

Sara rocked her ass hard and made her cum even harder. The hard fucking continued. Sara reached over and rubbed her clit while fucking Felicity. She was really getting off on pounding the tight ass of this wonderful woman. Felicity received a hard cock up her ass, just like it was meant to be.
Felicity sized up in pleasure every time Sara buried herself inside her.

"More, harder, please!"

Sara wasn't going to deny Felicity her pleasure. She pounded Felicity's ass nice and hard, with multiple thrusts inside of her. Her tight ass clenched down on Sara.

"Go ahead, baby, cum."

Felicity came. The warm fluids rushed out of her body pretty fast. Sara collected them on her fingers and moved them up. The cum soaked fingers stuck in Felicity's mouth. She sucked them in time with Sara pumping inside of her ass.

"Mmm…mmmmmap."

"Dirty girl, getting off on eating your own juices," Sara said. "But, don't worry, I forgive you, and I don't blame you, because you're so hot, with a perfect ass which is begging…..no demanding to be fucked. And fucked...HARD!"

Sara rammed Felicity as hard as possible. An orgasm racked Felicity's body with pleasure shooting through her body. More long thrusts pounded her tight asshole hard and fast. Sara started to flick Felicity's clit as well as fucking her ass, increasing the pleasure inside of her.

"You are mine," Sara said. "This ass, it's mine, but you like that, you get off on that, don't you, baby?"

Felicity nodded in obedience.

"So good!"

She screamed with the hard thrusts buried into her ass. Sara worked her up to an orgasm beyond all description. Her entire body dripped with bodily fluids when Sara used her ass to bury her frustrations in. Felicity accepted her role as Sara's outlet, and it felt so good to be hammered by her.

"It's my turn."

Sara's pussy started to spasm, the juices splattering on and inside of Felicity's tight asshole. The puckered hole clenched the rod with Sara riding her orgasm all the way to the end. Fingers jammed deep inside of Felicity when she pumped it.

"My ass, all mine."

Felicity received another orgasm which made her head spin and almost collapsed in pleasure. Sara finished riding out her orgasm and Felicity's before letting her drop down on the cot.

The coffee cooled completely by the time they were finished.

To Be Continued on April 4th, 2017.

Yep, Cupid has some issues. But there are far worse people with far worse issues. And good thing she talked, otherwise Moira would have been done.

The Court of the Owls being quiet is about as concerning as you would expect.
More on Tuesday.
Banners hang over the buildings celebrating all of what Sebastian Blood had done. Many of the people questioned him and wondered about his intentions. This man had nothing other than the best intentions, and he would continue to prove that. He had his supporters who would shout down any words against him.

A car arrived, and Sebastian Blood stepped out in all of his glory. He stepped out of the car and moved over to survey the citizens in Starling City. He smiled so many people willing to find leadership after the leaders who had run this city failed to protect them. Some of the leaders inside this city had proven to be not trustworthy at all. They had been proven to be in the league of people like Moira Queen.

Every man had his own trial, every woman had her own trial, and some children had their trials all too soon. Blood looked at them and raised his hand to wave. The man responded with a smile. You just had to love his charisma, it was hard to hate him, as he was always bright and full of energy. Criticism happened, but he proved to live beyond those critics and proved them wrong.

Now, he had the population of Starling City down in the palm of his hand. They chanted "Blood" for him. Blood raised his hand in the air and waved it one more time. The chanting settled down after a couple more minutes. Blood smiled and waved at his adoring public.

"Thank you, thank you for coming!"

Blood took half of a step back and soaked in the cheers of the people around him. He waited for them to die down completely before speaking.

"The last few months have proven the mettle of the people of Starling City. Anyone who wants to become what they can be, to raise to their full potential will have to go through a crucible. And though this crucible, they are able to achieve their full potential."

Blood heard the applause and waited for it to stop.

"Each day, we rebuild the blocks in this city," Blood said. "And we rebuild the foundation which has been torn down because of the selfishness of one woman. But, we should not condemn her completely. She has been led astray by some of the rich in this city. They don't understand their actions have accountability."

The crowd applauded once again and again, Blood stopped.

"We must give them a chance to look their sin straight on and face them," Blood responded. "Every single person in Starling City from the downtrodden to the elite are going to go through a rebirth, a baptism of fire. First, though, we must look at those who have been victimized, and only then can the healing begin for the entire city. The team will completely rise to the top."

Blood rose his hand. The crowd began to chant "we will rise."

"I will be your guide, but only I can give you the inspiration," Blood responded. "You are going to have to learn to be your very best on your own. Only then can we stand together. Only then can be the absolute best!"
The chanting continued to grow in a fever pitch. Brother Blood had them in the palm of his hand.

"I only give you the promise of opportunity!" Blood yelled. "Everyone in this city will be on an even ground and only the strongest will rise out through the fire."

The loud crowd got even more excited. The loud chanting continued when the entire world watched. And from afar, Sara watched, with Artemis watching every moment of Blood's speech.

"What do you think?"

Artemis asked this question in an attempt to get Sara's insight of everything. The younger archer didn't hear any response, but she could judge the utter agitation from Sara, and a small bit of contempt.

"He talks a good game," Sara said finally.

"Yeah, maybe," Artemis said. "I don't know why anyone would trust someone of the last name Blood."

Sara thought Artemis had a pretty good point. She followed Blood's progress as he moved through the ground, shaking hands, kissing babies, pretty much anything a politician like Blood would do for good press points. He had a pretty good way of putting the desperate in the palm of his hand. He told them opportunities would come, only if they worked hard on it.

Sebastian Blood had all of the makings of a cult leader, which could qualify for a lot of politicians these days.

'Yeah, there's really a difference.'

Sara noticed a truck pulling off to the side. She grabbed Artemis's arm and pulled the younger archer back. The back of the truck opened and several smoke bombs came out, breaking open on the ground. Several masked mercenaries appeared in the back of the truck and threw tear gas grenades into the crowd, forcing them to scatter.

Starling City's finest moved in quickly to try and deal with the stampeding crowd. Two of the mercenaries fired tranquilizer darts at the men and dropped them down onto the ground. They approached Blood with their weapons at the ready.

Blood stepped back and his hands raised in the universal sign of surrender.

"What can I do for you?" Blood asked.

"You better abandon your campaign before it's too late," one of the mercenaries said. "You don't represent the interests of these people in Starling City, any more than the upper class does. You're nothing, but a fraud, a scam."

Blood stepped back, realizing these men had plenty of hostages. He took a deep breath and spoke to them in a soft voice.

"Why don't you remove your masks? We can talk face to face, there's no need for violence……"

One of the goons stabbed Blood in the back of the leg and forced him down to the ground. Blood landed on his hands and knees, the breath escaping his body. More police tried to move in, but the chaos of the crowd and the smoke bombs prevented them from going forward.
"You better be quiet, Blood, or these people will die."

Blood looked up towards the lead mercenary with defiance.

"Your problem is me, so take me instead. Leave the people alone."

The leader of the mercenary turned towards the other men and they nodded in response. Two of them hoisted Blood off of the ground and dragged him off before hurling him into the back of the van.

The smoke cleared, with Blood having been dragged off. The people started to scream and yell at Starling City's finest. There were chants of "YOU FAILED THIS CITY" towards the cops, and there were the beginnings of a riot after the mercenary attack grabbed the beloved Sebastian Blood and took off with him.

Sara cleared out of the area after things calmed down. She switched out in the hood and looked above from a perch point. She was trying to trace where Blood might have been abducted. Each second she thought about it, the more this really did not make sense.

'Something really doesn't add up,' Sara thought.

"Okay, perhaps I'm being paranoid," Felicity said. "Shouldn't Blood have been able to afford some security detail? I mean, all of the donations, and he couldn't have hired someone better than your average Starling City Police Officer….no offense to their capabilities, but given all of the enemies he made…"

Felicity took a second to take a breath and collect her thoughts.

"You would just think he would have added some extra security or something," Felicity said. "I suppose someone with bigger bucks could have paid them off to take a walk. There might be someone of the Starling City Elite who is not happy with having their name dragged through the mud."

"Maybe."

Sara averted her course. So far, there had been no news on Blood or his kidnappers. A high profile politician disappeared and so far there had been no word from the mercenaries who abducted Blood.

"You don't think so."

"No, I don't think so," Sara said. "This just reeks of something rotten. I can't put my finger on it."

Sara jumped down and looked around in the alleyway. She last heard the truck driving through this area, before it disappeared. She climbed over the fence and ran down towards a junkyard. The moment Sara arrived at the junkyard, she saw it, the truck. The hooded heroine went over the fence and landed on the ground.

She walked over to the truck and opened it open. There was nothing other than some boxes of equipment on it. Sara could see a few grenades, but most of the truck had been cleared out. Sara continued her investigation only to find out there was no one around in the truck. She dropped back out of the back of the truck and stepped back.

Sara wondered if they had Blood somewhere in this junkyard. She didn't know where he could be. Sara activated the heat sensory goggles underneath her hood and looked around. She could see some
tracks and she figured out what happened instantly. They dumped the truck, took Blood into a second truck, and went off to parts unknown.

'Nothing out there but the river, there must be something I'm missing,' Sara answered.

"Hey, not to interrupt you, but I have something for you," Felicity said. "I'm putting this on your Red, this is going all through the Internet and all through the news."

Sara took out her phone and the images of Sebastian Blood could be heard. His shirt had been stripped off and he had been chained to the ground. One of the mercenaries held a gun to the back of the politician's head. Another held a leather belt and raised it over the head.

"I will not…drop out, I will fight for this city with my last breath."

The sound of hard leather smacking against skin echoed. The strap connected to the chest of Brother Blood and it was sickening them.

"Starling City belongs to the people, not to the corrupt!" one of them yelled. "We will destroy this city's false idols one by one until it is given back to the people. If Blood does not yield, more will suffer. A few will die so many can survive!"

Sara took a moment to study the camera footage. She saw something rather intriguing, to be honest. She paused the image and made an attempt to sharpen it the best she could. The image slowly flashed into light when it kept rising up.

"I know where this is," Sara said. "He's in the basement of the rundown church of Blackfire."

"Wait, you mean….that Church of Blackfire?" Felicity asked. "I thought that was in Gotham City."

Sara sighed when she left the junkyard. There was far too much to explain here and not enough time. Her heart raced when she moved faster. There were many times where Sara wished she could be a bit faster and move with greater speed.

"It is," Sara said. "Well, it was, but his Church expanded. I'm not sure how much Blackfire has to do with it….and he's been dead for several years."

Dead for several years, yet Sara saw someone who was a dead end resemblance for Deacon Joseph Blackfire last year when she tripped out under the influence of Vertigo. Unless he became something else in the process, it couldn't have been him.

'I can't think about that, not now.'

The very second Sara arrived at the front entrance of the Church, shivers came through her mind. She stepped through as the bells on the top of the church rang. There were some demonic looking birds which fluttered above the Church with one of them giving a sinister caw in response.

There were very few things which gave Sara a severe case of the creeps. There was something in the Church which was stalking her, and putting her in great uneasiness. She walked closer towards the entrance of the Church and stepped inside. The chimes continued to ring.

'Okay, not really helping.'

Sara sensed something, maybe a presence, stalking her. The senses heightened by being so close to death so many times alarmed her. She turned a half of a step behind and leaned back against the
walls. She looked and saw a reflection of something dark and black against the mirror.

The hooded heroine turned around and saw one of the ravens disappear from the church.

'Okay, nothing to worry about, unless it goes all Hitchcock on me.'

Sara pulled herself together and moved closer. She took in the layout of the church. A long hallway stretched out leading to the basement door. The further Sara walked in, the more she saw some guards. They were only the first of the problems Sara had to deal with tonight.

'Got to take them out, now.'

Sara waited for one of the guards to come closer to her. She wouldn't even need to use her arrows now, best to conserve them for later. One of the guards moved in close to her. Sara reached in and made her move.

The guard never had a chance. She grabbed the man in an arm hold and put a hand over the man's mouth to both block the oxygen flow and silence him. Sara pulled him back and the man slumped to the ground. She pulled him off to one side.

One of the guards made a move to attack her. Sara disarmed him of his club and kicked him in the ribs. The man dropped down to the ground, and Sara hooked him around the head. She flipped the man down onto the ground and dragged him off into the shadows.

Sara noticed one more guard at the end of the hall.

'Time to end it now.'

The guard noticed Sara moving in. He turned his head to raise the alarm. Sara rushed the back of the man and dropped the man down to the ground. The man crumpled to the ground before Sara pulled back from him. She stepped back and waited to see if there were any of them.

The door opened up, and Sara squared off against the lead mercenary. She recognized the scars on his hand from afar when he jumped in from Blood. A miniature rocket launcher hung from his hand ready to blast at Sara at a moment's notice.

"I wondered when you were going to show up."

The blood of the mercenary started to pump rather excitedly. His boss said there would be a pretty good chance the Hood would show up to try something and now she was here, in the flesh, and it was so exciting for her to be here. The Mercenary pointed the rocket launcher, not caring if he would wipe out half of the church.

'You're mine, bitch,' he thought savagely.

This one moment of hesitation, and actually talking caused the Arrow to withdraw a bow and take aim. One crisp shot through the darkness and caught the mercenary in the hand and caused him to drop the rocket launcher down onto the ground.

The Hood rushed towards the mercenary and went to take him down. He dodged a shot with the arrow and reached in to grapple with the Hood. The two of them fought for a standing position. The Hood managed to grab onto him and hook the mercenary around the neck. He avoided the attack, and turned around, stabbing the Mercenary in the shoulder with a knife.

The second stab had been blocked with the Hood pushing back the mercenary to the ground. The
mercenary flipped over and landed in a heap down on the ground. The skilled attacker popped back up and engaged his hooded adversary with some strikes he learned during basic training.

There should be no mistake made about it at all, this man was pretty skilled at what he did. The Hood avoided the shots and returned fire with some more of her own. A couple of huge uppercut punches rocked the mercenary in the chest.

"Why would you even protect someone like Blood?" the mercenary asked. "He may consider himself the champion of the people, but he has his own agenda. He is dark, diseased and...."

Sara stopped him midsentence by clipping the underside of his jaw with a violent uppercut. She held onto the man's arm, and pushed him back, pinning him down. She came precious inches away from an arm break. The man in question tried to escape her arm hold, but there was no getting out from this one.

"This isn't about what Blood's agenda is!" she told him. "This is about protecting civilians from those who were willing to harm them. You put innocent people in danger. I can't forgive that, I won't forget that."

She rendered the mercenary unconscious with two more swift attacks. Sara stepped back to survey the carnage. As much as she would have liked her work to be done, it wasn't done, far from it. Two more mercenaries stepped up the hall.

One of the mercenaries swung a heavy chain to try and wipe her out. Sara ducked down underneath the chain and caught him with a glancing punch to the chest. She twisted his arm around and turned him into perfect position to receive an arrow to the knee.

The second mercenary rushed her and received an arrow directly to the chest for his trouble. He folded up like a cheap table.

Sara looked around, surprised there weren't more around. The rest of them might have gone back to home base, or something.

'Too easy,' the cynical part of Sara's brain thought.

The damning sound of a pipe organ caused Sara to pause. She walked over towards the basement and she walked over towards the kneeling and battered form of Blood. Angry purple welts started to raise from his back, his face had been cut up, with one of his eyes swollen completely shut. His arm twisted at an awkward angle.

"Felicity, I found Blood, he looks bad," Sara said. "He's going to need medical attention, stat....call Starling City General..."

"Actually, I'm way ahead of you," Felicity said. "They didn't seem too pleased to find out Blood's at the Church of Blackfire. Guess they believe some of the urban legends about that place."

Sara wasn't sure if the urban legends were urban legends. Hell, for a while, she as an urban legend, and one could not argue with the fact she was real enough.

Regardless, Sara's head thumped and she looked down at the battered form of Blood. She waited until hearing the sirens, making sure the mercenaries had been gift-wrapped, and ready to be hauled out of there by Starling City's finest.

The term "long day" had been abused by many people over the past couple of years, but, yes, this was a long day.
"And despite the fact safety inspectors have cleared the launch of the Particle Accelerator for next month, there are still protests against the device being launched. Doctor Harrison Wells remains adamant everything will be cleared, and he invites his doubters to attend the demonstration to show how safe it is."

Sebastian Blood's face resembled raw hamburger which had been run over by a lawn mower. He sat down in his office, holding the arm which would have a few more scars. The moment he stepped out of the hospital room, the people nearly mobbed him. His approval ratings had gone more up than ever before.

He also started to feel a draft. The Hood, or the Arrow as the press decided to call her these days, a much better name, stood in the office to face her.

"My door was unlocked," Blood said.

"One of the mercenaries confessed to working for a group who calls themselves the Court of Owls," the Arrow said. "You wouldn't happen to know anything about these people, would you?"

Blood answered with one stoic word. "No."

The Arrow gave one long look at Blood, who looked her straight in the eye when he said that. Most people wouldn't look someone straight in the eye and lie to them because very few people could pull it off without any problems. Sara wasn't one hundred percent convinced.

"If I find out you're lying, I'll be back."

Blood gave no indication he heard a word she said. The Arrow walked towards the door.

"Before you go, I have something to say."

The Arrow stopped and turned around. She could see the true nature of Blood as he sat behind the desk. The bruises and the swollen eye, busted up lip, didn't hide the fact he still had all of the cunning of a politician.

"You're going on your own crusade now, and I respect that," Blood responded to her. "I'm trying to clean up the mess which has been made in this city. The last three Mayors have been short-lived, and they all have died because of increased violence. Even I found out that I wasn't untouchable. It's a horrible cross to bear to try and save this city."

Blood stood up despite the agony shooting through the back of his leg.

"We bear it each and every day," Blood said. "Oh, we do so in different ways, but we're not too much unlike. We've made enemies."

Blood answered with a sigh.

"The only difference is I do my crusade in the light," Blood said. "And you do yours in the dark, without any transparency, hiding your identity."

"Is there a point to this conversation?"

Blood got as close to staring down the Arrow as she would allow him to.

"The point is, as long as you wear that hood, there will always be people who wonder about your intentions."
The politician sighed and then decided to add something. "And thank you."

The Arrow disappeared into the night. News regarding the trial of Moira Queen popped up, and given Moira was one of his main talking points in his campaign, Blood wanted to hear the latest, even though he already knew. Blood took extra care to check his windows and doors, and also to sweep underneath his desk, just in case.

"The trial of Moira Queen, despite a motion for a delay and a motion for it to be moved, will be taking place in Starling City starting next week. She will be on trial for the attempted terrorism and murder of countless citizens in the Glades in Starling City."

A light rapping on the door caused Blood to rise from his position. An aide handed Blood a disposable cell phone and turned around to walk off without a word of acknowledgment the transaction occurred. The phone rang and Blood answered it in six rings, per their agreement.

"There must have been an easy way to keep in contact," Blood said.

"Did it all go to plan?"

"Yes, but did you have to tell them to beat me within an inch of my life?" Blood asked.

"We had to make it convincing, old friend," the man on the other end of the phone said.

"Soon the city will be reborn in a bath of fire, where only a few will survive," Blood said. "And after all, I've gone through, you should at least tell me the identity of Starling City's vigilante."

"Your sense of entitlement amuses me, for now," the man on the other end of the phone said. "At the end of the day, once all hope had been stripped of this city, and all had drawn their last breath, she will be unmasked for the entire world to see. The monster she is will finally be revealed."

"She has her attention directed towards the Court of Owls," Blood said.

"They may have their plans for this city, and as long as they line up with my plans, I will play along. But make no mistake about it, I'm nobody's pawn."

Blood's ties to the Court of the Owls made him very nervous right now. What was his benefactor planning.

"And now, since your approval has skyrocketed, it's time to go forward to phase two," he said. "I'll give you more instructions, but for now, destroy this phone once I hang up."

The phone line went dead. Blood set the phone on the desk and pulled open a drawer. He held a hammer and smashed the phone into dozens of tiny pieces.

Blood swept the pieces into the garbage without another word. He returned to watching the news, and planning his next move. It would be a good day in Starling City when he succeeded.

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To Be Continued on April 7th, 2017.

Well, nefarious goings-on are happening in Starling City, but it wouldn't be a life in the day of Sara Lance if it wasn't.

Particle Accelerator, well, I'm pretty sure that's just background noise which won't be important in any way whatsoever later on. :)
Until Friday.
Cassandra stretched out in a pair of skin-tight black pants and a sports bra. Her back had been covered with a few scars, received both in battle and also through her unconventional upbringing. She pushed herself down onto her calves and looked forward towards her sparring partner.

"Ready when you are."

The seventeen-year-old girl waited for her partner to join her. The wait only lasted a few seconds.

Artemis stepped into the center of the room, dressed in a green version of the attire. She wasn't really making a statement about how she was worthy to wear the hood, she just really liked the color green. Artemis craned her neck when looking towards her sparring partner.

Cass stood firm without blinking. Artemis walked towards her and the two of them looked towards each other while inclining their head with a respectful bow. Artemis tried to nail Cass with an uppercut punch to the side of the face on the first attack. Cass blocked the arm and twisted it around, flipping Artemis to her feet.

The young blonde fighter adjusted the stance and moved in for another attack towards her adversary. Cassandra took one single step to the side and Artemis overshot her target. Cassandra grabbed Artemis around the arm and pulled up at it with a vicious gripping move. Artemis closed her eyes and struggled out of the attack with gritted teeth. She both broke free of the hold and staggered back a few inches.

Artemis tried to nail Cassandra with a blinding uppercut punch. Cassandra took advantage of her opponent's momentum to catch the arm and turn her around. The dark-haired assassin pushed Artemis back down onto the ground and she stuck the landing. Both of them met each other at the center with a punch at the same time. Both connected with the punch and no one moved.

Cassandra swept Artemis's ankles out from underneath her. Both girls were of the same age and had intense training in their own ways, although Cassandra's training was better. Artemis had not learned to be tranquil just yet, and it really showed. She tried to grab onto Cassandra. The dark haired girl countered to hook Artemis around the arms before pushing her down to a kneeling position, before hammering her with multiple, but very light, rapid fire punches to the head.

The punches stung both the side of Artemis's neck and also her ego. She clenched her fists together and jumped towards Cassandra. Cassandra caught the leg and Artemis turned around before nailing Cassandra off to the side of the face. Artemis jumped into the air before Cassandra caught her one more time and slammed her down to the ground with a high-impact attack.

Sara continued to observe the battle, waiting to see if things would get more heated. She was working up a couple of gadgets and also scrawling together a design which she wanted to run by Karen, to see how feasible it was. She could sense the hot-blooded feeling coming from Artemis.

"You're failing because you let your own emotions get the better of you."

Artemis responded with some gritted teeth. "I'm fine."

She sprung up to grab Cassandra around the head. Cassandra turned around and caught her enemy
with jabs, flowing through. Another jab caught her in the stomach, and Artemis had been doubled over. The air knocked out of her made it harder.

"Breath deeply," Sara said. "And stop letting your frustration get the better of you."

"I'm not frustrated," Artemis said.

Okay, she was very frustrated, given the fact a girl younger than her continued to take Artemis to school in fighting. Then again, Cassandra trained her entire life, pretty much. And while Artemis had her own problems with her own father, at least Lawrence Crock was father of the year material compared to David Cain.

Sara remembered the early days of her training. She wasn't about to have a flashback to them, but from what she recalled she had enough anger in her it took a while to calm down enough to be competent. Emotions ran high out there in battle. Sara thought there were times where she struggled because the tension of fighting a never ending battle in Starling City increased.

The battle continued to go on. Artemis fell flat on her face and Cassandra got on top of Artemis, putting her in a back mount and shoving her down onto the ground.

The doors slid open and Barbara Gordon stepped in. She looked at the two grappling on the floor and a mischievous smile tugged at her lips. She then turned to Sara.

"The orgy hasn't started yet, has it?"

Sara laughed at her statement and walked over to engulf Barbara in a hug. The two girls exchanged a rather nice greeting with the hug quickly fading away into a kiss. Barbara slid her way, not due to lacking wanting, but she wanted to get down to business.

"Don't get me wrong, I'm happy you're here, but what are you doing in Starling City?"

Barbara sat down next to Sara and they observed the sparring session. Artemis was getting more frustrated. Barbara shook her head, to be young, well younger, and full of the desire to prove something. Hell, Barbara still had something to prove deep down.

"Glad you asked," Barbara said. "I meant to swing by before now, but you know, my work in Gotham City makes coming by free time extremely difficult."

Sara nodded in understanding; Barbara didn't need to even explain, she knew the circumstances.

"Plus, I've been investigating this entire Court of Owls mess, and….also one of Arkham's inmates have been broken out, and they might be on their way to Starling City."

Sara held her breath in and looked towards Barbara. There was a lot of worry going through the redhead's face, and Sara knew Barbara long enough to know whether or not she's completely worried about something.

"Harvey-Dent, or Two-Face, one of the biggest tragedy's ever to hit Gotham City. He had the entire world in the palm of his hand. Great lawyer, beloved District Attorney, many of the people, an honest man who always made sure justice had been served. He might have become Mayor of Gotham City someday….if it wasn't for the tragic accident."

Barbara sighed at the thought of what might have been even though she didn't like thinking of what might have been. She switched tactics to something which was slightly as depressing, but she wanted to know.
"What do you think about Moira's chances of getting off?"

Sara sighed and answered in the most honest way possible. "….Not good."

Barbara was afraid of that, but she just had to ask. She put a hand on Sara's shoulder and smiled.

Lady Shiva's patience paid off in the best way, or so it seemed right now. She walked into the middle of the wilderness with Malcolm Merlyn. This wasn't the harshest conditions she ever walked through.

"After you," Shiva said. "You've said you've been here before, haven't you?"

Malcolm responded with a nod and worked to not betray his own emotions. The moment he betrayed those emotions, Shiva would know, she would pounce on it in a moment. The two of them walked across a muddy field towards the gates.

The house wasn't exactly upper class, but it was pretty modest and not what you expected out in the middle of nowhere. The window's looked shattered and the screens were cut out. Other than that, there weren't many problems with this location.

Malcolm Merlyn made his way inside and opened the door. A cloud of dust kicked up when stepping inside.

"I would think you would have chosen to lain with a man who would know to clean up," Malcolm said.

He turned around to face the business end of Lady Shiva's blade. Malcolm knew he pressed his luck and by pressing his luck, he would press buttons.

Lady Shiva stepped forward and a roaring fire crackled in the sitting room. She held a blade in hand and walked inside. The sore and pathetic sight of David Cain sitting by the fire sipped a cup of brandy. She stepped forward and moved around walking up behind Cain.

The skilled assassin turned around and stabbed through a portrait on the wall. The light flickered on to reveal the form of David Cain was a three-dimensional solid hologram. She pulled the blade back and turned towards Malcolm who raised his hands up into the air in response while backing you.

"You dare betray me."

Malcolm didn't say a single word. The floor beneath Shiva collapsed and she found herself knocked off balance. She fell down to a secret chamber underneath. The assassin landed gracefully when landing onto the ground, knee tweaking down from underneath her.

Lady Shiva spent a moment staring up at this treacherous snake from above. She expected it to happen, although it was expected sooner. Malcolm lured her into a false sense of security.

"You better run, because once I escape, your life will not be long."

Malcolm looked down at Lady Shiva from his position off to the side. "I think you have far more pressing issues to worry about."

A trio of mercenaries came through a side entrance. Lady Shiva turned towards the attackers without missing a beat. One of them charged her and Shiva blocked the blade before turning back around. She caught him with a rapid-fire string of punches and flipped him down onto the ground.
The second of the three mercenaries charged Lady Shiva and moved in to stab her. The deadliest woman in the world blocked the hand of the mercenary and grabbed him by the side, pulling a dagger out of the sheath, and stabbing it into the side of the attacker.

The third mercenary stepped back and wondered if he should try his luck. Lady Shiva looked towards him with a look of rage flashing through her eyes. He moved in and she blocked an attack. He barely avoided a stunning jab to the throat which would put him down.

Malcolm watched the battle and heard more footsteps coming. He turned off to the side and David Cain stepped more into relevance when walking down the stairs.

"I'm surprised she actually fell for our ruse," Malcolm said. "Guess she hated you more than me."

"Don't underestimate the ability of a woman to not let things go," Cain said.

Malcolm chuckled at his nonchalant words. He wouldn't dare underestimate a woman's inability to let things go, but he doubted very much this woman would be the kind to have her judgment be clouded. The sound of the fighting coming below told Merlyn Cain's henchmen were dropping.

"When she pulls herself out of that hole, we may be more than we've bargained for," Malcolm said.

"Then we will be gone," Cain said.

"Do you have it?"

Cain answered with a nod while also rustling a set of papers in his hand. Malcolm's eyes followed the folder dangling from Cain's fingers.

"It's what you've been looking for."

Malcolm would be the judge of that. He took the papers out of David Cain's hands and flipped through them, more so to confirm what he already suspected, than to learn anything new. He just had to be certain before he moved forward. Moira was clever, but not clever enough because there was always a trail to follow back to the truth.

"You've exceeded all my expectations as usual."

Cain checked up on the battle. One of the mercenaries made a pretty good go at it, now that four more had joined the original three. He knew it would be a matter of time before his one-time lover slipped out of there.

"The doctor shattered mentally underneath hours of intense interrogation," Cain said. "Why don't I give you a ride on my private jet before Sandra gets free and kills us both?"

Malcolm needed to return to Starling City, it was where he belonged. The city was still in desperate need of saving, and it must have been a lot worse after Moira got cold feet and wrecked the well-placed plan to bring the city he loved so much back in order.

'I can still save it, I will still save it.'

"Sorry, I couldn't meet back with you, but I'm up to my neck in work with this trial."

Laurel had to take several deep breaths while cycling through the papers. This was the most crucial thing in her life, and she felt on the wrong side. On the other hand, it may end up bringing some wicked people into the light, even if it meant throwing Moira underneath the bus.
Moira told her to do what had to be done to get the facts of the case, which was done.

"Hey, no problem, I understand," Barbara said. "I'm just hanging out with Sara, catching up with some lost time….well before she got called into Earth. Artemis is here to keep me company. She's a bit….well like we were when we were teenagers."

"We weren't that bad," Laurel said.

"Well, you might have been, but I was," Barbara said. "You had your moments, and don't give me that romanticized view of life. That being said, we did manage to steal an entire box of donuts out from underneath Harvey Bullock's nose, so that's something."

Laurel laughed at the fond memories. She moved towards the papers on the desk and flipped them over. Every second she flipped over the information, it brought new facts to the case on life.

"So, this is going to happen whether or not I like it."

"I can't believe you've agreed to do this."

"Well, I didn't necessary agree to do this, I was pretty much strong-armed into doing it."

Barbara scoffed over the phone. She sounded like Laurel's own internal voice at times, actually, it made a lot of sense her internal voice sounded a lot about Barbara.

"Come on, you really want me to believe that," Barbara said. "We both know you won't do anything unless you really want to. No one told you what to do...I refuse to believe you've changed that much."

"Believe what you want to believe."

Laurel sighed and decided Barbara must have a point. A witness statement was on her desk, and it was pretty incriminating towards Moira. Some of her former employers didn't paint her in the best right, although it was up to Laurel to decide who had real complaints which would help the case and who just had an ax to grind.

"Boy, aren't we snippy tonight?" Barbara asked. "Maybe I should come over there, drag you out of the office, and drag you somewhere so you get all of those aggressions worked out."

Laurel flickered into a half of a smile.

"That's very tempting, you know."

"Mmm, I'm sure it is. The point is, you have been working a bit too hard about this case. It's almost like you're obsessed with it. I know you've worked hard but…"

Laurel sighed in time with Barbara's sigh over the telephone. Her old friend told the truth, to be perfectly honest, and that was Laurel was very obsessed with this case, more so than she would ever like to admit. She pushed a strand of hair away from her face, frowning when doing so.

"I know, but anyone else who has this case would really pull no punches at all," she said. "Hell, there's a lot about this case which makes me wonder if…"

She trailed off when she heard footsteps. The phone had been placed down on the desk when she heard someone approaching her office. A weedy little man made his way into the office. Laurel frowned when looking at her.
"Who are you, and how did you get into my office?"

"That's not relevant."

Laurel's eyes narrowed at this man when he turned up. She would argue his presence was more than relevant if she would be honest. This particular gentleman marched up closer towards her at the desk with some documents dangling from his hand. She looked at them with a frustrated grimace and knew, from first glance, this was not going to be something she would do.

"This is the evidence you've been looking for if you want to finish off Moira Queen."

Laurel had been very suspicious the moment this gentleman entered her office. This suspicion became deep-rooted into full blown paranoia.

"It's....."

The gentleman dropped the documentation onto Laurel's desk. She took it, with a steady hand. At first, it seemed like nothing she didn't know, but then, then the information hit her. Laurel's mouth hung open when looking for every single shred of information.

"It illustrates how deep their relationship went."

Laurel was no expert, but this had to be forged, faked, it couldn't be, could it? A written confession looked pretty damning if she had to say so herself.

The moment Laurel regained enough of her composure to ask questions, the weedy little man vanished out of her office as quickly as he appeared.

She looked over the documents one more time to make sure everything she read was on the level. It was there, in black a white.

"Oh, my God," Laurel muttered.

She picked the phone back up, remembering Barbara was left hanging on the other line.

"You left me..."

"Sorry, it wasn't my intention," Laurel responded. She took a deep breath before continuing. "Someone has come up, sorry, Barbara, but I really have to let you go."

"Oh, okay," Barbara said. "There really isn't anything wrong, is there?"

"I just got to go sit down and figure out what the hell I'm supposed to do."

To accurately answer Barbara's question, as far as Laurel could see there was a lot wrong here. In fact, she could say there was plenty wrong with this information, and she was pretty sure it was expected to be used when Moira came to trial.

"I keep fighting excuses to return to you."

Nyssa stepped into the middle of the room dressed in a casual tank top and a pair of tight pants when approaching Sara who dressed in a white tank top and a pair of pants. The two of them stepped into the center of the same sparring area which Cassandra and Artemis met one day prior.

"Whatever the reasoning, I'm glad you're here," Sara said.
The two of them met in the middle with a kiss from each other, before pulling away.

"Yes, it has to down with that treasonous snake, Malcolm Merlyn," Nyssa said. "One of my contacts sighted him a few weeks ago, he's with Lady Shiva."

Sara and Nyssa stepped into the middle of the room and the sparring sessions began. Sara tried to do a quick sweep for Nyssa. Nyssa blocked Sara's hand and turned it around, pinning her shoulder behind Sara's back. Sara struggled against the grip of Nyssa when being pushed down onto the ground.

The hold had been broken and the two of them circled each other another moment later. Nyssa and Sara went for kicks and strikes against each other. They had been repelled with both women evenly matched.

Nyssa smiled, she might have been a slight bit out of practice, although no less dangerous, but the fact was Sara improved by leaps and bounds since she first found the girl. Boy, did she come a long way from being that lost little child.

Sara blocked Nyssa and taught her a valuable lesson about going on a trip down memory lane. The two of them went hand to hand another moment.

"What did the contact said?"

"Well, she lost sight of Merlyn," Nyssa said.

"Malcolm and Shiva together?" Sara asked. "That raises a lot more questions than it does answers, doesn't it?"

"Yes," Nyssa said.

She took Sara down with one fell sweeping motion and buried her foot into the back of Sara's leg. Sara squirmed underneath Nyssa's grip as she rode up on the arm and there were tingles, but also a bit of pain when Nyssa hit the right pressure point to put Sara down.

"Maybe that will teach you a valuable lesson and not leave someone for dead."

"You've heard my reasons," Sara said.

"You should know something about Malcolm Merlyn," Nyssa said. "Yes, I know your reason, but he didn't get the name the Magician because he used to perform at children's birthday parties."

"Malcolm Merlyn performing at children's birthday parties? Now that's a scary thought."

Nyssa almost broke her composure at the quip from Sara, and Sara reversed course. Both of them battled each other with punches and kicks being thrown in every direction.

"The Court of Owls are also giving the League difficulties," Nyssa said. "At least in Gotham City, with my sister and her faction over there."

"Do you....."

"We haven't talked in five years since our falling out," Nyssa said. "Thankfully, she hasn't tried to kill me over what happened."

Nyssa looked regretful, and Sara, showing her true warrior spirit, took advantage of Nyssa's momentary distraction by sweeping her off of her feet. Nyssa landed on the ground with a solid thud.
She bounced back up and Nyssa tried to grapple Sara. They were evenly matched in the grapple game, and Sara took Nyssa down with a body scissors, before trying to squeeze the air out of her. Nyssa found her way out of the hold and she went for a punch, but Sara blocked and flipped Nyssa down onto the ground.

There were about three ways Sara could break bones at this point, but given this was a friendly sparring session she decided not to go down that route. She gave Nyssa room to breathe.

The doors sprung open, and a rather stressed Laurel stepped in.

"Five-minute break," Nyssa said.

Sara nodded and walked over towards Laurel who sank down on the seats. She was in a zombified state. Sara reached down and placed a hand on her sister's shoulder.

"I really don't know what to do. They're putting pressure on me on all sides and….the state is putting a lot of pressure on my boss to get results as well, and there's someone higher up putting pressure on the state."

"Court of Owls," Sara said grimly.

"Maybe," Laurel said. "But, all that pressure just comes back on me, because I'm the one who is on the front lines, dealing with this."

"Hey, relax."

Sara leaned in to plant a light kiss on Laurel's lips and pull away from her. The woman looked like she calmed down, a little bit.

"There's also something important I have to….well this could be pretty damaging."

Laurel leaned in and whispered something in Sara's ear. Nyssa had the ability to listen but she chose not to pay attention. She did notice the disturbed look coming over her beloved face and wondered what could have freaked both sisters out.

"We have to tell her," Sara concluded.

"We can't….we shouldn't…..it will destroy the stability she had….."

"No, it will come out one way or another, and it's better she hears it from someone she trusts than from some sleazy tabloid."

Nyssa could see the debate coming on. She moved over to pick up her jacket. Sara turned around and frowned.

"Where are you going?"

"This is a family matter."

"You are family," Sara said. "And the two of you haven't been properly introduced have you. Laurel, this is Nyssa, my….well….."

"I'm Sara's wife," Nyssa said. "Well one of them anyway."

Laurel raised her eyebrow.
"Long story, but the vows we have to allow for an open relationship with other women," Nyssa said. "And given Sara's circumstances, I would be heartless not to allow her to do so."

Her sister still had secrets that she had not been ready to tell them. Perhaps for some really good reasons.

"Right, I see," Laurel said. "I'm just mad I didn't have a chance to give you the shovel speech or see the wedding."

Sara was glad Laurel didn't make too much of an issue out of this, mostly because there were other things. Sara knew Thea deserved the truth, broken to her gently. Nothing good ever came from keeping secrets to loved ones.

To Be Continued on April 11th, 2017.

Well, some interesting revelations in this chapter, and more to come.

Until Tuesday.
The day all Starling City waited for had finally arrived and one person, in particular, had been waiting for this day in particular. She had been led out of prison in handcuffs, not that she had any inclination of trying to fight this. She pretty much accepted what was happening and knew one way or another, today would be her freedom. If people wanted justice, well there was a pretty decent chance they were going to get what they wanted, one way or another.

Moira Queen had climbed into the back of the van which brought her to the courthouse. Many people muttered how she always seemed calm, tranquil, for someone who was facing the death penalty. All she could do was allow her defense attorney to state the case, let the other side state their case. A jury of her peers would decide whether or not she was guilty or innocent.

Depending on a couple of factors, this could be a disaster. But, Moira knew that regardless of the verdict held down, she would remain stronger.

‘One way or another, it will be over today. One way or another.’

Moira had been buckled in and the van pulled out. Neither the driver or the two men in the front seat said anything to her. One of them peered in the mirror every few seconds to ensure Moira was still back there. She wouldn't be going anywhere, not in this current state. It was hard to fault them for doing their job. To let a high-profile fugitive get away would not reflect well on them.

‘One way or another, it would be other.’

It was only a shame her son and husband had to suffer for her sins, and her daughter almost had to suffer for them. Moira regretted many things and also regretted certain secrets which would destroy Thea if they came to light during the trial. It was why she kept encouraging Laurel to keep up with the case. Laurel would stick to the facts of what Moira was on trial for, not her external activities resulted in.

She dreaded the tabloids getting ahold of it. Thea didn't deserve to suffer. Moira would have to tell her someday, and as her eighteenth birthday approached, Moira wanted to tell her the truth then, when she was a woman and could deal with the consequences properly.

‘We all are forced to grow up too soon because we have to face the cold, hard, truth.’

The van stopped at a stop light. Moira leaned back in the van and waited for something, her hands dropped down against her. She waited for the light to change and it did change. The longer this went, the more tense things grew.

Moira had the same feeling after her husband and son left that one day, dread. It was only supposed to be a message sent. The message turned around for the ugly.

‘I was guilty for that, and I'm guilty for allowing this to go too far.’

She had the same names Robert had, which Oliver received, and then Sara received as well. Moira sighed she could have done something to stop this before lives were on the line. Maybe it wasn't as extreme as putting on a hood, going out on the streets, and impaling people with arrows, but she could have done something.
Could have, should have, but she ultimately didn't. Moira would have to live with this, for every single day of her life, what happened. She would have to live with these consequences and the results of them. Every single last day, she would have to suffer for what happened.

'I deserve it, all of it.'

Moira's cynical thoughts faded when she looked out. She would walk into the courtroom with dignity like they expected Moira Queen. When the worst had happened, it was amazing how dignity often had been confused with arrogance.

The brakes on the van slammed and a large tractor-trailer rammed into the side of the van containing Moira. She had been surprised with how much it jolted her back. Moira started to breathe when the van ran into the curve.

She had been thankfully buckled in. The driver cracked against the dashboard, and one of the guards came inches away from being thrown into the windshield. Moira only had been just shaken up.

The two men in the front with the driver and stepped out to face a small group of three mercenaries. A sniper fired to clip one of the men in the back of the head and force him to collapse down on the ground. More sniper fire followed and the man dropped down to the ground, blood spilling from him. He had no chance.

The driver had been forced out of the car. He tried to radio to help. One of them nailed him over the head with a blackjack and dropped him down to the ground. Two more goons pulled open the back side of the van and dragged Moira out.

Moira wondered what the hell was going on. She would have rather taken her chances with Starling City's finest than she would with these hired mercenaries.

"Who are you, why are you taking me?" she demanded. "Who are you working for?"

"Just move along, lady, your day in court is coming soon."

Moira wondered how this would look to the average person. She had been dragged along and moved from one van to the other. They held the guns on her.

The two of them pushed Moira into the van and she came face to face with a very familiar face, well half of a very familiar looking face. Half of the face was the face of the handsome ex-Gotham City district attorney Harvey Dent. The other half was burned, with red scar tissue with blistered. His eye looked completely dead and looked towards her. The hair on the other side of his face could no longer grow back.

Dent's suit even had been divided in half. Half of it was black and the other half was white. He held in his scarred hand a coin.

"Moira Queen," he said coolly

"Mr. Dent," she said, matching his coolness.

"Good, I'm glad you recognize my worse half," he said with a snarl.

Moira rarely stepped one foot into Gotham City. There were some good people, but the city twisted good people into horrible monsters. She looked at one of the most commonly cited examples.

"Why did you abduct me on my way to court?"
Dent, now known as Two-Face in the criminal underworld in Gotham City, held the coin. He always thought this moniker to be quite amusing, given how Harvey Dent was one of the few politicians not to be two-faced. And it got him a face full of acid at the hands of Salvatore Maroni during his day in court.

He flipped the coin. The coin came up good heads, and he looked towards Moira without batting an eyelash.

"You will be getting your day in court, my court," Dent said. "You will be receiving a fair and impartial trial."

Moira frowned and everything slowly reared its ugly head. They were not going to let her get away with a fair trial. Not unless it was on their terms.

"Why….it's them, isn't it?"

"Harvey Dent made a lot of friends when he is the District Attorney, pity he was too much of a boy scout to further himself using those friendships," he said, snarling. "I'm just using some good old fashioned networking to solidify those relationships."

The drove, to where Moira didn't know. Her bad feeling increased, though, wherever they might have been going.

Sara had been half distracted after Felicity had been going over a few facts and figures. Felicity looked up about halfway through the presentation and tried to get Sara's attention to no avail.

"Maybe it would help if I did this report naked?" Felicity asked.

Sara still had been half-distracted and only a part of her processed what Felicity said.

"Yeah, maybe."

Felicity expected a more coherent statement. Something was eating way at Sara and it was pretty easy to say why, when you thought about the death. Any minute now, Moira's trial would begin. Felicity didn't even pretend to know how long this particular circus of a trial would drag out, although she had her ideas it might have been a very long time.

"Hey, whatever happens, happens," Felicity said. "I'm sure Moira has the best defense attorneys money can buy….and the people on the other side includes your sister, oh boy, this is getting pretty awkward, isn't it?"

Sara answered with a nod. The conversation would have to wait when Isabel Rochev made her way around the corner. Felicity almost dropped the folder she was holding for one simple reason. Isabel had a smile on her face, which frightened Felicity and made her very suspicious. Sara was less likely to show her suspicions.

"Wow, I didn't know your facial muscles could make that expression," Felicity said.

Isabel might have been trying to play nice with Sara, but she regarded Sara's little groupie with scorn most of the time, with maybe slight amounts of amusement. The amusement was good in small doses.

"Do you think the two of us can talk?" Isabel asked. "Your personal assistant, she must have work to do, after all….she's supposed to be qualified to do something, isn't she?"
Isabel snapped her fingers.

"In fact, since you have so much downtime, why don't you sit down and get us some coffee…while the two businesswomen….talk business?"

Sara had been surprised Isabel regarded her on even ground and that surprise made her thing something else was up. She turned to a very, very, huffy looking Felicity. She smiled and tried to convey something to her.

Isabel watched Felicity leave after a mere gesture.

'Sara says jump, the little puppy asks how high? Sara says roll over, she'll roll over. You wouldn't catch me being submissive to someone else.'

Sara waited for Felicity to leave before slowly turning towards Isabel. A frown passed over Sara's face.

"Is there a reason why you're here other than to demean my assistant? She's been working hard."

"Oh, I know she's been working very hard," Isabel said. "Actually, though, I'm impressed…..for someone who doesn't have any formal degree in business, you actually know a lot about running one. I knew Doctor Starr was talented, and you must have been smart enough to bring her on."

Sara motioned for Isabel to get to the point, and Isabel smiled, she would have hated to leave Sara hanging.

"Last quarter's profits shot straight up, and I'm pleased to see my investment has been pissed away," Isabel said. "Our work in helping the less fortunate also worked out well. It might be the easiest, cheapest PR in the world, but it did the trick. And it worked well to recover some of this company's public image."

"It's not all about the public image…"

Isabel rolled right over Sara which only caused the woman's frown to deepen.

"No matter what reason," Isabel said. "No matter what reason you decide to convince yourself of, it's working wonders. After Moira's act of terrorism and her daughter's juvenile delinquency. And good idea to keep her on as a consultant, because it makes her think she's involved."

Sara frowned, Isabel never missed a chance to take a personal shot at Thea, and sometimes Moira.

"Moira was blackmailed by Malcolm Merlyn," Sara reminded her.

Isabel blinked and gave her an almost pitying smile.

"I didn't think you were firmly on the regressive left, you know the type of people who think all of the problems caused by women must be the part of the patriarchy," Isabel said. "You know, the one who absolves women of any wrongdoing."

Sara just laughed it off, before growing suddenly serious and looking Isabel directly in the eye.

"Is there an actual reason why we're talking?" Sara asked. "Or was it just about business and to remind me of the fact our former CEO and her daughter have had problems with the law?"

Isabel realized she touched a nerve.
"I'm glad when I'm wrong, and I was wrong about you," Isabel said. "About how you weren't fit to run this company, you were more than Oliver's latest flavor of the month and more than a drunken hook-up."

Isabel obviously though she was paying Sara a compliment.

'You really know to flatter a girl,' Sara thought to herself.

"The point is, I want to know you better….and...I wondered if you were doing anything this weekend," Isabel said. "We could head to dinner, and get to know each other, outside of the office."

Sara couldn't believe this, and at the same time, she could believe it. Isabel really was up to something.

"I'd prefer to keep this relationship strictly professional," Sara said. "And maybe I would reconsider if you stopped making your little comments about the Queens and my assistant."

Speaking of her assistant, Felicity made her way around the corner.

"Here you go, Ms. Rochev," Felicity said. "Black, just like you like it."

'Just like your soul,' the brainy blonde mentally added in a savage tone.

Isabel shrugged and took the coffee.

"Well, as long as your poor choice in friends doesn't affect our bottom line, you do whatever you do in your free time."

Isabel walked away. Sara held the coffee and Felicity eyed her.

"Don't worry, I didn't spit in yours."

Sara did not know whether or not Felicity was kidding or not about spitting in Isobel's coffee. She decided not to press.

"We interrupt this program to bring you this late-breaking news story. Just hours before she was going to trial, a group of unknown mercenaries attacked the transport van with Moira Queen and kidnapped her. The men transporting her were killed by unknown mercenaries."

Laurel sighed; she was just about ready to get ready to go to trial. Barbara had swung by the office to talk to her. Barbara was watching the news as she saw the composite of the man.

Barbara Gordon frowned, she recognized that face from Gotham's most notorious. It was a face only a mother could love, and only because she had been obligated to do so.

'Let's see what the database has on this guy.'

"You know, I'm really surprised they didn't up her security after the entire Cupid debacle."

Laurel wasn't surprised to be perfectly honest because there was a lot of this entire mess which seemed pretty screwy if she was honest. She knew people would wonder about whether or not the kidnapping was staged. Moira might have staged the kidnapping as a way to prevent her day in court, maybe, but Laurel doubted it.

Moira was not that good of an actor. She anticipated her day in court.
"I don't like this," Laurel said.

"Really, you too?" Barbara asked.

She had a sixth sense something else bad was going to happen, although damned if she knew. Barbara was not about to forget about her mission and the reason why she was in Starling City in the first place. A thought entered her mind, maybe something was happening right there, maybe, just maybe.

'No, I can't be.'

The elevator doors sprung open just a few seconds later, and a pair of suited men exited the elevator. Laurel frowned, she never saw them around the office. They looked like lawyer types, at least how they were dressed. Another look at these gentlemen told a very different story.

Barbara tensed up as well. One of these faces resembled the composite on screen, other than the fact he wore a pair of glasses. Still, you would have to be pretty dense not to recognize someone just because they were wearing a pair of glasses.

One of the men looked around the office, and he turned around to see Laurel. She folded her arms and looked towards him with calmness and coolness.

"Are you Dinah Laurel Lance?"

"Yes, but who wants to know?" she asked. "Who are you?"

The two men exchanged looks which told Laurel they were more than willing to use force if necessary to get her where she needed to go. Laurel braced herself for a struggle because everything could get really bumpy quick. One of them approached her, face contorted into a snarl.

"You're to report for your duties to court for the trial of Moira Queen."

"Last I heard, Moira had been kidnapped, so the trial's off," Laurel responded.

She looked towards these men, a challenging glint in her eyes, almost as if she dared them to do something. One of them lunged towards her and grabbed Laurel around the arm. Laurel twisted around the man's arm and fired back with a punch to the chest with staggered him. The man grunted when Laurel held his arm behind his back and pressed him down against the table.

"I don't think you get it, I'm not going anywhere," Laurel said.

Two more men came around the elevator, and Barbara sighed. Things were about to get ugly in the worst possible way. One of them hesitated when seeing her.

"What's the matter, got cold feet?" one of them asked.

"No, this is Gordon's brat of a kid, she could be a problem."

"Oh, I'm touched you recognized me," Barbara said.

She nailed one of the goons in the chest with a kick and knocked him down. There was a brief scuffle in the office which made Barbara wonder about security, and where the hell it was. She dodged a punch from one of the goons who took them down.

Laurel could tell there were more on the outside. She wasn't going to go down without a fight, but maybe it was just best to let them take her. One of them tried to jab Laurel with a stun gun which she
evaded.

The moment Laurel caught sight of Barbara slipping a tracking device on one of the goons, she made her move. A half-hearted punch had been blocked, and the goon grabbed Laurel's arm. A second goon grabbed her arm and another stunned her with a stun gun.

The goons dragged her out of the office, passing the downed security guards. The sounds of Starling City’s finest approached a little bit too late.

Barbara turned over, a bit of blood dripping from her lip after the fight.

'Things could have gone a little bit better,' Barbara thought to herself.

She cleared the cobwebs with one little headshake. There was some good news, namely, she tagged one of the goons. Barbara also slipped a tracking device up Laurel's sleeve, just in case.

Somewhere, her mentor was smiling, or at least nodding approvingly, because he didn't smile when in uniform.

Artemis and Thea hung out in the club. Moira's trial loomed any moment now, and Artemis was trying to get Thea to stay occupied so she wouldn't be frustrated by the news. Artemis, personally, didn't think Moira's chances were going to be all too great. She was pretty much screwed in every possible way.

'There's no way to say this nicely either.'

Was she about to tell Thea about her feelings in this regard? No, of course not, Artemis still had some tact, a small amount of tact, but still, she had it. And she had a softer tone around her girlfriend.

'At least, we'll know in a few days, providing this trial doesn't drag out forever,' Artemis thought.

"I can't thank Sara enough for what she's done, even though the Club is a very long time for actually being opened," Thea said with a frown. "There's a lot more work to be done than I thought."

"Well, obviously," Artemis said. "And you've got to worry about security because we do live in Starling City, and there's a pretty good chance when you do open, it will be attacked."

Okay, Artemis had tact most of the time, but not all of the time. She was not perfect, no matter how much she tried to be the best she could.

"You really do look on the bright side of life, don't you?" Thea asked. "Still, I've got fundraisers, and it's not only helping the club, but also helping the people of Starling City. The only problem is, I'm going to have to be in the same room as Isabel for more than a couple of minutes."

Thea did not look too happy about this fact. Artemis put a hand on her shoulder.

"She has a pretty good case of smug bitch, doesn't she?" Artemis asked.

She dealt with some of them at her old private school before she got suspended and later expelled. Getting into a scuffle with the daughter of the headmaster might not have been the smartest move Artemis ever made.

"Still, I'll be glad when this is opened, and it will give me something to do," Thea said. "I want it to be a success, mostly because I want to rub it in the face of all of the people who thought I'd be some fuck-up who wouldn't make I to the age of twenty."
Thea spent a moment sighing. Artemis put a hand on her girlfriend's shoulder.

"Fuck those people," Artemis said.

"Sorry, don't want to, don't know where they've been."

Artemis offered a smile towards her, very true. She enjoyed the moment.

"So, Sara's been a bit winded tight lately," Artemis said. "Do you think I have a chance to help her relieve some tension?"

"No, there's more of a chance for her to spank you for being disobedient and not following her directive," Thea said.

Artemis answered with a shrug and a cheeky little grin. "Hey, I'll take my thrills anywhere I can get."

"Besides, I have more of a chance, I've known Sara longer," Thea said. "Besides she got me a brand new watch for my birthday, see?"

Thea showed the top of the line watch Sara bought her. Artemis had to admit it was pretty nice, and she wanted one.

"The point is, now that I'm eighteen, it's only a matter of time," Thea said.

"Oh, want to bet?"

Thea smiled and looked towards her. "How much money are we talking about?"

Artemis pushed a hand into her pocket briefly and pulled it out with a frown.

"Well, the pocket lint I have might not be worth that much," Artemis said. "Still, first one in bed with Sara….gets to do whatever they want to the loser, dressed in whatever outfit they want?"

"Hey, you're on," Thea said. "And you're going to be eating your words."

"Well, you'll be eating something alright."

The doors flew open before the two of them could further this conversation. Some hired mercenaries come in to surround them with weapons pointed at them. Artemis looked up at them, eyes narrowed.

"What do you want?"

"Don't make any sudden moves, we're here to take Thea Queen, she's going to report to court."

Artemis made a move to disagree. One of the mercenaries knocked her down to the ground. Thea made a mad scramble to fight them off. One of them clubbed her across the back of the head and the scuffle was pretty short.

Thea had been dragged off, before being thrown into the back of a van and it drove off.

Artemis rushed after them, trying to give chase to the van. The van sped further away. Everything happened so fast. One of the mercenaries took a shot at her from a second van. She avoided the bullet, just barely. She was going to need some backup, right away.

Artemis stood, watching the van disappear with her fists clenched in frustration.
And now we've got Harvey Dent, Two-Face, showing up in Starling City.

Boy Isabel does have a raging case of the bitch, doesn't she?

So, Thea's time is slowly approaching, as many have been waiting for, for a very long time. Unless Artemis gets there first. What will happen? Well just wait and see.

This Friday, I'll see you in court!
Sara finished business at the office and to be honest, she had been so distracted by what was going on, she barely had time to think of anything else. She walked back with Felicity, who sighed. The agitation on the girl's face showed how stressful this situation was going to get.

"You want to check up to see if…"

Felicity's statement had got interrupted in a moment. She knew something bad happened the moment Sara's phone started to ring. Sara sighed, and Felicity also knew Sara knew something bad happened the moment the phone started ringing. Regardless, Sara picked up the phone, frowning deeply when she prepared to answer it. One way or another, she was going to have to take the good news.

"Yes?"

"You're going to kill me for this," Artemis said. "But, I was hanging out with Thea when suddenly a bunch of armed goons jumped in and attacked us. They knocked me out and took Thea. I tried to go after them, but I don't think I could have caught up with them. I called you, figured it would be the best thing possible."

Sara responded with a sigh. She knew this was not a coincidence on this day. A very frustrated feeling entered her being something else was happening, more than just Thea being snagged. She didn't know, although there was a pretty good idea. She turned towards Felicity who already had the laptop out and was currently accessing the latest reports.

"I don't blame you for calling me, and you could have done nothing," Sara said. "Do you know what way they went?"

Time really was running out. Dent was a wild card and there was a fifty percent chance he would decide to kill people. That was way too high in Sara's opinion. It depended on where that coin landed.

"I don't know, they took a shot at me, and I had to duck, and by the time I recovered, it was...I should have been able to do more."

Sara couldn't fault Artemis from being very stressed out because of this particular situation because hell she had been pretty stressed out herself. She turned towards Felicity who looked back at Sara. One look at Felicity's face told Sara all she needed to know. Something was happening and it wasn't going to be a good thing.

"Mercenaries jumped the van with Moira inside, on her way to the courthouse," Felicity said. "The driver and the two other guards, they didn't have a chance. They don't know where the van would have gone."

Sara had been piecing together something; she smelled a rat about a mile away. She realized during this brief conversation on the phone with Felicity, she left Artemis hanging over the phone. The hardened woman kept herself calm because just because everyone was freaking out, did not mean she had to freak out. In fact, her freaking out would be a very bad thing to be perfectly honest.

"Artemis, I know you're upset," Sara said. "Believe me, I can't blame you. There's absolutely
nothing you could have done. You did the best you could, just stick around, stay tight, and I'll be to your location as soon as I can."

"Wait, you know where I am?" Artemis asked. "You haven't slipped a tracking device on me, or something, have you?"

Sara didn’t answer the question. She turned to Felicity who had been looking at her with a raised eyebrow. The phone conversation went dead and Felicity looked towards Sara, frowning.

"You really don't have a tracking device planted on her, don't you?" Felicity asked. "Actually, given the kind of trouble she gets into, I wouldn't...I wouldn't be surprised. And I really don't blame you."

Sara turned around and moved over to the case. Time for her to suit up, get ready, and go after Thea, who Sara convinced herself had been kidnapped for insurance to make sure Moira complied with her abductors. She frowned when shifting through and putting on her hood.

She turned around and just a second later, the phone rang again. Sara had a feeling of deep dread enter her body. Never the less, she picked up the phone and answered it.

"Okay, you're going to kill me."

Sara had a strange sense of Deja-Vu when hearing Barbara on the other end of the phone. Why did people think she was some trigger-happy nutcase who was going to kill them just because they messed up? Sara didn't once recall giving this particular impression to people. Then again, maybe she did.

Still, she took in a deep breath to calm her nerves.

"I'm not going to kill you," Sara said. "Let me guess, Laurel, got kidnapped."

The wind had been knocked out of Barbara's sales. Sara already knowing put her on the defensive.

"How did you….well I mean how could you….well actually….she….kind of….it's really…hard to explain."

Sara shook her head. The moment she walked out, she could see Barbara running up the way. Barbara put the cell phone away.

"What do you mean kind of?"

Barbara paused for a second, how to explain this one? She would have to give it the old college try.

"Well, we were attacked by some goons, one of them works with Harvey Dent's gang, you know Two-Face….you know, I'm beginning to see what he's up to. He came to Starling City because even after these years, he has a sense of justice, a warped sense of justice."

Barbara took a couple of seconds to breathe in and breath out.

"Anyway, Laurel found out Moira got snagged, and she decided to go along with it, to get captured by them," Barbara said. "I guess she thought it would be a lot easier to work them out from the inside. But, she's complicated the matters."

"Oh, things are more complicated than that," Sara said. Barbara raised an eyebrow, looking astonished. "Thea's been kidnapped as well."

"You're kidding me?" Barbara asked. "Of course, you're not kidding me."
"At least between the tracking device I have on Thea and the tracking device I know you slipped on Laurel, we have a pretty good idea of where they have been taken."

Barbara didn't even ask how Sara knew about the tracking device. There were times where you just had to really go along with it.

"Okay, guess we better compare notes."

Laurel found herself lead into an older courtroom. The walls had some rust and grime build up. The seats had been hastily assembled and there were cracks all over the ceiling. This was the old Starling City Courthouse before the new one had been built a long time ago.

The upkeep on this place had not been worked on in a few years. It was an old building, an unused building, and it looked like it.

The two goons moved her forward. Laurel could see two more goons dragging the limp body of Thea inside. Laurel made an audible gasp.

"You've been put in a tough spot by the State."

Dinah Laurel Lance turned around and came face to face with Two-Face. The grizzled man, half of his face scarred, looked towards him. The unblemished side of his face still had the handsome features of the former Gotham City district attorney. Those handsome features also showed something very ghastly. It showed how far the other side of Dent's face had been disfigured. And his mind, from all accounts, matched the scarring on his once handsome face.

"Harvey Dent, I thought you were in Arkham."

Dent responded with a round of laughter, and another one of his men dragged out a seat for Laurel. She looked and saw Moira chained in the chair next to the judge's bench. Two goons held guns on her and looked want to do better than to pull the trigger.

Laurel knew she would have to work this one very carefully. There were some pretty dangerous people involved, and it was tricky to get out of this situation.

"I've made some new friends, friends who want to see justice performed," Dent said. "And I'm sure you want to see justice performed just as much as they do. You want to see her fry for what she's done. Moira almost got your sister killed."

Harvey came face to face with Laurel. His scarred side turned around from her. His unscarred side looked towards her.

"You're here, and you're going to do your job. And you're going to convince the court why Moira Queen is guilty and why she deserves to be sentenced to death."

Fear and anxiety hit Laurel over a hundred times.

"This is absurd!"

Laurel blurted this out. Harvey did an about face and turned the scarred side of the face towards her. The moment the scarred side of the face grew into greater prominence, his voice grew more gravely, raspy, and angry.

"This isn't absurd! This is justice, justice which very few people can comprehend!" Harvey snapped.
"We cannot let the rich get away with these crimes. I've seen many depraved men and women get free. It was almost like their fates had been decided by a flip of a coin."

Harvey held out the silver dollar, good heads on one side, bad heads on the other side. This coin dictated all of his major decisions, to the point where it was unclear whether or not Harvey Dent had been capable of performing decisions on his own.

Two more henchmen made their way in. Two-Face looked at them from both sides. He spent half of his life learning to read the body language of the guilty and knew right away these men were guilty.

"Where is her Defense Attorney?"

One of the goons fell into an extremely sheepish smile. The sheepishness did not stop the goon's hand from starting to shake though. His heart raced even faster.

"Well, you see, we have a bit of a problem boss….you see….well…"

"We knocked her unconscious when trying to grab her and she's not responding, I mean, she's out like that."

One of the goons snapped his fingers. Two-Face's burning gaze glared down at the goon in question. They both stepped back, shaking in fear of what could happen. Harvey Dent was a person who was known as a trigger-happy nutcase. Maybe not was bad as Black Mask, or Joker, but he could be pretty bad.

The only thing they had going for them was he performed all of his decisions on a flip of a coin. There was a fifty-fifty shot they would live to screw up another day. With Black Mask or Joker, no matter how good the scratch was, there really was no chance.

"Please, boss, don't, please, it was an accident, we didn't mean to do it, we didn't….please don't….."

Harvey Dent held the silver dollar in hand and flipped it into the air. The two goons followed the progress of the piece of silver in the air. They watched it flip and their fate would have been sealed one way or another. The coin dropped down into Harvey's hand and he showed them it landed on good heads.

"Sit down, while I figure this out."

Dent drew in a deep breath.

"You can't have a trial without a defense attorney, and a person who represents herself is only a fool, so we can't allow this to happen," Harvey said. His voice switched. "I say we just take the bitch out right now before someone interferes…..no, no, justice, we must have justice."

Laurel, Thea, and Moira, along with Harvey's goons, watched Harvey argue with himself. It was a pretty surreal sight.

"I see we're split down the middle," Dent said. "Perhaps, we should decide how this is done. If we flip the coin, we head straight to the sentencing. And then we'll decide her sentencing based on how the coin gets up. Let's see if she's lucky enough."

Dent paused a moment when something else.

"If she did commit crimes, do you think it would be wise to let her go free on some flip of the coin?"
"Kill me if you must," Moira said. "Kill me if you must, kill me if you think it will bring justice, and save this city."

"Maybe we should boss," one of the goons piped up.

"Shut your yap!" Dent growled. He switched to a calm voice. "Mrs. Queen, even if you do plead guilty, we must do this proper manner…." 

"Maybe," Moira said. "You're nothing but a pawn of the Court of the Owls. Did they promise they would help you get the territory back in Gotham City you lost to Oswald Cobblepot? They're going to turn on you in a minute, just like they did with others."

"You would plead guilty, but you're not the only one who would be killed," Two-Face said. "Your daughter is also guilty of obstruction of justice, assisting and collaborating with a known criminal in Ms. Artemis Crock. Therefore, if you are guilty, then you are sealing her guilt as well."

Dent breathed in calmly and added.

"The daughter must die for the sins of the mother," Dent said. "And we're going to decide….."

"Wait, I have an idea for defense!"

Harvey Dent turned around and came eye to eye with Laurel, his frown deepening when looking at her. The good side of his face contorted in an ugly scowl.

"We don't have time to bring another defense attorney in," Dent said.

"Well, it's a good thing he's already here in the court," Laurel responded.

Dent looked towards the younger woman, eyes narrowed when he directed the brunt of his focus towards her.

"Who are you talking about?"

"Dent, Harvey Dent."

This statement floored the man on the other end of the courtroom. Even Moira had been surprised, and there was a part of her who wondered what Laurel played at by suggesting the man who kidnapped her would be the one who defended her.

Harvey Dent said nothing. He flipped the coin in the air. It landed good heads up. A soft smile spread over his face.

"Very well, this court recognizes Harvey Dent as Moira Queen's defense attorney."

Sara joined with Barbara and Artemis. The two of them made their way to the old Starling City Court House. The weeds in the small park area off to the side of the courthouse showed them how much they didn't even bother to clean the area up.

Artemis knew Sara only brought her along because it was just a lot easier to bring her on than to argue.

"So, there's been a threat that if anyone is seen who hasn't been approved by the court, the hostages will be shot," Felicity said. "Your father, I talked to him briefly, and he doesn't know what to do."
Sara figured her father was having kittens due to the fact Laurel was kidnapped and held hostage by a madman he was all too familiar for. She was not going to let anything happen to anyone. Not if she could help it.

"Tell him, we'll have them out within the hour," Sara said. "We'll do what we can not be seen, trust me."

Barbara already slipped into stealth mode and had been moving around. Her disappearance left Artemis and Sara alone to see if they could find an alternate way inside of the courthouse. Artemis looked around, her heart raced. She held the bow she had.

The moment she had Dent, he would go down. No one kidnapped someone close to her and got away with it.

"There," Sara said.

Three goons blocked their entrance partially. One of them puffed on a cigarette, much to the agitation to the second goon. The third goon just sat back and watched the show, pleased at the impending chaos which was going to come soon enough.

"I don't know why you keep smoking that shit, don't you know it could kill you?"

"Yeah, bullets could kill me as well, but I'm working for Two-Face," the smoker said. "You know, one blink of an eye and he shoots you. All it has to do with that coin."

"What happens if someone steals his coin or he loses it?"

The third goon watched the two other goons before shaking his head.

"Trust me, you boys don't want to know what happens when the boss loses his coin," the tough said. "It ain't pretty, I'll tell you that much."

The third goon turned around towards the bushes. He could have sworn there was a bat moving around in the bushes. It couldn't be, they were about as far away from Gotham City as possible. Batgirl grabbed the goon around the head and flipped him down before punching away at him.

The other two goons received an arrow apiece which released a stunning charge. This stunning charge knocked them unconscious.

Artemis, Barbara, and Sara had no wasted motion when they made their way inside. They moved down the hallway which had been surprisingly devoid of any goons or anyone who could block their progress when making their way to their destination. All three of them agreed, without saying a word, how weird this was, and how much they were just waiting for trouble to jump out at them.

They turned around the corner a few seconds later, and Sara's heart started to beat. She heard her sister's voice. A few seconds passed when Sara realized what was she was doing.

*Keep, stalling, Laurel.*

Barbara held her hand up in the air and the three girls waited. Two men made their way down the hallway to get closer to where they needed to be.

"I don't like it, the guys outside should have checked in right now," the man said. "The boss won't like it if someone interfered in his little mock trial."
"Hey, for him it's not a mock trial, it's pretty serious."

Barbara decided to play her roll by rolling a miniature smoke bomb down the hallway. The bomb broke open to release a cloud of smoke and caused the goons around them to begin to gag. They covered their faces which left them open to a punch to the gut.

Sara jumped up and kicked one of them in the face. The other of them had been plowed down into the ground with Artemis.

She recognized this particular goon being one of them who attacked her and Thea, so there are no ones.

"Let's go."

The girls didn't raise the alarm, not yet, although the courtroom would have the least amount of blind spots and the most amount of goons to catch them coming in.

Laurel rehearsed how she would approach this entire trial in her head countless times, although she never did so thinking there would be actual guns trained on her. Well, literally speaking, one could always have the argument she had guns on her head.

It was surreal, she had Harvey Dent defending the people she wanted to help, and Harvey Dent defended the person he wanted to execute. Only in her life could this make any sense.

"It's a simple case of a mother deciding to do whatever she needed to do to help her child, and it just going way too far," Harvey responded. "There was the threat of what might happen to Thea hanging over Moira's head. She did what any parent would do in this situation. Only to a different extreme than they should have."

"It's just a handy excuse to justify what happened after the fact."

Laurel took a deep breath, stalling for time, just in case someone, anyone, Sara would have found out, Barbara was on her way, hell, maybe even her father would be leading a SWAT team by this point. She just had to ride this one out for a few more moments.

"Moira had the resources to arrange protection for her daughter," Laurel said. "Yet, she knowingly and willingly went forward. And she proved how much she was willing to put her own family in danger. Given she ordered the message be sent to her husband aboard the Queen's Gambit, or at least did not border to retract it. She fully knew Oliver was aboard that boat, her own son. She could have pulled out at any time, yet she refused to do so!"

Moira heard the conviction in Laurel's tone. A part of her knew Laurel stalled for time, but a large part of her realized Laurel still held some bitterness about Moira putting Sara in danger, she was just keeping it bottled up. And now she had a chance to unleash it, on the pretext of stalling for time.

"It's obvious Moira Queen doesn't care about anyone other than herself and furthering her own ambitions, given how she willingly put her son and husband in danger, and lead to her threat."

"Objection!" Dent yelled. "The Prosecution is obviously ruled by emotions, given her sister was also aboard the Queen's Gambit when it went down."

Dent paused before going into "Big Bad Harv" mode.

"Sustained," Dent growled. "Well, we've heard a very compelling case against Mrs. Queen. And
Now, we've heard the closing arguments, it's time to decided. If the defense wins, then you, Dinah Laurel Lance, will suffer the burden of failure and will be executed for failing to sufficiently prove your case."

"What?" Laurel demanded.

"It's only fair," Dent said. "And if you win, well, Thea and Moira Queen will be executed."

All of the goons trained their guns on the group. Dent reached out and held out his trademark silver dollar.

"The defense and the prosecution have both spoken, and now it's time for the law to have its say. The only law which can fairly decide guilt or innocence, the law of averages. Juries can be bought, judges can be swayed, but the law of averages is fair and swift without any bias."

Dent flipped the coin into the air and it hung in the air for the longest time, waiting.

An arrow shot the coin out of the air and knocked it out of sight. The coin hit the ground and rolled down into a vent in the floor, dropping down.

A smoke bomb flew into the court and released gas which blinded all of the goons. Dent staggered back, shielding his face, and he saw a Bat like figure in the shadows, wiping out his goons one by one. Those punches connected hard to the side of their necks.

"KILL THEM ALL!"

Dent howled this statement at the top of his lungs.

The Arrow and Tigress joined each other in firing arrows at the goons. They disabled them at the arm, forcing them to drop their guns down to the ground.

Batgirl swooped in behind Two-Face. He looked at the protégé of one of the biggest thorns in his side.

"So, the Bat can't come on his own, so he has to send the brat?"

Barbara couldn't believe a man who had come to her house for dinner in the past had turned into this, but she wasn't about ready to let it interfere with doing her job. Two-Face charged her in an attempt to take Barbara down. Barbara blocked the man's punch and turned around before hitting him in the back of the head with a succession of attacks.

Two-Face picked up a chair and tried to swing it towards Barbara. She blocked the attack.

In the shadows, Laurel grabbed one of the goons from behind and pulled him over. She nailed him with a roundhouse kick. Another goon had been nailed when she picked up a splintered piece of wood and drive it into the back of his elbow to force him to drop the gun.

Two-Face dropped to his hands and knees, breathing heavily. The Arrow dropped in front of him and pointed her trademark weapon.

"Tails, you lose."

One arrow caught him in the chest and wrapped him up forcing the former Gotham City District Attorney to drop down to the ground. The good side racked with pain.

'Now, the hostages.'
Well, that wasn't the day in court Moira expected. And that was some rather close timing on Sara's part.

Be back on Sunday for the fallout.
Chapter Thirty-Nine: The Final Verdict.

No matter what the result would be to the trial, both the real one and the mock one, Laurel knew she was going to lose. She moved around in her office, pausing for a couple of minutes to watch the latest news. The image of Two-Face being hauled back in handcuffs back to Gotham City with half of a scowl over his face flickered across on the screen. Laurel waited a few seconds before the news report came.

It would feel better to have it off of her shoulders, to be honest. Laurel waited for the bombshell to drop, one way or another.

'Here we go,' she thought.

"The notorious former Gotham City District Attorney, Harvey Dent, known these days as Two-Face, has been hauled in after his abduction of Moira Queen, Thea Queen, and Dinah Laurel Lance, and his twisted attempt. As you can see from this foot, Mr. Dent is currently being released back into the custody of Gotham City, where he'll be returning to Arkham Asylum. Five years ago, Dent's career as District Attorney came to an end, when Salvatore Maroni, a notorious Gotham City mob boss, hurled acid in Dent's face, scarring half of it."

A tragic end to a very tragic made and his obsession with seeing justice through at all costs forced Laurel to take a long hard look in the mirror at herself and where she was heading in her life. She didn't think it could be going anywhere go to be perfectly honest.

"Despite Moira Queen's condition, all parties insisted her long-awaited trial would not be pushed back past a day, and therefore, she was brought before the court to be tried on her part of the terroristic campaign known as the Undertaking."

A very unflattering picture of Moira flashed about the screen. Laurel answered with a very obvious snort when looking at it. They really didn't show her in the best light. Then again, the press had been hammering at her. There were people very high up who wanted Moira to take a huge fall for them.

'Typical of high society.'

Laurel perched at the edge of her desk, sliding the cluster at the side. She had been curious, perhaps morbidly so, at how the news media would end up slanting this one in their favor. Her frown deepened when watching the news to continue to go on by.

"The jury deliberated after hearing all of the evidence for several hours, and after hearing the evidence, they decided there wasn't enough evidence to convict Moira Queen of her role in the Undertaking beyond a reasonable doubt."

Not beyond a reasonable doubt, that just meant that the jury didn't find the evidence convincing enough. It did not prevent a person from being guilty. Laurel figured they would have nailed Moira with everything, but she held back and got a guilty woman off.

A guilty woman who did not deserve the death penalty like the state pushed for, but really deserved to live with her crimes for the rest of her life in prison.

Laurel closed her eyes. She knew of the one piece of evidence which could have made people think
Moira had been in bed with Malcolm Merlyn in every sense of the world. The evidence had been burned so no one could come across it. Only Laurel and Sara knew she suspected Moira did as well. She wondered if Malcolm did, or at least suspected of the case.

She tapped a couple of fingers on the desk.

"There are many people who have mixed reactions regarding the trial. One Starling City Councilmember at this to say."

The news reporter paused for a moment and cleared her throat.

"Moira Queen not being held accountable for her actions is just a sad indictment of how the legal system can be manipulated and how people these days react with their feelings, as opposed to looking at facts. Just because they are a mother, does not mean they are not capable of performing criminal actions. A child should not be used as a shield for terroristic actions."

Laurel sighed, they were going to play this card, weren't they. She heard the news coming over on the screen and she finished packing up her desk.

It didn't matter she hadn't been fired. Laurel was not going to give them the satisfaction of them making an example out of her now Moira had been cleared of all charges. She frowned and kept shifting through the items on her desk.

"The American Legacy System is broken, corrupt, and she should have never gotten off."

The news media had a field day with everything, to be honest. Laurel could hear the riots in the streets starting up. She moved over and heard the phone ringing. She saw her father's number and answered it immediately.

"Hey, Dad."

Her voice must have shaken a little bit more than she wanted.

"Laurel, are you okay?" he asked.

"Just….watching the news, and clearing out my desk," Laurel said.

The people in the news had a point; the legal system had been very flawed. A lot of those people behind the undertaking had gotten away with crimes for years they shouldn't have, and it all boiled over towards this. A lot of people involved still were getting away. Those who had not been caught by the Arrow or others fled the country.

"Wait, they…they canned you?" Quentin asked.

"No, but I'm not going to give them the satisfaction," Laurel said. "They're going to make an example of me because they couldn't make an example out of Moira."

Quentin could feel his daughter's pain because he had been going through the same thing. The Starling City Police Department, in an attempt to make up for their very flawed system, busted him down the ranks just because he had been helping the Hood, the Arrow, whoever, in the city's time of need.

"Just do what you have to do, do what you feel is right," Quentin said. "There are sometimes where I think I made a mistake sticking around, but I've always been a stubborn sucker who doesn't have much sense."
Laurel smiled at her father's statement; it was pretty accurate to be perfectly honest.

"I'm sure you did your best."

Laurel couldn't really say much of anything. The thing was, she really didn't do her best. Had she done her best, more lives other than Moira would have been completely and utterly destroyed. She could not do it.

Moira could not go back to court for the same crimes. Thank god for Double Jeopardy laws, Laurel figured.

"I just need some time to clear my head, maybe swing over to Central City and visit Mom," Laurel said. "Sara and I have been planning to visit her for a while, and now I have some time off."

Laurel didn't think to make Black Canary a full-time thing would be feasible. She could do something else though, although what Laurel didn't know.

"Sebastian Blood, despite his more than vocal comments regarding Moira Queen's trial, has been surprisingly quiet after the verdict."

To Laurel, Sebastian's silence may have been the most shocking thing about the aftermath of Moira's trial. She doubted Blood would stay silent for long. He would have something to say before too long.

Legally, by the letter of the law, Moira Queen had been declared innocent. The court of public opinion long since called for her lynching and now the verdict was out, the protests got even angrier. She made the rest of the way with a private security force walking up past the gates. None of the protestors dared get through the gates, but they were more than willing to jeer Moira from this end.

"Hey, Queen bitch! How much did it cost you to pay off the jury?"

Moira didn't even give them the satisfaction of a response. She just kept walking, never once stopping when making her way up the steps. She pulled out a set of keys and opened the door.

"We'll make sure the gates stay secured," the leader of the private security force said.

"Thank you."

Moira could count on them to do their job, at least to a certain extent. She stepped inside of Queen's Mansion which looked pretty barren. Most of the servants were not there, and Moira could hardly blame them if they resigned out of fear of their life. She moved around the house and backed off. She brushed a pair of cobwebs off to the side.

'How long will this take to blow over? A few weeks, a few months….or will they be hammering this one for the rest of my life?"

Once again, Moira Queen found herself at the edge of death and didn't blink. Someone gave her a last minute reprieve though.

Not convicted guilty beyond a reasonable doubt, which showed Moira how the jury suspected they were not guilty, but the evidence was not there. Laurel didn't pull out a couple of trump calls.

Loud yells of "Lynch the bitch" could be heard. The sounds of police sirens could be heard outside. Moira watched, out of the corner her eye, the scramblings of Starling City's finest as they scattered the rioters with tear gas. Some of them backed off right away, now the police had been involved.
Others refused, men and women who challenged the police and challenged Moira's right to live.

She brushed another cobweb away from the steps and ascended them.

'No one here to greet me, and I can't help, but think it's for the best.'

Like so many times before, Moira decided to retire to her study to relax. She could figure out what to do for a meal, and then what to do with Queen Industries. Sara and Doctor Starr bought it out, and then there was Isabel. Boy was there ever Isabel.

Robert said jumped, and she asked how high to jump. Moira snorted in amusement in a way which was unbecoming of someone of her stature. Apparently, though Isabel Rochev got a bit too clingy, and Robert cut her loose. Moira knew of her husband's various extra circular activities, and she would be a hypocrite.

Regardless, the mistakes of the past should stay in the past. Moira suspected though those mistakes would come back to haunt her in the future. Especially if the information regarding Thea's true parentage came out.

Moira was astonished this fact didn't just fly out in the trial, and likely had to thank Laurel for it, if the prosecution found anything about it. Of course, it also meant Laurel broke a promise to Moira, saying she wouldn't hold back in the trial.

In this case, though, Moira could forgive her, given Laurel was likely not doing it to protect Moira, but rather Thea.

She flipped the light on and saw Malcolm Merlyn standing in her study. Moira stepped back and took a couple of seconds to recover.

"And here I thought you were dead," Moira said, finding a chance to recover.

Malcolm looked towards the woman who had just gotten off.

"You sound disappointed," Malcolm said. "And I was very nearly dead. Had your lovely daughter-in-law shot a little bit higher, I would have been."

Moira found herself very disappointed by the fact Malcolm Merlyn still lived and breathed. He was more convenient dead right now.

"I would have assisted you sooner, but an old friend called on a favor," Malcolm said. "And unfortunately, I had to make a deal with someone I detested because of....his poor parenting skills."

Malcolm's face looked like he had been force-fed something very nasty. He recovered quickly and kept staring down Moira.

"I always suspected you were holding something away from me," Malcolm said. "And...it happened on the night at that party...you know the one, don't you?"

She had many regrets in her life, and Malcolm just hammered home one. To be fair, it was only done because Moira believed Robert cheated on her at the time. Two wrongs did not make a right, but she stated the facts.

"It's hard to forget," Moira said. "What's your point?"

"The point is, I intend to be a part of my daughter's life," Malcolm said. "And you haven't told her
the truth either…always with the lies to the people you claim to care about."

Moira didn't think it was right she got this particular lecture from Malcolm Merlyn of all people.

"I'll sooner kill you," Moira said.

"Kill the man who convinced the jury to declare you innocent because there wasn't enough evidence?" Malcolm asked. "I still have some resources….and I was able to arrange for people who were able to listen to reason. Without me, you would be sitting firmly on death row."

Moira picked a fire poker and held it at Malcolm's throat.

"You just got off, and now you're willing to risk prison for murder."

"No one would convict me of killing a man they think is dead."

"And no one would fault a broken woman for doing so," Malcolm said. "But, you know what would truly ruin you? The last remaining blood relative of yours suffering an accident."

This caused Moira to pause for a brief instant.

"You'd threaten your own daughter?"

"No, it's not me who threatens her, its Lady Shiva," Malcolm said. "She swore if I betrayed her, she would come after what I hold dear the most. And I left her for dead."

Moira could not believe Malcolm had been so….it infuriated her to be perfectly honest. Her stomach twisted into a knot.

"You wouldn't…."

Malcolm disarmed the fire poker from her hand just because he could. Then a second later, the lights went out and Moira knew instantly he was going to pull one of his infamous disappearing acts.

He was gone, leaving Moira with clenched fists.

The sounds of rioting ceased outside and left Moira Queen alone with nothing other her thoughts.

Thea tried her best to ignore the hateful words coming in about her mother from what seemed like all of Starling City. She just poured into the work in getting the club together, although it might not be the best time to open something like that, given how the verdict has speared a new round of hatred for her mother.

The Queen heiress laid on her stomach on the bed, looking through several financial reports. Things at Queen Industries improved since the buyout this past year. She just wondered what kind of ramifications her mother's trial would have.

'Guess, that's next quarter though.'

Thea flipped through the papers. She couldn't be more pleased with what she read because her financial future was on the line. Her inheritance also had been at stake. Thea frowned when flipping through the documentation.

A knock on the door caused her to turn around.
"It's open."

Sara made her way inside, dressed in a white tank top and a pair of tight black pants which caused Thea's eyes to shift towards her. It was hard to really look away from her.

"So, how are you doing?" Sara asked.

"Well, you know, pretty good for someone who just got kidnapped a day ago," Thea said. "So, have you seen Artemis lately?"

"Artemis is having one of her daily sparring matches with Cassandra," Sara responded. "She seems determined to better herself enough to beat Cass."

Thea couldn't doubt this fact for a moment. The thing about Artemis was she always worked hard, almost stubbornly so. It gave Thea a fair amount of amusement for many reasons. Her face curled into a smile when leaning closer towards Sara.

"So, how are things going for the club?"

"Well, we're just on the ground floor," Thea said. "Selina pointed me in the right direction on what to do...although it seems what I have in mind for a club is far better than what she has in mind for a club."

Sara shook her head, Thea had no real idea. Some of the clubs in Gotham City, well, let's just say they were a perfect representation of what went on after dark in Gotham City.

"I've got most of the funding together," Thea said. "I have to get it built within the next nine months, a year, or whatever. Working on premises, and then there's security. Because you know the club's going to be a target thanks to....well what happened."

Thea wished her mother getting off brought more joy. The problem was the people continued to hammer on what happened with her mother. They refused to believe the jury's verdict of innocence. What they refused to believe though, Thea honestly didn't care about right now. It only mattered what she believed.

"I have something..."

Thea finally threw her hands up into the air. Sara sensed a lot of frustration in the face of the younger girl and raised an eyebrow.

"I'm just sick of it!" Thea snapped. "Sick of not being able to fight back, when some goon grabs me. I see what happens, how you, Laurel, Barbara, Cass, and even Artemis, you can all handle yourself, and I just feel like I'm an anchor."

A calming hand pressed on Thea's shoulder.

"You're not an anchor," Sara argued.

Sara realized the news she wanted to tell Thea could wait for a moment. She could tell the girl had been pretty stressed out and for some very good reasons.

"I want you to train me, how to fight," Thea said. "I want to learn how to fight, just like you learned to fight."

Thea's determined look made Sara impressed. Maybe she had what it took to really learn. A part of it
doubted it though.

"I'm not sure if you're ready to go through what I went through."

"Let me decided," Thea responded. "I'm really sick of it, everyone treating me like glass. I don't want to me like that anymore; I want to be strong."

The girl gained some steam, obviously wanted to work out these frustrations for a long time.

"The next time someone abducts me like Cupid did like Dent did, I want to make them think twice about it...I want to hooed up and do my own part to save this city. Oliver wanted to do this crusade, and....well, if he was going to clean up this mess than I should do."

Thea had been rattled, to be honest. She was on a roll and decided to go for broke. She moved in and kissed Sara.

Sara took the younger girl in her arms and returned the kiss before guiding Thea over to her bed. She had a lot of frustrations to work out and Sara wanted to help her out.

'Well, Artemis, looks like I win,' Thea thought, mind mostly in a haze when Sara kissed her witless.

Sara's hands shifted further down, and Thea knew she was going to have some fun now.

Thea could feel her pants slide down and Sara sliding her finger against the edge of her panties. She was pretty skilled, to be honest, and Thea's heart beat a little bit faster when Sara worked her finger back and forth against the edge of her dripping slit through the panties.

"Just relax," Sara said. "And just close your eyes and relax....you're pretty tense."

Sara pulled off Thea's shirt, leaving her in a pair of thong panties and a bra. Thea wanted to protest, wanted to tell Sara this was kind of unfair given the fact Thea was scantily clad and Sara just sat there, in her clothes. Thea really wanted to see Sara's hot body completely unrestrained.

A nice kiss followed with Sara balancing herself on Thea, pushing her back against the bed. Sara's body rubbed against Thea's and the two girls exchanged a passionate series of kisses with each other.

Thea closed her eyes and enjoyed the feeling of Sara sucking on her neck. The blonde's talented mouth moved down her body for a second, kissing down. Sara flicked her tongue inside Thea's navel and made her gasp.

'She really is good at this.'

The brunette heiress parted her thighs in preparation for Sara to delve deep inside her. Thea breathed in heavily the second Sara came closer to penetrating her dripping lips. Sara swiped her tongue down Thea's slit, not once, not twice, but three times.

The rhythmic licking put Thea in a daze. Sara gripped her and Thea pushed her thighs together. The sight of Sara's beautiful face buried between her thighs was something Thea thought could only happen in a dream.

Sara could feel the girl's juices just collecting between her thighs. She leaned in and lapped up everything Thea had to offer. The brunette girl started to pant underneath Sara. She hit the pleasure spots and made Thea buck her hips up. Several times in fact. Sara wasn't going to back off from this little situation.
"Yes, oooh, yes, oooh, please, yes," Thea begged her lover.

Sara smiled and brought her young lover to another orgasm. She kissed Thea on her lips and smiled, pulling away from her.

"I think I'm a bit overdressed for this party."

"Yeah," Thea said. "It has a strict dress code…the less the better."

Sara smiled and she pulled her tank top over her head. Her beautiful toned body had been revealed to Thea. Thea practically drooled when more gorgeous flesh came out into the picture.

Thea watched when seeing Sara's abundant breasts pushed up in the bra. Her hot body which you could melt butter on had been displayed fully for Thea. She looked at Sara and smiled when she worked down her tight leather pants. Thea grew flush with excitement when she saw Sara wearing a pair of thong panties over her nice, juicy ass.

The brunette checked for a nose bleed but didn't have one. She did, however, have a desire to bury herself tongue deep in Sara.

No sooner did this desire swell through Thea's mind, Sara pushed herself over Thea's mouth. Thea grabbed onto Sara's ass and squeezed it before pushing herself tongue deep into her.

Sara closed her eyes and enjoyed the moment. She wasn't going to lie; Thea really pleasured her. Her eager tongue worked inside Sara's dripping hot mound and made her all hot and made her want even more. She kept pushing her pussy up against Sara's insides.

Thea tasted the delicious juices coming from Sara. They were what she imagined to be perfectly honest. Hunger flooded through Thea's mind, she wanted everything Sara had and then some more. Her tongue swirled around and brought the juices deeper inside of her mouth.

The two girls started to eat each other out. No matter what, both of the women tried to outdo each other. It was in their desires, in their competitive nature to do such a thing.

The two broke apart after several minutes of pussy eating. Sara turned around and laid on top of Thea, pinning her down on the bed and smiling.

"You're mine, now."

Thea shuddered at Sara's possessive declaration. She was perfectly fine with this. Her hands reached up to run through Sara's smooth blonde hair and kept easing their way down her body. Thea drank in Sara like a well-placed drug, wanting even more of her. Her heart raced, quickening with each moment.

Sara leaned down and pressed her warm lips against Thea's in a passionate make-out session. Thea and Sara worked their tongues together with each other. Not once missing the beat, Sara spread Thea's legs and slowly ground her pussy against Thea's.

Thea lost herself in pleasure. Sara moist wet cunt draped over hers and the intensity spread over. The two of them kissed each other and lips of another kind paid tribute to one and other. Sara locked onto Thea, hungrily working her over.

"Fuck."

Sara turned Thea over onto the bed to get a look at her nice, juicy ass. She spanked Thea which
caused a whimper to come from the grip. Sara fingered Thea while spanking her. This made Sara hot and horny and she very much enjoyed the sounds coming from Thea's mouth when the pleasure increased to a brand new level.

Thea bit down on her lip. She wondered if Sara would take this to the next level. Her body tingled with what the more experienced girl could do for her. Sara worked Thea's insides with the skill of a great artist, never once breaking her momentum. Sara's increased shuddering made it very difficult to keep her head above the water.

"Damn it, oh, yes," Sara moaned with hunger in her voice. "Right there, that's the spot…..Sara, Sara, damn it, Sara, YES!"

Sara plunged inside of Thea and worked her over. Thea's walls closed in on Sara's probing fingers, making her feel so good. Sara pressed onto her, her breasts pushed against Thea's back. She finger-fucked Thea into mind-blowing pleasure.

Thea's dark hair stuck to her face when moaning. Sara plunged and retracted her fingers numerous times before pulling them away from Thea and then wiping them against Thea's mouth.

The younger brunette tasted her own juices and this very thought made her come undone. It was really amazing to taste something so great. Thea lost all sense when Sara rubbed her fingers against Thea's lips. Thea slurped the juices away, hunger getting the better of her.

Something parted Thea's lips. Sara, somehow, had gotten ahold of one of Thea's toys, or maybe it was one Artemis's left behind. Regardless, the fake phallus pushed inside of Thea, stretching her out when Sara caressed her body.

"I love you, you're so good," Thea said.

"Artemis didn't work you properly," Sara said. "Looks like I have to give that girl a few lessons when I get ahold of her as well."

Thea wanted to be present for that training session. She settled for Sara's gentle, but firm attentions. The squeezes, the caresses, they all became unbearable. Thea wanted so much more than this, she wanted so much pleasure it became extremely, well it blinded her with a burning lust she could barely even explain.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck," Thea chanted, hungering for more.

"Yes, indeed," Sara said.

Sara smiled and plunged into Thea while rubbing her only clit. She got off on the slow submission of this feisty brunette. Sara leaned in close towards her and kissed Thea on the side of the ear, licking her ear lobe and then releasing it. Hunger increased when Thea flooded on the bed.

Thea reached a peak and the sexual energy in the air washed over her. Sara plunged inside her with an increased urgency and frequency. The two of them met each other, going stroke for stroke with each other. Sara wasn't going to let this one go, not if she could help it.

"Very close," Sara said. "Why don't you cum for me?"

Thea didn't even argue. Her body convulsed and Sara plunged into her to ride out another amazing orgasm. Every so often, Sara smacked Thea's ass, and then caressed her body, running her fingers through Thea's hair.
Sara pulled out of Thea and rolled her over. Thea's legs spread without any thought and Sara lowered over the top of her, plunging into Thea's tight sheath.

She wanted to see a few final moments. Thea's eyes swam with pleasure and Sara knew she had to give it to her. Thea clamped her legs around Sara's waist when she took the plunge. She drove inside of Thea, bringing more pleasure. She reached up to grip Thea and pull her into a kiss.

Sara could still taste herself on Thea's lips. She smiled and leaned towards her. Their tongues worked against each other when Sara worked Thea up another orgasm.

She pulled the toy out and jammed her warm pussy onto Thea's. They scissored each other, rubbing each other until raw. The orgasmic feeling increased between the two of them. Sara moaned when going down onto Thea, and Thea responded by wrapping her legs around Sara to push her to the edge.

Their shared orgasm left both girls in a state of pleasure. Sara pulled away from Thea and offered her a smile.

Thea collapsed on the bed, wrapping her arms around Thea and leaning closer towards her head. Sara brushed her fingers down the back of Thea's head and smiled.

"So, you were going to tell me something, weren't you?" Thea asked. "Sorry about sidetracking you."

"No, there's no need to apologize," Sara said. "I do have a lot to teach you."

"Are we talking about the sex or the fighting?"

Sara grinned at her but did not answer. She couldn't really get any more of this conversation off because her phone started to go off. She snatched it up and it read one word.

"ARGUS."


Thea waved off the incoming apology.

"If it's an emergency, you should go," Thea said. "Whatever you have to tell me, it can wait until later."

Thea gave Sara an encouraging kiss and the two parted ways with each other.

Sara picked up Cass and the two of them head off to visit the ARGUS facility. The two of them made their way through the usual security procedures, not knowing what they would find on their way in.

Cass and Sara both wondered what reason could Lyla want to meet them here of all places. The two of them moved through, with Sara being allowed to pass to a certain level. Given all of the times she worked together with ARGUS, she had better had some level of security clearance.

"Thank you for coming."

The attention of both young women had been turned to the always formidable Amanda Waller. Sara had been on both sides of the battle with Waller. They had been enemies and had been teeth-
clenched allies. Amanda Waller intended to do what she thought was the right thing, and often times, it ended up causing a bigger mess than the one she cleared up.

The kind of threats she dealt with leaned in this direction.

"Lyla sent us a message; we assumed she wanted to meet us here."

"Agent Michaels didn't send you the message, I did."

Sara found herself surprised and also just a tiny bit suspicious. If Amanda Waller told her the sky was blue, Sara would go outside and check, just because Waller told her.

"Why?" Cass asked.

Good question and one Sara wanted the answers to. She knew how much Waller struggled with the truth.

"She was following a lead when someone robbed the graves of the Terrible Trio."

Sara recalled the Terrible Trio all too well. The group of rich frat boys with an overinflated sense of themselves had been a headache in her early days as the Protector of Starling City. She also recalled how Merlyn executed them one by one. There was a bit of a blowback from that one when Black Mask had been sent down. He was old friends with the leader, Warren Crawford, better known as the Fox. Or at least, he tolerated Crawford more than most.

"There's something else," Sara said. "Something keeping from us."

Waller didn't say anything.

"Mandy, damn it, if there's something I need to know, then you should tell me!"

Sara knew it drove Amanda Waller nuts to be called Mandy, hence why she did it whenever Waller pissed her off. Waller pissed her off a fair amount so Sara got into the habit of doing so in retaliation very often.

"I believe I told you not to call me that."

"And I believed I told you if you want my help, you give me all of the facts, and not cherry-pick them," Sara said. "Or do you want a repeat of what happened with a certain magical idol?"

Neither of them wanted to go down this road again.

"An ARGUS agent who died one year ago stormed his family's home and strangled his wife and children in his sleep, and killed several neighbors before he was put down."

"He's dead, but then he's alive," Sara said. "Shit that means...someone's screwing with raising the dead."

Sara knew from personal experience how messed up bringing someone back from the dead could be.

"Agent Michaels has been caught up in the mess, and she hasn't reported back in three days," Waller said. "I knew you would never come if you thought I sent the message."

Sara most certainly wouldn't have rushed to jump if she knew Waller had been the one who sent the message.
"I'm only doing this because there's a friend in danger who needs my help," Sara said. "Nothing more."

"Of course," Waller responded. "And you won't be going in alone….I've assembled a special team of people you know all too well." 

"So, you're ready to send your little Suicide Squad in."

Sara had a bad feeling in the pit of her stomach all of this. If Lyla wasn't in danger, she would let Waller have it at both ends for using her as a recruiting agent for ARGUS's black ops division.

'Business first.'

To Be Continued on April 18th, 2017.

Moira getting off by the skin of her teeth, just barely surviving as well. Of course, the court of law did not convict her, but the court of public opinion has had their say.

And Malcolm returns to play a very deadly game.

Well, Thea finally gets dragged into the fun and games. So, that was nice. I'm sure people are wondering when the inevitable Laurel/Thea/Sara lemon will happen. Well, I can confirm it's happening between now and about Chapter One Hundred or so. I know, not exactly narrowing it down.

ARGUS calls and we have some problems. Who are you going to call? The Suicide Squad!

Until Tuesday.
Sara made a quick change into a new outfit. There was going to be no way she was going against these people under the guise of the Green Arrow. Fortunately, for her, she made her way forward, dressed in an outfit. The white bodysuit pulled over her body. She wore dark colored contacts, to hide her true eye-control, and she also slipped a black wig over her head. A white face mask topped off of the outfit.

It had been a very long time, and Sara hoped to leave this identity behind. She could hear Cass moving around, getting dressed. Sara sighed for a minute to get a good look at herself. These days she much preferred green to white to be perfectly honest.

"Never thought I'd have to take on this identity again."

Cass stepped back and dressed in a skin-tight black outfit which was far less conservative than her usual apparel. Sara frowned when looking at her. The outfit did become her to be honest, but she wasn't sure how she felt about it. The symbol on her chest had a Batman symbol with what appeared to be a dagger shoved through it.

"So, are you ready?" Cass asked.

Sara responded with a nod and leaned over towards her companion. After a quick change of attire, both of the women were as ready as they were ever going to be. The White Canary and Black Bat were out in the open. The last time they were on such a mission for ARGUS, it was about three years ago, and it didn't end too well.

'Hopefully, it ends better this time,' Sara thought. 'No, it's going to end better this time.'

Sara held her head up nice and high with confidence and stepped into the room. It was time for them to join the aptly named Suicide Squad. If these people only knew exactly who was joining them, then they would freak out. And likely try and kill them. Sara and Cass resolved to keep on the down low and hope they could work through this.

'Waller better not wait too long to send us in, every moment....'

"So, fresh meat?"

The familiar voice resulted in a few pins and needles to come down Sara's spine. Sara turned around and came face to face with the one and only Floyd Lawton. He looked towards Sara with one prosthetic eye, almost sizing her up. He couldn't have known who she was, to be honest. The man's eyeball moved and his regular human eye also focused on Sara. She noticed some burns on his arm.

"Yeah, we've seen them come and go, at least I've had," Lawton said. "Some of them wash out on the very first mission. You're among the fortunate if you're going to complete your first mission....only Crock and I are the guys who have been here for the longest....and it's only a matter of time they sacrifice us for the greater good."

"You really think Waller's going to throw an asset like her away?" White Canary asked.

Lawton responded with a loud, rumbling round of laughter. He leaned closer towards the woman
and tapped her on the shoulder. A crooked smile came across the mercenary's face.

"You don't know, Amanda Waller very well do you?"

Sara did, it wasn't really the point though. She turned around and saw the very familiar form of Lawrence Crock moving over. He looked like he took the most advantage of ARGUS facilities.

"Don't mind him, kid," Crock said. "He's just been broken by this place. Me, I'm buying my time until I can get out. I've got a score to settle with the Arrow and the Canary, and it's going to be game over for them."

The two men obviously antagonized each other like it was a sport. Which was fitting for someone who called himself the Sportsmaster.

"You and your sports?" Lawton asked.

Crock turned around and stared down Lawton. The two of them had words with each other.

"What's the matter with me and my sports?" Crock asked. "You got something against sports? I think you might. Then again, you strike me as the type of kid who always got picked last. You know, that one guy no one ever wanted and then....."

"Hey, you want to make something of it?"

Lawton was fixing for a fight. Crock was fixing to give him one if he pushed him around too much. The mercenary flashed a frown towards him and stepped back. He wasn't stupid. Waller put them on explosive leashes and all it took was one press of the button to blow them away.

"Are the two of you done yet?"

The latest person had been Cupid, Carrie Cutter, who dressed in her standard attire. She looked very agitated, which actually made her look a fair bit saner than normal.

"All you've been doing since I've been here is being at each other's throats," Carrie said. "For the record, neither of you are really that good."

"Oh, just give me five minutes, babe, and I'll show you how good I can be," Crock said.

Sara turned her head to hide the breaching laughter. She turned and saw the latest member of the Suicide Squad turning up. Her presence surprised Sara to be perfectly honest. Helena Bertinelli stood before her, dressed in a slightly more refined version of the outfit she slapped together to be the Huntress.

Helena would have had the means and resources to keep Waller off of her back. Sara wondered why she was here. A question, which hopefully could be answered in due time.

"And here's a sports analogy I'm sure you'll get," Helena said. "A swing and a miss."

Lawton laughed at the put-down. Carrie looked rather disinterested in his poor attempts to get in her panties. Helena decided to turn her attention to the two new recruits.

"So, what did Waller get you two on?" Helena asked.

"We owed her a favor."

For moment minute, Helena looked at both of the other women. A long moment passed when she
studied both of the women, very intently. For a second, Sara thought she suspected something. Cass stepped back wondering where this little encounter would go.

"Oh, that's bad," Helena said. "Given she always collects with interest."

White Canary nodded, boy was Helena's statement ever accurate. Speaking of which, no time to figure out why Helena was here. The doorway slid open, Amanda Waller walked out and peered down at the group.

"You're receiving your mission and the coordinates at the last known location of Agent Michaels. You will be sent there now, and you will pick her up. Remember, do not be seen….lethal force is authorized."

It went without saying some of them would not be coming out alive. It would not have been called the Suicide Squad if this was a safe mission. They always went on the missions which Waller saw it was very risky to spare her standard ARGUS agents on.

"Stop whatever experiments the Court of the Owls are doing at any cost."

Sara thought she had a fair bit more intelligence than the members of the Suicide Squad. The six of them moved off, preparing to get this mission done.

'And down the rabbit hole, we go.'

Some experiments had been designed to change the entire world. These claims had been used with such an increasing frequency, many people doubted the validity of them. Some scientists claimed to have changed the worlds. They just changed the lives of the people their experiments benefited. And changed their lives for the better.

'This is going to do it. I'm going to do it. I'm going to change the world.'

Doctor Achilles Milo stepped forward. His dark hair looked like someone had put a salad bowl on his head before cutting it. He dressed in a white lab coat, a nice button up shirt, and a pair of slacks which had been dry cleaned. He walked towards the front screen. Soon, the world will be changed.

Milo pressed a button and the images of five figures cloaked in darkness appeared. One of them raised a hand to motion for Milo to speak.

"Great ones, we've….succeeded," Milo said. "We've been able to develop a serum which can bring the dead back to life."

This grand declaration resulted in a pregnant pause from them.

"Yes, but at what cost?" one of the members of the high court asked.

Another member of the high court shook his head. "We've heard of your previous experiments. Their memories had been confused. Their families became their enemies and had been slaughtered in their path of rage. One of them was an ARGUS agent, which had to be put down."

"Yes, I'm aware," Milo said.

The members of the Court of the Owls didn't give him any credence. He utilized the research from Professor Anthony Ivo to fine tune the serum. Now, Milo was creating a method which could bring people back from the edge of death. Wounds could be healed, terminal diseases could be cured. Milo
would make millions of dollars.

He could make an even larger fortune by bringing a deceased love one back for a second chance.

"Bring him in, a demonstration is in order!"

The body of Warren Crawford, formally Fox of the Terrible Trio, rolled into the room on a table. The other members of the Terrible Trio had been strapped in the other room, waiting to be used. Their bodies had been preserved by the Court until the moment they needed them for their experiments.

"He's ready to be brought back to life," Milo said. "The super serum has been enhanced, derived from what you call a Lazarus Pit, tainted by flying green rocks which fell from heaven."

Milo smiled and started to inject the syringe. He walked over towards his patient.

'Bring you back, my friend. You are what I need to change the world. And you better believe the world will be changed.'

The syringe loaded with the serum. The point of it rubbed on top of Crawford's shoulder. Milo forced the syringe in and the fluids injected into his body.

"Everyone clear…and bombard him with the energy ray."

A blast from the lamps hit Crawford. His foot started to twitch and the man started to draw in oxygen once again. Crawford's eyes opened up, looking sunken in like something out of a horror movie. Crawford tried to force himself free, but he had been chained down.

"Mr. Crawford, do you understand me?" Milo asked. "You've been dead for the last year, but you've been brought back to life."

The man on the table started to shudder. His breathing intensified when trying to return back to life.

"Dead….killed…betrayed," Crawford murmured. "Merlyn, I remember you…I REMEMBER WHAT YOU DID TO ME!"

Crawford's arm tried to rip free, but it snapped back down. Milo turned towards his two aides while the court silently watched. Milo drew in a deep and cleansing breath trying to not lose his mind.

"He's not…"

"I remember what Malcolm Merlyn did to me, and he must suffer...HE MUST DIE!"

Pain shot through the bound form of the resurrected man. The resurrection did not stop the pain from flowing through his body where Merlyn shot an arrow through his heart. The hole in his heart ripped through and suffering didn't even begin to describe the man's agony. Every breath he took burned.

"I remember him! He will die! He will suffer! He will be annihilated!"

"Mr. Crawford, calm down!" Milo cried. "You've been given a gift."

Crawford didn't consider the pain just shooting through his body to be a gift. He wanted to break free and hurt someone, destroy anyone who got in his way. He thrust out, with the straps coming loose. One more good twist and the straps would have been snapped off, making him free.

"Fox, you must settle down!" Milo yelled.
"Yes, do settle down. Merlyn is irrelevant."

Crawford broke free and claws retracted where fingernails once were. Milo tried to nail Crawford with a sedative. He moved in a blink of an eye and stabbed Milo in the chest. Blood oozed from his shirt and he dropped down to the ground.

"You think I'm just a test subject! You think I'm a pawn!" Fox growled. "Guess what? You better think again!"

Crawford picked the gurney he had been brought in over his head and launched it to the view screen. The screens shattered and brought the members of the Court of the Owls offline. The madness swimming through his face increased.

"I'm coming for you next. And you know something! I'm not going to stop until I find you all! Until you are ripped apart and destroyed!"

The mutating Fox turned towards one of the lab assistants. He dropped down to the ground, whimpering. Crawford pulled him up.

"Give me the serum, and bring the other two in there."

The assistant did as he was told, scrambling to get some serum into Fox's hands. He took them, the grin growing wicked while he waited for the Shark and the Vulture.

"My old friends! I give you a brand new life!"

Crawford jabbed both men with the syringes. They came back to life, agony spreading through their bodies. The Shark's body shifted into his namesake's form and the same with the Vulture. Large bulky wings ripped out of the joints underneath his shoulders.

"An interesting side effect and one we're going to have to explore," Fox said. "Merlyn thought of us as a trio of useless frat boys. Let's show that rat bastard how dangerous the Terrible Trio can be!"

Lyla stood up to regain her bearings. The Trio didn't notice her or perhaps had been too wrapped up in the prospect of revenge. The Terrible Trio, as annoying as they were, were none too pleased about getting killed. Now they had been brought back to life, they wanted revenge on Malcolm Merlyn.

"Let's make him pay….make the rich bastard pay!"

"We're going to make him pay, even if we have to burn all of Starling City to the ground!" one of them yelled at the top of his lungs. "Vengeance will be ours!"

The Terrible Trio whooped out loud and pumped their fists in the air.

White Canary led the charge, making sure to separate the Suicide Squad into two groups with her and Black Bat serving as a buffer. Deadshot and Cupid stood on one side and Sportsmaster and Huntress stood on the other side. White Canary positioned herself in perfect position to knock Sportsmaster silly if he tried any of his usual shit. Something she fully expected.

Still, to their credit, the rag-tag group of misfits held it together.

"So, are you sure this is the place?" Deadshot asked.

"I know it is."
Sara stepped into the lab and could smell something, decaying flesh. She walked into what looked like a morgue, only there were no dead bodies in it. Every moment she walked inside there was something wrong.

"I smell…oh that's disgusting!" Cupid yelled her stomach turning

Helena could have laughed. This woman would not have lasted five minutes in Gotham if this was what she thought was disgusting.

"I thought you were supposed to be a strong woman," Helena said. "Surely, a little blood and decaying flesh won't be a problem?"

Sara stepped forward and walked into the lab. She could see a figure on the floor, a once white lab coat soaked in blood. The blood covered him from head to toe and he had a look of horror etched on his face.

"Look."

Helena noticed a feather which looked like it belonged to a bird on the floor.

"A clue," Deadshot said. "Congratulations, you get a Scooby Snack."

Helena cheerfully ignored the statement and she walked over overturning the chair. A shell-shocked man looked like he had been through some horrific battle. He started to mutter and shook. The words coming out of his mouth were pure nonsense.

"Monster!"

Okay, most of the words coming out of his mouth were not coherent. The word monster was and raised more questions than it gave answers. More than one of the members of the Suicide Squad grew increasingly uneasy with what was going on and Sara could see it. She turned around and stepped around Milo's form before going to a door.

The door opened and Lyla stepped out. It had been a while since she saw Sara take on this particular guise and it threw her for a loop.

"How did you get captured by the Court?" Sara asked.

Lyla quickly recovered.

"I was investigating, but the Court's assassins, the Talon, they got the drop on me," Lyla said. "That's not the problem though. The Terrible Trio is the problem."

"The Terrible Trio….they…Milo, he found a way to resurrect them, didn't he?" Sara asked. Lyla responded with a nod and she answered with a sigh. "I was afraid of that…they found a way….."

"Crawford wants to rip Merlyn to shreds."

Sara didn't think of anything else which made more sense. It was the Dark Archer who killed Crawford and his old school chums. Therefore, the most logical thing about this illogical mess was they wanted revenge. The line formed around the block though to get a shot at Malcolm Merlyn. Sara would have thought she lead the charge, however, she wasn't going to be so arrogant to believe so. There were many others who were lining up to take their crack at Malcolm.

"It's a shame she isn't here," Carrie said with a wistful swoon. "I shouldn't even be with the Suicide
Squad, it was...I might have come on a little bit too strong to the Arrow…and made her think I was……"

"Crazy, nuts, delusional?" Helena asked.

The redhead turned towards the other woman. "Don't ever call me that…Harley said I was much better, and she should know. She has a degree in Criminal Psychology."

Helena wouldn't even begin to describe how delusional someone could be if they took Harley Quinn at her word. There was a good reason why she wasn't let out of the box to join the Squad unless absolutely necessary.

Given how much of a number her ex-boyfriend did on Harley's psyche, Helena felt a small bit of sympathy for her. You did not come out okay after a relationship with that guy. Not without a few mental scars, and maybe even a couple of physical ones to match.

"My muse isn't here though, and that doesn't seem fair," Carrie said. "That's why she needs her other half, to help clean up Starling City."

It had been borderline difficult for the dark haired woman not to just roll her eyes at this entire situation in front of her. Helena was pretty good at hiding her tongue.

"Plus, if Crawford is involved, then I have a score to settle with him," Carrie added, almost as an afterthought. "He dumped me when I was in high school. I never made him pay for breaking my heart."

Helena answered with a sigh. "Well, someone has her priorities straight."

"Yeah, I do," Carrie said. "And I've been waiting for the perfect moment. I was so pissed that the Dark Archer stole my chance for revenge."

Not even Cupid would be insane enough to hunt down the Dark Archer.

She had quite the obsession to deal with, which made Carrie thing long and hard about her own obsessions and how they might affect everything. Maybe she had lost the plot.

Sara looked around the lab and could see the chaos left. No one had been able to get the lab technician to talk. even under penalty of severe abuse, he kept his mouth firmly and completely shut.

'We're going to need some help, some super powered help,' Sara thought to herself. 'Especially considering I'm pretty sure Waller won't allow the Suicide Squad to go off script'

Sara found the explosive triggers on Cupid, Deadshot, and the Sportsmaster. Those had been obvious, but no matter how hard she tried, she could not find one on the Huntress. This amazed her for numerous reasons she couldn't even begin to list.

"Nothing to find here," White Canary said. "We better head out and see what we can find."

"Our work is done, isn't it?" Sportsmaster asked. "We got the agent chick, didn't we?"

Lyla frowned at how Sportsmaster referred to her as.

"No, I'll work is done, that monster Crawford is still out there!" Cupid yelled, sounding very much like a shrill harpy when she spoke.

"And there's innocent people in danger," Huntress responded.
Cupid shrugged. "Well, yeah, that…but more importantly, I want to put another arrow through Crawford, to pay him back for ripping out my heart."

Helena shuddered in response. Obsession of being scorned really could be a very scary thing.

Warren Crawford had taken up the mantle of the Fox because of his extreme cunning, which only increased now since he had been exposed to the serum. He injected his fellow brothers in arms with the same experimental serum which brought him back to life.

"Look at this, well isn't this nice?"

The Shark rose up from the water, looking more like his namesake than ever before. He raised an arm and the water came up in waves, rising up and crashing down. His loud laughter increased when he caused the water to continue to flow. He could have brought the water into the city, flooding it.

"That's nothing."

Vulture raised a hand into the air and every single bird came flying over. A large black cloud of winged warriors came down onto them.

"Yes, come to me my brothers and sister, obey your new ruler!" Vulture yelled.

Fox watched, amused at the ability of his friends to enjoy their new powers. It was all well and good, and all.

"We still aren't any closer to finding our killer," Fox said. "My friends, we have been given a second chance in life. We shouldn't squander it!"

"Ah, we should just flood the city, that should ruin their day," Shark said.

"Flood, how droll?" Vulture asked. "I think we should just go all Hitchcock on Starling City!"

Vulture lifted his hand in the air and the birds hovered. Shark rolled his eyes at the very thought of Vulture's scheme.

"You really think a bunch of winged vermin will be enough to take this city down?" Shark asked.

"It's a more sophisticated scheme than your little flood plan?"

Fox cleared his throat and both of the other men turned towards him.

"It occurs to me why I'm the brains of the operation….I've been thinking about what my new power is. It's….very interesting."

Fox walked towards the gate and saw two gentlemen, calm and happy as could be. The criminal closed his eyes and bombarded their brain with a telepathic command.

"What are you looking at?"

The second gentleman turned to the first one, growling practically when he spoke. "Not you, that's for sure. I wouldn't look at you if you paid me a million bucks. Did you get fall off of the ugly tree and hit every branch on the way down?"

Fox reflected the agony he felt to his death into anger upon others. His power caused both of the men to jump into each other with a scuffle, punching at each other, and several people stood around to
watch the fight. They grew more bloodthirsty for a minute.

"I'll start a riot and burn Starling City to the ground until Merlyn has no choice, but to come at."

"Better than your plan," Vulture said.

"My plan…what your plan involved diseased birds!"

"Silence."

They fell into line at Fox's calm declaration.

"Merlyn will have no choice, I will have him."

Vulture decided to speak up. "What about the Hood?"

"If he shows up, I'll kill him," Fox said.

To Be Continued on April 20th, 2017.

Well, there's a lot going on in this chapter. Namely, the insane plan of the Court of the Owls as we go forward.

Goodbye, Doctor Milo, we barely knew you. Literally, because you were introduced in the same scene where you will killed.

Fox and Cupid…yeah given his attitude regarding women, are you really surprised that Cupid ended up where she did after that relationship happened?

The new and improved Terrible Trio want their revenge on Malcolm. Of course, when villains want revenge on other villains, it's innocents who get caught in the crossfire.

A special Thursday chapter this Thursday is when we'll return.
Chapter Forty-One: Rebirth Part Two.

White Canary led the charge now there was so little time to waste. Lyla joining them allowed them to police the members of the Suicide Squad and also allowed White Canary to have some one on one time with the Huntress as they moved away from the rest of the group.

Huntress sighed, and she could pick up the curiosity of the mysterious new member of the Suicide Squad. She had a theory about this woman's identity, but having a theory and having proof were too different things. She looked towards the women, frown deepening before finally, Helena broke the ice.

"If you're going to say it, say it," Huntress said.

White Canary threw her hands back. "I just want to know how you've come to be with a group like the Suicide Squad. You just don't pick Waller's normal recruitment criteria."

Huntress would have agreed at one point. Being around the members of the Suicide Squad put the dark road she was heading down in a clear perspective though.

"No, not in particular," Huntress admitted. "But, I could say the same about you, couldn't I?"

Helena's attempt to deflect the conversation fell on deaf ears. A sigh followed before she managed to regain her composure enough to speak.

"The truth is, I'm not as boxed as the rest of them are. Waller made me a promise about...hunting down someone who caused me trouble...if I worked a few jobs for her."

Sara remembered all of the times she went against Waller, and while there were times, where she came up on the better end of the deal, there were very few and very far between to be perfectly honest. Waller made a lot of promises, but exactly how well they could be held up were all a matter of interpretation. There always were loopholes and conditions when dealing with someone as crafty as Amanda Waller.

To tell Helena about Waller would take far more time than she intended. Especially, when they hunted for the Terrible Trio and those gruesome bastards managed to keep slipping under the radar, never once giving a hint of where they would be.

"Waller may honor her word, she has in the past," White Canary said. "However, it's going to be in a way which will benefit her. And if you didn't get a timetable or an exact deal of the number of favors you owe her, it could be a very painful process indeed."

Huntress took a moment. She sensed from the White Canary's words there was something else going on. A small part of her wondered, actually it was more than a small part of her who wondered about who was underneath the face mask. A very big part of her wondered and speculated who was underneath the hood of the White Canary.

Spectacular never really ended well without any kind of evidence to back it up.

"You sound like someone who is speaking from experience," Helena said.
"I sound like it because I am."

Again, Helena wondered about something. The costume and the coloring might have been different even though something about her demeanor rang the same. Being a mob princess allowed Helena with a slight degree of paranoia which only increased as time went on.

'Not, I'm going to reveal to them,' Huntress thought. 'Although, I do wonder if it's to keep your friends close and keep your enemies closer.'

Huntress responded with a sigh, she figured sooner or later, she would find out.

"I have to say if I knew I was going to be on a team with Cupid I wouldn't have bothered."

Huntress didn't care whether or not Cupid heard a single word she said either. The members of the Suicide Squad, tell all had their own obsessions, how crazed they were. Carrie Cutter was a special kind of certified, to be honest. Really showed Helena how much obsession could get the better of a person if they didn't reign it in before it was too late.

'I have to go after Sionis, not for my reasons, but for all of the right reasons. Even when I'm not obsessed with him, he's still causing trouble.'

The screams of the people in Starling City brought them. White Canary turned when they moved from the area of the lab. The rest of the group stood back and the mass panic and hysteria occurred in the most insane manner possible. Sara looked at it and realized, there was no ordinary riot.

She noticed a trio of figures standing in the shadows, overseeing everything. Sara pulled out a staff out and took a step forward.

"White Canary, we're pulling out," Waller said.

It was not entirely unexpected Waller would chime in now.

"Seriously, now, when we're so close?" Sara asked.

"It's out of our hands," Waller responded. "This is an order, pull back…"

Sara wasn't the only one who went against orders. She caught Cupid out of the corner of her eye, taking advantage of a five-second distraction to break away from the rest of the pack. Cass tried to go after Cupid to reign her back in, maybe in a very painful way. The rioters made this potentially a problem. It made an already dangerous situation worse.

"Cupid's broken free from the rest of the team," Sara said.

She could hear Waller's frustrated growl from the other

"I'm sorry, Director Waller, we seem to be losing connection," Sara said. "If you can still hear this message, then we're going to head in and extract Cupid from the mission before she causes a catastrophe. Oh, and while we're here, we're going to take down the Terrible Trio."

Sara slipped a portable phone into her hand; saw a message from Barbara with one word "DONE." Not only had Waller's communications been disabled, but also the signal on the kill switches, which should prevent most of the problems.

Lyla moved closer towards Sara. The older woman wondered what the play was and Sara was only too glad to enlighten her.
"We're going to save her because she went off script," Sara said. "Waller's lost touch….I'm afraid I'm just going to have to call an audible."

Lyla knew Sara long enough to realize Waller said something or did something she didn't like. Therefore, she made a point to cut Waller off.

"She won't be happy about this," Lyla said.

Sara smiled, it was only fair, given there was a whole lot of what Waller got up to which she didn't agree with. Or necessarily like. Regardless, they tried to move in to engage the riot. She launched a grenade into the air to dispense.

"Five minutes," Sara said into her wristband communicator.

They entered a rather delicate point of the mission.

Warren Crawford broke into a wide grin. The cunning idea to cause the people, with emotions already at a high, to be riled up was one of his more brilliant ideas. Some of them really took advantage of their inhibitions being ripped loose to cause trouble and to stir up the city. Crawford rubbed his hands together, in thinly disguised glee.

"Finally," Crawford said. "They're going to bring him out in the open. I can't wait."

The other two members of the Trio did not want to burst their buddy's bubble. They had to bring up one certain and uncomfortable point to him.

"Boss, wouldn't Merlyn have been brought out by now if he was around?"

Crawford wasn't going to take the Shark's words too seriously. Not going to be disappointed after they had come this far. He realized how much this city meant to Malcolm Merlyn. If Malcolm didn't show, well the Fox wouldn't care about burning Starling City to the ground until it was a pile of hot ashes.

The Vulture looked up at the awe which inspired. He enjoyed a good bit of chaos. The only reason he ever bothered to watch soccer was to watch the riots, they were a great bit of fun.

Suddenly, a loud sonic boom echoed above his head and caused him to stagger back. The Shark looked towards him, a mixture of contempt and amusement swimming over the mutated monster's face.

"What the hell?" Shark asked.

"I saw something up in the sky…..it's not a bird….it's not a plane…it's…"

"Holy hell, those can't be real," Shark said.

A woman with short blonde hair and blue eyes soured, dressed in a white one piece suit which stretched over her body. A large hole had been cut into her outfit which revealed she was very well endowed again. She dressed in a pair of blue boots, and some blue gloves, with a cape which flowed. It had a symbol on it, with a red shield with a yellow "S".

"Nice, S," Fox muttered appreciatively.

Vulture decided no one would rule the sky other than him. He kicked up and went up towards his adversary. Time to show this flying bitch who really ruled this sky.
Karen smiled, it had been a long time since she had a chance to go out and actually do something. The blonde heroine, who had been dubbed Superwoman by the press in Metropolis, blasted towards Vulture. She knocked him out of the sky with one fell punch. Vulture crashed and burned having his wings clipped.

Shark bent down with thinly veiled disgust dancing in his eyes.

"You're useless, you know that," Shark said.

Vulture groaned on the ground and Shark stepped over towards the woman who flew over his head. She was pretty good, but Shark really wanted to see her all wet. The largest member of the Terrible Trio showed how powerful he was by causing a burst of water.

"I told you we should have gone with the flood plan!" Shark yelled. "There's nothing which cleans up a mess better than the destructive power of water!"

Karen dodged the huge blasts of water. Some of them flew through the docks and poked holes through them like a demented hot spring. She dodged the Sharks' attacks.

Fox moved away, these two could play with this new do-gooder. He knew these heroes traveled in packs, therefore there would be more than one or two around, there would be more.

Karen dropped down to face the Shark. The Shark grunted when feasting his eyes on one of the most powerful women in the entire world.

"Superwoman," Shark said.

"Yeah, that's my name, don't wear it out," she said.

Shark would have enjoyed nothing other than about a half of an hour to wear this woman out. The man's eyes glowed with power.

"Oh, I'll wear you out alright."

"Sorry, not my type," Karen dryly responded. "Not into fish."

Shark threw his punches towards her combined with concussive blasts of hard water. Concussive enough for anyone other than the Woman of Steel that was. She dodged the attacks and pelted them back towards the Shark. She strung multiple attacks together, one by one, rocking the Shark.

'Going to have to lure him into position.'

The monster intended to flood the city before he yielded to Superwoman. His arms rose up and he parted the sea before firing blasts of white hot water. Karen used her arms to reflect the blasts towards the monster.

Fox needed more people, more people to manipulate. He would not rest until all of Starling City bowed before his mind. He turned around and directed a riot cop into his path, to block a fired arrow at him. Fox turned to chuckle at this woman with red hair, dressed with the bow and arrow pointed at him.

"Ah, how cute, the Hood has a groupie," Fox said. "Hopefully, you had your chance to sleep with him, because he won't look good when I'm done with him."

Cupid burned a hateful gaze through this pathetic waste of manhood.
"First, the Arrow's a woman, you idiot." She said. "And you're going to pay for what you've done to me, and what you've done to this city!"

Fox blinked several times in confusion. Maybe it was just him, but this woman seemed to know him for some reason. The Fox could not have figured out why this could be or how this could be.

"Sorry, have we met?"

The woman's face looked about as red as her hair. "You know who I am, you stood me up when we were in high school!"

"Sorry, I don't think I've ever met you in my life," Fox said. "But, maybe I did…but you know, just another notch on my bedpost."

Wrong thing to say no sooner did these words go out of his mouth, the spurned woman attacked again. Another arrow shot towards Fox who used his super speed to avoid it. Fox rushed forward and nailed Cupid with one swipe of his claws to rip her bow and arrow apart. Cupid staggered back a few feet before she collapsed down on the ground. Breath had been knocked out of her body.

"Maybe you should take me more seriously…"

A dodgeball nailed Crawford in the face and released a sonic charge which made him almost fall back. The mutating monster grabbed his ears and howled. He looked on, pissed, getting a dodgeball to the face reminded him far too much of his high school days.

He turned and saw the Sportsmaster who melted another dodgeball at the crowd which scattered them. Then he turned to the Fox and pelted him with another dodgeball which caused him to howl in angry and charge at Sportsmaster. Only to get hammered with another exploding dodgeball to the face. Another dodgeball to the face caused Crawford to get extremely triggered. Too many flashbacks to getting pelted with dodgeballs in gym class.

"Hey, we've got some payback, you and me!" Sportsmaster yelled. "You might not have stood me up like you did to Cupid, stupid, but you cost me a big payday!"

Crawford went into a feral rage until White Canary swept his legs out from underneath him. The Fox smacked down onto the ground. He went face to face with the White Canary and continued the battle.

Shark took to Superwoman who flew around the cyclone of water and reversed the Shark's attacks against him. She ripped the Shark off of the ground and pulled him as far away from the surface of the water. The water retracted back to prevent a city from getting flooded.

The Shark dropped down onto the ground, all of the wind knocked him out of him. Superwoman flew into the Shark and nailed him.

Every bird in Starling City started to fly towards them in a crazed swarm of winged chaos. Their work wasn't done. It had just begun.

A great plan ruined by the incompetence of his two friends who just had to show off. Fox closed his eyes, trying to regain control. Some of the people in the city slipped away from his control. No matter how much his head hurt, and oh boy, did it ever hurt a lot, Fox had to gain control.

"No, mine, all mine."
The more he tried to tap into their minds to manipulate them, the crazier he became. The crazed nature continued when the White Canary dropped down to face him again. Fox looked back and looked towards her before throwing his head back and growling. Spittle flew out of his mouth towards her.

"I'm going to destroy you; this is all your fault."

Sara could barely hide the rolling of her eyes. The rioting had gone more insane, so she was going to have to put Fox out for the count and quickly. She motioned for him to come towards her.

'He's tapping into way too many minds at once, he's starting to lose it.'

The Fox rushed towards her with a crazed look directed towards her. Sara dodged Fox's attempt to rip into her with a swipe of the claws. Another swipe blocked and reflected back at him with the staff. Sara whipped the staff and took Fox's legs out from underneath him.

"No!"

The two engaged each other in battle. Fox ripped into the staff and busted it in half. She was more than that though. Sara grabbed him by the arm and flipped Fox down to the ground.

Fox ran at her on all fours and rushed towards her. His teeth sank into the ground and burned a hole through where he landed. Sara reached behind her and pulled out the Canary Cry device before pressing a button.

The scream of Fox echoed the second he stepped back. He hurled hands over the ears and continued the agonizing scream, trying to block out the pain.

Deadshot stepped back. One thing Floyd Lawton hated above all else were birds. These disgusting and diseased ridden creatures should not be allowed to exist.

"DIE!"

Deadshot shot the birds out of the sky to show his expert marksmanship skills. He looked towards the leader, Vulture, who cringed when looking towards them. Vulture retracted his wings and sent some spiked wing tips at him.

The mercenary showed to be just as good at ducking and dodging as he was at firing. The wing tips slammed into the ground at a very insane rate. Deadshot moved closer towards his adversary. All he needed was one shot.

"Come on, come out to play!" Deadshot yelled. "Come out to die!"

One bullet caught Vulture in the wing and caused him to stagger. His manic yelling caused his own birds to turn on him in a stroke of devious irony. Those birds dive bomb down at Vulture and pecked down at the eyes and the face of the Vulture.

White Canary didn't pay too much attention to the rest of the battle behind her. Fox made another attempt to rip her into shreds just like he did to Professor Milo. She blocked the attack and kicked Fox back.

"Finally, I'm going to show…"

White Canary retracted another staff, spun and smashed it into the chest of the creature. Fox screamed from the staff nailing him in the chest. White Canary retracted her staff and slammed it one
more time with staff connecting him in the chest. The impact rattled the former frat boy.

The former frat boy saw White Canary on the edge of the building. A wicked smile spread over his face when he charged the White Canary and swiped those claws towards her. White Canary staggered back a couple of inches and the roof cracked to cause her to almost slide down.

The Black Bat made her move, almost forgotten during the course of the battle. She nailed Fox in the base of a spine with a thrown knife. The knife cut into his spine and dropped him down to the ground. Fox howled in pure agony after dropping to the ground.

Huntress nailed Fox with an arrow to the chest and knocked him over the edge. He bounced off of the docks and landed with a thud.

She extended a hand to White Canary and pulled her up. Huntress gave her a smile and pulled her completely up to a standing position.

"I owe you one, and I think we both know why."

White Canary did know why, and it was grateful. It was time to wrap up the Terrible Trio and send them back to ARGUS.

The Terrible Trio rested in containment cases in ARGUS headquarters. Some of the top scientists were peering over them, looking at them, studying them. The same serum which brought them back to life also made them extremely unstable and put them at a very obvious disadvantage where they were placed inside of those tanks.

The rest of the Suicide Squad had been brought back in. Another mission had been done. No doubt they would get ripped into for going off of the script. Despite the fact going off of the script saved lives which Waller would compromise thanks to National Security.

The White Canary waited outside, standing next to the Black Bat. Both Sara and Cassandra wanted to wait for Lyla to give the rest of her statement to Waller before the group headed on out of there. They wouldn't have long to wait when the doors from Amanda Waller's office swung open.

Sara prided herself on a keen ability to see certain things and one of those things were neither women being happy. The fact was they might have been unhappy for slightly different reasons. Sara's frown deepened when seeing them walk from the office.

"So, I'm telling you, that's what happened," Lyla said. "By the time we return…"

Waller stuck up one hand to interrupt her agent. Lyla decided to listen to what Waller had to say.

"The facility has already burned to the ground," Waller informed Lyla. "And there is very little evidence inside. The Court is meticulous if nothing else in cleaning up their messes and covering their tracks."

Waller put a hand on her chin, closed her eyes, and sighed.

"If nothing else though, it has confirmed some of the things I already know."

Sara walked up to Waller and inserted herself into this particular conversation.

"And what is it you already know."

Waller frowned and narrowed her eyes in Sara's direction. Sara did not fall into line. She just looked
"After the stunt, you pulled, you're lucky you're not being brought up on charges."

"Oh, I don't think either of us wants to go down on that route," Sara said. "Unless you want President Kent asking some really uncomfortable questions about your entire operation."

Waller knew it, Sara, likely through Barbara Gordon who helped design the network, accumulated enough incriminating information. She was skilled, hence why Waller had a reluctant alliance with her on a very constant basis.

"Regardless, the information is classified, and you don't have the right to information."

Sara threw her hands. "Fine, I'll find out myself. Oh…and go fuck yourself."

Waller didn't even bat an eyelash. It wasn't the first time Sara told her what to do. The woman turned around and returned back to address her people.

"For the record," Lyla said. "Waller has been keeping a tight wrap on everything, she always has her secrets about everything."

Sara knew all too well about Waller's secrets, but it didn't mean she had to like it. In fact, when those secrets hurt those Sara cared about, she really didn't like it.

Surprisingly, Helena joined them, dressed in street clothes.

"So, I take it you've been let off early for good behavior," Sara responded.

"Well, good behavior is a very subjective thing," Helena responded. "Yes, though, I've been discharged from my duties. Also, I should give you a warning….and yes, I've figured out who you are."

Sara figured out just about as much. She just motioned for Helena to continue to say what she was going to say.

"Whatever you're calling yourself these days, watch yourself," Helena said. "The Court of Owls do not tolerate people interfering with their business. They have it out for you especially. They know who you are underneath that mask or hood, or whatever."

This bit of news was particularly distressing. The fact they would not act just yet also caused Sara to be nervous.

"Right, I figured they would figure it out," Sara said.

The only reason why the Court didn't broadcast it to the world, Sara figured, was they didn't see the need to.

"So, what are you going to do?"

"I'm heading off for a while, to take some time to clear my head," Helena said. "My time in the Suicide Squad, it's been very interesting."

"Well, hopefully when you return, you'll….."

"I'll be in a better place?" Helena asked. "Yes, we both agree on that."
Helena walked out one door, and Cass, Lyla, and Sara walked out the other door. Sara stopped, catching sight of a figure on a view screen, getting off an airplane. The man dressed incognito came off the plane, but there was no mistake who he was even though not loud enough.

Sara let out a growl. "Slade."

To Be Continued on April 23rd, 2017.

I think I'll let that chapter ending stand on its own.

More on Sunday.
Sara reflected on the mission she went on just a day ago. There were very little things which surprised her these days, the list was very short, and grew shorter the more time passed. Sara closed her eyes, thinking about everything happening. Both the long past and the very distant past came back in different ways to cause a small amount of frustration for Sara.

It was very possible she could have been seeing something which was not really there. The person could look like Slade. Sara wanted to convince herself the nightmare was over and he was not coming back. She turned around the corner, leaving the limo, and crossing the street. She walked up and turned around to see Barbara already waited for her.

'I saw him die. I buried him,' Sara thought. 'I guess I didn't bury him deep enough though.'

Sara stepped over to sit down at the table. Barbara looked up towards her with a smile. No matter how much Sara wanted to return the smile, she couldn't really do so.

"Hey," Barbara said. She frowned the moment she caught the look on Sara's face. "What's wrong? Because, no offense, you look pretty out of it."

Barbara looked towards her, frowning deeply. She understood these things very easily and understood how someone could be thrown off by something which was life changing. Sara pretty much had a lot on her plate these days and it worried Barbara. Hell, she worried about Laurel after the aftermath of the Moira Queen trial, and how distant she felt afterward.

"Well, I'm pretty out of it, to be fair," Sara said. "You wouldn't believe me if I told you."

Barbara scoffed at Sara's lack of faith towards her ability to believe things.

"Yeah, well, I lived in Gotham City my entire life. Weird and unconventional is the thing I kind of do."

Sara smiled, she figured just as much. One look towards Barbara and Sara made sure no one watched her. The very possibility Slade would have been out there, after all, which happened on the island, made Sara double her guard. She hoped the people around her would do the same.

"I saw someone who I thought was dead….well he's alive," Sara said.

Barbara responded with a sigh and a shake of her head.

"Seriously? You think someone returning from the dead is unbelievable? Really, for me, it's just another day at the office. Joker must be up to the double digits in surviving things he shouldn't survive by now. Hell, the people in Gotham City have called constantly surviving certain death pulling Joker."

Despite the seriousness of the situation, Sara smiled.

"And it should be for you as well, you know, if you never find a body, there's a chance someone could be still out there, plotting."
The redhead responded with a smile and took a drink of her iced tea before looking back towards Sara.

"Hell, it happens all of the time in Gotham City," Barbara said. "The Joker alone has boosted those numbers and the rest of the Arkham regulars are also taking those numbers into the high double digits. So, it really isn't unbelievable."

All of those times people hoped the Joker met his demise, foolishly amusing this time would be the time. They hoped they never fought him, and to be fair, he wasn't really the only one.

"Yeah, you've got a pretty good point," Sara said. "It's been five long years since he's killed, Slade Wilson….you've heard of him, haven't you?"

"Yeah, kind of hard not to hear of him," Barbara responded. "He's a legend, one of the best mercenaries in the world. And he disappeared under some pretty strange and very suspicious circumstances….and he was on the island with you and Oliver and….well….wasn't he?"

Barbara knew fragments of what happened with Sara. There was a lot of Sara's adventure on the island, and exactly what happened which remained a mystery. She didn't want Sara to reflect back on it. Even after five years, some old wounds never really healed.

'You better believe, even with my dying breath, after what you've done, I will hunt down everyone you care about until your life is destroyed. I promise this, and you better remember one thing. I always keep my promises. ' 

A flash of light came through Sara's mind. Barbara waved a hand in front of her face to bring the girl back to a state of coherence.

"Sorry, just thinking, about everything," Sara responded. "And you know something, Waller knew about the fact he may be back. And she didn't even bother to tell me."

"Amanda Waller, keeping secrets?" Barbara asked in complete deadpan. "To me, that's the most unbelievable part of this all."

Sara gave Barbara sidelong look, and she just shrugged in response. She reached in and grabbed Sara on the shoulder, smiling when moving in closer towards her.

"You think Slade's the one behind the movement of the cargo inside Starling City?" Barbara asked.

Sara thought about, it was possible. Of course, Slade on a view screen didn't necessary mean he was inside Starling City. Sara just amused he was here because of his thirst for vengeance against her.

"I'll poke around, see if there are any more sightings of him," Barbara said. "And I'll get back to you."

"Thanks," Sara said.

"Hey, don't mention it, it's what sisters do," Barbara answered with a smile.

Barbara briefly entertained the thought this Slade, might just be a lookalike. Her inner Bat started to give her the death glare, though. She hammered home the point about being no coincidences. Slade came back from the dead. From what little she could gather, the fabled Slade Wilson had been presumed dead before.

Sara knew the Terrible Trio being brought back, it was very possible Slade could make a return as
Lunch concluded, and Sara returned back to the Clocktower. Felicity, as usual, hunched over the computer to work hard on a couple of leads. Sara didn't want to interrupt her work so she moved over towards Lyla who sat on one of the chairs in the gym area inside of the Clocktower.

"So, I'm surprised you're not back at headquarters."

Lyla responded by looking towards Sara. "Waller's given me some time to cool off and reassess my priorities….don't worry about it, it's not the first time that happened, or will it be the last."

Normally, Lyla had been gone for about a week or two, before Waller called her back in because she needed Lyla's skills. Waller never completely let go of someone for long. Death was the only way out of ARGUS, and even then, there were rumors some of the unknown agents were clones of deceased ARGUS members. It was nothing no one could prove.

Only rumors, but Lyla saw so much, she wouldn't have been surprised. ARGUS had a lot of operations these days.

"She always drags anyone back in," Sara said. "You never truly leave."

Lyla answered with a nod and looked towards Sara's face, as she leaned back.

"I know that after today."

"So, are you okay?" Lyla asked her.

"Well, you want the truth or me to lie to your face?"

Lyla understood straight away where Sara was coming from. She had her question answered very quickly as well.

"I don't think I'm going to be on the top of Waller's Christmas card list for telling her to fuck off," Sara said.

Lyla answered with a nod, she figured about as much. Still, she knew Sara's mindset and knew she wouldn't normally care about what Waller thought. There have been times where Sara told Waller way worse than to fuck off.

"So, Slade," Lyla said. "I know…..I understand if you don't want to answer this, but what exactly happened?"

Sara raised an eyebrow and Lyla continued to press forward while the iron was still hot.

"All I know is you killed him in retribution with what happened to Oliver."

"It's…complicated."

Sara kept her eyes closed and started to sigh deeply. She turned towards Lyla who nodded.

"If you don't want to….."

"No, it's fine, you deserve to know," Sara said. "It was a misunderstanding, Slade was an inch from death, and Oliver…he saved Slade's life by giving him the serum, the same serum. The Mirikuru, the same serum which made me a ticking time bomb for a long time."
"Shado, she was killed by Ivo," Sara said. "However, Slade, in his madness, thought Oliver did it. I think….the serum affected his brain, inflamed it. He hallucinated conspiracies against him. Things which were not there."

Sara rose up and moved towards the punching bag. She assaulted it with rapid fire punches, biting down on her lip before pulling back. Lyla regretted almost instantly asking Sara to describe her experiences on the island.

"Either he thought Oliver killed Shado, or allowed her to die," Sara said. "The serum has driven completely everyone insane who had taken it."

"Other than you," Lyla said.

Sara took a moment to reflect on Lyla's point, maybe she had a good point. Given some of the things Sara did over the past few years, stable might not have been the best word to describe her.

"Maybe," Sara said. "It took me a lot of training to get back to the state I'm in right now. And even after the training, from both the League and the Amazons, I'm still prone to slip if things get a bit too rough."

The recollection of the fate of faux Count Vertigo spilled into Sara's thought process. She took the bastard's neck and snapped it, and she didn't regret it. Yet, it set a dangerous precedent where if Sara lost control once, even underneath the influence, it could cause her to become even worse than the monsters she hunted every night when slipping on the hood.

"It was a mercy killing," Sara said. "Sorry, to go so soon, but I really need to go for a walk, and clear my head."

Sara slipped on her clothes. It was almost time for patrol anyway. She picked up a bow and arrow, and the quiver, loaded. Some of the arrows in this quiver looked to be of the higher caliber variety, which made Lyla worry just a slight bit about what Sara had intended when she went out on patrol tonight.

"You're not going to hunt for him, are you?" Lyla asked.

"Slade?" Sara asked. "No, I just need to go out, let off some steam."

Lyla pitied the person who would try something on this night. She moved to grab her side arm and join Sara.

"Figured you could use some backup, just in case he finds you," Lyla suggested.

Sara wouldn't be opposed to Slade finding her, and that's what worried Lyla. And Lyla could tell there was still something about Oliver's eventual fate which Sara was not opening up about.

The night's patrol had been a wash, and Sara needed to get up bright and early the next day for a charity gala. She walked over towards Karen, who flown in. Karen looked towards Sara and instantly saw how much the woman tried to maintain a bright smile for the public consumption, even though deep down the smile was very forced.

"You okay?" Karen asked. "Not feeling good or something?"
"It's nothing that's going to affect me being professional," Sara said. She leaned in to tell Karen something she could only hear. "I'll explain it to you later, but we have a slight problem."

Karen could only imagine, and she doubted the problem was the one and only Isabel Rochev who came from her car. She walked toward, dressed to impress and moved closer towards Karen and Sara.

"Doctor Starr, Ms. Lance, how good to see you today," Isabel said. "We do have a nice turnout….it just shows a good example of how we can all do your part to help Starling City."

All three women smiled politely at each other. Any problems behind the scenes faded away tonight because they had to show a united front. It was best for business.

"We do our best," Karen said.

"Yes, and you've done a great job," Isabel said. "Starling City will enter a new age of hope."

Sara thought Isabel acted like more of a normal human being, and less of a raging bitch today. Maybe, Sara had been paranoid, more so than usual, but she thought something was up.

"Well, you've outdone yourself."

Sebastian Blood stepped into the scene, getting a very significant amount of fanfare when he walked over. The man still wore the war wounds of his encounter with the mercenaries from about a month back, and Sara thought it was odd those injuries didn't heal. The cynic in her thought it was just to gain the sympathy card. Or someone else roughed him up, for some reason.

"I'm the happiest man on Earth when someone proves me wrong," Blood said. "And I'm happy to be wrong this time, congratulations. I want to shake your hand and extend my sincere congratulations on all of you for making today's event worthwhile."

Blood took Sara's hand. She remained professional and shook it. He did the same thing with Karen before slipping out.

"See, Queen Industries can change, and do their part, so all of you can do your part to make Starling City great again!"

Karen turned towards Sara and whispered to her, "So, are am I the only one who wants to count all of their fingers to make sure they're still here?"

The attention of everyone turned to Moira Queen. Sara was surprised and also surprised with a few people applauding Moira when she arrived. Moira had been taken off guard.

"Don't mind me, I'm just here to show my support," Moira said.

Moira thought long and hard about showing her support, thinking it might do Sara more harm than good as the wounds were still fresh. Yet, she learned a lesson many had a long time ago, there was nothing better than a good redemption story.

"Doctor Starr, it's good to finally meet you at last," Moira said. "I was relieved when you showed up. And I'm impressed with what you've done so far."

"Mrs. Queen, I'm glad," Karen said. "And I'm also glad to see you're willing to make amends. And get back on your feet."
Karen adopted a very neutral approach to Moira after she got out of prison.

"Well, we all have to move on with life eventually," Moira said. "And I'm just glad Queen Industries is doing well, even beyond my absence, and you're fixing the sins."

"If you ever wanted to return, the door's open."

Moira looked towards her, thinking about it. A huge part of her missed the past of being at Queen Industries, but a bigger part of her thought it would not be a good idea.

"Maybe, not yet," Moira said. "Although, if you don't mind, I'd like to give you one piece of advice, for running a company."

Sara looked towards Moira, figuring she should best listen to everything this woman said.

"Keep your friends close and your enemies even closer."

Moira gave a very prominent sidelong glance towards Isabel off to the side. Sara answered with a nod, resolving to keep that in mind.

Speaking of Isabel Rochev, she was talking to something. Sara did a double-take and she realized it looked like Slade from the distance. Karen looked towards Sara strangely, and Sara moved off.

The moment Sara was able to get through the crowd, Slade disappeared into the night. Sara responded with a shake of her head.

"Um, who were you talking to?" Sara asked. "He seemed pretty important…..so…"

Isabel brushed off Sara's words with a smile.

"He's just one of the shareholders, nothing too major though," Isabel said. "He's just telling me how happy he is Queen Industries is finding new life, and how Starling City is becoming a better place."

"Where is he?" Sara asked.

"He had to go," Isabel said. "He might see you really soon, though."

Now, Sara realized how more validity Moira's advice gave. Keep your friends close, and your enemies closer indeed. And she knew where Isabel fell on that spectrum.

Sara returned back, with Cass and Lyla in tow. They had to make their way back to base, and figure out where to go next. Lyla looked towards Sara, and she could see how the younger girl was even more high strung than ever.

"He's out there," Sara said. "I know you're saying I'm overreacting, but if you knew…what he's capable of….."

"I've seen the files, I know what Slade Wilson is capable of," Lyla said. "You should relax though, because he's messing with your head, and I think it's working."

Sara turned around and she caught sight of another person who was pretty capable of getting inside of Sara's head. She looked and caught sight of the one and only Lady Shiva, who sat at the table with Felicity. The two of them casually drank a cup of coffee, although it was less casual on Felicity's part. The large blade lying on the table showed why Felicity would join Shiva in a cup of coffee if she insisted.
"Um, you have a guest," Felicity said.

"Yes, I see," Sara said. "Don't you ever call before coming over?"

Shiva answered with a smile.

"No…coffee?"

Lyla looked back at the deadliest woman in the world with some thinly veiled contempt. Only six months passed since Lyla had been knocked out and Malcolm Merlyn had been pulled from underneath her nose.

"We….."

"Yes, last time I was in Starling City, I snagged Merlyn," Shiva said. "It was a calculated error. If I knew then what I know now, I would have left him for dead."

Shiva decided to take a drink of coffee. She looked towards Cassandra who kept her eyes firmly locked on her mother.

"Hello, Cassandra, I trust you're well," Shiva said.

"Fine," she answered, going back to staring daggers at her mother.

Sara cleared her throat and the dark-haired assassin turned towards Sara, raising an eyebrow. "You aren't explaining why you picked up Malcolm Merlyn?"

"He was supposed to help me hunt down Cassandra's father."

Cassandra grew rather rigid at this news. Sara grabbed her hand underneath the table to prevent her from jumping up. Given Cassandra's upbringing, it went without saying her father was a very sore subject, and it caused Cassandra to recall her early years, and the conditioning into the perfect weapon.

"David Cain's alive," Sara said.

"Not for much longer once I catch up to him," Shiva said. "The point is, Merlyn betrayed me for information about the true parentage of a certain Ms. Thea Queen."

Sara's fears were true, Malcolm knew about Thea being his daughter, and Sara regretted more than ever not killing Merlyn.

"Malcolm Merlyn is her father," Shiva said.

Felicity could not resist no matter how hard she tried to. "Someone get Maury on the phone."

The quip of the young woman fell flat, given the audience. It struck her, perhaps a bit too late what the full implications this statement were, and it was here where Felicity's jaw almost broke wide open over the table.

"Wait, are you telling me, when Moira was in bed with Malcolm Merlyn, she was literally in bed with Malcolm Merlyn?" Felicity asked. "So, wait, wow, that's….um, well that's something."

"Yes," Sara said. "And I still haven't had a chance to tell Thea….I thought about doing so, but we got sidetracked."
Felicity understood how they got sidetracked because she observed the camera footage of them getting sidetracked. She swore it was nothing other than security purpose to be perfectly honest.

"The worm, David Cain, he slipped out my grasp," Lady Shiva said. "He may be under the protection of the Court of Owls, he has his connections there. Which I think we can agree is a problem.

"Yeah, a problem," Sara said.

"If you're looking for the Talon, there's rumors some of them have been sighted in Central City."

Sara could only imagine what they were after over in Central City, but suddenly, it hit her, right away. The Particle Accelerator, built by Doctor Harrison Wells, would be launched next week. Security would be heightened to help deter terrorists.

"There's a pretty high caliber piece of technology they might be after," Sara said.

Sara decided to make plans to join Laurel in visiting their mother in Central City. She knew Karen and Felicity could handle anything, thus she wasn't too worried.

The moment she turned back to the table, Lady Shiva vanished in a blink of an eye, leaving Sara sitting there. She looked towards Felicity and then to Lyla, both of them frowning and shaking their heads.

"Now that Merlyn's back, she'll be after him," Sara said.

Sara would have like nothing better than to settle an old score with Malcolm Merlyn. She had far more pressing matters in mind, and it looked like the trip to Central City was going to mix business with pleasure.

Sebastian Blood stepped out of the shadows and down a hallway. The plan progressed so far as he would finally see his benefactor in person. He could feel a presence which was dark and disturbing when walking down the hallway. Blood tried his best to keep it together, even though it would be pretty hard to do.

"I think we can agree I'm now in her head."

Blood turned a fraction of an inch to one side and came face to face with one man in particular. The man had dark hair, with a few hints of gray. His face bore many scars, but he still kept himself in good shape. Covering his eye was a black patch which added to the menacing factor.

"Are you referring to the Arrow?" Blood said.

"Call her what you wish these days," he said. "She'll soon be a distant memory along with this city, after what happened, she deserves to die, but not before this city. The hope which has been given to this city is perfect, a city which has nothing to lose is useless to be destroyed. This city has more to lose now, thanks to you."

Blood gulped and he wondered how much exactly the city would have to lose. He found himself wondering, wondering a lot to be perfectly honest.

"Just who are you? Who is she?"

"My name… I'm certain you may have heard of me," he said. "I'm Slade Wilson."
Blood gulped, he heard of the world-class mercenary. He was pretty good, although not as young as he used to be. Still, where youth disappeared, experience became a factor.

"And as for her….well, the answer is right underneath your nose," Slade said. "Just think, who returned to this city right around the time the Arrow started to become active."

Blood took a second to gasp in surprise. No one was willing to put the very obvious pieces together and come up with a conclusion which worked.

"She did put her life back together," Blood said.

Slade laughed. "What have I told you before? I wanted her to because it will be just as amazing when it gets torn down. When she's left broken, in despair when this city is plunged into chaos. When I end her miserable life for what she did, I want it to be after tearing her down after I brought her back up."

The mercenary laughed and Blood wondered what amused him now.

"The information David Cain sold me was also very illuminating," Slade said. "It does explain a lot…"

"What information?" Blood asked.

"You'll know soon," Slade said. "She will pay for what happened. Justice for Shado, and justice for Oliver Queen, and justice for all of the countless lives she's ruined."

Blood was left wondering what happened to cause Slade's current anger. He wondered but didn't dare ask because Slade was not charitable with his answers.

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To Be Continued on April 25th, 2017.

The plot is thickening and there's going to be some very ugly revelations coming out soon. Stay tuned.

A trip to Central City is going to be a thing that's happening soon.

See you on Tuesday.
Sara wished she could say they were heading to Central City on a trip of pleasure, and it would be good to have a chance to meet her mother again. Sara talked to Dinah on the phone a few times, but it was not like talking to her in person. Barbara and Laurel followed her right off the plane.

"Look, there she is," Barbara said.

Laurel smiled and walked towards her mother. The two of them exchanged a hug the moment Laurel got off of the plane. Laurel pulled away with a smile.

"Laurel, it's good to see you," Dinah said. "Barbara….you too….how's your father?"

"Oh, you know him, he's very busy," Barbara responded with a smile.

Dinah knew all too well how busy someone as dedicated as James Gordon could be. Her ex-husband and James Gordon had been cut from the same cloth, and it just made Dinah recall some of the good times, even though she put that portion of her life behind her. Everything about her life started to change over the years with Sara's disappearance and her guilt being the breaking point.

Speaking of which, her youngest daughter turned up as well. She turned off to the side and had been surprised to see Sara standing there. Sara moved over to hug her mother.

"Sara, I…well this is a nice surprise," Dinah said. "I didn't expect you to come around given how busy you are. I just didn't think you would have enough time."

Sara pulled back from the hug properly with a smile on her face. "No matter what, I think it would be right if I found some time to find time to visit, you know….it would be rude not to find time to visit my mother."

The two of them had lost five years of time and in Sara's mind, both of them had a lot of catching up to do. The four of them made their way off of the plane, carrying their bags. Dinah noticed all of three of them carried a lot of luggage and it didn't take a brain surgeon to figure out what they were packing.

The older woman frowned but said nothing. It wasn't the life she wanted for her daughters, but it was in their blood and they got it from both sides. Barbara also did some great things; it wasn't too hard to put two and two together. She was pretty sure Gordon did as well but denied it.

When you're a cop for that long, you see patterns really easily. One thing Dinah remembered Quentin telling her which would stick until the day Dinah died. She looked towards her girls and the sounds of loud protesting could be heard. There were people moving around, college-age students by the looks of things. Dinah frowned when looking towards them.

Sara held herself on edge. More out of reflex of anything, even though she had to remind herself about not being in Starling City, Sara tensed herself up and was ready for a fight.

She was pretty sure certain protests in Central City didn't turn as violent as they did it Starling City. Hell, Karen joked Central City and Starling City were the diet versions of Metropolis and Gotham, where one was day and one was night. Regardless, Sara leaned closer, to keep an ear open, frowning
very deeply when listening.

"Yes, I figured as much," Dinah said. "They're still protesting about the Particle Accelerator. The grand launch is next week, and well there are a lot of groups who think it isn't safe."

Barbara read a little bit about the concerns by many people. Some of them were college students who just liked hearing the sound of their own voices and had to jump on the latest social outrage. Some, however, were scientists who had a little bit more credibility.

"Well, STAR Labs has impeccable standards," Barbara said. "They're one of the top scientific companies in the world, and I heard this has been in the works for years and years. I'm pretty sure Wells has dotted the Is and crossed his Ts. Nothing he doesn't want to happen is going to happen."

"He's that brilliant?" Laurel asked.

"Yes, one of the foremost scientific geniuses of this time," Dinah said. "Although, he's pretty aloof."

Laurel and Sara shook their heads, yep, pretty aloof matched what little they heard about Wells.

"So, Laurel, I heard you resigned," Dinah said.

Mother looked at daughter for a second and Laurel wondered if she was going to get a lecture about resigning. The lecture, fortunately, didn't look like it was coming when Dinah gave her daughter a light pat on the shoulder.

"I know the circumstances, and trust me, I understand," Dinah said. "And you know, this might have closed a door, but I think you'll find taking a stand was good."

It had been quite a relief to have her mother's support on her decision.

"I should have quit before they forced this case on me," Laurel said. "They wanted to make an example out of someone. I would be damned if they made an example out of me."

Dinah's phone rang before they had a chance to further this conversation. The girls climbed inside of the car, with Laurel and Barbara taking the back seat after Sara took the front.

"This is just like when we were kids, you always hogging the front," Laurel said.

"We both have a different memory of what happened when we were kids," Sara fired back.

Barbara turned her head around to shake it, hoping she didn't have to pry two sisters off of each other and not in the good, nice, fun way either. Barbara craned her neck, morbid, Bat ingrained curiosity, getting the better of her.

"There's been a murder at the Campus at Central City University," Dinah said. "Classes are canceled this afternoon, and likely tomorrow morning."

Barbara, Sara, and Laurel had all been taken aback by this news. That sounded more of a Starling thing or a Gotham City, than a Central City thing. Crime happened, but not to the extent of college students getting murdered on campus.

"What happened?" Sara asked. "How did they do it?"

"No one knows right now, but the room was locked from the inside," Dinah said. "The police are pretty baffled."
Sara smelled something rotten, although she couldn't put her finger on precisely how rotten it was. One stolen look at Barbara and the two of them looked at each other. Laurel sensed something was going on.

"Let's try and get lunch," Dinah said. "I didn't have any classes this afternoon anyway, but….."

She trailed off wondering what to say. The rationale behind this attack baffled them.

"Yeah, let's try and get lunch," Sara agreed.

Sara had a pretty good idea something rotten happened and a mysterious closed-door murder happening in Central City, where such things didn't happen, made her extremely curious. Barbara's curiosity matched Sara's own and the two of them made their way inside of the room in question, which had been surrounded by police tape.

Barbara shifted through her pockets for some goggles which would pick even the most discreet fingerprints up. She could see already how discreet the attackers were and how much evidence they would leave behind.

"Wait."

They were not alone and Sara, senses trained, could see someone lurking in the background. She turned around and grabbed a young man in the shadows. Sara turned around and grabbed him by the shoulder which caused him to jump ten feet up.

"Ah, don't...I didn't see you do anything!" the young man yelled. "Wait, you are….what are you doing here?"

"We're taking a look at the crime scene," Sara said. "I'm writing a paper about closed room murders for my criminal psychology class and I wanted to see if I could find out how they were done."

The young man shook his head and looked over the room. He seemed to be scanning the room as if picking up details which had been missed.

"The murder's relatively clean," he said. "There's obviously blunt force trauma to the head, but nothing hard enough where the man could be killed, no nothing that bad. It doesn't really make any sense….there was nothing in the room that was disturbed."

The young man pointed out to the wall where even the cobwebs had not been touched. Sara followed the progress to look at the thick layer of the dust.

"See, those cobwebs, the victim's roommate said they were there yesterday," he said. "Therefore, to get in through a window, it would be almost impossible to break them."

"Yes, almost, key word being almost," Barbara said. "What about his roommate?"

"He had a stone tight alibi, and he could be accounted for during the hours the murder took place," he said. "What do you mean almost, how could he have?"

Barbara frowned and looked at the window. It was locked from the inside, the only way you could open the window from there was through magic. It wasn't entirely impossible. Still, Barbara doubted it very much.

"They might have found their way in through the top vent, but they would have had to knock it off,
it would have made a noise, and there would have been a dent right about here."

The young man responded with a nod. She made a pretty good point, a good point which raised
more questions than solved them.

"Oh, and I'm Barbara Gordon by the way, and you....."

"No, way, the daughter of Commissioner James Gordon, of Gotham City fame, the very same," he
responded. "Sorry, I'm really bad at introductions, my name is Barry Allen."

"Right, Iris's adoptive brother."

"Wait, you know Iris?" Barry asked.

There had been a sense of surprise.

"Yep, we've met," Barbara said. "My father and Detective West, they worked together on a case a
few years ago."

"Oh, yeah, that's right," Barry said. "I was away at college then, I might have heard some of that
and...."

"Sara Lance," Sara said.

"Oh, you're....well I've heard of you, you're in the news a lot lately," Barry said.

"Sorry, no autographs," Sara said.

Barry shook his head and waved it off. "Well, they've been talking about how....not that I don't
believe it, I mean, it's impossible you could actually kill Oliver Queen, but I guess....it's not like
you're not capable of it. I'm not accusing you, I mean the evidence is not like there, and there were
no witnesses...."

Barbara rose one hand up which caused Barry to completely trail off. He had been in awe and it was
obvious he never ran into a crime scene like this. So the poor boy was out of his depth.

'See crime scenes like this about every other day in Gotham,' Barbara thought.

"You know, maybe you should quit why you're ahead," Barbara said.

Sara smiled, not really bothered by these accusations, and hell, he wasn't making it. It was almost like
they found Felicity's male doppelganger from some kind of twisted mirror dimension. At least from
Sara's first impressions though.

"I think the people behind this are a group who call themselves the Court of Owls," Barbara said.

"They sound like a group of Harry Potter cosplayers," Barry said. "Why would you think it would
be those Court of the Owls people?"

It was hard not to crack a smile at this. He could not have known about the seedy underbelly of
Gotham City politics. Those who were outside of the city had little grasp.

"Well," Barbara admitted. "They performed crimes like this back in Gotham City, the same methods,
the same closed-room murder. And I've done some digging on the murder victim, and he worked
with Doctor Wells before he went to school to get another doctorate. The murder victim that is, not
Wells."
Barry nodded in response.

"So, how do we find these people?" Barry asked. "These Court people."

"Well, hopefully, they don't find you," Barbara said.

Barry responded with a nod, Gotham City crime was a bit too exotic for his taste. He turned to Sara, looking at her.

"You're not taking a Criminal Psychology course, are you?"

Sara just responded with a very casual smirk but did nothing to confirm or deny his question.

Barbara intended to always meet up with an old friend while they were in Central City, this entire incident regarding the Talon, the Court, and the mysterious attack met to her. Sara joined her, and Laurel tagged along the next morning. All they could hear about in the news is the attacker and the fact people freaking out. It put the upcoming Particle Accelerator Demonstration out of the news.

"I'm surprised people haven't put two and two together yet," Laurel said.

"Well, not yet," Sara said. "Closed room murder, it's new, well for Central City. Their protest over a device, it can wait until later, can't it?"

Barbara could have laughed in total bemusement. In Gotham City, closed room murders were pretty abundant, to be honest. The redhead tossed her hair back and looked at her. Iris might have been running late for some reason.

A gorgeous dark-skinned female with dark black hair and a nice figure, pressed into a silk blouse, a professional suit jacket, and stockings stepped inside. Iris West appeared around the corner and looked pretty breathless. Her eyes locked onto Barbara and a smile popped over her face.

"Hey, it's good to see you again," Iris said. "It must have been a year or two at the least?"

"Way too long," Barbara said. "You keep in touch….you remember Laurel, don't you?"

"Good to see you again as well," Iris said. "And…"

"Hey, Iris," Sara said. "Barbara told me a lot about you, I guess I missed out on something interesting when the three of you met….but you know…"

"No need to be sorry about that, you were….well we all know where you were, so there's no time to bring it up," Iris said.

Iris smiled and extended her hand for Sara to shake. The two of them locked fingers, and Iris spent a moment studying Sara, intently. There was an interesting story to where Sara had been over five years. Iris wanted to ask but knew better. Her father taught her better than to be tactless.

"Laurel and Barbara never gave up hope you were out there," Iris said. "And they hoped you might have turned up in Central City first, to visit your mother, but…"

Sara shook her head. "Unfortunately, I had other things on my mind."

Iris thought this fact was pretty understandable. The four of them made their way over to the table and sat down to order coffee.
"So, everyone's talking about the Particle Accelerator Demonstration," Sara said. "I...don't really know exactly how it works, but...then again, I'm learning about a lot of what I missed as a go. I had to pretty much teach myself the ins and outs of running a business without running it into the ground myself."

"I'm honestly surprised Queen Industries isn't making a bigger stink about someone who doesn't have a college degree running the business," Barbara said.

"Well, they would, if I hadn't proven my capabilities well," Sara said. "And it isn't like I won't work on getting one."

Sara had to be ten times more competent than anyone else in her position and put in ten times more the effort as well for to even get grudging were still some people in the Board who looked at her as Oliver's latest flavor of the week and the girl who seduced him in a drunken Vegas marriage.

"Well, you're an inspiration, putting your life back together," Iris said. "So, I've been doing some digging..."

"I'm sure you have," Barbara said. "You always wanted to be a reporter."

"Well not always, I wanted to join the force," Iris said. "Dad put the kibosh on that, but maybe it was for the best. I think I'll do okay."

Barbara felt Iris's pain on this particular front, she wanted to be a member of the GCPD, but her father told her. Knowing what she knew about how many minefields the average GCPD member had to go through if they wanted to be a somewhat honest cop, Barbara appreciated her father for discouraging her on that particular front.

"Well, what did you find in your digging?" Barbara asked. "More importantly, what have you been digging?"

"The guy who was killed worked for Harrison Wells," Iris said. "Someone sent me an anonymous tip and went down the rabbit hole so fast, you might as well change my last name to Tetch. Barbara shivered at the mere mention of that particularly depraved individual.

"Please don't bring him up again."

"Sorry," Iris said. "The point is, he was working on the Particle Accelerator deal for a couple of years until he resigned from STAR Labs. There have been a few people who have done that...guy's pretty aloof from what I've heard."

"You don't say," Sara murmured.

Iris was only the second person to describe Harrison Wells as aloof and she doubted very much this would be the last person.

"His wife died years ago, and he was never the same again," Iris responded. "So, I guess the death of a loved one can change a person."

'Or a believed death,' Laurel thought. 'Still, guess it explains his attitude.'

There had been a lot of questions raised, and Sara hoped to get to the bottom of it.

"Barry says the man's a genius, and I tend to defer the science stuff to him, he can be a bit of a nerd
because of that," Iris said. "And I mean that with all of the love in the world."

The girls laughed, even though Sara kept going over something in her mind. She thought about all of the things the Court of Owls wanted to use the Particle Accelerator for, and she doubted any of them could be any good. Did they plan to strike on the night it was being demonstrated, or did they have other intentions in mind?

Barry filed away the report from one of the most baffling cases he ever encountered. Actually, his father's case still vexed him to this day. Barry closed his eyes and thought about it, how Henry Allen spent years in prison, for a crime Barry knew he didn't commit.

The mysterious yellow blur Barry saw was hard to reconcile even years later, with an adult mind. He put together every piece of evidence from years ago, but there had been dead end after dead end. His father remained in prison and Barry remained stuck.

Speaking of dead ends, Barry began to figure this particular case resulted in one very obvious dead end. He frowned when flipping through the documentation on his desk. The few scraps of information he found about the Court really didn't tell him much of anything.

He did find several cold cases on several closed room murders in Gotham City, so he figured Sara and Barbara might be onto something. The more he looked at this Court of Owls, the more unnerving this entire case turned out to be.

'What a tangled and twisted web we weave,' Barry thought. 'Very strange, I think.....'

The lights above Barry flickered a second later and he could hear something. A loud grunt coming from downstairs, and he saw through the windows a fine mist. Not exactly smoke, but a choking cloud of mist which obscured everything around them.

Barry looked behind him and four gentlemen, dressed in black bodysuits with face masks pulled over their face walked towards him. No door opened, no window opened, they just appeared in front of him. Barry sensed something supernatural.

He turned around and pushed the door open. The mist in the hallway vanished, and Barry walked down. He saw, laying on the ground, pretty much every person in the Central City Police Department on the ground. Everyone in the building had been knocked down.

"Joe, no!"

Detective Joe West laid on the ground, in a catatonic state. Barry moved over towards him, only to see these hired mercenaries close in on him. Barry stepped back to try and give himself some more room, even though it was pretty much impossible to get room in this area.

"You killed them, why?"

"They're not dead," one of the mercenaries said.

Two of them grabbed Barry from behind and grabbed his arms, holding them out. Barry wasn't about ready to go somewhere.

"It's not lethal, but they will be out for the next six hours," one of them said.

"What do you want?"
"We are the Talon and we wish to speak to you, Barry Allen. You have stumbled upon information which is very useful for us….and it would best if you would come quietly."

Barry didn't have any choice in the matter with one of them grabbing him roughly by the shoulder and forcing him to collapse down onto the ground. Barry's body grew rigid like a board.

The assassin scooped up Barry over his shoulder and prepared to lug him out. Barry's limp body dangled over his shoulder. The second member of the Talon turned to the other two members of the Talon.

"Look over his lab," the member of the Talon told the other. "You have five hundred and forty-nine minutes to make sure all of the information pertaining to our masters is cleared out of it."

"Right, we will comply," the member of the Talon responded to the other members of the Talon.

Barry had been slowly walked out of the lab, and the Talon disappeared into the night with the body of Barry Allen draped over his back. It wasn't as if anyone had the ability to stop them, all things considered.

Iris West frowned when flipping through several notes she had. There was always one missing piece of information. Iris was sure Barbara might have wanted to clue her in on what she missed, but Iris wanted to solve this case herself. Plus, it would be vindication she could be a good Detective if given the opportunity.

The one photo of the crime scene didn't even show a hint of evidence anyone broken in. Nothing of the man's was compromised, and he couldn't have been interrogated either. The medical report, the preliminary medical report, stated there was blunt force trauma, and other than that, the man was unharmed.

Iris shuddered, having a bad feeling something happened, although she didn't quite know what happened. The bad feeling intensified when she saw the phone rang and it was her father on the other end.

"Hello?" Iris asked.

"Iris," Joe West said on the other end of the phone.

Instantly, Iris could hear her father's voice, it was a tad bit shaky, even though he tried to keep it calm and even. Being a single father, Joe was used to crisis, and nothing really worried him too much, but there were some things which caused him trauma.

"There's been an attack, at the station."

A very bad feeling of despair entered the pit of Iris's stomach.

"Everyone is there, except for Barry, he's been kidnapped," Joe said. "And someone went through his lab, they were looking for something."

"Do you know….did anyone see anything?" Iris asked.

"No. One minute we were all working, business as usual. The next minute, we all wake-up, groggy, six hours later."

Iris clutched her phone in her hand. They had a six-hour head start, whoever took Barry.
"No ransom, no demands, no follow up," Joe said. "They just took Barry….and he's just gone….I figured I'd give you the heads up…and I'll call you at once when I know anything."

"Thanks, Dad," Iris said.

Iris closed her eyes and mentally counted to ten to try and keep it together. The moment she calmed down, Iris started to dial a number quickly. Thankfully, the person on the other end of the phone answered as quickly.

"Hello?" Barbara asked.

"I need ask a favor. Tell our mutual friend Barry's been abducted."

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**To Be Continued on April 30th, 2017.**

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*Well, we dip into the Flash end of the universe during this arc, and boy things are heating up. People who understand what this story is may see where I'm going here. But, you're just going to have to wait and see, won't you?*

*Until Sunday.*
Sara made her way to Star Labs in her civilian attire. She wanted to make sure things were secure and everything was okay. There was only one man who could tell her whether or not the murder victim knew anything. Harrison Wells would be the person she needed to talk to.

Hopefully, he would have the answers Sara needed. And hopefully, she could convince him to talk. It was a long shot, given how Wells seemed to be a very reclusive gentleman. Still, Sara had to try because there were lives on the line.

Most surprisingly, Sara found her way in through the side entrance without any problems. The security guard at the entrance walked off for some reason. Sara frowned, suspecting something might be up because of this particular fact. She really hoped it wasn't the case.

'Not good. If I can get into the side entrance without any trouble, you better believe the Talon could get into the entrance.'

Sara looked around and there were a couple of people who were walking around. One of them moved into a side lab, with the door shutting behind him. Sara stepped closer to the lab and frowned in response when looking around.

She made a decision to attend this meeting as Sara Lance and not as the Arrow because it might get her foot in the front door a little bit easier. It was possible, worth a shot, and Sara really did have nothing left to lose. She leaned back an inch and frowned even deeper.

A few bits of research Sara mentally clarified it looked like Star Labs and Queen Industries were going to partner on something, although it ended up falling through after the Queen's Gambit going down. Moira didn't have interest for reasons Sara did know. And she never really got a chance to ask that in conversation with Moira.

'Maybe, we can do something,' Sara thought. 'I know Karen's interested in trying something with Star Labs.....'

Sara took a couple of moments to take a deep breath and look around. So far, nothing of note had been out of the ordinary. She realized the layout of this place changed since the last known map which Barbara pulled up. There was a room off to the side for example, behind a steel door which most certainly had not been there a while ago.

'Very odd,' Sara thought.

The woman turned around and almost ran headlong into an attractive brunette who was carrying something on a tray. Sara leaned forward and grabbed the tray.

"Sorry, about that," Sara said.

"Who are you, what are doing here?" the woman asked.

"I'm here to see Doctor Wells, I have an appointment with him," she commented. "I work for Starrwave."
The brunette woman's eyes widened in surprise, and Sara was pretty sure there would be no questions. She noticed the name tag of "Snow" on her lab coat, but Sara really didn't notice anything else.

"You're with Starrwave?" she asked. "I didn't have any idea Doctor Karen Starr was interested in….well, I mean….."

The brunette woman seemed very star struck, no pun intended, regarding Karen Starr. Then again, she was very well researched.

"She's most certainly interested, but I'd like to speak to Harrison Wells," Sara commented. "If it goes well, then there will be only good things coming for Star Labs."

The brunette responded with a very feverish nod, barely able to keep a smile off of her face.

"He's currently in his office, working….it's down the hallway….to his right," she said. "He said no one was to disturb him but….since you have an appointment, then I guess it's okay."

Sara hated fabricating falsehoods even though she could do it very convincingly thanks to training with the League. Still, it was for a very good cause. She made her way down the hallway and towards the direction of the office of one Harrison Wells. She figured with the launch busy.

She saw the door just as expected. Sara stopped at the edge of the door and raised one hand, knocking on the door. The door opened up, and she slipped inside of the office.

"Well, this is quite the surprise."

Sara could see Harrison Wells hunched over his desk, looking at the blueprints of something, although she assumed to be the device.

"Sara Lance, the new acting CEO of Queen Industries," Wells said. "I have to say, I'm surprised to see you. I don't know if you knew Star Labs once had a deal….but I terminated it."

It surprised Sara. Wells was the one who terminated it. "I have to talk about your colleague….."

Wells held up one hand to stop Sara. It was almost jarring how he almost expected this meeting.

"Yes, the closed room murder," Wells responded. "Devon Anderson, a brilliant young man, although one where I was very sad to see let go. And I supported him when he returned to college because he wanted to better himself, get a better education."

Wells responded with a sigh and looked over towards the computer. Sara arched her neck and scrolled down.

"He worked for me as late as a year ago," Wells said. "There are people who are against the future, thinking it will be too dangerous. But if we don't dare to dream, then what's the point in living?"

Sara saw a man who knew all of the risks and wondered how far he would go to see his vision forward.

"What makes me curious is, why would a widow of a billionaire playboy take interest of a death in a city which she isn't even from?" Wells asked.

"Well, I…..I just wanted to know if you had any theories about why it how it got done?"

"I've been thinking about it," Wells admitted. "And I have yet to find an explanation which is either
scientifically feasible, or logical, which makes me wonder if one exists. It wouldn't surprise me if there were other explanations for what happened."

Wells leaned in and was about to ask more questions when suddenly, the lights inside of his office flickered.

"And I still need to improve the security in this place," Wells said.

His cameras saw Sara Lance walk in; he recalled the security by the door to leave her path impeded. Things changed, and he wasn't sure where the changes would leave him.

These gentlemen, on the other hand, turning up, they could cause a pretty substantial problem. The two guards down on the floor dropped down and were not moving.

"They're going after the device."

"The Talon are going after the device?" Sara muttered. "They're in….shit…."

"If I allow them to go after it, and I won't," Wells said. "Give me some credit, Ms. Lance."

Sara had no idea what Wells meant. He seemed confident, perhaps overconfident, that the Talon would not be a problem. Confidence was the greatest sin and the greatest downfall of many great warriors. Sara doubted very much it would treat a scientist any differently.

Barry's kidnapping wound Iris tighter than a cheap watch. The fact someone could walk into any place they expected also wound her up nicely. It had been really early in the morning, and so far, nothing had been uncovered. Iris tapped her foot on the floor.

'Breaking into a college dorm room and killing something, that's the worst thing I can think of;' Iris thought. 'But, breaking into a police station and taking out all of the guards without any resistance. That's really something else entirely.'

Iris turned her head and saw Batgirl and Black Canary standing across from her. She jumped up and looked very startled for a few seconds.

"I'm still not used to you doing….and you're...I feel left out."

"Why?" Barbara asked.

She realized the thoughts in her mind had been voiced outside.

"Never mind," Iris said. "I got a key….the police searched it up, down, and sideways, and they didn't find a thing, but maybe you could if you look around."

Barbara took the key and opened the lab. She could tell the lab had been meticulous put together, to solve crimes. The Talon left everything mostly undisturbed.

"Barry's the only person who could tell us what exactly was in here and he's…"

Laurel reached in and grabbed the back of Iris's shoulder before squeezing it. Iris might not have been in costume, but it didn't mean she couldn't help and look around. Iris looked and saw all of the newspaper clippings, and evidence from the night Barry's mother had been killed. The night his father had been sent to prison.

'Still fighting the fight.'
Barbara searched around on the ground. She stepped back and sighed at the frustrating investigation which was about to come with this entire mess.

"I believe something is missing from this lab, but I don't know what," Barbara said. "If I had to guess, it's the latest information….hand me the trash bin."

Desperate times called for desperate actions. Barbara shifted through the rubbish. There were a couple of used candy wrappers in the package, a notepad with the top piece of paper ripped out of it, and an ink pen which had been discarded away.

Barbara put down the piece of paper on the table and pulled out a laser pen from inside of her belt. She flashed the pen off of the paper, and there were words which shined in the light, left an imprint on the paper. The cowled crime fighter leaned in and frowned when looking over the paper. Her eyes shifted to it. Faint as it might have been, it still presented a tangible piece of evidence for her to grab onto

"1940, Eastwick Boulevard."

Iris heard of the particular street Barbara talked about, it was all over the news a couple of years ago.

"It's where there was that illegal fight club," Iris responded. "It got shut down years ago, there were building code violations."

Barbara moved towards the portable computer and started to run the address through. The property most certainly had been purchased and the person who purchased it proved to be of great interest to Barbara. The buyer came out of Gotham City.

"It says the property was bought by GothCorp," Barbara said.

"Why would a company in Gotham City buy a rundown hovel?" Iris asked. "Unless….."

Everything clicked into place and things had gotten even worse.

"GothCorp is funded by the Court of Owls, the same people behind the murder," Barbara said. "They wanted a base inside of Central City."

Iris nodded, it made more than perfect sense. Well, almost perfect sense, Iris still had a few questions.

"So, Barry's there," Iris said. "They had to take him there, there's nothing else that makes sense, is there?"

"Maybe," Laurel said. "The place is going to be swarming with the Talon."

They might need Sara's help for this one because the two of them alone against even a few members of the Talon would be a daunting task. They had a slight problem, Sara wasn't answering, which meant she ran into trouble of some sort.

"We're going to have to go there," Barbara said. "Iris, contact us when you hear anything, and we'll contact you when we get Barry, and we will get him."

Iris turned around and could hear voices from upstairs. She turned to tell Black Canary and Batgirl to leave, but Batgirl disappeared, with Black Canary also slipping out into the shadows without another word. They left her standing there.

'Every time, it never fails.'
The power completely went dead in STAR Labs which allowed Sara to slip free from Wells and make her way off to the side. She slipped on the Hood and prepared to go to war against some of the deadliest and most skilled assassins in the world. The Court paid for their assassins well, and there were rumors they were not human and did not feel any pain.

'Let's test whether or not they really feel nothing.'

One of them crouched from the shadows and jumped towards Sara. Sara blocked the Talon's hand and caught him with a series of rapid-fire punches to the side of the arm. The Talon crumpled against the wall and retracted back before pulling a long knife out towards Sara. The knife slashed in the air just missing Sara. He pulled back with ruthless efficiency and sliced the knife at her again.

Sara avoided the knife before it skewed right through her face. She jumped up and blocked another stab, before catching the Talon flush in the side of the face.

One of the stood at the end of the hallway, a creepy, haunting look etched in his demonic eyes. Sara reached in and beckoned for the goon to come and engage her.

The goon charged forward towards Sara. She ran up the wall and flipped behind the back of the goon. She stuck the landing on the ground and drew out a crossbow, before firing an arrow. The sharp razor tip of the arrow slammed into the arm of the Talon goon and caused blood to spill to the ground. The Talon stepped back to zero in their next round of attack of their adversary.

She could see two more of them coming up with a device in their hand. The large Talon charged towards Sara. She dodged the chain swinging and slipped behind him. Sara caught the skilled assassin around the arm. The two Talon who were walking towards where the Particle Accelerator would be were firmly on her mind. She still had to keep fighting.

A pair of hands firmly grasped either side of Sara's head.

The Talon Goon tried to crack Sara's head like an overripe grape. She slipped out of the goons grasp and caught him with a forward punch to the chest. The punch rattled the goon, and Sara returned fire, stringing together multiple punches before dropping the Talon goon down to the ground.

Sara grabbed the goon's head and forced him down to the ground.

Suddenly, one of the Talon assassins dropped to the ground. Sara couldn't quite see the bright light in the darkness. Another smash from the attack sent the Talon assassin careening into a nearby wall.

Sara wasn't going to turn down anything which made her life a lot easier. One of the larger Talon moved towards her, the blade extended. Sara dodged the blade and spun out of the way. She jumped up and cracked the goon in the side of the face with a rapid fire punch which drove him down to the ground.

The Talon goon rushed towards her, but Sara caught him and nailed him with an arrow which wrapped him up tightly. He tried to wiggle out of the predicament but found himself unable to. The goon she bound was the only one who left conscious. Sara really hoped to get some answers.

"What did you do with Barry Allen?" she asked.

A toothless and very eerie grin complete with blood dripping down from the man's mouth flashed over.

"Alive, barely," the Talon said. "He's at Eastwick…the former Broken Wing….if you dare to
The Talon spoke in an insidious tone of voice, his voice growing rougher. He looked positively demonic when looking up at Sara.

"No one gets in there, gets out alive," the Talon said.

Sara begged to differ. She had a funny feeling Barbara and Laurel might be out there way there and would need all of the backup they could get , so she bolted.

The lights came back on, and security made their way in. They saw the hired assassins down on the ground.

From his office, Harrison Wells crawled out, an immense amount of blood dripping from his mouth. The guards rushed over to help Wells up to his feet.

"I'm fine, the Particle Accelerator is secure," Wells responded. "Is everyone out?"

"Yes, sir, they are…"

"Make sure you get a full head count," Wells said. "And this can't under any circumstances leak to the press."

Wells thought he almost hit a stumbling block. His body racked with agony due to his encounter with the Talon. They were no easier to go against in these simpler times than they would be later.

'It appears Ms. Lance has found the exit, we're going to have to keep monitoring her situation.....'

She was a variable and one which Wells wasn't sure how it would play out. Everything changed, and he just hoped the changes were not immense enough to screw years of well-placed plans over.

Black Canary took the first step into the former Broken Wing Club, and Batgirl walked in from behind her. Both of the women tensed up when walking inside. The sounds of dripping water could be heard. The tables had been overturned and it was not exactly a friendly place.

Batgirl didn't even bother feeling around for a light switch because she knew there wouldn't have been one. A muffled sound could be heard from downstairs. Batgirl and Black Canary leaned in and the sound grew even more muffled before it grew more frantic. The screams of pain coming from beneath only indicated one person.

The screams grew louder as the torture of this hapless captive grew even more vigorous.

"Barry," Batgirl murmured.

The two of them walked downstairs and they could see Barry Allen slumped against the wall. One of the members of the Talon smashed a hammer against his knee cap. He screamed deeper in agony.

"I swear, I just…..I don't know much more than what's officially in those police reports, in fact, I might know even less…..kill me if that's what you want."

"You're of no use to us dead, Mr. Allen, at least not yet."

The detached robotic voice sent chills down the spine of anyone who dared lesson to it. Batgirl made her way off to the shadows, with Black Canary slowly following. Both of them closed in, for the attack, they would be ready, one way or another.
"Wait," a voice said. "I believe him, he doesn't know anything."

Barry sighed, these guys bosses, whoever they were, finally decided to give him some time to breathe. He never felt more alive and more relieved. It was finally going to end.

"It's a pity now by bringing him here, he knows way too much."

The young man against the ground saw way too many movies where those words were used. He tried to break free, but even if he could slip through the chains, he was getting nowhere. They broke several bones in his leg, stabbed knives into it, and Barry was pretty sure they cut straight through the bone a couple of times.

All of the knife play had been non-lethal, but never the less it hurt like hell. Not to mention the electrical shock shooting through his body at infrequent intervals, those were among the most awful of them all.

"So, should we kill him?"

Batgirl grabbed one of the Talon around the neck and pulled him into the shadows. The Talon fought with her. Batgirl disarmed him and flipped him to the ground.

Black Canary held up the Canary Cry device and bombarded the Talon. It caused pieces of the damaged rooftop to come down on them to crush the skilled assassins.

One of the Talon charged towards Black Canary and nailed her with an uppercut blow to the side of the neck. Black Canary slid back and dodged the attack from one of the Talon. The Talon pulled back and tried to nail her with one more death blow.

Black Canary barely avoided the attack before it hit a vital attack. She came back and hooked the arm before stabbing her fingers against the soft part of the man's neck.

Batgirl threw an exploding ice pellet at one of them and then a smoke pellet. They moved through the smoke through demonic wraiths. Hell, it appeared the smoke didn't disturb them at all. Batgirl avoided one of the punches from the Talon and returned fire.

"Too many…..much too many….."

The two Heroines held their own against the Talon. One of them threw a shuriken which nailed Barbara hard in the side. She winced despite the padding on the costume. The Talon withdrew the blade in an attempt to nail him right in the head.

"Destroy them, none who have seen this place will leave alive!"

Black Canary nailed one of the Talon guards with a glancing punch to the side of the head. Three of them grabbed her, and a fourth pulled out a sword.

The frantic fighting of Batgirl through the swarm of Talon assassins showed she would not reach Laurel in time to make the save. Her heart hammered harder when trying to push forward.

One arrow caught the sword wielding talon member in the back of the head. The vigilante in the green hood dropped down to the ground. One of them tried to nail her with a throwing dagger. She shot the dagger out of mid-air and jumped up, kicking him in the side of the head. The assassin landed with a huge thump.

The members of the Talon turned around in time to see the woman dressed in the Hood, staring them
down. The Talon member brandished a knife and rushed the Hood to try and take her out.

The archer's movements managed to just barely avoid the Talon. The Hood turned around and caught him with a couple of punches. She shot over the head and hit a piece of the ceiling above them, which caused it to collapse down on the faces of the members of the Talon.

One of the Talon members struggled when the ceiling dropped on his head. The Hood rushed in and started to punch away at them.

Batgirl, not to be outdone, got ahold of the goon which tried to get ahold of Black Canary. If he had any concept of pain, the broken arm would mean he would suffer big time. Batgirl whipped the arm back and forced him down onto the ground.

The Talon goon dropped to the ground from the sheer force of Batgirl's attack.

Black Canary offered one final contribution to the battle. The goons moved in a cluster, which opened them up for the Canary Cry.

Red smoke filled the room before they could be finished off. Arrow pounded away at one of the goons, with the goon suddenly becoming intangible in the mist.

Sara could have screamed when the goon slipped through her fingers, about as seamless as smoke of any type. She was so close, so close to grabbing onto the goon, she could, well she thought screaming might have been a good way to describe how she really felt.

A couple had been left unconscious, but they were so injured, Sara doubted they would be in a talking mood.

They turned towards a groaning Barry, who slumped against the wall. The Arrow turned to Black Canary and Batgirl.

"We better get him out of here."

The Talon escaped the attacks. One of the guards, suffering an injury from the arrow pierced through the shoulder, did not make his way back to base. He needed to regroup and make the jump the rest of the way.

'She'll pay.'

A hand grabbed the Talon by the shoulder and slammed him down into the wall. The Talon looked up to meet a grizzled face with an eye patch.

"You failed."

Slade Wilson wrapped one hand around the throat of the Talon and squeezed it. The grip tightened with the Talon slumping to the ground, barely able to hold his breath.

"The Court won't stand…"

"It's a pity you can't feel pain because otherwise, this would be much more enjoyable."

The mercenary whipped out an arrow and stabbed it straight through the eye of the Talon, entertaining the base of his brain. The Talon bled out, before breathing no more.

"So, you're not immortal, well that's handy," Slade said. "The Court is becoming a nuisance to my
plans. They believe me to be a pawn. I think they're going to find out the hard way how wrong they are."

Slade looked down to notice the wound on the Talon's arm.

"Soon enough."

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**To Be Continued on May 2nd, 2017.**

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*Sara investigates and runs into Star Labs. Hey, Caitlin, nice of you to make a cameo in this arc. And she runs into Harrison Wells, who is up to nothing shady at all. No sir. He's as squeaky clean as your average politician.*

*The Talon really did a number on Barry. He was really in the wrong place at the wrong time. And they got rouged up by our trio of visiting vigilantes.*

*And Slade takes his next step in moving forward.*

*More on Tuesday.*
Chapter Forty-Five: The Big Bang

"Okay, let me know if anything happens. Yeah, good, I'm glad to hear it. Talk to you later, yeah, you take care of yourself too, Dad."

Iris hung up the phone and pulled away for a moment. They picked up Barry from outside of the hospital and he had suffered a severe beating. Someone really went to town on him. Iris couldn't even begin to describe how frustrated she felt, but also very relieved. Everything would be alright, in a fashion.

And yet, the more answers Iris had, they only raised even more unsettling question.

She still didn't know why they snagged Barry. Granted, she had a good idea. All she could do was sit at the edge of the chair and wait. Laurel, Barbara, and Sara would be coming by to visit her. She looked up into the sky to see a rather clear day. There wasn't a storm cloud in the sky on this bright morning. It was perfect, almost too perfect. Iris would be pretty suspicious if she was the type of person to be suspicious.

Just as soon as she wondered where they were, Sara, Barbara, and Laurel made their way up the door. Iris waited before opening up the door. She greeted the trio with a smile.

"So, I got the good news," Iris said. "Barry's….well he's not fine, but at least he'll live."

Iris took a deep breath and invited all three of the women inside for them to sit down with her. Sara looked a bit banged up, as did the other two. Given they put their necks on the line last night, all for Barry, Iris really couldn't do enough to thank him.

"We found him just in time," Barbara said. "What…she knows who we are…and….."

"Yes, I've figured it out," Iris said. "And it makes a lot of sense, almost too sense when you think about it."

Sara just smiled, there were a lot of things about her life which didn't make as much sense as she thought they might. Regardless, she just let Iris go over to fix a cup of coffee. Iris paused and turned towards them.

"Do you want anything?"

"Sure," Barbara said.

"No, thank you," Laurel said.

"No, it's fine, I've been trying to cut back," Sara said. "I'm on edge enough as it is without the caffeine buzz."

Laurel tried not to say anything, and Sara just fired a shifty little grin at her sister. Iris moved over to fix a cup of coffee for both herself and Barbara before walking over to the table. She set them down. Iris looked like she needed some caffeine in the worst possible way after the long and sleepless night.

"These people are very dangerous," Iris said. "I know the understatement to end all understatements."
You still don't know how they got into Central City Police Station without anyone seeing them, do you?"

A long pause followed Iris's question as Sara spent a fair amount of time struggling to contemplate the best possible answer for it.

"Well, it's complicated," Sara said. "The Talon has been trained to infiltrate buildings and take out their targets without anyone noticing they were there. This particular group wasn't as dangerous as they could be."

"Thank God for small favors," Iris said.

The group of women sat in silence, none of them really knowing what to say right now. Iris and Barbara drank the coffee, while Laurel and Sara sat in silence.

"Do you think they'll go after STAR Labs?" Iris asked.

"I don't know," Sara said. "Security has been increased, but with them, it doesn't mean anything."

Iris answered with a nod. The seconds ticked by and she wondered what was next. She looked over to see the news which talked about the recent break-in at Star Labs. There was no one speaking on the television screen right now. Iris drummed her fingers anxiously on the side of the desk and turned towards her.

"No, it doesn't but we've learned that after tonight," Iris said. "So, you're the famous vigilante of Starling City? You don't seem like the type, but I suppose you have the motivation."

If she did not seem like the type to most people, then Sara really felt she was doing her job.

"Yes," Sara said. "Not seeming like the type made people not target the people who I care about. Not the people I care about are weak and unable to defend themselves."

Sara leaned back in the chair to reflect on the return of Slade. Every time Sara looked around the corner, she wondered if Slade would step around. He was always someone who lingered in the back of Sara's mind, in the worst way possible.

'Just got to focus, don't worry about him,' Sara thought.

The past stalked Sara at every turn. For every good thing she did, they had been unbalanced by several regrets. Could she have handled that night at Lian Yu differently?

"So, I wonder if you would ever join us," Barbara said. "You said you felt left out."

Iris almost spilled her coffee in shock because of Barbara's bluntness. She nearly, but not quite, broke into a fit of laughter. The dark-skinned woman took a breath before taking another drink of her coffee.

"I was talking about being felt left out in jest," she admitted. "You know, to lighten the mood. And last night, I think we can all agree, the mood really needed to be lightened."

There was not a single person around the table who would debate Iris about how the mood needed to be lightened after last night. She took a deep drink of her coffee. It was an amusing thought, to see her running around in the Uniform. Iris could defend herself, but Sara, Barbara, and Laurel, from what she could figure, they had been training for a long time against some of the best.
"Your secret's safe with me, besides who would believe me if I said anything?" Iris asked.

Barbara, Laurel, and Sara all exchanged smiles. That really was the thing. Who would expect daughters of prominent cops to technically break the law as vigilantes?

"Believe me, lack of belief is the best reason to keep a secret," Barbara said. "The three of us, we should be the last people they would expect."

Then again, a billionaire prowling the nights dressed as a giant bat when most people would think he would be at a club always would be more unexpected than anyone.

"I should head back to Barry's lab, make sure everything is in order," Iris said. "You know because he doesn't have to come back to a mess."

Iris wanted to make sure all of the evidence Barry scrambled up about his birth father's case was in order. Barry would be distressed if the Court muddled up what he found. After all of these years, Barry still wanted justice for his father. And Iris could scarcely blame him. If it had been her, Iris would have moved heaven and Earth to find out what happened.

"Hey, no problem," Sara said. "If you need us, just give us a call. We'll find you."

"And you need any help, call me."

Iris had no idea what she could do to help these three. Still, she felt every little bit of help counted. And given the smiles from the trio, her gesture had been appreciated.

Laurel thought the point of this trip kind of went off the rails. She and Sara intended to visit their mother, and yet, they did not.

'Always getting sidetracked. It's the story of our lives.'

"Mom sent us a text, saying she has to go in for a meeting," Laurel said. "It's about the closed room murder, and also potentially increasing the security around the campus."

Sara and Laurel were currently hanging out on steps outside of their mother's apartment, waiting for their mother to return. Barbara also went off to check up on something, and both girls suspected it had something to do with her job for Gotham City.

"Really, they don't know, do they?" Sara asked.

"Well, it's not like we can explain it to them without raising some uncomfortable questions," Laurel said. "We both know we can't tell them."

Sara responded with a nod and thought her sister had a good point. The other point she wanted to consider was they weren't targeting Central City University. They were targeting people who knew what was going on deep underneath Star Labs.

'Just a muddled mess,' Sara thought.

"Something weird happened when I was at STAR Labs," Sara said.

"You mean weirder than fighting an army of zombie ninjas?" Laurel asked. "Okay, that might not be the best way to describe them....."

Sara cut her sister off and smiled. "It's the perfect way to describe the Talon, at least their elite
members."

They all let go of their emotions to become the perfect assassins, never once bothering to remember where they were in life before. Sara stretched her legs and there were a few bumps and bruises, nothing which could be healed really soon.

"Okay, what's the weirdness?" Laurel asked.

"Well," Sara responded. "The weirdness has to do with another figure attacking the Talon….some of them went down without me touching them."

Laurel frowned, she had no idea what happened. Sara was pretty baffled as well. Both sisters looked back and forth at each other, trying to piece together what seemed like a very frustrating mystery.

"Do you think there might be something….else going on in STAR Labs?"

Ever since her little encounter in Star Labs, Sara considered that question for the longest time. To be perfectly honest, she did not have the slightest idea. There had been more questions than answers.

"Well, I'm not going to get back in there anytime soon," Sara said.

"Never thought you would be the one to give up," Laurel said.

Sara shook her head; she didn't give up, not really. It was just not feasible to find a way inside of STAR Labs with all of the heightened security which would increase even more on the eve of the Particle Accelerator demonstration. And speaking of demonstrations, a group of protesters swarmed the front gates until Central City's finest got them off.

Barbara made her way around the corner. The second Laurel and Sara caught sight of the face of their friend, they knew instantly something was up.

"We have a problem."

Words Sara didn't want to ever hear in her life. Barbara walked down and sat down next to Sara. She pulled out a portable and pressed a button. A three-dimensional holographic image appeared on the screen. A horrific image of a body appeared in front of them.

"I just receive this, it's been posted all over the Internet," Barbara said.

Cold horror hit both of the Lance Sisters when they looked over it. Laurel opened her mouth and finally managed to choke out a couple of words.

"It's a Talon," Laurel said. "I can't believe it, it's a Talon….."

"Yes, I see it," Sara said.

It wasn't just a Talon, but the Talon had been slaughtered. The marks on his neck were of very peculiar interest to Sara as well. She looked at the corpse, her eyes shifting over. Disgust spread over Sara, with her stomach turning it.

This evidence was more damning by each second. The question was, why did he go after the Court of Owls of all people?

"You need enhanced strength to do something like this," Barbara said. "And it's not all…look at the eye."
Sara didn't need to look at it to figure out what was going on. The image on the screen heightened. She laid eyes on the very disgusting image of an arrow being shoved into the side of a Talon's eye. Puss oozed out of the eye of him.

"No skill, just brute force," Sara said. "He had never been able to shoot an arrow properly."

Primal rage rose up in Sara, wishing she buried him deeper underneath the Earth. All she could do was take a couple of deep breaths. The younger sister barely felt the hand of the older one on her arm.

"Sara, snap out of it," Laurel said. "I know you're upset."

One very sharp gaze from Sara made Laurel take a step back. Barbara cleared her throat and brought both of the sisters back to life.

"Well past upset, but I am," Sara said. "I can't say these are coincidences here….but why is he killing the Talon?"

Sara normally would have been pleased with a lot fewer mercenaries having been around. This time, Sara didn't know what to think, other than she didn't like how it was going. A sickening feeling twisted the pit of her stomach. If there was a war brewing between these two sides, Sara shuddered to think how ugly it could get.

"I'm going back," Sara said.

The abrupt declaration caused Laurel's eyebrows to raise in response.

"Do you want me….."

Sara cut off Laurel's words with a very firm shake of her head. She placed a hand on top of Laurel's and made her sister lock eyes upon hers. "Don't enjoy your time away from the city. I don't want to drag you into this….stay in Central City, have some time away, it's good for you."

Laurel knew better than to push Sara when she was in such a bad mood. She could get really agitated when the mood turned around for the worst. The argument Sara needed just as much time off as Laurel did would have to wait until a later date.

"Guess, you're leaving…both of you are?" Laurel asked. "When Mom gets back, I'll tell her urgent business came up. She won't like it but….."

"She'll understand."

Laurel looked up above. It was going to be a nice night, well unless those were storm clouds which rolled in. She turned back to Sara.

"You're going to miss the big night," Laurel said. "I might be able to see a bit of it from here though…we are pretty close to Star Labs."

Laurel could see it from her current position. Those black storm clouds kept rolling in and it was going to be a hell of a night.

'Okay, storm, not the best thing,' Laurel thought.

A ringing phone brought Laurel out of her thoughts. She did not waste any time answering it.

"Laurel, sorry, I'm going to be late….they really want to keep us late," Dinah said. "So, tell your
"Actually, Sara had to leave, urgent business back in Starling City," Laurel said to her mother.

A long and very uncomfortable pause followed over the phone. Laurel would be lying if comfort was something she felt.

"I see," Dinah coolly answered.

"Yes, I know it's....."

"No, there's no need to apologize, things come up," Dinah said. "If you talk to your sister, tell her I understand."

Laurel dropped the phone and wondered what would happen. Another rumble came up.

'Better go back inside, there's a storm coming, and you don't want to be caught out in the middle of it....at least the worse is over. And the Talon went back into Starling City.'

The images Barbara showed both Lance sisters would haunt Laurel for some time to come. Yet, the look on Sara's face when she saw said images haunted Laurel a tiny bit more.

Harrison Wells returned to his office, face covered in bandages. STAR Labs had been scanned from top to bottom, with no one sign of the mysterious mercenaries who came on through the lab. Wells knew who they were, naturally, even though all he could do was increase the security around the lab.

The last couple of nights had not been good. The person who needed to be in position was taken outside of Central City for medical treatment.

'Great, fifteen years of hard work, down the drain.'

Wells moved over, he could have Barry brought here, but it would raise too many questions. All he could do was wait, and hope Barry recovered from the multitude of injuries he suffered at the hands of the Court of Owls. They always ended up being an interesting challenge; some might call it a wrench in the best laid plans.

Something had been altered due to this timeline; the first major sign was the Hood in Starling City. Wells remembered the Hood, who became the Arrow, and later the Green Arrow, who was Oliver Queen. Queen died fairly early in this particular timeline.

Someone meddled in the time stream, it was not as he remembered it. And that was not ideal. He hated uncertainties. Especially with the specter who stalked him from the edge of time.

There had been a couple of small alterations, which Wells wondered about the ramifications for. Yet, everything in Central City went according to plan, until the Court of Owls arrived, bringing their Talon into his city.

Wells moved over to study the security cameras. Any tampering with the Particle Accelerator would set him back several years. He would know in a matter of moments whether or not anything had been tampered with. Wells frowned, the frown deepening when he looked over what needed to be done.

'So far, nothing,' Wells thought.

Wells pulled away from the computer and decided, no matter how much money it would cost him, to
delay the launch of the Particle Accelerator. He hated doing this and hated the Court even more. He hated Barry Allen more than he ever could in the future for doing this as well.

'There's been a leak,' Wells thought. *Too many people are learning things. I need to find the other time traveler and put a stop to them.*

The problem was finding a time traveler was like finding a needle in a haystack. They might make small ripples, but those small ripples lead to ramifications.

There was also a chance the time traveler had been sent back in the timeline and didn't know they had been sent back in time. Temporal amnesia was pretty rare, but at the same time, not unheard of. Especially when an amateur tried to travel back in time, not accounting for the shock of being sent back through the time stream, with the further they went back, the greater the risk.

Or if they went back out of some desperate gambit to save the world.

Wells took a moment to study his greatest invention. It was beautiful and a real shame it couldn't have been put to a greater use sooner rather than later.

'The entire Thawne legacy was this close to writing the wrongs caused by the Allens,' Wells thought. *How could we be so far and completely off of the mark?*

Conditions were ideal for the Flash to be born tonight as well. Wells couldn't have made it even more perfect. Barry Allen would have been in his lab during the moment where the Particle Accelerator would have had a malfunction. Countless would have been caught up in the dark matter.

'I'll find the leak, but tonight, it's time to make the announcement.*

A beeping echoed in the lab. Wells scans discovered something. He rose to a standing position and moved over to discover a slight instability. They partially tampered with the Accelerator, before the White Canary, or the Hood in this timeline put a stop to it. Wells widened his eyes.

"Doctor Harrison Wells, head to the exits for standard evacuation protocols," Well said. "This is not a drill; I repeat this is not a drill."

Wells moved in to contain the explosion. The Talon knew what they were doing, which frustrated Wells to no end. No matter what he could do, he could not stabilize it. Wells pulled back and took a deep breath. No matter how much he wanted to punch the control console; it would be unwise to do so.

'Only one thing left to do.*

Wells walked over to the elevator. He could feel it building the air. The means to tap into the Speed Force once more were at hand. The good doctor tried to redirect the explosion, but he had been blocked. Frustration began to build in him.

He sealed in the safe room and waited to see what would happen.

"Everyone keep calm, you know what to do."

Wells wondered how many would be affected. All he could do was close his eyes and wait for the big explosion.

'We'll know in a moment.*
Everything was going to happen as he planned, just not who he planned it with. The time traveler refused to let years of hard work slip down the drain.

'Everyone is out, good, there should be…minimal casualties.'

He only had one more thought before everything hit.

'Damn it, Barry.'

Iris might have jinxed herself earlier in the day. There was a hell of a storm brewing outside right now. She moved around and shuffled through Barry's desk drawer.

'What a day?' Iris thought.

Everything in Barry's office appeared to be mostly in order. The desk could use a good dusting. It was really minor compared to every else.

"The world has come in from Star Labs," the voice over the radio said. "Doctor Harrison Wells has released an official statement the Particle Accelerator demonstration will be delayed until further notice. He assures us there is no danger, but there's a potential instability found in the simulation which he needs to address."

Iris looked out of the window. It seemed the instability rose over the Horizon at STAR Labs. The storm clouds grew darker and Iris stepped back. She could feel shivers coming down her spine.

'Really hope there's nothing really wrong,' Iris thought to herself.

Iris stepped back further, hearing the loud crackle of energy. The wind really kicked up off to one side and the storm brewing was even more intense.

She moved back to making sure everything is in order.

"Meanwhile, the closed room murder at Central City University still is leaving Central City's finest baffled days after the matter."

Iris looked over and could see some of the items on Barry's shelf were about ready to slide off. Some of those chemicals looked pretty dangerous. She was no expert, but Iris just had a feeling.

'Better keep these on the shelf, I wouldn't want them falling off.'

She stopped and paused. Iris would be lying if she knew what half of these chemicals were. She made sure they were back on the shelf.

A loud thunderclap, louder than she ever heard slammed across the sky. Iris almost jumped out of the bed.

'Okay, slow down, it's just, the rain, it's not.....'

A jolt of energy erupted across the city and came through the roof of the police station, causing Iris to be taken off guard. She flew back against the shelf which tipped over.

Iris fell down to the ground, a blast of energy swelling up around her body. The chemicals on the shelf tipped over spilling all over her.

Another blast of lightning struck Iris and for a second her body started to glow. A rush of energy
surrounded her the moment she entered a state of a seizure. Hyper-active flashes of light were the last thing she saw before Iris West faded completely to black.

Iris's limbs twitched so fast they vibrated before threw grew completely rigid.

Everything grew silent when the lights picked on and the sounds of footsteps coming to the lab showed someone would discover Iris in a matter of minutes.

**To Be Continued on May 5th, 2017.**

*Hey, everyone, Iris West is the Flash in this timeline. Pat yourself on the back if you saw that one coming. I'll talk about this more when we actually get to Season Three, should I remember to talk about it that is.*

Wells(or Thawne rather, sorry spoilers for those who haven't watched Flash, bet you're pissed at me right about now. Also, Darth Vader is Luke Skywalker's father and Snape killed Dumbledore) remembers the original timeline. Something Barry(well canon!Barry) did cause this new world.

*Fallout on Friday. See you then.*
Chapter Forty-Six: Fallout.

The news about the Talon only was the tip of the iceberg, more pressing news greeted Sara and Barbara when they returned back to Starling City. Sara stood in the front of a manor house and frowned. Starling City's finest surrounded the house and moved in.

It had been difficult to find a blind spot for her to slip in to get a closer look. Thankfully, Sara managed to find a way just in time as well. Seconds ground down on the clock as Sara got as close as possible.

"His butler found him," Felicity informed Sara. "Whoever broke in forced a metal door off of the hinges before going in. We're dealing with someone who is pretty strong."

Sara responded with a sigh, the sins of the past came back to her. She tried not to act too worried despite the fact it was obvious she should be. "Same deal with the Talon guard."

No question about it, Sara had a clear idea who was behind it.

'And he's leaving a trail of bread crumbs,' Sara thought.

"Yeah, it's pretty gruesome from what I can pick up from the Butler's call," Felicity said. "Neck snapped, arrow jammed through his eye, into his skull. It killed him instantly. He's a very paranoid man, keeps to himself, keeps high-level security around his house."

"No security is going to stop someone who is determined."

Sara and Barbara slipped off to the side and watched the body being wheeled out of the building. The arrow had been shoved through the eye of the rich man and it looked about as gruesome. Sara caught a glimpse of her father, even though he didn't see her.

"Alright, call this one in, third death in the past week," Quentin said. "Someone is…"

"Do you think it's the Hood?" one of the younger, more brash cops asked.

Quentin turned to the cop and responded by shaking his head. "No, you look at the entry point. The Hood never shoots someone in the face…and I'm not sure if the person even shot this person with the arrow."

The other officers moved in and saw Quentin's point to be perfectly honest.

"Looks like it's shoved into his eye socket," one of the officers said.

"Yeah, pretty much, glad we're on the same place."

Quentin turned around and thought he heard someone moving in from the shadows. It must have been his imagination, he had been working for a very long time. The city had calmed down in the past few weeks, but there was always something to bring it back up.

The moment the Starling City Police Department moved away, Barbara and Sara moved into the
house, slipping through the doors. Barbara slid back the panel and plugged it into the panel.

"Someone disabled the security already," Barbara said. "Looks like it's been disabled from the outside"

Barbara and Sara moved on in. Sara turned around, pointing her arrow. She thought something was in the shadows. She kept holding the bow in hand. Ready to defend herself at a moment's notice.

"Come on!"

An old man with white hair, holding a knife in his hand, which he almost dropped on the ground in shock of who he came against. He was not made of the strongest stuff with his arms quivering. The Hooded woman took a step forward.

"What did you see?" the Hood asked.

"I swear, I didn't see anything, I was just...I was...I was!" he stammered. The man staggered. "I saw someone moving out to the back gate. Before I could see it, I saw Master David on the ground, an arrow jabbed through his eye.....it was awful."

The butler looked around ready to throw up at the memory of the horrors he saw. He turned towards the Arrow and Batgirl, both of them standing with their arms folded.

"I don't know who could have caused this, Master David's security was impeccable," the butler said. "And now, I'm going to be out of a job and they think I did it."

"I don't think you did it."

These words coming from the Hood confused the Butler. She didn't say anymore, instead looked about the area. She turned back towards him, and once again, the butler stepped back, throwing his hands back.

"Where is your security control?"

The butler reached over to pick up the knife. He put it back on the table and turned around to point the control console room towards the Hood and Batgirl. The two of them didn't waste any time, they walked through the room to see what they could find out.

Barbara sat down at the computer and started to access the information. She bit down hard on her lip while her fingers whirled across the keyboard in an attempt to bring the information. Barbara typed in, rolled by the security footage to a few hours ago.

A figure moved in from the gate, climbing over. He was dressed in a jacket. Sara leaned towards the side of the camera and frowned. There was no mistaken who this man was, she recognized him and would continue to recognize him until the day she died.

"Slade," Sara hissed.

It was direct confirmation of everything Sara feared coming to light all at once.

Barbara watched the progress of Slade moving in. He looked back to someone and placed a small circular disc on the breaking box. The security camera feed went completely to black.

"Damn it," Barbara said. "We should have known."

"We should have," Sara said. "Please tell me there are backups we can use."
"I can check," Barbara said.

Barbara moved in to check for the security backups on the network. She typed away and rolled it back. Every single camera had been blacked out when she tried to access them. Barbara threw her hands back in frustration.

"He's done this to send a message," Sara said.

"Yeah, I figured," Barbara said. "Who did he send a message to? It couldn't be to you, could it?"

Sara considered all of the angles, of who Slade wanted to send a message to. She might have been the most obvious person who would be a recipient of a Slade Wilson message. However, the murder victim had ties to the Court of Owls, and Sara wondered if there was a far deeper game involved.

He had been one of the few not to flee Starling City and had gone deep underground. He came out just enough for Slade to get the drop on him.

'Guess, we're going to have to wait and see,' Sara thought to herself.

Brother Blood knew Slade enjoyed keeping him waiting because he got a sick thrill at causing Brother Blood to suffer. Now, he had more than a lot of questions for the man, and Blood hoped Slade would give the answers. The lack of answers made Blood wind up tighter than cheap watch.

'Damn it, there better be a good explanation,' Blood thought.

Blood stewed, but wouldn't dare say anything to Slade. Not when he was this close to having Starling City in the bag, and with it, the control which went along.

The door opened without anyone bothering to knock. Slade stepped into the room and placed an arrow stained with blood down onto the table. Blood was fully aware of the blood-stained arrow and also the message from Slade which it gave him. Slade looked out the window for several long minutes before slowly turning his gaze upon Brother Blood.

"You've had a productive night," Blood responded, trying not to sound too accusatory of Slade.

Slade simply sat down across from Brother Blood, a wicked grin spreading over his face.

"One could say as much," Slade said. "It's been quite the interesting evening to say the very least."

Blood needed to ask him these hard questions, no matter how much they put him in danger. He drew in a very prominent breath and leaned towards Slade.

"Maybe you could tell me what you hope to accomplish by riling up the Court of Owls?" Blood asked Slade.

A moment passed with Slade's chuckle and for a brief second, Blood thought he was going to be the next victim. He had a very slick tongue and had the ability to persuade people. Still, he feared the Court slightly more than Slade, and he did not want to be tagged by association.

"They have been very useful, haven't they?" Slade asked. "They had use of my talents, several times over, and made me a very rich man."

Slade lifted up the blood-stained arrow head and waved it in the face of Blood. Blood stepped back
another inch. Slade closed the distance between the two of them and hovered the arrow to the point of his throat.

"One skill I've unfortunately never quite mastered," Slade said. "Still, there are times where skill isn't needed... good blunt force is required to bring your enemies down to their knees."

Brother Blood flinched at the arrowhead slowly touching the side of his neck. One wrong move and Slade would slip it into his throat. Slade pulled back for him.

"Relax, if I wanted you dead, we wouldn't be having this conversation," Slade said. "I believe you had a question... remind me again, what's the question again?"

Blood wondered if Slade spoke with some sadistic test of character. He held up, going straighter, not being afraid, not fearing anything Slade would do or say.

"I asked you what you intended to do by riling up the Court of Owls."

"Yes," Slade said. "I thought you asked the question. And I told you they made me a very rich man. I forged some connections which worked out and will also allow me to balance the scales. Tell me, would you have gotten as far as we have without my backing?"

Blood detested the implications Slade was completely responsible for him getting ready to become Mayor of Starling City. He tried to look Slade in the eye without blinking. So many people looked him in the eye, before getting stabbed straight through their eye.

"The problem is, I thought our alliance was an equal partnership," Slade said. "The Court disagrees. They tried to use me as one of their pawns."

Slade stepped back and set down the blood-stained arrow. Blood looked down, thinking he had been spared, potentially out of her mercy. Or perhaps Slade needed him. Blood could never tell with the man.

'He may have also spared me out of malice, to torment me even further. '

"They've confused me with one of their zombie drones, one of their Talon," Slade answered. "Oh, no, I'm not one of them. Far from it, my friend."

Slade stepped back and looked out into the shadows. Blood could see so much torment going through him. He clawed back up to the top.

"Have you ever returned from the brink of death, Sebastian?" Slade asked. "It liberates the mind and puts everything in perspective. She knows I'm alive now, but, I couldn't keep under the radar forever. And she's delusional to think she's the hunter against me."

He waited years to gain revenge on her, Slade wouldn't waste any time. He wouldn't abide by the games of the Court of Owls.

'It's time for the world to see the monster she truly is.'

The investigation of both the Court Member and the Talon who had gotten killed left Sara at a loss. There were enough tantalizing and very troubling hints to show Slade involved himself in this mess.

"We'll get him," Barbara said. "He can't hide forever."
Sara knew Barbara always tried to look at things on the sunnier side of life. Another disturbing thought crossed Sara's mind; Slade was hiding, likely planning, and collecting information on her. Who knows what he might have found out about her. Sara didn't even want to begin to think about it.

The two of them entered the Clocktower. Artemis kicked away at a heavy bag with Cass holding it. The bag faltered which resulted in Cass giving Artemis one of those looks.

"Slow down," Cass said.

Artemis ignored Cass's warnings. She misfired one of the kicks and slid back. Cass sighed and grabbed Artemis around the arm.

Sara grabbed her cell phone the instant she saw it. The moment she saw her mother's number, Sara had a bad feeling about it, call it a hunch. She would know in a couple of minutes.

"Hello, Mom," Sara said.

"Sara, there's been an accident," Dinah said.

Those words were among those which Sara never wanted to hear in her life again. She closed her fist around the phone and sighed.

"There's been an explosion at Star Labs," Dinah said. "And there's been….I don't know….something poured into the air…your sister….I found her when I came home, she was knocked out by whatever it was."

'No, no, no,' Sara thought.

"I'm in the waiting room of the hospital with her," Dinah said. "She's….she's still breathing, which is a lot more than I can say about some people who were caught in the blast radius."

Sara half didn't want to know what happened. She wasn't going to hold back just because of being scared about not learning something.

"What happened?" Sara asked.

"Some of them are screaming in agony, and others….well there are many missing," Dinah said. "The Particle Accelerator, it was not completely secure, it was not ready. Wells assured us we would be safe, and now my daughter she's…."

Sara collapsed down into the chair. She noticed Barbara and Felicity in conversation about something, although Sara couldn't process anything about what they were saying. All Sara could think was this situation really exploded. Slade and whatever was going on with the Court of Owls.

If she had been unable to stop the Court of Owls, and they tampered with it somehow, then Sara put the blame fully on herself. It was because of her obsession with Slade, Sara went back to Starling City. If she insisted Laurel had come back….no, no, she couldn't go down the road.

'I've got to…I don't…..'

"Sara, are you still there?" Dinah asked.

"I'm just in shock," Sara said. "Does Dad know?"

Her father's reaction would be terrifying; especially considering the fact he had one daughter return
"I'm going to tell him right now," Dinah said. "Although neither of you come here, there's no one who is let in and out of Central City….I don't know what happened, but….if I find out Wells was careless…"

Sara heard her mother's voice drop instantly. The implied threat was obvious, and Sara felt a tad bit sorry for Wells.

"Don't do anything you regret," Sara said. "Remember, your back….."

"Yes," Dinah said. "I remember my back."

Sara sensed the bitterness going through her mother's voice, at being benched due to her back injury in the accident years ago. Dinah recovered for the most part, although she was not at her physical peak again. Sara took a moment to sigh.

"I'm sorry, it…"

"If you were there, then I'd have to worry about whether or not both of my daughters would make it out safely," Dinah responded. "I understand there was a perfectly good reason why you had to return to Starling, and there's a perfectly good reason why you should stay. I'll call you instantly when I hear something about Laurel, for better or for worse."

"Thank you, call me the second, please," Sara said.

"I will," Dinah said. "You take care of yourself."

The call dropped instantly, and Sara leaned back. She turned towards Barbara, who looked on the verge of losing it.

"It was my mother, it was about….."

"Laurel, I know," Barbara said. "Iris was also caught in the fallout; it was at Barry's lab…she's lapsed into a coma."

Sara barely had any time to digest this new information before the phone rang once again, and Sara dreaded it. She picked it up with a shaky hand.

"Your sister's woken up, she appears to be fine," Dinah said. "They're going to run some tests on….her throat's too injured to talk."

Sara thanked the heavens something good came out of this, although the tests lingering in the background made her feel really nervous and unsettled.

'When it rains, it pours.'

Sebastian Blood compared being brought before the Court of the Owls like being brought to trial for witchcraft. The high court looked upon Blood when he stepped into the center of the room.

"Sebastian, we understand Slade as veered off script," the leader of the high court said. "We are so close to achieving our plans, we cannot have any unfortunate bouts of independence."
Blood saw the not so veiled warning it would behoove him not to try something either. Not he dared to have the ambition of Slade, running around and stabbing arrows into the eye of every single person he ran across.

"What do you think is the root cause of this?"

They asked his opinion. Funny given how they all saw Blood most of the time as nothing other than a pawn. Now they valued him.

"Slade doesn't appreciate the fact he's being used as a pawn," Blood said. "I've tried to tell him it isn't the case, but….his sanity is further unraveling as he grows more obsessed with our hooded friend."

"It's the same….problem which sent Malcolm Merlyn off of the rails," the Court representative said. "And speaking of such, make sure to keep your eyes steady, for Merlyn is back in Starling City. And given your criticism towards him, you may be a target."

Blood thought their conceding warnings were unfair all things considered.

"I just did what you told me to do," Blood protested.

"Yes, you did," one of the responded. "And if you want to be Mayor of Starling City, your future success hinges on your cooperation. And if unless you want certain matters to become public record, you will cooperate."

Blood shifted in the shadows, fist clenched when counting to ten. He had, like most men, skeletons in his closet. The Court exploited his slick tongue to seduce the people, until the very moment where they didn't need him. Unless Blood missed his cue, he was pretty sure they grew tired of him.

'I have to make myself indispensable.'

A sound of a gurney being rolled in stopped Blood's thoughts. He noticed the battered man who had been strapped to the gurney. His eyes glazed over with several cuts on his face. His arms and torso looked like they had been mauled by a large animal.

"Another piece of Slade's handiwork?" Blood asked.

"No, not this time," he said. "The next stage of our experiment is at hand….we will need an army to help enforce our will. And we will use this man as brute force, a blunt weapon to help back up the army we built."

Blood didn't think this particular man would hold up quite well understand pressure, but regardless, he said nothing.

"The injuries the mobster suffered brings him in a very delicate situation," one of them said, "But, he's a descendant from one of the most destructive forces of nature."

"Cyrus Gold the Fourth, he will be the perfect vessel to call upon his ancestor," the other court member responded.

The mobster's injuries made him look less than fearsome. The Talon lifted the battered man off and put him onto a stone tablet with runic symbols carved over it. Some flashes of light erupted from the tablet when he had been laid down. The windows cracked open to reveal a shining moonlight.

Blood watched when they pulled out a vial.
"It has been made from the sample of blood Slade gifted us," the member of the court continued. "And it will be up to you to convince him to part with more."

Blood found himself enter the ultimate no-win situation. He either enraged Slade by getting the blood or enrage the Court by not getting the blood.

"Inject him with the serum."

The battered form of the mobster received a syringe to the shoulder. The strange light bathed him when he gave a spasm against the table. The mobster thrashed about in pure agony when slamming against the table. The sounds of him crashing against the table echoed.

The wounds on his body started to heal. The court looked on, pleased at their progress. Blood watched the second the creature broke free.

His muscles seized up and his skin turned a slimy pale color. The swamp zombie turned his full and undivided attention towards Brother Blood and snarled like the beast he was.

"Solomon Grundy born on a Monday!"

Blood received a large hulking hand to his shoulder and he had been shoved against the wall. Grundy looked intent to rip into him without any pause. Blood tried to fight away from Grundy's tight grip, but it was difficult to do so.

"Solomon, stand down!" one of the members of the court.

The swamp zombie released Blood's shoulder and dropped him down onto the ground. He let out his breath, shivering after what Grundy did to him.

Sara returned to patrol mostly because of the fact she needed to do something to keep her mind off of the insanity of the past day. Laurel's condition was suspect, even though she woke up. Iris was a bit more frustrating, given she had been knocked into a coma with no hint of when she was going to get up.

'I really wanted to visit them both, there's no way into Central City though,' Sara thought. 'Well, no legal way into Central City.'

Her mother talked Sara out of sneaking out, and Sara decided to keep her word on that front.

'Well, what do we have here?'

Sara spotted a couple of shady figures moving around, who looked like they could be a part of the Talon.

"Lyla, stand by, I'm going in."

She dropped down onto the ground and followed them into the building.

'If I follow them, and Slade is after them, I might be able to end this.....' 

Sara stepped forward, and the smell of rotting flesh filled her nostrils. She looked up in time to see a large hulking figure dressed in rags, with pale skin and bluish hair. His large hands rose into the air.
"Solomon Grundy, born on a Monday!"

Grundy rushed towards the hooded woman and bounced up against the wall. He smashed into the wall with Sara flipping into the air and dropping down onto them.

The monster charged towards Sara. She unloaded the contents of her quiver into the chest of the monster. The monster didn’t get affected. He rushed towards Sara and smashed through the door.

Sara slid back a few feet and watched when Grundy hoisted up a large section of pipe. A bullet clipped him in the back of his head. More bullets followed.

Lyla unloaded the clip in the back of Grundy's neck, just in time for Sara to catch him from behind. Sara swung back and nailed him with an uppercut punch. She nailed him with another uppercut punch. A third uppercut punch nailed Grundy in the chest.

The monster grabbed Sara around the waist and hurled her against the wall. She smashed through the wall hard.

Pain and agony ached through Sara's body. Bones of her body fractured when Sara tried to get on her feet. She collapsed down on the ground. She stirred in the rubble, lapsing in and out of being semi-conscious.

Grundy moved closer towards Sara to finish her off.

From the distance, a figure with a purple hood pulled over her head watched the battle. The energy in the air caused her eyes to narrow and grow red. She watched the vessel for the swamp zombie move towards the hooded figure.

A pendant of a raven dangling from her neck flittered in the wind as she made her move.

To Be Continued on May 9th, 2017.

Lots of nefarious goings on in this chapter, as Slade continues to play his games. And the Court of Owls continues to play there's. Needless to say, they are becoming an endangered species these days.

Laurel was caught in the Particle Accelerator explosion. No, I'm sure that won't come back to be important later. If it is, I'm sure it will be a scream.

Hey, it's Solomon Grundy, as the Court continues to dabble with matters under their control.

Mysterious girl, who is not so mysterious, if you read the obvious hint shows up to observe the battle between the Arrow and Solomon Grundy.

We return on Tuesday. And for fans of Stronger Together, that returns on Sunday.
Chapter Forty-Seven: Born on a Monday Part One.

The bumps, the bruises, the contusions, they all hit Sara pretty hard when she had been laid out on the ground. She could hear the looming force of this giant monster. She felt weakened when fighting him, and there seemed to be no clear reason why she would be weakened. However, Sara Lance was very weakened from the attacks of her giant enemy.

Determination filled her body. No matter how many times Sara got knocked down, she would always get back up. It was in her very being to get back up after the fight.

'I've got to….get up and fight him,' Sara thought. 'I don't have too many chances.'

Sara pulled herself to a standing position just in time to catch sight of the charging form of this monster. He swung a huge section of pipe towards her. Sara ducked and rolled over onto her back. The monster smashed the pipe down on the ground. Sara's heart skipped a couple of beats as soon as the monster rushed towards her one more time.

The monster swung the large section of pipe towards her one more time. Sara disarmed him of the pipe and then jumped up to drive him down to the ground. The monster rebounded and showed himself just as dangerous without a weapon. His fist caused Sara to fly back into the ground.

Sara leaned down and lifted up a huge chunk of cinderblock before she hurled it at the head of the monster. The monster stood in front of her, unmoving from getting a load of brick to the face. Sara strung together more punches.

"There's got to be a way to stop him," Sara said.

"CHRISTENED ON A TUESDAY!" he bellowed out.

The man rushed towards Sara and tried to take her out. Another shot nailed Grundy in the side of the head. The swamp monster lifted up a dumpster over his head and hurled it at Lyla's general direction.

Sara reclaimed her bow and arrows and drew back. She planted an arrow into the small of the swamp monster's back. The swamp monster doubled over and Sara pushed back at him with more punches. They strung together in a rapid-fire fashion.

Grundy rocked back an inch and Sara propelled herself at him. She nailed him with a roundhouse kick which caught Grundy directly in the face. Grundy caught her foot and slammed her down to the ground.

The sound of broken bones followed, and Sara really hoped those bones breaking weren't hers. She scrambled up to her feet in time to see the charging form of Grundy. He missed her face by a few inches. She dodged around him and looked up to see someone coming up from the other end.

Cassandra dove down onto Grundy's back. The swamp zombie had been caught off guard by the skilled and swift attack of the teenage assassin. She reared back a dagger and slammed it into the side of Grundy's neck. Grundy howled in agony, before grabbing Cassandra and chucking her off to the side like a piece of garbage. Cassandra rolled to her feet and landed to a standing position.

She turned towards Sara, both of them nodding. Both women tried to hit Grundy, Sara going high,
and Cass going low. Both of them connected to Grundy and backed him off. The monster howled when they pushed him back. Grundy returned fire towards them.

"MARRIED ON A WEDNESDAY!"

Cass shot an arrow into Grundy's wrist and Sara nailed him with an arrow shot to the ankle. Grundy howled in agony and grabbed both of the girls. He hoisted them off of the ground and started to shake them like rag dolls. Both girls fought out from their position and dropped down. They fired more shots at Grundy. Each of them connected and only served to deepen Grundy's growls.

It was like trying to take down an angry grizzly bear. No matter how many times they belted Grundy, he just kept coming from them with the fury. The monstrous look flowing through his eyes made him look very intense.

Grundy lifted up a large box and hurled it directly at both of the girls. They dodged the attacks.

Sara also dodged a dagger coming inches away from parting her turned around, realizing, perhaps a second too late, they weren't alone. The members of the Talon closed in on them. One of them withdrew a long blade towards Sara and charged her.

Fighting a large eight-foot tall swamp zombie and fighting a small army of zombie ninjas, Sara didn't know what was worse. She dropped down onto her feet and in one fluid motion, fired the arrow towards her enemies. The arrow had been avoided when the Talon deflected the shot from her.

The only good news was Grundy rushed towards them and took out members of the Talon in the process. Sara drew back her bow and fired at Grundy, multiple times. She took shots at the monster who howled in agony when the arrows connected to his chest, piercing them.

"CRUSH YOU!"

Grundy intended to do just that, crushing his adversaries. He reared back and went for Sara. Sara dodged out of the way and came behind Grundy. She fired more bolts at him, but he turned around. His crushing grip smashed Sara, and then he lifted up a large piece of rotting wood.

The wood smacked down between Sara's shoulder blades and dropped her to the ground. All of the wind left Sara's body in one very violent rush.

Something in Grundy's eyes flickered. He looked up and saw a figure dressed in purple robes who hovered several feet above the ground. Grundy and the Talon had been frozen in place before the figure opened up her hand and then released the blast of energy.

Lyla returned to join the battle after picking off a couple of Talon guards. She turned around and noticed Sara on the ground with some figure with a purple hood above her. And then, Sara vanished in a pulse of energy.

A very confused Cassandra and Lyla had been left, with more questions, other than answers.

"What just happened?"

Felicity frantically worked at the computer with Artemis hanging out in the background, mostly to keep an eye on her. The chances of someone breaching the security of the Clocktower was very low, but at the same time, there was a chance. Felicia was pretty glad to have the backup.

"Damn it, damn it, damn it!" Felicity swore to herself. "No one's picking up."
The brainy blonde tech would have lied if she wasn't very concerned by the fact her call was not being answered. The fact of the matter was something was very wrong and she couldn't pinpoint. Sara went into a warehouse to engage the Talon. Then the next minute she knew, nothing.

It would be one thing if just Sara went dead, but then Lyla and Cassandra's communication links went completely dead as well. She tapped her finger. The nervous drumming continued until Artemis gave her one side-long glance.

"There's something in the air," Felicity said. "I can't put my hand on what it is, but there's something very wrong."

Artemis sensed something as well. She saw Felicity moving around equipment, biting down on her lip when she did so. Felicity always looked so amusing when she had been stressed out.

"Well, do you think I should go out there and check?" Artemis asked.

"No, I think….."

The doors of the elevator opened up and Cassandra and Lyla stepped out. Cassandra walked with a little bit of a limp when making her way into the room. Lyla offered her a hand when guiding her over to the couch which Cassandra took without a problem.

"There you are two are," Felicity said. "Now, if you don't know, that's fine…..but there's something in the air…"

Felicity stopped and noticed precisely how battered both Cassandra and Lyla looked. They looked like something really dangerous ran them over, like an out of control bus or something. Felicity frowned when looking them over.

"You two don't look…was it the Talon?" Felicity said.

"We wish," Cass said.

Felicity wondered who it could be if it was not the Talon. Anyone who made someone long for the days of fighting the Talon was pretty dangerous, at least in Felicity's opinion. Granted, it wasn't like she was out there on the field, but just by what she heard, she thought the Talon were some pretty dangerous people.

"Okay, not the Talon," Felicity said. "So, if not the Talon, then who did you run into?"

"Solomon Grundy," Lyla said.

"Wait…wait…wait…the Solomon Grundy!" Felicity shouted. "The fabled Solomon Grundy, the legendary boogieman of Gotham City. That Solomon Grundy….the Solomon Grundy who was born on a Monday, Christened on a Tuesday, Married on a Wednesday, Took Ill On….."

Cass pressed her fingers towards Felicity's lips and silenced her. Felicity realized she got carried away once again.

"It's not the time or the place, is it?" Felicity asked.

"No," Cass said.

Felicity noticed there was one of their number missing, granted, she always noticed it. She just was too distracted by Cass and Lyla being so banged up to take an increased notice of it, at least until
"Sara's gone," Felicity said.

"Yes, she is," Lyla said. "There's our other problem right there, she's gone. Someone picked her up."

Felicity waved her hands and made the obvious sign which told Lyla to tell her more. Lyla drew in a deep breath and did tell her more.

"We were fighting Grundy and the Talon," Lyla said. "And Grundy banged Sara up pretty bad, when there was this mysterious girl in purple, wearing a hood."

Felicity wondered how many mysterious girls wearing hoods Starling City could really hold. For once, she kept such commentary to herself. Regardless, she invited Lyla to continue, and so Lyla did.

"She took out Grundy and the Talon," Lyla said. "And then, she disappeared into mid-air, it was almost like….."

"Wait, stop, please, stop," Felicity said. "Please don't say it, I deal with logic, and facts, don't say what I think you're going to say."

"Like magic?" Cassandra asked.

Felicity glared at Cass for saying the dirty forbidden "M-word". Really, it was bad enough the Court of the Owls had mystical zombie ninja people. Now Sara had been snagged by some mysterious, mystical magic force type thing.

Artemis walked over and looked towards the sky. Something was beginning to brew. The storm clouds rolled into Starling City. The sky tinted slightly red and those gray clouds continued to roll in.

'There's a storm brewing, and I don't know for how long, but it's coming, and I don't think anyone could stop it, even if we wanted to.'

Moira found herself blown away by the outpouring of support from the people of Starling City regarding her ordeal. She was surprised and extremely confused, to be honest.

Sebastian Blood and his supporters ragged on her every day. Moira almost could have laughed. At this point, it was like beating a dead horse by attacking her reputation. Right now, Moira had the television on, even though she rifled through stacks of letters to read about her support and her detractors. No one tried to mail bomb her yet, which was a small favor to be perfectly honest.

'Let's see if I can make something out of my second chance.'

"Moira Queen's continued freedom is a miscarriage of justice, and proof the people in this city need to stand up for what they believe in and stand up for what is right!" Sebastian Blood bellowed on the television. "When I'm Mayor of Starling City, criminals and terrorists like Moira Queen will not be allowed to roam free on the streets. We will finally have a just city! Justice will finally be served!"

Moira couldn't argue this gentleman most certainly argued with what he believed him. And it was his right to say everything he said, no matter what she liked.

'Freedom of speech, it shields both the enlightened and the ignorant.'

Moira looked over and noticed Thea standing in the doorway.
"Is there something wrong?" Moira asked. "Why don't you sit down?"

Thea walked in, grateful for the time spent with her mother. She sat down on the other end of the table and saw the stack of letters. The brunette responded with a raised eyebrow.

"So, are those from your fans, or your haters?" Thea asked.

"A little bit of both," Moira said. "I wouldn't mind the venom if they were a little more creative about them. At least three people threatened to burn down my mansion."

Moira taking this as calmly as she did, well it surprised Thea a tiny bit to be perfectly honest. She might not have taken threats on her life as well as her mother did. Good for Moira though for turning the other cheek, even though there would be people who would like nothing better other than to slap it.

"There's just something…weird about today," Thea said.

It did not escape Moira's attention that Thea shivered.

"Yes, I felt it earlier too," Moira said. "But, given how the city is in a state of transition, I think we can both agree the weirdness is something we just have to live with."

Moira looked over towards a package. It passed the front gate and she opened it up before causing a piece of paper to pull out. Moira picked up the piece of paper and looked very amused at the contents. She chuckled when looking it over. People most certainly were persistent, she'd give them that much.

"What's that?" Thea asked.

"Someone sent me a proposal, asking to have me how much it would cost for my life story," Moira responded. "They think there's some money in a made for television movie."

"Are you serious?" Thea asked.

The Queen heiress shook her head. They would really make anything a movie these days. Moira kept shifting through the papers, and she got offers, there were people who wanted the rights to tell her story.

It was big money; although the cynic in Moira couldn't help but think it would be even bigger money should she have been found guilty, instead of innocent. Regardless though, she kept flipping through the endless barrage of documents.

"Blood's really running away with the campaign," Thea said. "It doesn't look like he's going to catch up with anyone, anytime soon."

Thea could not shake the feeling there was something wrong going on. And it wasn't just the fact there was something extremely shift about Blood every time she saw him. Then again, maybe it was just because Thea thought it would not be wise not to trust someone with the last name Blood.

Moira dropped a letter on the table, almost in shock. Thea turned around because her mother being in shock, in turn, put her in shock. Thea leaned forward and picked up the letter, looking at it with a surprised look in her eyes.

"Is this legit?" Thea asked her.
Moira looked at the letter for a moment. Thea was extremely surprised, at her mother being in absolute shock. She never thought the day would come in her life. Thea leaned closer towards Moira.

"They want me to run for Mayor against Blood?" Moira asked. "The wounds are healing, but I think this is a pretty big step….."

"You know, maybe there's a chance you could run?" Thea asked. "I mean, compared to what half of the politicians in Washington get away with, what you did isn't as bad."

Moira gave Thea a very strong look, as if to tell her daughter, she was really not helping the case. Thea just slid back from the chair.

"What better way to make amends than by actually being in a better position to make amends?" Thea asked. "Besides, it would give a chance to shut up that smug asshole on television."

"He has the right to say what he wants," Moira said.

"Yeah, but him having freedom of speech doesn't make him any less of a smug asshole," Thea said. "No one is challenging him, and if no one steps up soon, the Mayor's office of Starling City is just going to be handed to him on a platter."

Moira stepped back, leaning back, in deep concentration. It wasn't the worst idea, although she could think of numerous reasons why running for Mayor wasn't exactly the smartest idea either. One of them sat right in front of her as she spoke.

"You do realize there are some things which might come out….."

Thea interrupted her mother. "I'm a big girl, I can handle it."

Moira almost told Thea the truth about her father right then and there, but she paused, wavering at the last moment. Admitting this fact to her daughter crossed one last line. Sara didn't tell her, and neither did Laurel, which Moira appreciated.

'Still, while I should be the one to tell her, I almost don't want to be the one to tell her.'

Moira looked at the proposal to run for Mayor. She might not be about to slip a hood on and start shooting arrows into people who have failed this city. However, there were other ways to save a city.

Perhaps it was time for her to redeem herself.

Sara woke up out of a prolonged sleep, her head whipping back against the bed. She tried to pull up but then collapsed down on the bed. Her breath faded a few seconds later. She was very groggy and it was hard to figure out whether or not she was even alive or not.

It took a few minutes for Sara to get in her surroundings. Shelves of books, rows of mysterious books which looked as old as dirty surrounded Sara. She tried to take a closer look around but snapped back on the bed. The breath faded from her body.

Suddenly, a figure came out into greater prominence. The girl in the purple hood approached her. Sara tried to rise up.

"You were very fortunate I found you in time," she said. "Grundy was about to smash you into bits."

"Where am I?" Sara asked. "Who are you? Where's Grundy?"
Only one of these questions could be answered at the present moment.

"I transported both Grundy and the men who summoned him away," she said. "They will be back, but they have no idea what horrors they are messing with. Then again, they're just puppets."

Sara could tell already what they were messing with. Anything magic made her brain hurt because it never was an enemy she could fight straight on. Sara was not stranger in thinking outside of the box, but even magic was ways out of her comfort zone.

"They are dabbling in things which are beyond the understanding of most mortals," she said. "Mostly because those who are immortal and have plenty of time to deal with them do not have a sufficient enough understanding."

The figure raised a very thick looking book with a levitating spell. Sara looked at the words on the pages and they looked Greek to her. Actually, she could read Greek, along with several other languages, so it being like Greek wouldn't be a problem.

She had no idea what the words on these pages were like. All she knew was it was going to lead to some problems.

"I have a pretty good idea what will happen if the Court succeeds," Sara said.

"Well, maybe you do," the hooded girl said. "But, there are horrors out there who you can't just put an arrow through and bring them to justice. You couldn't even defeat Solomon Grundy, and he's minor compared to them. And he's just a test run for something more awful."

"If I take down the Court, then there shouldn't be a problem."

The woman turned her attention away and looked through an opened window.

"The Court's not your biggest problem. Not when dealing with him."

Sara had more questions raised in her mind than she would even receive answers.

"Rest for a moment," she said. "There's no rush for you to go. Only a few minutes has passed outside even you've been out for days. I had to repair your spine and your internal organs."

It didn't make Sara feel any better she suffered such injuries. It made her feel a lot worse such injuries had been given to her.

"We'll return soon."

Felicity thought an eight-foot tall swamp zombie would not be too particular hard to find. She turned around from her computer and noticed two figures, one dressed in black, and the other dressed in green, watching her from the background.

The figure in green rushed forward when Artemis moved in to defend Felicity. The figure swept Artemis's legs out from underneath her and pushed her down onto the ground. The figure grabbed Artemis's arm and pulled it back, bending it back.

Artemis dropped to the ground as the figure pushed her down on the ground.

"You're being sloppy," she said.

The figure in black removed her face mask to reveal Nyssa. She snapped her fingers and the figure in
green released Artemis's arm, stepping back a couple of inches. Lyla and Cassandra stepped forward, still banged up.

"What's the point in having a secure Clocktower if ninjas can sneak in whenever they want?" Felicity asked.

The figure in green regarded Felicity and it was her she noticed the figure in green wore a Cheshire cat mask underneath the hood. "You need better security?"

Nyssa turned to her traveling companion.

"Jade," Nyssa said. "Sara invited us here in case of an emergency, and you do have an emergency...I think an introduction is in order....although Cassandra and Lyla have already met Jade Nguyen."

"Oh, we've met," Lyla said.

Lyla's eyes fixed on a woman who was a person of interest to ARGUS. The woman in question threw up her hands in response.

"Hey, that was just retaliation, Kasnia's government started it."

Felicity wondered what she was talking about. She figured there was something going on, although she didn't really know.

"Jade Nguyen, Felicity Smoak, I'm sure the two of you will get to know each other well later on," Nyssa said.

"Well, nice to meet you," Felicity said.

"A pleasure," Jade said.

Artemis pulled herself to the ground and rubbed her arm. "Glad to see it is a pleasure for one of you.....I nearly got my arm broken. Is that any way to greet your sister?"

Felicity's mouth hung open.

"Wait, the two of you are..."

"Yes, we are," Jade said. "And I would have stopped by sooner for a visit if I was not dealing with some pressing issues, and also to ask that Queen girl what her intentions were towards my sister."

Artemis responded by folding her arms and scowling at Jade. Jade answered by patting Artemis on the head in a very condescending manner.

"I was on League business for Nyssa; otherwise I would have come here."

"We have more pressing problems," Nyssa said.

"Yes, Sara's gone," Lyla said.

They could all agree Sara's sudden disappearance was not a good thing at all.

No sooner did they say it, Sara dropped down on her feet in the Clocktower. She did not have the most graceful landing, falling down on the ground.

"I hate traveling by magic," Sara grumbled.
The girl in the purple hood flashed out of mid-air right next to Sara. Nyssa withdrew a blade, even though it might not do good against someone of her power. And Nyssa could tell power a mile away, this woman radiated it like no one's business. The lights went dead along with the computers. Felicity gave a shriek in frustration at the last part.

"I'll explain everything to you all," the girl in the hood said. She dropped the hood to reveal an attractive pale skinned girl with purple hair with a mysterious red jewel glittering in her forehead. "My name is Rachel Roth, although most call me Raven."

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**To Be Continued on May 12th, 2017**

Well, Sara gets the shit kicked out of her by Grundy, until the mysterious purple hood girl, who is Raven of Teen Titans fame as we later find out, show up.

*Silly, Felicity, you can't keep ninjas out by standard security measures. The only way to secure against ninjas is to have your base guarded by pirates.*

*We meet Artemis's sister. And Artemis gets chewed out for being sloppy in non-uncertain terms. Jade and Lyla have crossed paths.*

*There are some nefarious goings on even beyond the Court of Owls, although this is more of a long-term story arc than anything.*

*More on Friday.*
Nyssa listened to Rachel's explanation, assessed the situation, and knew in an instant how much
trouble they were going to be in. The Daughter of the Demon allowed herself a rather obvious sigh.
They've dealt with mystical situations and problems in the past, the League had collectively. This
particular situation was one she felt took the cake, unfortunately.

And could have the worst consequences if left unchecked.

Jade, Artemis, Sara, and Rachel moved into position, with Nyssa a couple of steps behind them.
Nyssa turned her attention towards Sara, who was looking off into the distance. The look of
discomfort in Sara's eyes ended up betraying how she felt about this entire mission. Nyssa reached
over, placed her hand on Sara's shoulder, and spun her around so the two women could properly
face each other.

"I forgot the problems you've had with magic," Nyssa said.

"Not exactly my favorite thing in the world to deal with," Sara said. "And in the wrong hands, magic
can be an extremely blunt weapon."

There were no more wrong hands than the members of the Court of Owls. Nyssa could not even
begin to imagine what these monsters would pull off with their mystical abilities. It turned knots into
the stomach of the Daughter of the Demon. Her very obvious sigh coursed through her body.

'Mystics, they can be a problem, especially when you don't know how to take them head on,' Nyssa
thought.

The League had mystics in their organization, to varying degree of talent. True mystical power, the
type of power which moved worlds, or at least warped them, it was a sight Nyssa did not see.

Sara went up against an unfeeling force of nature who she could not even hurt. The Court had the
puppet on the string and a blunt weapon which could cause her problems.

'Grundy might not be the weapon to take me down,' Sara thought. 'Slade, it's always because of
Slade….it's never not because of Slade.'

Slade haunted Sara around every corner, consumed her mind, and made Sara look over her shoulder.
The problem was, as Sara saw it, it's what he wanted. He had been bent and having a near death
experience was not a good thing to a person's psyche.

Sara should no. Regardless, she turned around to see Rachel, Raven, whatever she called herself
right now, eyes locked onto Sara. Those eyes looked pretty chilling when locked onto Sara's, and
made her feel slightly nervous. They burned with energy.

"I know you're nervous," Rachel said.

"I'm not," Sara said. "I've fought monsters before. Grundy is…"

"A means to an end," Rachel said. "The true demons which could come out of this situation will be
far more dangerous than Grundy will ever hope to be. He's just a lost soul, lingering between two
worlds. He destroys because it's his way of dealing with the pain. He wants to be sent on."

"Is there a way to send him on?" Sara asked.

The sorceress responded with a smile and shook her head. "If it were only this simple, he would have been sent on a long time ago, but as we both know, it's really not that simple. He's just a force of nature and he continues to rampage around the world."

Sara sighed, she figured about as much. Still, there was no problem in wishful thinking, was there? Sara doubted there would be, for many reasons. She looked to see Jade who was standing a few inches away from Artemis. The two had not had the best relationship, she figured. It was just a guess based off of their body language, but Sara had a funny feeling their relationship was not the best.

"Focus on dealing with the knights, and the pawns will fall," Sara said.

"Exactly," Rachel said. "But, I can tell your mind is elsewhere. You're not focusing on the Court of Owls. You're distracted. Distraction, or maybe obsession could get you killed."

Sara almost protested. She shut up when finding out Rachel did have a point. Sara's obsession could get her killed, and it was focusing on Slade. There was one pressing situation other than that.

'Okey, eight-foot tall swamp zombie,' Sara thought. 'You would think he would be the easiest thing in the world to pin down.'

She had to worry about a group of rich assholes dealing with things which were far beyond their comprehension. Sara wasn't the biggest expert in the mystic arts, but she eve knew.

"So, are you ready?" Jade asked. "Because it seems like Artemis isn't the only one who has some focusing…"

Sara blocked Jade's attempt to nail with a jabbing punch and swept her to the ground. Jade bounced back up to her feet and stuck the landing. She smiled, backing away from Sara.

"Fair enough," Jade responded. "There is something bothering you though."

"Let's deal with Grundy, worry about everything else later," Sara responded.

The radio started to crackle to life and Felicity came in on the other end. "Okay, I think we've found him, I think we've found Solomon Grundy. He's been sighted at an old shipping yard…east side…just ran over some of Starling City's finest like they were a bunch of school children."

Sara couldn't do anything else, other than groan. Grundy wasn't making her life too much easier, to be perfectly honest. All she could do was prepare to head out, and prepare to fight Grundy.

The members of the high court of the Owls joined each other. Two of them at the very least, and they had been pleased with the progress of their latest pawn. One of them reached into his jacket, slid out a pack of cigarettes, slid the cigarette out, and lit it up. He took a drag from the cigarette.

"Bit premature to celebrate, isn’t it?"

"We had a rough patch, no thanks to Malcolm Merlyn," the member of the court said. "We're covering though. Soon, all of Starling City will be ours."

It should have belonged to the Court of Owls from the very beginning. The member of the high court leaned back and allowed the cigarette smoke to blow into the air.
"I'm not sure," the member of the high court said. "Grundy is slipping further from our control."

"Maybe, but we're dealing with a chaotic force, so the reigns may slip," he said. "I still want to know about the sorceress who sent some of the Talon off."

"She reminds me of someone, her magic abilities….someone I encountered a long time ago," another member of the Court said.

He traveled the world, met all kinds of interesting people, for better or for worse. Still, Grundy slipping from the clutches was a bit of a problem. One they all hoped to have rectified sooner rather than later. He took a puff of smoke from the cigarette and breathed deeply.

"No matter what, the Court of the Owls shall always survive."

"Yes, you're much like cockroaches."

Two of the members of the Court turned around and came face to face with the notorious Slade Wilson in all of his glory. One of them withdrew a knife and pointed it towards Slade. The dangerous man just responded with a smile, as if he was extremely amused the Court would think he could be threatened.

They were men who were always in control. The fact Slade was one step ahead of them rattled the members of the Court.

"How did you get in this place?"

"Your guard wasn't very attentive," Slade said. "It's a pity, isn't it?"

The man tried to nail Slade with a knife. Slade blocked his hand and twisted his arm around. The man fell down to the ground. Slade withdrew a blade of his own and plunged it through the back and chest of his adversary in a blink of an eye. The man dropped to the ground, blood spilling everywhere. Slade pulled back and stood over the top of the man in question.

The second member of the Court dropped the cigarette he held, staggered back, raised his hands against the wall in the universal sign for surrendering. He shook like a leaf. Slade surveyed the man through one narrowed eye, the useless piece of filth who thought he was far better.

"The Court has not been holding up their end of our bargain," Slade said. "I gave you the most important tool to conduct your little experiments, my blood. And now…you think you're ahead of the game. Well, you're wrong, dead wrong. There is so much you're willfully ignorant of, I'm not going to waste my breath explaining everything you don't know. And I'm twelve steps ahead of you."

The Court member trembled and reached into his pocket. He took out a fat stack of cash and extended his arm towards Slade. His hand kept shaking when he tried to pass it off to Slade.

"Don't insult both of us," Slade warned him.

The money dropped down to the ground. Slade grabbed the man's cigarette lighter and lit it. For one brief second, the High Court member thought Slade was going to burn his face off. Slade, instead, bent down and lit the stack of money on fire. The money burned into ashes before the Court Representative's eyes.

"I've given you all of the tools to conduct the experiments you want to, and this is how you repay your debts?" Slade asked. "No, I don't think so."
Slade gripped the throat of his adversary, squeezing tight and causing the man in question to gasp.

"You see, I've spent five long years of my life, more time than you could ever comprehend, trying to figure out the serum running through my bloodstream. I've worked with some people, trying to discover the limits, discover what it can do, what it can't do....and what kind of power it gives me."

Slade choked the Court member down to one knee. The man's windpipe could be crushed with one squeeze if Slade decided to do so. The man squirmed underneath Slade's hard grip. The breathing increased, but no matter what, Slade refused to break the death grip on his neck.

"I've taught the Court everything they know about Mirikuru," Slade said. "But, there's one thing without a shadow of a doubt, you should know. You don't under any circumstances know everything I do. And you are still ignorant of who truly controls things now."

The mercenary released the grip around the man's throat. The man slumped down against the wall, gasping for oxygen.

"You're refusing to look at the bigger picture."

"The bigger picture is I'm in control, and the Court is obsolete," Slade said.

Slade held the arrow and for a second, the high court member thought he would be stabbed in the eye. A moment of hesitation caused Slade to pull back. Did he feel some kind of pity? The member of the high court doubted it very much, his shaking hands continued to twitch.

"Lead me to the serum you've created," Slade said. "Lead me to your stock, or I will force you. You have a wife, children....and they are the only things they care about in this miserable world. I know where they are, and I know when they're coming home. I have men waiting."

"We'll bury you so deep no one will ever find you," the court member said.

Slade chuckled, patted the man on the head with one hand while putting the arrow head in the small of his back with the other hand.

"Mate, you wouldn't be the first to try."

The member of the Court walked Slade forward. His hands twitched the more Slade walked him forward.

"You're losing it; you're going to cause Armageddon."

Slade jabbed him lightly with the arrow head which was enough to get him to walk. "If Starling City burns, it is only then I can be truly avenged for being left to rot."

Solomon Grundy walked with his arms dragging on the ground. He grunted loudly when moving to his destination. Grundy turned around a fraction of an inch.

"Grew Ill On a Thursday!"

His loud growl came obviously. Two men stepped in front of him, one of them wielding a very large and potent staff. Grundy growled when staring down the staff when it pointed at him.

"Come with us, monster."

The man sent sparks of energy through the staff and shocked Grundy. Grundy stepped back and
grabbed the staff in his hand, before smashing his adversary down onto the ground. The other one rushed Grundy for an attack. Grundy gripped the man's head and whipped him down on the ground.

An arrow caught Grundy in the back of the neck. The arrow head exploded and rocked Grundy back. He howled in agony, turning around.

He remembered the girl in the hood who kept shooting Grundy with the pointy things. Pointy things that hurt, and now Grundy rushed towards her, smashing the perch point he was on.

Sara jumped down on the ground and caught Grundy with three rapid-fire shots in succession. One of the shots pierced Grundy's stomach, and the other two went through his chest. The swamp zombie ripped the arrows out of his chest and gave an angry howl towards her.

Grundy swung a vicious punch to the fences. Sara dodged the attack and fired another arrow at him. Grundy caught the arrow and crushed it into dust.

Cass came down for round two against the zombie. She swung a chain with a heavy weight on the end and it gripped Grundy around the wrist. Grundy pulled her in. Cass dodged Grundy's attack and dropped down behind him. Grundy swung another punch towards Cassandra, who dodged Grundy's attack.

Jade rushed in from the other end with a weapon with poisoned tip claws. She slashed Grundy's face with the claws. Grundy whipped back his hands and howled in misery. He charged Jade and tried to smash her face in. Jade dodged the attack from Grundy and slammed the claws right into Grundy's back one more time.

The howling swamp zombie went towards Jade one more time, in time to receive dual arrows to the face from Artemis and Nyssa.

"I'll show you focus," Artemis said.

"Don't show me, show him."

Artemis heard Jade's words just a second before Grundy charged in. Grundy smashed the ground where Artemis stood.

Sara hoped Rachel was ready to spring the trap soon. Grundy went towards her with malicious intention.

"GOT WORSE ON FRIDAY!"

Grundy's large arm was a bit more sluggish than usual. Jade's poison seemed to work, at least in small doses. Sara had about five or six months at once before pulling back. Grundy whirled his hand around and then she nailed about five or six more punches to Grundy.

Sara's knuckles became very sore from how hard she was hitting Grundy.

"DIED ON A SATURDAY!"

Grundy ripped a large piece of street pavement out of the ground and chucked it at Sara. Sara threw herself down on the ground to dodge the attack. The pavement shattered into dust, even though Sara's head didn't.

She looked up in time to see Rachel motioning. Just a little bit closer, and she would have Grundy. Sara got it right away.
'Okay, come on, let's see what you have.'

Grundy charged towards Sara and rushed towards her one more time. Sara pivoted in mid-air. He pushed forward and tried to nail Sara with another punch. Sara blocked the attack and nailed Grundy with a series of jabs to the side of the head.

An energy field engulfed Grundy. Grundy raised his hands up and energy withdrew from his body. The decaying form of the vessel they used decayed into dust.

"Buried on a Sunday."

Grundy's spirit had been returned to its limbo, back to Slaughter Swamp in Gotham City where it belonged. He didn't fight being ripped from this plane because of the pain.

Sara looked down at the dust which was once Grundy. It was almost a pity.

'And that's the end of Solomon Grundy.'

Now, they stopped this, it was time for them to find the source. Sara turned her attention completely to one side and came face to face with a member of the Court of Owls. He bolted off to the other direction.

He slipped off into the shadows, already got a head start. Sara moved towards her, with Nyssa, Cass, Jade, and Artemis all following.

"Slippery snake," Jade said.

"Yes, the Court's like that," Nyssa said.

They had to get him. The two handlers Grundy mauled also disappeared, and they weren't the only ones.

Raven disappeared into the night, without as much saying a goodbye.

"And she's gone as well," Artemis said. "Do you think we'll see her again?"

"If we do, there are some dangerous things happening," Sara said.

The Talon's heart beat feverishly against his chest when returning to the headquarters of the Court of Owls. The plan had gone in the worst possible direction, and his employers would need to be warned.

The door had been left ajar which was very out of character for his employers. Security always was essential for them. The Talon put his hand on the door and pushed it open. The door snapped back with a light creak. The goon stepped into the room.

Three members of the high court laid down on the ground. Their faces had been carved up, their clothes had been ripped, and stab wounds were all over their body. The most damning feature of the Court's attack was the arrow jabbed directly in the eye of one of them.

The Talon's hand shook even more. He turned around in time to face Slade Wilson.

"No one was supposed to come here," Slade said. "A real pity for you."

Slade wasn't alone, he had a few subordinates. Two of them were carrying a crate. The Talon moved
forward to engage Slade, despite being outnumbered six to one, and with no obvious backup.

"I can't allow you to leave with those items," the Talon said. "They are the property of the Court of the Owls, and you can't be allowed to…"

Slade reached to grip the man's shoulder roughly and pull him in tighter. The man shuddered with Slade holding him in very close.

"I admire your devotion to your employers," Slade said. "Even though at this time, your devotion borders on sheer insanity. It's not what you allow. I'm telling you I'm going to leave with what belongs to me. But not before I kill you."

Slade grabbed the Talon's blade from him and held it at the man's throat. One wrong move and the blade would go into the Talon's throat, severing an artery. Providing, of course, Slade didn't just part the man's head from his shoulders.

"I should thank the Court, for making my job a lot easier," Slade said. "If it wasn't for them, I wouldn't have been able to haul these items into Starling City. It's a pity they're a shell of their former selves now."

Slade chuckled and pulled the blade away from the Court member's throat.

"It's true, they could always go through the laborious process of finding replacements in their high council," Slade said. "But, they're done in Starling City. If you see any of the other members of the Court, I haven't gotten around to killing just yet, tell them it would be in their best interest to leave Starling City and return to the warm sanctuary of Gotham. With what's to come, it's much safer for them."

Slade stabbed the Talon in the shoulder and dropped him to the ground. He would live, but Slade would leave his mark.

The men finished hauling out the rest of the tanks. The Talon pulled himself to his feet.

Moments, almost about fifteen of them passed. The doors of a panic room off to the side opened and three more members of the Court exited the room. They looked down at their Court members who had not been fortunate enough to escape.

"Why did he leave us alive?"

"To send a message," another suggested. "He will not fear us…that glorified pawn will not take over our plans. We still have…"

The sound of breaking glass announced the arrival of the Arrow. Three arrows wrapped up the remaining members of the high court. One wounded Talon was not enough to fight her off. The Hood blocked the Talon's attack and flipped him down onto the ground.

Several other figures moved in to seal off the exits.

"Are you working with Slade Wilson?"

"He's double-crossed us," one of the high court members admitted. He had been an arrow point and bravery failed him. "Slade has taken…the serum…the replication of what is in his blood stream, and Blood…after all we've done for that ingrate, he's double-crossed us. He's a treacherous snake!"

Sara shook her head, she didn't need to be informed Sebastian Blood was nothing but trouble.
"Slade lives."

"Yes, and he's coming for you, and everything you hold dear," the Court member said. "And you need to let us go before he comes back to kill us all."

Sara half hoped Slade would return to finish the job. She had a job of her own to finish.

Nyssa stepped closer into the room, and Sara turned around to face her.

"Slade Wilson lives," Nyssa said. "I can't believe it."

Sara responded with a nod. The time back on the island, well Sara was going to have to face reality. She thought Slade sinking beneath the depths of the AMAZO would be enough to finish him off, but reality told her differently.

"You do realize how bad this is?" Nyssa asked.

"I hoped he had become shark bait," Sara said. "I guess I was wrong….well, I'm back to correct my mistakes. And he's a mistake, a really big mistake."

Nyssa hitched in a breath, seeing Sara turn around. She put a hand on Sara's shoulder.

"Sara, please, don't do anything too reckless," Nyssa said. "I know…"

"He has to die," Sara said.

"Can he, though?" Nyssa asked.

Sara thought long and hard about whether or not Slade could in fact die. She thought he died at her hand on the island.

Nyssa placed a hand on Sara's shoulder and pulled her closer in.

"Do you want the League's help?"

Sara hesitated for a moment, mulling it over, and then, after she weighed the positives or negatives, she answered the question.

"No."

"I am grateful you all have given me a second chance, but words are hollow and actions speak much louder. I will happily become your Mayor of Starling City and will help lead this city back to the prominent future it once was. Thank you, and I'm sure my opponent will appreciate the opportunity not to get handed the election."

Sebastian Blood's eyes narrowed when watching the television. Everything wasn't going his way, especially with the people lapping up Moira's redemption story with a spoon. It could give him problems.

"So, your life has just become a lot more interesting, hasn't it?"

Blood turned around to face Slade.

"You assured me I would be in control of Starling City," Blood said.
"Is there truthfully a point in being the leader of a city which has been sentenced to death?" Slade asked. "Remember, who made you. Don't you dare think you can demand anything of me."

Slade spoke with the arrowhead clutched in his hand. Blood watched Slade grip the item, knowing it would be seconds before it would be rammed through his eye socket.

"I know people more powerful than you are."

Slade chuckled at Blood's arrogant declaration.

"Are you referring to the Court of Owls? Because they are under the assumption you betrayed them to me. So….I think you have two options. Either you work with me, or they will hunt you down for your treason."

Blood clutched his fist tightly. He thought Slade's obsession with revenge was getting out of control. Blood had big plans for the city, but Slade only wanted to lead it to its extermination.

There had to be a way for Blood to come out ahead. The man slipped out of tight spots before and could do so again.

To Be Continued on May 16th, 2017

Grundy's gone and Slade's moving forward with his plans. We're heading towards the homestretch here and things are going to go rather insane as well.

Needless to say, the Court will have to regroup and pull out of Starling City. Likely their business here is done, and shut down by Slade. Who has loftier plans for the city now?

Sara pretty much confirms outright Slade is alive. Granted, it seemed to be accurate given the evidence involved, but still, you can never be too careful

Until Tuesday.
What Passes As Downtime


Sara took some time to reflect over the past couple of days. Moira running for Mayor most certainly threw her for a loop, and Sara really didn't know how to deal with it. It was just a thing which was happening, and Sara guessed they were going to have to deal with the consequences of what happened.

People had been really concerned. Sara had been on pins and needles for other reasons, beyond Moira running for Mayor. One of the biggest reasons had to do with the Court of Owls and the fact Slade was picking them off like no one's business. Slade was just an inch away from Sara's grasp, she could feel it.

Sara remaindered herself about the obsession she felt towards him. Slade was better left buried out at sea, but he rose back from the depths. How?

'Guess, he survived so long on Lian Yu, obviously, he can survive what you did to him,' Sara thought a few seconds later. She frowned deeply. 'You're out there somewhere, and one day, I'll find you.'

The Court only passed Sara's mind as the least of her problems. Moira running for Mayor throwing her for a loop also was something she could deal with. And a greedy board of directors who wanted answers yesterday, Sara could handle them as well.

One of the biggest problems had to do with the fact Slade was out there, and he planned something. Sara remembered Slade's promise, how he would go after the people she cared about once. Sara didn't doubt Slade was a man of his word.

"There you are."

Sara had been so wrapped up in her own thoughts, she didn't see Isobel make her way around the corner. She turned to face the woman.

"I know you've been busy, worrying about your sister," Isabel said. "How, is she feeling by the way?"

Sara had been taken aback for a moment of Isabel making a genuine inquiry. Isabel had been acting a bit more cordial to Sara as of late, and Sara only could even begin to guess why this might be the case.

"Laurel's coming home tomorrow," Sara said. "She's not the best, but she's better off than a lot of people."

Isabel answered with a nod. She had been keeping tabs on the situation of Central City because it affected some of her potential business interests. And when it affected her bottom line, Isabel had to really step up and do what was necessary to ensure her business had been salvaged.

"We do have something we need to discuss," Isabel said. "And I need you to tell me straight up what's going on here if you knew about this."

"Well, tell me what you want to know."
Sara's tone had been a bit sharp. Isabel drew in a deep breath, nodding in response. "Moira Queen is running for Mayor of Starling City."

The two women looked at each other for a very long moment. Sara knew what Isabel was driving at; somehow she seemed to think Sara knew about Moira's candidacy before she announced it.

"I didn't know anything about it," Sara said. "Well, at least until she announced it. I was rather confused about why she would do it, but...maybe she wants to change what she did for the better."

Isabel's skeptical comment had been held in. She returned to face Sara with a sharp eye.

"I want to know where you stand regarding Moira's candidacy," Isabel said. "You're not going to support her, are you?"

"You know the policy of Queen Industries is to never take a public stance on politics," Sara said. Isabel applauded Sara for giving the very politically correct answer. The type of answer which sounded very good at a press conference. While it might work for board members and investors, and the press to receive such a fluffy, lifeless answer, Isabel was someone who knew the game all too well. She approached Sara, leaning closer to her.

"And what of you doing so privately?" Isabel asked.

"Don't you think I have enough on my plate without worrying about politics," Sara said. "I think it's up to the people in Starling City to think whether or not Moira can do something to fix the city."

Sara decided not to bring up the point Moira didn't really need her support.

"I have to admit, it's almost inspiring she's pulled herself up in a couple of months from the top to the bottom," Isabel said. "She's never really been on the bottom....but women like us, we know all about crawling up through adversity."

Sara only just nodded. There was no real way she could answer this particular question from Isabel. She knew what it was like to be on the bottom, and after that one night on the island, Sara felt like she had hit bottom before she had been picked up by the League.

The woman closed her eyes a second later.

"I'm just glad you have business on your mind first and foremost, and won't worry about dealing with politics," Isabel said. "We've done a lot of work pulling Queen Industries out of the hole it's been in."

Sara wasn't going to argue about this point. They did put in a lot of work. One thing she was sure about Isabel was, despite her cold-hearted demeanor, she took business very seriously. There was an agenda there, but Sara doubted very much she went into any particular situation to fail.

'And neither do I.'

"So, I asked you out for dinner one time, and you turned me down," Isabel said. "I wonder if you had a change of heart."

Sara figured she would make an attempt to ask her out again. She looked in Isabel's eyes and answered with a very swift nod.

It might be a way to trap her and to gain information. And Sara learned of many ways to get
Isabel wanted to play this game, fine, Sara could play it just as well.

"Sure, it might be interesting," Sara said.

"Great, we can discuss business, and maybe get to know each other a bit better," Isabel said. "The boardroom isn't a good place to get to know someone."

Isabel now had made her move. Now it was time to move in for the kill. Finally, after months of slowly integrating herself in for the kill.

Dinah Laurel Lance made her way up the steps to the clocktower. She moved around a bit gingerly, but other than the fact she moved around gingerly, she was fine. Other than the fact she couldn't really speak right now. Every time she tried, there was a stabbing pain in her throat. It was very awful and Laurel did not know whether or not she would speak again.

The doctors operated on her throat twice while she was in Central, but they could find nothing out of the ordinary wrong. Laurel figured, perhaps she was wrong, but it was almost like there was something stuck in her throat. Yet, it was unable to be found by common medical procedures.

Felicity had been at work on the computer. Cass had been sitting nearby. She looked up and smiled when inviting Laurel inside. She bounced up to her feet and gave Laurel a hug which the older girl returned. The two of them parted ways.

"Hey, Laurel," Felicity said.

Laurel smiled and moved over towards Felicity to shake her hand.

"They couldn't find what's wrong with your throat, could they?" Felicity asked.

Laurel answered by shaking her head. The remorseful look on the woman's face showed Felicity how much she regretted losing the ability to speak.

"I'm sure they'll find something," Felicity said. "Iris is still in a coma, and she's been moved to STAR Labs. According to Barbara, who heard it from her father, Detective West put up a bit of a fight, but understood Harrison Wells and his staff are the best people to take care of Iris right now."

Laurel sank down on the chair next to Felicity a few seconds later, and breathed in deeply, before breathing out. She looked very much out of it, and it was very alarming to see her like she was.

"I swear between the two of you, I'm going to have to talk enough for three people," Felicity said. Two sets of eyes, both from Cassandra and Laurel found their way towards Felicity and stared her down. Felicity threw her hands back.

"Too soon, it's much too soon, isn't it?"

"Way, too soon," Cassandra said.

Felicity thought she should be used to getting the taste in her mouth. Laurel reached in and put a hand on Felicity's shoulder to squeeze in reassuringly as if trying to tell her missteps in speech were part of her charm.

Laurel looked back and forth, looking at the case where Sara's uniform was. She looked towards Felicity and then back to the case, before gesturing around the Clocktower.
"She wants to know where Sara is," Cassandra said.

"Oh, Sara, well, she's out on a date with Isabel Rochev, yeah, that Isabel Rochev," Felicity said. "I didn't think the Ice Queen would be the type, but she seems to be acting a lot more tolerable, at least to Sara. Which, if she was a guy, people would be accusing her of trying to get into Sara's panties. Not, she couldn't be trying to get into Sara's panties, she doesn't have to be a guy to want to get in Sara's panties, but…"

Cassandra picked up a donut and stuffed it in Felicity's mouth. Felicity almost gagged when the donut stopped her from talking. She let it fall out of her mouth. Cream splattered all over her upper lip and nose from where Cassandra hit it in her.

Laurel threw her head back with a silent round of laughter. She started to cough, paying dearly for any laughter. Cassandra moved in to pick up a glass of water and hand it to Laurel, who took it. Laurel gulped down the water, rather gratefully in the process.

"Still trouble?" Cass asked. "Hang in there."

The woman's frustration bubbled over despite Cass's words of encouragement. And given how she barely had any words to spare, in the best of times, words of encouragement from Cassandra Cain were very interesting.

"Do you think it could be a mental block somehow?" Felicity asked.

"Maybe," Cass said.

Laurel shook her head; she doubted very much it could be a mental block. Something was causing her to be unable to speak, but whatever it was, it wasn't physical. Laurel pointed over her shoulder back to the case, and back to Felicity. She took a drink of water.

"Oh, we were getting off of the subject with Sara," Felicity said. "The point is, after Isabel had been working over her for months, Sara accepted the date. And I don't like this…and no, I'm not spying. I'm really not trying to spy on the date."

Laurel raised her eyebrow and looked Felicity dead on in the eye. Felicity wilted a slight amount, sighing in response.

"I'm not spying on the date because it's very hard to get a fix on Sara because she's an awesome ninja type person, who can't really be tracked," Felicity said. "But, I'm sure if she's in any danger…well she won't be, because what can Isabel do to harm her?"

Cass gave Felicity one of the worst sidelong looks ever. It plainly told the blonde not to underestimate her.

The elevator on the Clocktower opened up and Barbara moved in. The first thing she saw Felicity with white cream on her nose and lip.

"Did I come at a bad time?" Barbara asked.

"No, you never come at a bad time," Felicity said. "Um….you know, that sounded a lot cleaner in my head."

"I was going to let it slide," Barbara said. "And you've got a little something….."

Barbara moved over and slipped her finger into the frosting on Felicity's upper lip. She popped it into
her mouth and sucked the frosting off. Felicity gave an involuntary shudder at Barbara's actions.

"Cassandra just stuffed a donut in my face, I swear," Felicity said.

Barbara figured as much, but could not resist giving Felicity a smile.

"Okay, fine, I wasn't questioning what goes on in this Clocktower when I'm not here," Barbara said. "You really should be resting."

Laurel pulled out her cell phone and texted Barbara despite the fact she had been standing about three feet away at the time.

"Right, you've been resting for about three months, and had two throat operations," Barbara said. "I get your point, but you're not going to go out on the field. You look like a wreck."

Laurel texted a short, but irritable "gee, Thanks" at Barbara, with an emoticon with its tongue sticking out.

"So, where's Sara?" Barbara asked.

"She's out on a date with Isabel Rochev," Felicity said. "Yeah, I know, shocking, but….I think Sara finally is curious enough to see what she wants."

Barbara wasn't going to doubt Sara went in with a plan regarding Isabel, but it made her worry. Given what they believed Isabel to be working with, Barbara kind of wished she had been hanging close to there, just in case.

'Still, if I know Sara, she has back up.'

Isabel finally letting her hair down, in the figurative and literal sense, and relaxing for a nice dinner threw Sara off a little bit. She relaxed, just a tiny bit, but as always, a true warrior kept one eye opening.

"I have to admit, you surprised me," Isabel said. "Oliver Queen has a lot of girlfriends, and I doubt many of them have the business savvy you do."

"Well, I've had to learn, if I wanted to keep this company afloat," Sara said. "The three of us, and I'm including Doctor Starr in this as well…..we've done some great things."

The two of them poured drinks with each other.

"Queen Industries is a passion of yours," Isabel said. "Just like it is mine…I was very close to Robert Queen when he was alive. His passing was a tragedy….the world lost a great visionary. Maybe the world would have been a lot better place if he survived."

Sara answered with a polite nod, as a bottle of wine had been delivered to the table by a waitress with dark hair. The waitress turned around and left.

"Compliments of the staff," Sara said. "Well, isn't that something?"

"Yes," Isabel said.

Sara's phone rang, and she looked towards Isabel. Isabel waved her off.

"It happens, when you run a company, you're on the clock twenty-four-seven," Isabel said. "I'll be
Isabel watched Sara move to the bathroom. She had been waiting for this opportunity all night. Isabel reached into her purse and slipped out a small bottle. She dropped two white tablets into Sara’s glass of wine which dissolved in an instant.

The woman waited very patiently for Sara to return to the meal. A few seconds passed when the doors opened up and Sara returned to their private table. Isabel slid the glass of wine right in front of her.

"I'm guessing it wasn't anything too truthfully important, was it?" Isabel asked.

"Nothing that couldn't have waited until the board meeting tomorrow," Sara said.

"Oh, I feel your pain," Isabel said. "Why don't you have a drink?"

Sara took the drink in hand and held up the glass of wine in her hand. Isabel held up the glass of wine as well and they both held it up.

"So, here's to business, and forging alliances, both present, and future," Isabel said.

The two of them clinked the glasses of wine together. Sara took a couple of drinks of the wine and then put the glass down on the table. Her eyes drooped shut for a few seconds, barely able to keep her head above the water.

A devious smile spread over Isabel's face as she took a long drink of the wine. She smiled having finally trapped Sara.

"Here's to…." Isabel's eyes rolled in the back of her head and she fell back, sliding to the ground in one fell motion. Sara's eyes opened wide and alert with a very obvious smile on her face. She made sure the curtain had been secured in her private area before walking over to the downed form of Isabel Rochev.

"It worked like a charm," Sara said.

The waitress who served Sara and Isabel the wine slipped in to join them.

"Of course it would, beloved."

Nyssa knew tonight would be the night where Isabel would try something. She couldn't get the company away to Sara, so she attempted to try another tactic. The plan would have worked if Sara and Nyssa hadn't been a couple of steps ahead of their enemy.

"So, we need to get her out of here?"

The fire alarm in the restaurant went off, answering Sara's unasked question about how they really intended to get Isabel out of this place. Both Nyssa and Sara scooped up the woman and made their way to the back exit to the alleyway while everything had been blocked.

They moved off into the shadows before anyone saw anything out of the ordinary. Sara knew the press would have a field day of one of the majority owners of Queen's Industry kidnapping another majority owner of Queen Industries.
Nyssa smiled in triumph. She knew the sneaky bitch would try something, and they have her.

Isabel's eyes flickered open in a bedroom surrounded by candles. She found herself secured to the center of a bed. Arms and legs had been hooked to the bed. Isabel tried to break out of the bed, only to have her snapped back and fall onto the bed.

"Let me out of her."

Isabel heard her own slurred speech to realize something wrong happened. The woman's eyes shifted around the dimly lit room.

'I didn't drug her, and I didn't take her back to Slade. Damn it, it's...it's her, isn't it?'

"I'm sure you understand you're in a very delicate position now, Ms. Rochev. And your cooperation may be the deciding factor of whether or not you leave this bed intact."

Isabel looked up just in time to see the face of the Daughter of the Demon, Nyssa al Ghul. Nyssa walked over towards Isabel.

"I saw you drink the tainted wine," Isabel said. "I know you're there...hiding behind her..."

"I don't need to hide behind Nyssa," Sara said. "I will stand beside her, however."

Isabel realized her plan to drug Sara didn't go as intended. In fact, one could say the plan to drug her became very much unraveled. She tried to lift a hand off of the bed and it snapped down.

"When I was in the bathroom, taking a call, I took an antidote," Sara said. "It's very rare but very useful. It helps make a person immune to most drugs for at least forty-eight hours."

'Damn it,' the woman swore.

"It seems to me you wish you would have had such an antidote on hand," Nyssa said.

Isabel's mind cleared, and she noticed for the first time, Nyssa and Sara stripped the woman to her bra and panties. And likely also removed all of the concealed weapons she had for her person.

"Here's the deal," Sara said. "You're a broken woman. And you've been a very bad girl...trying to drug me like that. I thought we made progress."

The mocking tone in Sara's voice caused Isabel to look up at her.

"You don't deserve the company," Isabel said. "Robert and I were supposed to run away together, but he got cold feet at the last minute. It was all because of Thea, that bi....."

Sara slapped Isabel across the mouth as hard as possible which caused her to cringe.

"I don't like it when you insult my friends," Sara coldly said.

"She isn't Robert's anyway, Moira wasn't faithful to him, not as faithful as I could be," Isabel said. "He ripped my heart out and stomped on it, and the strange part is...he knew...he knew Thea was Malcolm Merlyn's bastard spawn and...he still ran back to her when she broke her arm anyway."

Isabel shuddered, and Sara leaned closer towards her.

"You latched onto Robert, you latched onto Slade because you aren't as independent as you liked to
me," Sara said. "You know what I think? You're not a powerful woman. You're a lost little girl who needs a firm hand to keep them in line."

Sara ran her finger down Isabel's cheek and slowly moved closer down.

"And now, you tried to drug me, you tried to betray me," Sara said. "I bet you wanted to bring me before Slade…and you're going to tell me where that bastard is right now."

"Go fuck yourself."

Sara slipped a finger down Isabel's panties. The touch was only fleeting. Isabel realized what Sara was trying to do, she was trying to break her, and she refused to let it happen.

"Stop it, you sick bitch, I don't want this!" Isabel yelled.

Nyssa looked at the wet spot on Isabel's panties and scoffed.

"And yet, you do," Nyssa said. "The heart rate, the breathing, the look of lust in your eyes, the obvious signs of arousal….I bet you wanted Sara because it was the closest you would ever get to the Queens again."

"Shut up you…" 

Isabel's body betrayed her. Sara's finger worked her magic, and then, right when Isabel reached her peak, Sara pulled out, denying her pleasure.

"You'll never finish if you don't tell me where Slade is," Sara said.

"Go to fucking hell!" Isabel yelled.

Her body begged for release, but somehow, her will reinforced.

"Have it your way," Sara said. "So, beloved….it's been a long night, hasn't it?"

Nyssa smiled and made sure Isabel's eyes were on them, when she latched lips with Sara, kissing her hard and on the lips. Sara returned the kiss without any problem.

Isabel breathed heavily, not wanting to be turned on by this shameless display right next to her. Her body demanded release, but given Sara and Nyssa strapped her to the bed, there was really no way to receive it.

"And now, let me show you how good you would feel, if only you behaved."

The two women leaned into each other for a kiss. Sara worked off the bottom of Nyssa's attire and pulled her tight leather pants down to expose her pussy for the world. The skilled warrior showed her fingers were good for something other than weapons while running her fingers down Nyssa's pussy lips.

"Why don't we show her what it looks like when a woman is allowed to finish?"

"Good suggestion," Nyssa said.

Sara slipped one finger inside of Nyssa. The warmth of her body surrounding Sara's finger made her feel really good. She smiled when looking at the look of lust burning in Nyssa's eyes. Sara pushed a finger deep inside Nyssa and almost slid it out of her all of the way.
The Daughter of the Demon enjoyed the pleasure spreading through her body. The pleasure doubled even when Sara added a second finger. She leaned in to make sure Isabel saw the look of pleasure cascading over her face. The woman had a full view of how good Sara made Nyssa feel.

Isabel's breathing increased the more she watched Nyssa's face size up with pleasure due to Sara working her fingers deep inside of her.

"We should kick things up another notch," Nyssa managed through ragged breaths.

"Great idea."

Sara shifted her position where she now kneeled between Nyssa. Her mouth came inches away from Nyssa's pussy lips and came down to between her legs. Nyssa put her hands on the back of Sara's head and guided her face between her thighs.

"Yes," Nyssa moaned. "It feels so good to be rewarded."

Isabel shifted, giving an angry glare. She tried to rub her thighs together. The position she had been put in made any kind of relief basically impossible. Which she felt was by design. Isabel cursed the lack of pleasure and cursed the two of them.

Sara went down on Nyssa's moist womanhood. The two of them established a familiar pattern with each other. This time though, Sara increased the frequency of what he was doing.

Nyssa's moans escalated every moment. She took painstaking efforts not to hold back, to ensure Isabel watched every moment of the assassin's approaching orgasm. Sara's travels between her moist thighs resulted in Nyssa's body singing with more pleasure than she could ever release.

"YES!"

Sara ate her beloved to a very intense orgasm which left her body quivering. The blonde archer slowly licked the outside of Nyssa's lips to taste the juices from her.

She captured Nyssa's lips one more time and gave them a parting kiss. The moment Sara's lips coated on Nyssa's she turned around and moved closer towards Isabel.

Isabel's heart raced. No matter how much she convinced herself mentally this encounter was not what she wanted, the fact was her body betrayed her at the worst possible times. Sara moved closer towards Isabel and gave her an aggressive kiss.

It showed Sara controlled what pleasure Isabel received tonight. And it showed that Sara could snatch the pleasure away.

The businesswoman's body squirmed underneath Sara. Sara used her tongue to invade Isabel's mouth and also gave her a taste of the results of Nyssa's orgasm.

Sara pulled back, switching the play, and running down her body. Once again, Sara's fingers slipped between Isabel's legs and pumped her fluidly.

Nyssa, seeing how Sara's womanhood was neglected for attention, decided to do something like it. She worked Sara's thighs apart. She slowly buried her face between Sara's cheeks and gave her asshole a teasing lick, before moving down and tonguing her pussy.

Sara's eyes blazed forward with a moan. She quickened the pace and then slowed down. Isabel's hormones were taken on an emotional roller roaster ride. Sara pulled almost completely out of Isabel
and plunged back into her with one fluid motion.

"How about now?" Sara asked. "Are you ready to succumb?"

"No….I'll never tell you….."

Sara ripped her finger from Isabel and left her hanging one more time. She leaned back, looking over her shoulder. Nyssa was very busy in getting her pussy very wet for the next round of pleasure.

The next round involved, Sara being rolled over onto the bed. Nyssa climbed on top of Sara and mounted her hips. The two of them joined together hip to hip, loins rubbing together, and the friction started to build between them.

Sara leaned up and played with Nyssa's nipples. They hardened underneath her grip. Sara leaned up and showed her oral talents also extended north. Nyssa appreciated the attention being given to her right nipple, and then to her left nipple as well.

Isabel watched the pleasure increased. Their pussies ground together, and it made her panty clad pussy burn with desire.

'Those bitches,' Isabel thought furiously.

Nyssa and Sara swapped spit and other bodily fluids. The two of them caressed each other's bodies, trying to bring the other to full pleasure. Nyssa wrapped a leg around Sara and slowly drew her in. Sara responded by lifting up her hips in response. The two of them worked together with each other.

Sara came hard when Nyssa tapped one of her pleasure points. Her finger stuck her nerve endings and made Sara's body size up. Not one to leave a favor unreturned, Sara's fingers moved towards Nyssa and took control of her clit.

Nyssa rode Sara like there was no tomorrow. The pleasure spreading through her body from her clit onwards shook Nyssa. Their pussies connected together by the strands of sexual fluids. Both of them grew more excited.

Isabel chewed on her tongue. No matter what, she would not beg for the pleasure. Still, her body betrayed her one more time, and her eyes closed shut. The dark-haired beauty envisioned Sara bending her over a desk at Queen Industries and plowing her ass with a large dildo before the meeting.

She shook herself awake. Her pussy throbbed, needing release at once.

Nyssa and Sara came away from each other. Sara stood up on the bed and made sure to walk over so she stood over Isabel's face. A few strands of womanly juices dropped from Sara's pussy before they broke off and just missed landing in Isobel's mouth.

Sara's cum stuck to Isabel's face. She closed her eyes, breathing heavily.

"Want to talk to us now, honey?" Sara asked. "Are you too proud to give in?"

Isabel opened up her mouth. Sara bent down to close her lips.

"Don't tell us yet," Sara said. "I want you to see one more thing."

Nyssa slowly lubed up a strap-on and handed it over to Sara. The beautiful woman lay down next to Isabel. The woman's dark thighs spread apart and showed Sara all she had to work with.
Isabel watched as Sara crouched over the top of Nyssa. The dildo pushed against Nyssa's opening and came inches away from penetrating her. Isabel closed her eyes to try and avoid looking at the display.

Sara teased Nyssa as much as she could, before pushing into her depths. The warm pussy stretched around the throbbing hard rod. Sara held back onto Nyssa and plunged into her. A couple of thrusts followed with Sara speeding up her thrusts, burying herself further inside Nyssa's tight, gripping pussy.

"Fuck," Nyssa said. "I need more."

Not wanting to let her beloved down, Sara delved deeper into her. Every fourth or fifth time Sara plunged into Nyssa's depths, she snuck a look towards Isabel. The woman's torment just increased, just as Sara wanted it to. She reared back and plunged into her.

Isabel groaned and thrashed on the bed. Her release having been denied and forced to watch Sara do to Nyssa al Ghul the things she wanted to be done to her.

'You get what you deserve,' Sara responded, a wicked grin flowing over her face.

Isabel's arms twitched. No matter what, she could not break free, and most certainly, she could not allow any release. The woman imagined in the spot of Nyssa. Sara was as firm and as loving as she needed to be at every single given time. The blonde haired vixen pushed deeper into her body and rode her pussy hard and fast.

Every single push inside of her body made Nyssa's body feel like it was going to size up with so much pleasure. The fact they were doing this to slowly bend Isabel's mind to make her more useful got her more excited than ever before. Sara pushed her fingers around Nyssa's nipple and squeezed it.

Sara wanted to ride Nyssa out through the most amazing orgasm possible. Every thrust, every push, it made her feel the orgasm spreading through her loins. Nyssa grabbed onto the bed. A hand lightly brushed against Isabel's thigh for a moment but didn't come close to pleasing her.

Deep down, Isabel knew what they were doing to her, and she let it happen. Her pussy sang for release, and it drove Isabel even more to the brink she had been denied this many times.

The scene grew even more intense off to the side. Sara picked up the pace and pumped Nyssa's depths rather deep. She felt her womanhood clench around her prick, and it made Sara feel really good at the time. Her juices had been collected at the base of the toy.

'Thanks, Starrwave.'

Sara gave Nyssa a few more pumps, brought her another orgasm, which proved to be a harbinger of Sara's own orgasm. She grabbed Nyssa's hips and pumped deep inside of her moist, clenching cunt. Sara rode out Nyssa all the way to the end.

"One more round?"

After the fact, Sara slipped her panties back on and turned towards Isabel, making sure the woman gazed upon Sara's cum and sweat soaked face. The woman looked positively shaken and her hips twitched when left on the bed. Frustration mounted, and all Sara had to do was wait for the right moment.
"Fine, Fine, FINE!" Isabel yelled. "I'll talk!"

She had been broken by the obscene display by her, and how much it turned her on. Her breathing grew extremely heavy when looking at them.

"You will?" Sara asked.

"Yes, I'll tell you everything I know about Slade's plans," Isabel said.

"Tell me," Sara breathed. "What you know?"

Sara straddled Isabel's hips. The dripping coming from Sara from her panties and the warmth of her crotch just a centimeter away from hers made Isabel crave getting any small amount of pleasure. Deep down, Isabel knew she didn't deserve it. A desire to please Sara bloomed within Isabel.

She would sell out anyone to be allowed to finally finish.

Nyssa rolled over and smiled, sore, sticky, and extremely satisfied.

"I'm listening."

Isabel's icy demeanor melting and showing she craved human interaction just as much as the next person excited Nyssa beyond all measure.

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**To Be Continued May 19th, 2017.**

So, this chapter, well Isabel got outsmarted by Nyssa and Sara and slowly broken really was the main point of this one. Isabel's not technically in Sara's collective of women, and she really was just forced to watch Nyssa and Sara for the majority of that sex scene. So that technically that scene Nyssa and Sara, with Isobel forcing to watch as her resolve slowly break. While occasionally being teased and denied. And it makes sense for Sara to weaponize sex to use against her enemies.

It's very likely she'll be kept as a pet. Not sure how often she's going to show up in the main story, but Thea making Isabel her personal bitch in a side lemon is oddly appealing for obvious reasons.

Until Friday.
Roman Sionis, better known as Black Mask, walked to the edge of a podium. Several gentlemen and a few women crowded around. Amongst the crowd, were a couple of members of the Court of Owls faction, which had taken up residence in Starling City. The fact they were standing up in front of him, asking him for a favor, it really was pleasing to him.

Soon, he would get the respect he craved. The respect he lost when the Clown made a fool out of him in Gotham City. Black Mask would have some respect again. And the fact the legendary Court of Owls, the men who ran Gotham, came running to him, made him smile.

They groveled to him, at least in the mind of Roman Sionis.

"Gentlemen, welcome," Black Mask said. "Some of you have been in quite a situation given the Hood, and another…party who has designs on taking this city for his own."

"You know perfectly well Slade Wilson is a threat to your organization as well, Sionis," the Court of Owls representative said.

Black Mask's eyes narrowed underneath the mask when looking at the man. The foolish, rich, pompous silver spoon idiot, who didn't dare work a day in his life, it was the type of person which made Black Mask very sick to his stomach. This man reminded him of that useless fool Wayne in many ways. He walked down the steps, approaching the man. The man took half of a step back, hitching in a very obvious breath when looking at him.

"The Court of Owls made a stupid decision making an arrangement with an obvious sociopath," Black Mask said. "Now, you're going to have to reap the consequences. Your organization may have been strong in Gotham City but….as we know, the entire landscape has changed. The world has changed."

The members of Black Mask's gang all became restless, and some of them pumped their fists into the air. Others looked at their leader, waiting for direction. Black Mask had them in the palm of his hand. Their fate rested on what he would do.

"The last time I was active in Starling City, I was stopped by its resident protector," Black Mask said. "The Hood, the Arrow, the vigilante, whatever they want to call her these days. Not to mention there are other names who are a problem."

Black Mask leaned back and made sure they all had his undivided attention.

"Batgirl!"

The mention of anyone with the word "Bat" in their name, put these thugs on edge. Everyone learned to fear that particular team of vigilantes. Batman, Robin, Batgirl, Nightwing, all of them inspired hatred from anyone who had been in Gotham City. They started to boo and hiss rather loudly, some of them clenching their fists and stomping the ground in the process. They were not too happy and Black Mask had not finished properly riling them up, at least not yet.

"Black Canary!"
The boos heightened the moment he brought this particular name up. They hated the Black Canary, some of them had fought the original Black Canary years ago. They had been at this game a long time, and they were survivors. They joined up with Black Mask because he had the best chance to give them a future.

"Huntress!"

This name did not receive as loud of a boo like the other two names, but regardless there were three names. Black Mask had a score to settle with Huntress. She nearly killed him before the Hood intervened. The bitch would suffer, slowly. He had ways to make do-gooders like her scream when he slowly took them apart, piece by piece, ripping them apart. Oh, sometimes breaking a person by tearing them apart was a better feeling than sex.

Black Mask turned his attention towards the members of the crowd, his organization, along with the Court of the Owls, and the smaller gangs of Starling City who had sought sanctuary.

"It's time for us to take control, it's time to take control of this city!" Black Mask yelled.

Once he took control of Starling City, he would return to Gotham and take back the city. He had been humiliated by the Clown, and he never quite lived it down. He was going to prove that smiling jackass was nothing, other than a flash in the pan.

"You six, with me!"

Black Mask signaled out six of his best men and they moved away from the crowd, following Black Mask from his position. They made their way towards the fence where a crate was waiting for them.

"What's the plan, Black Mask?"

"There's going to be a truck going by here in a couple of moments," Black Mask informed his men. "It has ARGUS detail, but I'm sure you boys are going to be up to taking it out."

Black Mask tapped on the crate and drew the attention of all of his men to it. All of the men looked towards the crate, excitement dancing through his eyes.

"Let's look at the new toys our good friend, Mr. Cobblepot has gotten for us," Black Mask said. "You're going to want to feast your eyes on these babies!"

The men popped open the crates just in time to get some killer rocket launchers. The men all responded with smiles, Christmas had most certainly come early and brought all of the other holidays along for the ride. Their giddiness could not be matched by any means.

"Just don't shoot your eye out," Black Mask said. "And get ready."

Black Mask took the biggest, largest, most bad-ass rocket launcher of them all and put it over his shoulder. He waited, the security truck was going to come down the street. He was ready to blow that motherfucker away.

The two ARGUS trucks came down, followed by a truck in the center. The moment Black Mask aimed, he hit the target, blowing up the street! Rubble flew in every direction and forced a sudden stop from the truck.

His men pulled the triggers on the rocket launcher and fired. The rockets connected with the trucks and flipped them over, allowing the members of the crew to make their way into the street!
"Let's move!" Black Mask yelled. "At least, it's ours and no one came take it from us!"

The members of ARGUS security detail moved out of one of the damaged trucks. Black Mask’s Number One contributed to the situation by throwing a grenade on the ground. The grenade burst open and released a choking cloud of knockout gas, dropping the ARGUS personnel to the ground. Black Mask picked up a set of keys from one of the downed government agents and walked over towards the front entrance. Black Mask slipped the key inside and turned it with a very obvious click. His eyes widened when they opened the back of the truck.

"There we go boys, Merlyn's old Earthquake device," Black Mask said. "It's moving out East to be dismantled."

Black Mask breathed in heavily. He always had been excited by Christmas. Not because of the time of family, or joy, or happiness, or all of the bullshit, rather he enjoyed Christmas because of all of the expensive shit he received. The criminal looked very giddy.

"They still haven't destroyed this thing?" one of the goons asked.

"There were two," Black Mask's number one said. "One had been dismantled, but this one was being moved around by ARGUS."

No one needed to ask why ARGUS would keep ahold of a machine which could cause untold destruction. It would be a good weapon to use to force rogue nations to their knees.

"Let's bring it out boys," Black Mask said. "We've got a timetable to keep."

Nyssa and Sara returned after allowing Isabel loose, after making sure she was on the same page as them. And she would be on the same page as them, for many reasons.

"She really didn't know where Slade is, given he's moving around," Sara said. "And we've checked the three places where she said Slade might be, and there's no sign he's even around."

Slade did not tell Isabel everything. Which was actually very intelligent on his part, Sara would have to give the devil his due.

"It's a problem," Nyssa said. "It took us a very long time to break her loyalty for Slade. She's been trained well, like a dog, and Slade is holding her leash."

"And why do I think her leash is explosive?" Sara asked.

Nyssa leaned in and put a hand on her beloved's shoulder. "I checked, and there seems to be a no… kill switch in her. And I know most of the methods to slip a kill switch in someone."

"Have you ever?" Sara asked.

"Not for anyone I cared about," Nyssa said. Sara tensed up and Nyssa had to put a reassuring hand on the other woman's shoulder. "Relax, I didn't ever. But, as a member of the League, you need to know how to find these things, and disable them."

Nyssa had to perform a fair amount of emergency dentistry in her time, with the cyanide capsule in the tooth, it was a favorite from many assassins who were caught and humiliated.

"She's clean though," Sara said.
"Yes," Nyssa said. "And if the conditioning goes right, then the moment Slade summons her to a meeting, we'll know, and we'll follow her."

"Well, I just did what my teacher taught me," Sara said.

Nyssa smiled, she knew what Sara was trying to do, and she tried not to let it get to her, at least not right now. The two women made their way towards the final alleyway, making their way back to base. Given how Laurel, Barbara, Felicity, and Cass all waited up for them, they didn't want to be late.

"So, your sister…"

"She's still not able to talk, but other than that, she's fine," Sara said. "I don't know what happened to her."

Nyssa wasn't going to even suggest the first thing which came into her mind. She vowed never to subject anything to the Lazarus Pit ever again. The consequences of it turned her stomach, the one time she went against her father's edict, and threw someone in the pit.

Granted, it all worked out in the end, but Nyssa saw the pain and suffering which the person who popped out of the pit suffered. It was very awful.

"There's someone coming."

Nyssa noticed it a second later. She reached towards her side, preparing to withdraw a dagger and point it at her adversary. Sara stood side by side with Nyssa. Both skilled warriors came shoulder to shoulder with each other.

"Come out, unless you want your head taken off," Nyssa said.

"I'm not here to fight."

"Then, you better come out," Sara said. "Because, we don't want to hurt you, but she will if you give her a chance to do so."

The figure stepped out of the shadows, and Sara came face to face with the familiar form of Helena Bertinelli, better known as the Huntress, who stood across from Sara. Both sides did not move and neither broke the silence.

Sara joined forces with Huntress on the Suicide Squad, although it was under the guise of the White Canary.

"We have a problem," Huntress said. "I had to come back to Starling City because he's back in Starling City."

Sara's bad feeling, well it increased the second later when a crackling sound echoed in the edge of her ear. She pressed it in, frowning in response.

"So, are we back on?" Felicity asked. "Because, we have a problem, and by a problem, I mean we really have a problem. And you should look at this video."

It became less of a mystery who the he Helena referred to was, when the masked face of the one and only Black Mask stood there, surrounded by a group of Starling City's disenchanted. He was in the process of giving a speech.
"Many of you, have thrown your support behind either Sebastian Blood or Moira Queen!" Black Mask barked. "But, they're nothing, but frauds, vandals….they have their own agenda for this city. And I….well, I have an agenda as well, and it's to take back Starling City from those who hide behind a mask of deception!"

Sara could barely even hold back her indignation at the very obvious irony dripping from this speech from Black Mask.

"And there are many people in Starling City who hide behind masks or hoods, and some of you feel snug in a blanket of lies!" Black Mask shouted. "You have all been cheated, you have all been deceived, by the games the people in Starling City are playing!"

Black Mask leaned back for a moment.

"I will lead a revolution in Starling City, and all who are willing to join me, are welcomed to join me!" Black Mask yelled. "I won't give you empty promises, or tell you what you can do to make this city great again. Rather, I will show what needs to be done!"

The people crowded around Black Mask on the grainy video cheered. He riled them up into a frenzy like some kind of cult leader.

"Tonight, I'm going to begin the revolution!" Black Mask yelled. "And this is a warning to any vigilantes out there because I know you're watching. If you try anything in my Starling City, I'm going to unleash hell on Earth."

Sara switched over to another call. It was Lyla and already by the deep breath she heard, she knew it was bad.

"He has the Earthquake device," Lyla said.

"I thought that was dismantled," Sara said.

"It was….but Waller was taking the parts to be destroyed," Lyla said.

Sara almost could have fumed; Waller should have left things alone, now she had another mess to clean up. Then again, it was not the first time Sara had been at odds with Waller over something like this.

"My opponent has pulled her life back together, but it's always about ready to fall apart at the slightest nudge!" Sebastian Blood yelled. "There are many things in her past, which could come to light, and could embarrass Starling City. I'm not saying redemption is not possible, it's very possible, but we need to face the facts. Do you really want to give the control of this city to someone who once intended to destroy it?"

Moira heard these words often enough where she had become mentally numb to them at this point. She waited for the turn to rebut them.

"Now, I can't change the past," Moira said. "And it's obvious my opponent is fixated on what I've done in the past, and perhaps he's distracted by what can be done to help protect our city in the future. He's blinded himself."

"No, I've not been blinded, I've seen the light," Blood said. "There's a madman known as Roman Sionis, who has taken a disassembled Earthquake Machine. Do you think he took it for good reasons? No, he hasn't…..and that Earthquake Machine wouldn't have been in Starling City, had it
not been for Malcolm Merlyn and the woman right beside me, running for Mayor."

"And once again, he speaks about things that have happened in the past," Moira said. "I can't apologize enough for the suffering I've caused, but all I can do is make Starling City a better place in the present. And what kind of leader tries to incite the public into chaos? The kind of leader who wants to see Starling City fall, so it can be rebuilt in his own image."

Sebastian's mouth opened. He never expected the woman to be so blunt with her words, although perhaps he should have been. Blood held onto the side of the pedestal and drew in a very deep breath.

"Sebastian Blood has family members which belong to an ancient order known as the Court of the Owls," Moira said. "And the Court of Owls have committed far greater crimes than I have been accused by…and I'm concerned about where Sebastian Blood's financial sources have come from."

"Well-wishers, and people who want to see the city become a better place," Blood said. "I can assure you…"

The rumbling sound of the truck cut off Blood's words before they could go much further. A military vehicle crashed through the gates. Some of Starling City's finest moved in, but they had to scatter because of the heavy weaponry these men with masks packed.

The dust settled, and the man himself, dressed in a stylish white suit, approached the front of the stage. Black Mask looked around towards the men who crowded around on the stage.

"Well, if this isn't a perfect opportunity to spark a revolution, I don't know what is," Black Mask said. "We have several prominent hostages…..and also the two candidates for Mayor of Starling City. It's almost too good to be true."

A hapless officer tried to move in. Black Mask turned around and shot him at point blank rage. The other officers laid on the ground, some of them wounded, and others knocked for a loop. Black Mask's sick twisted smile wrapped around, the very second when he looked at his handiwork. He observed the glory which came from what he did.

"It's just too excellent," Black Mask said. "I have all of Starling City in the palm of my hands. I can crush them like an insect if I so wish."

Black Mask demonstrated what he would have liked to do to Starling City by opening his hand and closing it. Every single person involved grew very tense. Black Mask's twisted smile underneath his mask grew even more so.

Artemis, Thea, and Cass sat rather close in the crowd. Cass grabbed both of the hands of the two girls, warningly. It was time to get them out of there, and out of harm's way.

"Show them what happens if any of Starling's beloved vigilantes get involved," Black Mask said.

They wheeled the device out of the back of the truck. Moira looked at the Earthquake device, which had been reassembled. She thought, perhaps foolishly, it had been disassembled. Moira looked at the Device; the ghost of her past came back to haunt her as the election passed.

Meanwhile, Cass attempted to get the two other girls out of there, but like she said, it was very much easier said than done. Her breathing grew fairly ragged with her attempts to escape the situation.

Slade Wilson leaned back in a chair and observed the proceedings. Roman Sionis always had a flair
for the dramatics, and a part of Slade appreciated what he did. Another, more prominent part of Slade, also appreciated the fact he was helping Slade, unwillingly.

The images of the television camera, shaky, raw, showed Sebastian Blood talking to Sionis, and trying to bargain with them. Slade wished he had popcorn because it would be rather amusing.

"Foolish child, he doesn't know you can't bargain with a sociopath like Roman Sionis," Slade said.

Blood had been forced down into the dirt beneath the feet of the members of the False Face Society. Roman Sionis stood higher and taller than ever before. He was finally gaining some momentum, and given how Slade heard he got humiliated in Gotham City by the Joker; Slade knew how Sionis relished that moment of control.

'Have your moment, kid,' Slade thought to himself. 'It will soon be over.'

Slade watched the images on the television screen, watching a bleeding and shaking Blood forced down onto the ground. Roman Sionis stood up straighter and observed the people in the crowd.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I bring to you, a bright and glorious future for Starling City!" Sionis yelled at the top of his lungs. "Behold, the people who would sooner lie to your face, then be held accountable for their actions. This man on the ground right here, the city is going to become ashes."

Slade thought Sionis's perspective was very interesting. And it almost made Slade assume there were members of the Court who fed him some information. Not, Slade wanted to be one to make assumptions, because as the old saying went, you knew what happened to those who assumed.

Still, Slade watched and waited for more images to flash on upon the screen.

"And once again, I'm going to warn any vigilantes who are going to turn up, do not even bother to stop me!" Sionis yelled. "I have the machine which at one time, Malcolm Merlyn intended to use to bring this city to its knees! He intended to use it to shake this city to the very foundations!"

Slade allowed Sionis to have his moment. He would serve as a very convenient distraction, up until the moment where Slade could take control.

'There's still one matter of revenge I have to settle personally,' Slade thought. 'It's five years overdue as well.'

The schemer rose to his feet and prepared to head out. His unwitting pawn served as a handy distraction for the next stage of his plan.

Lyla, joined Nyssa, Sara, and Helena. They all prepared to join forces and hunt down Black Mask.

"Actually, if you're going to try and track down Black Mask, he's made it a lot easier for you," Felicity said. "Sionis has crashed the debate between Moira and Blood….and he's held everyone hostage. And he's found a way to assemble the Earthquake machine."

"He works fast," Helena said. "Or….""

Helena didn't want to accuse them of anything, with an ARGUS agent standing right beside them. Said ARGUS agent turned a fraction of an inch towards Helena and put a hand on her shoulder.

"There might be a leak inside ARGUS," Lyla said.

"The problem would be if Waller didn't move it," Sara said. "Speaking of which, did you talk to her
"She said she had some intelligence the facility is being threatened," Lyla said. "Which if Sionis has a mole inside of the organization, it's obvious where the intelligence came from?"

"So, we're going to have to disable the machine," Nyssa said. "Which should have been destroyed months ago."

Lyla would have to agree, but now was not the time to agonize over lost opportunity.

"Yes, we are," Sara said. "Felicity?"

"Hey, I've done it once, I can do it again if you can get in close enough to establish the link without the trigger happy idiot setting off the machine," Felicity said. "Which he kind of promised to do the moment he saw anyone with a Hood."

"We're going to have to go in," Sara said. "If he has a remote, we're going to have to get it away from him."

Sara turned her attention to one member of the group in particular. The Huntress was a wild card.

"I'm going to need your help," Sara said. "And I want you to promise me you're not going to go off the rails and try and kill Sionis out of revenge."

Helena thought a year ago, she wouldn't take orders from anyone. She had been in a pretty bad place. Now, times have changed.

"I won't deny I still want to kill Sionis," Helena said. "But my vengeance isn't important now. We have to stop him before it's too late."

"So, what's the plan?"

Sara had been putting it together in her mind. It was a risk, thankfully Cass was on the inside, although hopefully, she managed to get Artemis and Thea out of harm's way. They were nowhere near ready to fight a wild card like Sionis.

'Well here goes nothing.'

To Be Continued on May 23rd, 2017.

For Chapter 50, Black Mask comes back around to town to cause trouble and he's after both of the Candidates and also Starling City.

A shady government agency doing shady government agency things. Perish the thought. Sara's not happy and rightfully so. And Huntress is back.

Slade remains about twelve steps ahead of our heroes.

Until Tuesday.
Black Mask now had power in the palm of his hands, and he could control the entire city. He could bring them all down with a push of the button. His men surrounded the area and made sure no one could go in. The underfunded Starling City Police Department could not even have any hope of getting past of them.

The mobster and crazed man in the mask looked on at the panicked people. They were showing their true colors as everything happened around him.

The people in the city, bold when there was no one around to put them under pressure, suddenly and obviously cracked underneath said pressure. Black Mask stared them down from the other side of his mask. He looked bold when daring them to do anything against him. Very few of them would even dare to step up to the challenge.

"You see, this entire city, is in need of reform, and I am going to be the one to bring a new order back to Starling City," Black Mask said. "And this is just the beginning of a revolution. You don't want to throw yourself behind the same old people. Oh, sure their sound bites might seem nice on the news, but they are just people who are willing to throw you away. Blood says he's different from the elite politicians who have been running this city. He says he will fix corruption, but he's as corrupt as anyone. And Moira Queen, she's more of the same!"

Everyone hung upon the words of Black Mask. The chaos occurred within the city.

"You're completely mad!"

Black Mask turned and looked upon Sebastian Blood. Blood managed to hold his head up as proudly as possible upon giving this declaration of madness. Black Mask stepped off of the stage and moved ever so closer towards Blood. Two of his men held the Mayor candidate in tight, while another one buried a gun into the back of the man's shoulderblades.

"Mad?" Black Mask asked. "After all you've done, you dare call me mad? You dare look me in the eye, and call me mad? You dare call me insane?"

Black Mask leaned closer towards Blood, and the two of them went face to face with each other. Blood looked up, perhaps boldly, perhaps a little bit crazily. He may have stared in the face of someone who could kill him.

"You dare question me. Do you dare put me up next to one of those Arkham crazies? I'm far better than them!"

"I call you mad because it's what you are….."

"You can shut your mouth!" Sionis yelled.

Blood half expected to get shot, and it had been an honest surprise when Black Mask decided not to take a shot at him. His limbs quivered in an attempt to keep standing up straight.

Black Mask turned to the crowd. Some of them buzzed, and a couple of them looked at him with contempt. Others, did so, looking at him through curiosity. They wondered what he would say if it
would be worth any of their times. Black Mask had the audience in the palm of his hand.

"Masks, hide our true nature to the world, but masks can also shield a suffering soul from some harsh realities," Black Mask said. "My parents, they had an air of respectability to the outside world. It was the mask they projected to the people around them. Deep down, those who truly knew my parents, they were nothing other than monsters!"

The other members of Black Mask's story grew restless. It had been an unspoken truth Roman Sionis killed his parents in the most painful way possible. Then, he wore the mask on his face, forged from a part of his mother's coffin. It was a reminder of where he came from.

"They wore bright smiles, they gave to charity, and the world mourned their loss, thinking they lost some good people," Sionis said, gaining stride when looking at the people. They drank up most of his words like a baby from a bottle. "It gave me great pleasure to kill them!"

The boldness of Sionis's words threw the majority of the people off guard.

"It gave me greater pleasure than any woman ever did, to burn their house to the ground, with them inside!" Black Mask yelled. "And the masks they wore are used as a symbol for my organization. But, despite wearing masks on our faces, we do not hide behind the same emotional masks. We intend to take control of Starling City and save it from itself. Save it from those who are willing to use their power to bully those who cannot rise up and fight back."

Black Mask turned his attention to the individuals on the stage. Blood already had guns trained on him. Another person, however, wasn't speaking. She just looked at the confrontation, with a stoic look in her eyes.

"Which brings us to Moira Queen," Black Mask said. "Just mere months ago, you were calling for her to be strung up by the neck in the middle of the very town square I stand. You wanted her hung because she reminded you of the suffering caused to you! Because you thought she destroyed your precious city."

Blood stepped forward to say something. Black Mask turned to Blood and shot him in the chest at point blank range. Blood dropped down off of the stage, as the people gasped. Black Mask turned his attention to Moira. The woman didn't back down but didn't say a word.

"I wear this mask to protect my face from the people like my parents, and the people who are standing on the stage, trying to become the Mayor of Starling City as we speak!" Sionis yelled at the top of his lungs. Everyone started to buzz at Blood's words. "Moira Queen was a person who could have killed countless people, and yet you bought her act, how she did the things she did because she feared for her daughter's life! She is weak!"

Black Mask gained a fair amount of momentum and wasn't going to slow down for any reason, not if he could help it, at least.

"You saw what she did!" Black Mask yelled. "You saw the things she did, and yet, despite everything she did, you absolved her of all of her crimes. Why, was it because she was a mother? Do you think she was not above cruelty just because she had children?"

Black Mask stood up straighter on the stage. The people around him grew restless. Sionis looked around, surprised by the lack of vigilantes, but if they showed up, he would not hesitate to take this entire city down in a heap.

"She's no less of a monster than my own mother was!" Black Mask yelled. "And my mother was the
Sara took half of a step into the distance and arched her neck back. She took a good look at her surroundings and came across snipers at all ends. And no, doubt if the snipers didn't shoot, Sionis would destroy the city at the first sign of trouble.

'That bastard. He's really tormenting everyone.'

Nyssa followed a half of a step behind Sara, blending into the shadows. Lyla and Helena moved in for the other members, and they would have to find an entry point. All of them exchanged glances with each other, before Sara made her way behind the sniper closest to them, and also furthest away from Black Maks.

If he raised the alarm, it would be over. Sara had to take him out, so she did, with swift precision. Her fist nailed the man in the side of the neck and brought him down to his knees. Another series of punches rocked the sniper before Sara launched him over the side. She stopped him from hitting the ground.

Sara pulled back a half of a step and waited. She turned towards Nyssa who motioned to a couple of the guards who had been taken down. The side gates were wide open, and they have an entry point, getting inside of the stage.

"And now, I bring you a bold new future!" Sionis yelled. "A brand new Starling City, where there will be no more masks. There will be no more lies!"

A sudden stirring from the woman in front of her caused Sara to hold out a hand in warning.

"Helena, stay with me," Sara said.

The Huntress nodded. She saw the man on the stage who had caused her so much grief in the past, maybe not as much as her father, but there was still a lot of grief there. It would be the first test of her new focus. Temptation hit Helena when looking towards the front of the stage.

"We see Sebastian Blood lying on the ground, he was foolish enough to think just because of who his friends are, he could stop me," Sionis said. "And yes, Blood isn't the virtuous hero he makes himself out to be. No, he's far from it! He's a monster just like the rest of them. He's part of a secret organization which intends to bring this city crashing to its knees!"

Sara took half of a step into the edge. She knew if Sionis turned at the right time. She spotted it, the detonator clasped in Sionis's hand. All she had to do was find the perfect shot.

She saw Cass who had been with Artemis and Thea. Sara's heart sank, despite Cass's best efforts, she didn't have a chance to get them out of here. Cass looked up just in time to see Sara. Suddenly, the two girls exchanged a nod.

Lyla, Helena, and Nyssa all took their points. Sara could count on Cass, while she was on the inside, to make some kind of diversion, which would make it a lot easier. She still had one good shot at the detonator and would have to send an arrow through a crowd of disturbed people, without hitting anyone, other than Sionis, to knock the detonator out of his hand.

Sara had to make the shot, there were no do-overs from it. Cass stepped over and picked up a cable before she moved it over to the back of the sound speakers. She waited for the moment.

"And now, it's time for Moira Queen to….."
Cass plugged the cable into the speaker before she jumped off the stage. The speakers on the stage exploded and sent one of the loudest, most obnoxious sounds in the entire world into the stage. Smoke and shooting sparks followed the most obnoxious sound in the world.

Sionis staggered a half of a step back, coughing at the surprise explosion. The fire on the stage threw off his speech. His men recoiled from almost slumping over from the stage. Moira slipped away from them, and the crowd started to scream. Uncontrolled chaos filled the area.

Sara saw Cass's meddling as a good news, bad news situation. The good news was Cass managed to get Artemis and Thea out of harm's way. The bad news was, and Sara could have groaned due to this was the chaotic stream of people made it very hard to take a shot.

All or nothing, now or never, Sara caught sight of the detonator in Sionis's hand and shot it out of his hand! The arrow connected with Sionis and no one else.

Lyla moved into position to pick up the detonator, and Sara jumped to the top of the stage.

"You!" Black Mask yelled. "You, you, and you! Don't just stand there. Get her!"

Black Mask shoved through of his men into the position towards the hooded vigilante. Sara blocked one of them and hurled him off of the stage where he landed on the ground. Sara dodged the attack and nailed him with an uppercut punch to the head.

One of them charged towards Sara with a knife. The hooded archer blocked the hand and knocked the adversary back a few feet.

A rocket launcher from one of Black Mask's men on the tower forced her to throw herself off of the stage. From her back, Sara loaded up an arrow and shot it towards the man on the tower. She knocked him out of commission with one swift shot.

Black Mask took a step off of the side of the stage and turned around to move. Number One and a couple of his other men moved him.

"We better leave."

"You're not going anywhere. I swear to God!"

Huntress nailed all of Black Mask's men with bolts to the chest which knocked them for a loop. The dark haired vigilante stood tall, staring down Black Mask and his men. Black Mask growled and charged Huntress to try and take her out.

"It's your time now!" Black Mask yelled. "I wanted to settle the score with you after you screwed up my last operations here!"

Huntress blocked Black Mask and knocked the wind out of him with one swift kick. She swept Black Mask's legs out from underneath him.

She finally had him. Roman Sionis was dead to rights. Helena could finish him so he did not cause any more murder.

A few feet away, Moira Queen was on the ground, with one of Black Mask's mercenaries pointing a gun to the back of her head, about ready to fire. Helena turned her crossbow away from Black Mask and shot the man in the shoulder, taking him down.

Helena flew back, clutching her shoulder. She realized she had been shot in it, and Black Mask stood
in front of her.

"Wrong move, bitch!"

Black Mask prepared to put one more bullet in the head of the Huntress, only to come face to face with the Arrow. The archer drew back the bow and fired one shot at Black Mask. Black Mask turned around and another arrow went towards him. He dodged the attack and the arrow stuck into a curtain behind him.

He pulled out a second gun to try and take out the Arrow. The Arrow fired a taser arrow to the chest and shocked him. Black Mask fell down to his knees, stunned, and the Arrow put him out with a running kick to the face. She nailed him so hard it cracked his mask and put him down for the count.

Sara didn't have a moment to breath. Reinforcements had been called, and it was time for her to disappear into the night. Her heart started to beat.

Ambulances and Starling City Police Department made their way into the area. Sara extended a hand to a downed Helena. Huntress took the hand. Her shoulder ached.

"Are you okay?"

"Fine," Huntress said. "I'm sore, but I'm fine."

"Can you believe it, the Arrow saved us? Maybe she's not a criminal, after all, maybe she's a hero."

Those words only just brought a smile to Sara's face, just barely. Tonight, there was so much which could go wrong, but yet, everything turned out for the better. She would not be as premature to say anything went right. Only that things went better than expected.

The two of them made their way to a waiting van, with Helena favoring her arm.

"You took a shot for Moira Queen," Sara said.

"Yeah, I know, I must be slipping in my old age," Helena said.

"No, you're just maturing," Sara said.

Helena smiled; they could debate what she was doing all day and all night long. She had been put in the back of the van. A first aid kit was ready. Given all of the times, Lyla had to use this van to make a speedy getaway. Medical supplies were always needed to patch Sara up.

"Take off your top."

She took off her top, wearing nothing, but a lacy black bra, and also having bruises on her body. The armor somehow caused the bullet to not penetrate all the way. Sara reached in and handed Helena something.

"Bite down on this," Sara told her. "Oh, and this could hurt."

Helena didn't have any doubt in her mind this could hurt. She bit down on the item Sara handed her when the bullet had bene pulled from her shoulder. Her eyes glazed over for a minute.

"There you go, it's the best I can do right now," Sara said. "Now, I'm not a doctor.....but.....I don't think you should be going after murderous mobsters for a long time now."
A sound of an explosion from the distance caused Helena to jump halfway up.

"Relax, that's the Earthquake machine being blown up," Sara said. "So, hopefully, that's over."

Lyla entered the front of the van, and turned around, placing her hands on to look at both of them.

"Blood disappeared in the carnage," Lyla said. "Nyssa is trying to track him down, but there's nobody."

"So, it's a good thing to assume he's still out there," Sara said.

"I don't like having to assume things," Helena said. "But, thinking he's dead is a bad…bad idea."

Helena closed her eyes, hoping she wouldn't have to take any more bullets for Mayoral candidates, because she had to say, it hurt like hell. She watched out of the back window. Sionis had been hauled off. This time, Helena hoped it would stick.

"Hopefully, he can stay there for a while," Helena said. "Although, someone like that, he's likely going to have a lot of toys stashed over Starling. And a few of the lower-tier gangs could really move up in the world if they got their hands on some of Sionis's goodies."

Sara assumed just as much, no matter how much she hated to admit it.

"Thanks for your help," Sara said. "And thanks for keeping your head in the game."

"No problem," Helena said. "But no offense, it kind of looked like your mind was elsewhere, out there. Do you mind telling me what's going on?"

Sara sighed. She really could not say one hundred percent.

"It's personal," Sara said.

"Well, as long as you don't get obsessed with it," Helena said. "Trust me, when you get fixated on one person and making them pay for what they've done, your life becomes all consuming. You can't live like that."

Sara knew Helena spoke from experience, even though she didn't have to like it. A moment passed when there was a knock on the back of the van. Sara peered out of the back window of the van.

'Artemis,' Sara thought.

She opened up the back door. Instantly, she saw a very pale, and shaking Artemis on the other side of the door. Sara's heart sunk, she knew something was wrong.

"I can't find Thea anywhere."

The bad feelings Sara had, oh boy, did they ever return in abundance. She was actually supposed to meet Thea tonight to have a talk about the news Sara received some weeks ago. She had a bad feeling.

These bad feelings increased the second she received a text message from Isabel.

'\textit{It happens tonight. Will have more information soon…be ready.}'
of the fact, her voice didn't work as well as it should. The doctors found nothing wrong and thought the problem might be either mental or emotional.

She clutched on the pillow. The last image of the news of Black Mask's attack on the debate tonight burned in her head.

'I should have been out there in the thick of things, fighting,' Laurel thought to herself. 'But, the Black Canary's on the bench, because I'd only be a liability out there.'

The word "liability, sent chills down Laurel's spine. She rolled over and clutched a pillow, and started to drift back to sleep.

The sound of broken glass jolted Laurel out of her sleep. She got up, and rolled off of the bed, and saw a trio of armed mercenaries make their way into the apartment. They looked about ready to snatch her in her sleep.

Laurel jumped up off of the bed and caught one of them with a kick. She grabbed one of the mercenaries by the head, turned him around and slammed the man head first into a nearby coffee table which he landed with a loud crash. Laurel picked up a vase and smashed it into the chest of one of the men.

A jagged piece of the vase came into her hand, with Laurel spinning around, and catching him in the chest. She blocked the dagger with the jagged piece of the vase and jumped up onto the table. She picked up a baseball bat in the corner and swung it. The wood of the bat cracked up against the ribs of the intruder and dropped him down to the ground.

A sound of clapping could be heard off to the side. Laurel swung the baseball bat. The man casually blocked it, ripped the bat from Laurel's hands, and launched her back onto the ground. She flipped over and landed on her feet.

Laurel steadied her stance and came face to face with a very familiar mask. One she saw on Lian Yu with a sword shoved through the eye socket.

"Good evening, Miss Lance…..we hoped to grab you peacefully why you slept…but plans change."

She raised an eyebrow. Laurel had many questions. It frustrated her how she could not ask them.

"If you live long enough to speak again, call me Deathstroke."

The man known as Deathstroke rushed towards Laurel. She only just barely raised her hand to block the punch. Deathstroke swept her legs out from underneath her, before grabbing Laurel by the back of the head and hurling her over the couch.

A picture frame came off of the table, and Laurel tried to nail Deathstroke with it. Deathstroke blocked the picture frame, and kicked Laurel, before slamming her down to the table. Laurel had the wind completely knocked out of her the second she struck the table. She looked up in time for Deathstroke to grab her and pull her off of the table. She fought out of the position, even though there wasn't much fight left in her.

"It's a pity you can't speak. Because no one will hear you scream."

Deathstroke cupped his hand to the side of Laurel's neck and pressed lightly. The nerve point caused Laurel to drop down to the ground, paralyzed by what he did to her.

Slade Wilson bent down to check there was still a pulse. There was, she lived, which was good. The
only way Slade wanted to see the woman die was before Sara Lance's eyes when she was helpless to help out. He moved down to secure her hands and feet.

'You will learn the pain of loss as it happens in front of your eyes, Ms. Lance.'

More mercenaries moved in, and Slade motioned for them to pick her up.

"It won't be too long," Slade said. "The siege begins the moment the sun falls tomorrow night. And Starling City will burn for the crimes of its protector."

The mercenaries carried the unconscious Laurel off. Slade turned around and looked at the picture of Sara and Laurel on the ground. He broke the frame up and tore the picture in half. The mercenary allowed Laurel's half of the picture to drop to the ground. Then, he held Sara and stared in her face.

"Soon, Sara," Slade said. "They'll know the truth and the entire story. Justice for the ones you allowed to die on that island."

The picture crushed in Slade's hand. The crumpled piece of paper dropped down to the ground.

To Be Continued on May 26th, 2017.

Well, shit's hitting the fan as Season Two is winding to a close.

More on Friday.
Chapter Fifty-Two: Captive Canary

Sara could not have even begun to imagine how bad the last night had gone, oh boy, should she ever count the ways. The attack Black Mask participated put countless in danger. Thea got snatched from the middle of the chaos, just stepping away from Cass for about ten seconds. Those ten seconds were all they needed for someone to grab ahold of Thea.

Now, shit had hit the fan in the worst possible way. The hard thing was Sara thought it would be worse rather than better.

She had also been trying to get ahold of Moira as well, but Moira's phone was not responding. The hero turned around a couple of times, taking a very deep breath from the position she was in. It had been a really big problem tonight, and she returned to the Clocktower. She came in to see both Barbara and Felicity at work.

"I don't want to make your night any worse," Felicity said. "But, I've got some bad news."

Sara motioned for her to continue, so she did. Felicity drew in a breath and decided it was best to get it out.

"The tracker you've slipped onto Thea?" Felicity asked. "Well, Barbara and I have done every possible thing we could think of to attempt to get the signal, but there's really no signal coming off of the tracker. Nothing, nothing at all, not even a blip."

Sara was afraid of that. Slade had remained one step ahead of her.

"Which means, whoever disabled it is pretty savvy in displaying it," Barbara said. "And yes, I know it goes without saying, we know exactly who disabled the tracker."

Sara turned her attention to the wall, bringing about a very frustrated sigh. Tonight had been an extremely bad night, and she just had a sinking feeling things were going to get worse. Isabel's first message told her to stand by, so Sara stood by. However, she couldn't stand by for very long. Every second counted. There was no telling that Slade could do.

A second message never came which put Sara more on edge.

Many things entered her figured out Isabel had been compromised and killed her. The conditioning wasn't as strong as Sara and Nyssa had thought, therefore she found a way to shake it off. There were so many thoughts going through Sara's mind.

"I've tried to access the security cameras from the event," Barbara said. "And there's nothing regarding who snatched Thea. One minute she's there, the next minute she's gone, and it's just very frustrating."

Sara responded with a nod, frustrated wasn't the word. Helena had already gone on her way, and Sara didn't want to drag any more people into her crusade against Slade than she had to. Nyssa vanished off into the night, saying she needed to check up on something, and told Sara she would be back as soon as she could.

Check up on what, precisely? Sara didn't really know, and the fact she really didn't know, galled her
to absolutely no end. Sara delivered some deep breathing exercises into her very being. She turned her attention to the door and saw Cass return.

"Nothing?" Sara asked.

"No," Cass said. "I'm sorry."

"It's not your fault," Sara said. "Slade planned for this, he likely it over in his mind for months, maybe years for all I know."

Slade was a pretty obsessed person, Sara knew this from the moment she met him. There were certain deranged qualities to this particular man which made shivers go down Sara's spine.

"Still don't like it."

"I know."

'He's certifiable,' Sara thought to herself. 'Completely, and utterly mad beyond all belief.'

Sara took a couple of seconds to turn around. She thought about taking her aggressions out on something, but Sara needed to remain angry. This time, when she got her hands on Slade, he was a dead man. It frustrated her beyond any belief he had escaped when they had been so close to meeting in the Court of Owls facility. He had kept one step ahead of her, all through those months.

"He'll pay."

Artemis walked up next to Sara a few seconds later. She went for a nice long walk in an attempt to clear her head. One look at Artemis told Sara enough about how the younger girl's head was not cleared. She was angrier than ever before.

"You can come along," Sara said. "But, I'm warning you, keep your head in the game. Don't get distracted by your rage."

Already, Sara could see the challenge coming over Artemis's eyes. She could see an argument coming on.

"Oh, you mean like you're getting distracted by your rage because of what happened on the island?"

Artemis's question made Sara cringe, mostly because of the fact the young girl was right, Sara hated it, and an obvious nerve had been struck deep in her being. Sara hitched in her breath.

"Just, I guess we're both going to have to back each other up, right?" Artemis asked. "Keep it together out there. I'd be the same way if I had to deal with my father."

Sara thought it went without saying. She looked at Artemis and nodded. Sara's eyes shifted across the room to Felicity and to Barbara. And also to Cass.

"Keep an eye on them," Sara said. "Slade may discover this base, despite the security. But it's too valuable to give up, not tonight, not ever."

"Right," Cass said.

Sara stopped from heading out of the door by a ringing phone. She reached into her pocket, the sense of growing dread filling her body from the top of her head, down to the tips of her toes. Her father's number was on the other line. Sara wasted no time in answering the phone despite the growing feeling of dread erupting through her body.
"Dad?" Sara asked.

"Sara…I don't know how to say this," Quentin said. His voice shook, but somehow he kept it together "It's Laurel, someone broke into her apartment, and took her….we don't have any leads…..nothing at all."

Sara closed her eyes and sighed. This situation as bad as it was, kind of got all that much worse.

"Thank you for telling me," Sara said. "I'll call you back when I find anything…and could you do the same?"

"Yeah, I could," Quentin said. "When I get my hands on the miserable bastard who did this…"

Sara couldn't have it in her heart to tell her father the miserable bastard who did this would already be dead by the time her father got ahold of him. The moment Sara left this Clocktower tonight, she wasn't coming back until Slade was dead.

Or she was. One way or another, something was going to end.

Artemis and everyone else had a point. Sara might have been just as obsessed as Slade was. The grim realization hit the woman in an instant. Her heart beat even faster, and then, seconds passed before a message flashed on the phone.

'I have him now.'

A small amount of relief spread over Sara's body.

Quentin Lance paced his living room floor, like a caged animal. He had been sent home by his supervisor because he might get in the way of the investigation for being too personal.

'Yeah, no shit it's personal,' Quentin thought. 'It's my daughter being kidnapped by some madman.'

Speaking of daughter's, his other daughter seemed to be in quite the mood, for reasons Quentin didn't even fully understand. He knew Sara had been holding back her secrets, and Quentin gave her plenty of space. It didn't make this entire mess any less frustrating.

'Oh, this is fucking nuts…what the hell?'

He blinked a couple of times. He swore he didn't leave on the kitchen light. In fact, had it had not been on a couple of minutes ago. Quentin took a half of a step into the next room to try and investigate. He showed up at the edge of the doorway and came face to face with a woman who had been sitting behind the table.

The woman dressed in red with a golden mask over her face. Quentin pulled out his gun and pointed it towards the mystery woman. The woman looked at him without any blinking of him.

"Who the hell are you?" Quentin asked.

The woman removed the gun from Quentin's grasp in an instant and caused him to stumble back, landing on the ground.

"You may call me, Lady Shiva."

Lady Shiva…he remembered that name, reading some of those police reports back from the Gotham Day. She was a professional assassin, one of the most dangerous women in the world. Quentin
remained on his guard, even though the woman just yanked his gun out of his grasp like it was nothing.

"I know who you are, Quentin Lance," Shiva said. "You're Dinah's ex-husband, and Laurel and Sara's father….I know them all too well."

The hardened detective looked at this woman who just disarmed him of his line of defense like it was nothing.

"What are you to them?" Quentin asked.

"Well, I'm Dinah's new lover."

The situation in the room got extremely awkward for the next couple of minutes. Quentin looked at her for a few seconds, wondering about what to say. What could he really say at this point? This woman struck him completely speechless, which he was almost certain was the content.

"I'm not here to talk about mutual interests though," Shiva said. "I was back in Starling City to go for the treacherous snake who left me for dead."

"What treacherous snake are you referring to?" Quentin asked. "Because, no offense, your reputation proceeds you, and I have to know….."

The Detective trailed off which only caused Shiva to flash a smile at him.

"Who would be bold enough to betray me?" Shiva asked. "Malcolm Merlyn, the Magician, or the Dark Archer as you call him…he still lives, and he's back in Starling City."

Shiva took a moment to shift back a fraction of an inch in the chair. She never once took her eyes off of Quentin Lance. Those eyes burned a hole through him from the other side of the mask.

"While I had been brought back to Merlyn, one of my pupils is in danger," Shiva said. "Your oldest daughter, Laurel."

Quentin clenched his fist, not liking the fact his daughter was mixed up with an assassin wanted for murder in several countries.

"My contact informed me she had been grabbed by some mercenaries," Shiva said. "Which means they are already in Starling City….they're not going to wait for Blood to become Mayor."

"They're working for Blood?"

Quentin knew that guy couldn't be trusted, somehow. Besides, who would trust anyone with the last name, Blood? People ate up every word he said because he said the things they wanted to hear.

"Blood is merely just a puppet, to give the people of Starling City hope, before tearing it down," Shiva said. "He's nothing, but a worm, and when his master is done with him, he will be brought under foot."

Shiva took a second to let it all sink in. She didn't see Quentin to be any threat to her whatsoever, but still, she respected him, because he must have done something right, with his part in raising two remarkable young women.

"My contact states there is an army of mercenaries coming in by train in Starling City, and they're arriving at midnight," Shiva responded.
"Which train?" Quentin asked.

"Ah, that's the problem, isn't it?" Shiva asked. "There may be multiple trains which they could be coming on, and a couple might be decoys."

"You can't expect the Starling City Police Department to stop every single train coming in at midnight," Quentin said.

"I can't, but expectations can be changed when circumstances become a problem," Shiva said. "The problem has to do with Slade, he already has the serum inside the city, in the bulk. The same serum which runs through the veins of your daughter as well."

Quentin blinked.

"Slade?" Quentin asked.


Quentin really had no idea who the woman was talking about. The name Slade caught him off guard. That sounded like a force to be reckoned with.

'What has Sara got herself into?'

"And my daughter…she has something in her?" Quentin asked.

"Yes, it's called Mirakuru," Shiva said. "She's tempered it though, but Slade, has not, and he's becoming prone to greater delusions the longer he has it in his system. He's unstable, and Sara is his target."

Shiva could tell she would have the joy of bringing up Quentin to speed. She smiled, it was moments like this she lived for.

'Well, time to turn your life upside down again.'

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Moira didn't know what happened. She had been lead to the limo, apparently being brought out of here. Only, she wasn't brought back to campaign headquarters, or home. Someone compromised her security. Moira looked around and saw the various campaign posters which displayed the face of Sebastian Blood. She turned her attention around to see Thea being secured to a chair by chains as well, and Laurel as well. They were all behind a wall of glass.

"Don't worry, this is not about something as insignificant as a Mayoral campaign."

Laurel finally shook off the pain and saw the same mercenary who attacked her. And he gave her a hell of a beating, her ribs were still sore. The man stepped towards him.

"I think it's time for us to meet you, although I'm sure Sara never once mentioned my name to any of you. Which is a pity, given how much we go back, and what we've been though."

The man took off his mask to reveal a dark-haired man, with a few scars on his face. One on his cheek in a jagged shape, and also he wore an eyepatch. There was a jagged line down his jaw. It was almost like someone crudely cut him.

"All of these are compliments of Starling City's little crusading vigilante, Sara Lance," Slade said. "Starling City, I've seen it up close. The people in this city. Hope has not been the only thing that has been destroyed. They think tomorrow is another day."
Slade turned away from his captive audience and started to pace back and forth. Thea, in particular, tried to get free but found the bindings wrapped around her were too tight.

"The woman who patrols this city, she's nothing but a façade," Slade said. "She doesn't wear that hood out of anything, other than guilt. And believe me, I will rip the hood off, in addition to her head. She will have no use for either by the time I'm done."

"You're sick," Thea said.

Slade turned his attention to the youngest of his prisoners and smiled.

"No, I'm just righting a wrong," Slade said. "Sara never explained what truly happened to Oliver on the island, did she?"

"My son is dead, and I won't let you use his memory…"

Moira had been cut off by Slade raising one hand.

"Be quiet, the truth will hurt, and it will change your perspective on Sara's true intentions."

The mercenary took a second to collect his thoughts. Five long years, he had been waiting for his revenge. And the biggest revenge would be to destroy Sara's reputation among her loved ones.

"I was an inch from death, and your son, he was a true hero, he saved my life by injecting a serum into my body," Slade said. "Unfortunately…there were some really bad people after the serum….and they killed a friend of mine when getting the serum."

Slade took a moment to breathe.

"Unfortunately, your son and Sara could do nothing," Slade said. "Or perhaps they chose to do nothing."

The man hung his head for a moment. Moira looked up towards the man and noticed a large blade in his hand. Also, there was a gun in his hand, which he could kill either of them in any way he chose to.

"I also injected both of them with the serum, in a fit of madness," Slade said. "It wasn't one of my finer moments, but what happened next, was shocking. Sara lost herself through the madness of the super serum. Your son tried to calm her down, tried to restrain her."

Slade hung his head, almost remorseful at what happened next. He shook his head.

"It's no fault of my own because she didn't have the willpower," Slade said. "She killed Oliver, snapped his neck. It was cold-blooded and vicious."

Moira looked up at Slade, the news just passing through her mind. She was highly skeptical about what he was saying. Thea was looking down on the floor, and Laurel just looked at Slade with silent rage.

'How dare he tell these lies?' Laurel asked.

"If it wasn't for Sara leading the crew after the Mirakuru to my location, I would not have been mortally wounded," Slade said. "There would have been no need for the serum, no need for me to have the serum. She led to Shado being killed…and she killed Oliver. There is blood on Sara's hands."
"You're lying!" Thea yelled.

"No, she's lying to you for almost two years!" Slade bellowed. "She only takes on Oliver's crusade out of guilt for the fact she killed him out of cold blood. Out of the guilt, she murdered your son, Moira. Open your eyes, and see the monster which you have allowed to walk among you!"

Slade took a deep breath for a moment.

"She killed Oliver, and came close to killing me in a similar fit of rage when I tried to put her down," Slade said. "She cost me my eye in the process."

Slade slowly lifted the eye patch to allow them to see his empty eye socket. It was all because of Sara Lance, why he didn't have an eye. It was all on her, all her fault. Slade grew increasingly angry just thinking about everything that happened in his life.

"Oliver, during that time, he became like a son to me. And...it hurts just as much as it hurt you. It's a shame that it had to happen. It's a shame that this woman which you adore killed a son, a brother, and a friend."

The single eye of the deranged man looked from Moira, Thea, and Laurel all in turn.

"I'm all about bringing families back together," Slade said. "I only wish, I could have reunited with my family. My estranged wife, she ensured I would never get a chance to see my children again."

Slade took a half of a moment to allow himself to breathe in and out.

"Moira, first you will join Oliver," Slade said. "And Thea, you will join your mother, brother, along with the man who you believe to be your father. And believe me, I'm doing you a favor for letting you die without knowing who your true father is. How deep your mother's betrayal runs."

"What are you talking about?" Thea asked.

Thea turned towards her mother, but Moira refused to meet her daughter's eyes. She focused on Slade.

"And then, Laurel, you're going to suffer the most of all," Slade said. "I'm going to make Sara watch helplessly when I slowly kill you. If she has the capability to feel any empathy at all, she will experience the true meaning of loss. All it takes is one move for me to snap your pretty little neck, but it will be too easy."

"Let them live."

Slade turned towards Moira, who spoke in a very breathless manner.

"Let them live," Moira repeated. "Laurel and Thea, let them live. Kill me instead. Don't...don't do this. It was my fault that Oliver and Sara were on that island. His blood's on my hands. And the blood of your friend."

For a second, Slade paused. Had his mind been clearer, he might have considered the logic in her words. Oliver and Shado, they were both gone. Shado angered him because when Slade returned to Lian Yu, the grave Shado was in, it was empty. Someone dug it up. Sara was the only one who knew it was there.

She desecrated Shado's memory in one last act of defiance.
"I'm sorry, I can't do that," Slade said. "It would defeat the purpose. Your son's murder must be balanced."

Slade took a second to breathe in and then look back at Moira who was staring at him from the other side of the glass.

"Please have mercy," Moira said.

"I do," Slade said. "You're going to die first, so you don't have to watch a child die. And she'll be joining you soon."

Slade lifted a gun, ready to shoot through the glass and kill Moira.

"NO!"

Laurel shouted out this word, causing her vocal cords to vibrate. The fear going through her body caused something to happen. A supersonic cry flew out of her mouth and shattered the glass she was behind and sent the jagged pieces flying at Slade. It forced Slade to throw himself down on the ground.

She managed to pull herself free and rush towards Slade. Laurel caught Slade with one kick which staggered him back. Another kick nailed him back, but a third had been blocked. Slade flipped Laurel onto the ground. She was still weakened.

The windows from above shattered, and the hooded woman came down in front of Slade. Slade turned his attention towards her, and Sara fired three arrows in succession at him. Slade evaded all of the arrows from impaling into his body.

"Not yet," Slade said.

Artemis and Lyla made their way in to grab the hostages.

"No, it ends, now!" Sara yelled. "I'm finishing you off, once and for all."

Sara fired an arrow at Slade with the intention to kill. Slade flipped out of the way and slid across the floor. He made his way behind a glass wall. Sara started to fire arrows at the other side of the wall. They kept bouncing off of the wall.

Laurel barely could stand. Something kicked in with her, and she was now more fatigued than ever before. Did she dare open her mouth after having one word which could shatter glass?

Slade pulled a switch and the warehouse around them started to blink to life. Sara fired one more arrow but didn't even break the glass, despite hitting it with an explosive arrow.

"We have to leave," Lyla said.

Thea, Moira, and Laurel had been moved to a van. Slade had already disappeared into the night. Sara clutched her fist, cursing her luck.

"Damn it."

She was close to Slade, and he slipped way. She would make Slade pay.

Nyssa made her way over to the edge of an extremely beautiful island. The tranquil waves slapped along the shores. The beautiful blue skies served as a welcoming area.
It had been a long time since Nyssa stepped foot on this particular island, way too long. The last time, there was a bit of a misunderstanding, which she hoped to resolve this time when stepping foot on the island. She stepped onto those gorgeous shores and looked around.

The army of Amazon Warriors who approached her at the edge of the island made Nyssa be on edge. She had no desire to fight these noble warriors, even though they would present a challenge to her.

"You've come back here."

"Yes, I have," Nyssa said. "I need to speak to the Princess."

"The Princess?"

"Yes, Diana," Nyssa said. "She told me I was welcomed here, even if some of you disagree."

"Stand down."

Nyssa turned to the figure who was approaching her on the island.

"Nyssa? What are you doing here?"

"It's Sara Lance, she's in trouble. She won't accept the help of the League, but I figure….you might be able to help her."

To Be Continued on May 30th, 2017.

Well, Slade dropped a hell of a bombshell. Granted, the facts are slanted in his favor, but there’s some truth in his words. And he hinted at the other big revelation regarding Thea. More fallout for this is to come.

And after Sara said no to the League, Nyssa recruits help from what I think you might agree is a good backup plan.

Quentin and Lady Shiva meet and that's about as awkward as you would imagine.

Until Tuesday as Season Two is reaching the home stretch.
Chapter Fifty-Three: The Siege of Slade Part One: An Eye for An Eye

Quentin Lance had a pretty bad feeling about tonight. His daughter being kidnapped was just the tip of the iceberg tonight, which was saying something. Regardless, he joined some of the members of the Starling City Police Department at the edge of the track. They all waited, they all watched, and they all hoped something was going to happen sooner or later.

Or this entire diversion of police resources would be a very obvious waste of time.

'That woman better not be screwing us over,' he thought.

The police officer hand in the back of his mind something wrong was about to happen, although, for the life of him, he couldn't determine what it might be. There had been a feeling of a real change of the guard here in Starling City over the past few months. He wasn't what he used to be, no one in this city was what they used to be.

'And now, some nutcase wants to make it all crash down.'

The other members of the Starling City Police Department shifted around, looking extremely nervous, and some of them looked very anxious. Quentin really couldn't argue with them being very nervous, to be honest. He was very nervous as well.

The sound of a train rolling on the tracks caught his attention. Nerves moved away to heavier focus. This could be the very thing they were waiting for or something else.

'Showtime.'

The members of the Starling City Police Department moved down towards the edge of the train when it showed up, rolling to a sudden stop at the edge of the tracks. Was this even the right train? Well, they would find out in a minute, for better for worse. Seconds passed when they all.

"Everyone, look alive."

Despite not being high up in the rankings, Quentin decided to take the role of the leader of this squad. After all, didn't true leaders not wait for the responsibility to be handed to them? They moved in and took it on their own accord. He reached to his side, hand on his side arm.

One of the officers took a moment to wrap on the edge of the door with the police baton. The loud rapping sound escalated from the other side of the train car. He reared his hand back.

"Starling City Police Department, come out of there, and no one needs to get hurt."

A very icy pause followed a few seconds later from the people who were inside the particular train car. Everyone waited for the other shoe to drop, whatever it might be. Lance held his hand firmly around his own gun and pointed it.

The train car flung open and as a result, the doors clipped one of the nearest guards in the face. The members of the Starling City Police Department began to fire at the men. Bullets bounced off of them.
"They're wearing armor, great, just great!"

Despite the fact these gentlemen were armored to the nines, they were threats which needed to be taken out. Quentin pulled back and fired another shot at them. The bullet didn't even connect with the man's chest. The man took half of a step back and grabbed the nearest officer.

A loud sound of a man's shoulder cracking underneath a tight grip echoed. The mercenary pulled back from him and nailed his adversary with another huge punch which knocked the goon down to the ground with a thunderous move.

"Everyone, pull back!" Lance yelled. "Behind the barricade….get out the heavy ordinance!"

The cop nearest to the situation mentally locked up and as a result paid dearly for it. The mercenary plunged back, nailing his adversary in the chest with a stiff uppercut punch. The mercenary turned around, reared back, and connected with another uppercut punch to the chest. The goon doubled over, the wind rocked from his lungs. The mercenary struggled to stand, much less breath. The mercenary stepped back and went to town with more rapid fire jabs to the heart and lungs of the individual next to him.

A second passed before the cop dropped down to the ground. Lance turned around and saw one of the mercenaries advancing on him. He reloaded his gun and went to fire. The mercenary grabbed the side of his arm.

A figure flipped through the air and nailed the back of the head of the mercenary which had been holding Lance. The mercenary staggered back and tried to attack the mysterious figure who moved in the shadow. Said figure blocked the jab and returned fire with a couple of her own. The fleshy parts of the man had been struck by the man.

Two more mercenaries charged the one and only Lady Shiva. They had more than they bargained for. She blocked the punch of the man and caught him with a knee to the stomach. The moment one of the mercenaries had been doubled over, Shiva went behind the man and buried her knee into his back.

The goon dropped to the ground and Lady Shiva gripped him around the back of his neck. She flung him over onto the ground and slammed him back. Lady Shiva had him in a position where she could do any number of deadly things to him.

"I suggest you talk before you lose the use of the rest of your bodily functions."

One of the mercenaries stabbed himself in the side with a knife, hitting a vital organ. He would rather die than deal with this particular woman. The second mercenary did the same, violently and viciously slashing the side of his chest.

The third mercenary, on the other hand, Shiva stopped him from doing such.

"You dumb bitch," the mercenary chuckled.

The demoted detective to the side responded by cringing very obviously. He knew enough about Shiva in this short time to know this mercenary may as well have just slit his own throat. Shiva's fingers clutched the side of his jaw.

"You obviously feel strongly about something to tempt fate," Shiva said.

"Yeah, I do, you might kill me, but does it really matter?" the mercenary asked. "Slade already has his people in position, his men are close to the prison. And he's ready to break out people who have
an ax to grind with the Arrow."

"So, you're a diversion, you came here willing to die for a madman," Shiva said. "It's just as well, people like you are a dime a dozen."

Now that she had everything that was necessary out of this madman, Shiva moved in for the kill.

Slade Wilson bounced back because he was a survivor. He survived the harsh rigors of Lian Yu all of those years ago and he would also survive what he was about to encounter this time. The gentleman took a step, surrounded by some armed mercenaries. They were ready to shoot at the first time of trouble.

"My mind is clear, as is my purpose for the first time in a very long time," Slade said.

Slade stepped over the downed security guards, and he moved to see several prisoners brought into the main courtyard. Many of them looked up, to see what Slade was all about. Slade stepped closer towards them, mouth curled into a very twisted grin when he approached them.

"We will all deal with the one who betrayed me in a second," Slade said. "But, I need to offer you all a gift….and I think we can all agree, we have a mutual enemy, and one who has caused us more misery than we can describe."

The members of the Starling City prison population all started to grumble with each other. Many of them went into deep mutterings with each other, wondering what it was all about.

"Yeah, what are you…"

"How many of you are here because of the vigilante?"

The prison population all made angry noises. Slade clutched his fist together and took a deep breath to count to them. There were many really evil men in this prison, but some of them had been brought down due to circumstances beyond their control. All of them had a single unified purpose though.

"You all deserve a second chance to do what's right," Slade said. "You have a second chance to bring down the person who destroyed your lives. And your reputations have been destroyed because of some little girl on an ego trip wearing a green hood."

The members of the prison population cheered in response. They all hated the Arrow, so if this man hated her as well, then they could be such good friends. Any enemy of the Arrow, no matter what the reason, was their friend.

"I'm here, to liberate you all, to set you free," Slade said. "I'm here to gift you with something which will open your eyes, and ensure you will be able to be the greatest you will ever be. I want to see each and every one of you reach your full potential."

Slade knew they would be easy fodder; criminals like this always could be stirred up. These men, Slade did his homework, they were very greedy. Slade just hoped they weren't too greedy, where their pride combined with their greed, and they didn't work for him.

'It remains to be seen.'

"Alone, you failed to stop the hooded vigilante," Slade said. "Your forces combined, with a little help from my gift….there's no way the Arrow can stop you!"
Some of the men in the prison block responded with cheers, but others yet, they had their doubts. This gentleman all, in their own ways, looked extremely anxious. Could they really stop the Arrow, or whatever the vigilante was being called this week?

"Are you trying to say you have some miracle drug or something where it can make us nice and strong?" one of the men in the prison asked.

"Yes, I do," Slade said. "But the proof is here, step forward, and find out."

The prisoner looked from one side to the prison to the next. He took the first bold step forward to see what this Slade had to offer him. Slade beckoned for him to move closer, so the prisoner to do.

"You have faith; you will be the first part of a new revolution."

Slade extended the needle towards the man.

"So, do I get a lollipop afterward?"

The mercenary gave a humorous look and injected him.

'Soon, Starling City will be crushed, and then when it's crushed, her spirit will be completely and utterly deflated. There will be nothing of her left. '

The prisoner's eyes bulged wide, muscles shook, and his spine arched back. He felt something change in his body. The prisoner raised his arm, a few scars on it due to a scuffle he got into with one of the tougher inmates. The prisoner did a double take when he realized the arm had been healed completely.

"Yes, you can see, the proof is there, you can see, the Mirukuru really works."

"Hey, you made a believer out of me, I don't know about the rest of you," the prisoner said.

The prisoners all nodded to see the changes in this particular prisoner. He used to have some nasty scars over his face and arms, but now those scars completely faded.

"So, who else wants to step up and be part of the coming revolution?" Slade asked.

Some of the prisoners looked at each other and some looked about ready to agree to join up with Slade without any questions. Others, on the other hand, had many questions.

"I don't think I want to work with a punk like you."

"Then, you can return to your cell and rot," Slade said. "I've accepted the fact not all of you are going to want to work with you. Not all of you have the spark which is needed to help bring true change to Starling City. Perhaps you're all afraid of what might happen. Fear is a powerful motivator, and all of you might fear the Arrow."

The prisoner who mouthed off narrowed his eye. He was no coward, and he didn't fear some chump wearing a green hood.

"Fine, you want me, you got me," the prisoner said. "Juice me up."

Sara thought tonight wasn't a total loss. She got, as minuscule as it was, a small sample of Slade Wilson's blood. She hoped, perhaps beyond all hope, they could use it to find a cure. Because, if he started infecting people with the Mirukuru to form an army, the city was going to be destroyed.
"So, now that Moira, Laurel, and Thea are recovering, you can return to your favorite obsession," Felicity said. "Because seriously, you've been staring at that arrowhead for the last hour. And I can almost see it in your eyes, you want to put it through Slade's other eye."

"Next time, I just won't settle for his eye."

The elevator opened and saved Felicity a chance. Karen stepped inside to join them.

"I've cross-referenced the sample of his blood, with the same of your blood, and yes, it's definitely his blood, because it has the same patterns," Karen answered when stepping into the room. "And Isabel confirmed it was, and she also managed to get us a small sample of the serum."

"Go, so we got all of the data….shouldn't you be in bed?"

Laurel took a step forward and responded by shaking her head. She sat down next to Sara.

"I'm fine," she said in a raspy voice.

"And you're talking again?" Sara asked.

"Yes, but….

Laurel took in a deep breath. Her throat was still killing her in a few ways and it was very hard to focus, breath, or even think, or really, anything. She didn't want to talk too much because of the fear if one of those screams came out again, the entire tower will knock over.

"I really wish I could help you," Sara said. "But, I have no idea why you have these powers."

"Something happened with the Particle Accelerator," Karen said. "The dark matter, it changed Laurel, and it might have changed other people in Central City as well."

Sara would have loved to delve into this situation more, but they had a cure to work on and not too much time. Slade was already in the process of dealing with an army.

"So, is anything Slade said true?" Laurel whispered.

There were a couple of seconds where Sara leaned back in the chair, putting her hands on either side of her face.

"Nothing that man said is true," Sara said.

"He said you killed Oliver."

There was a long pause when Sara looked back at equipment right in front of her. She took a couple of moments to stare at the chemicals in front of her.

"He said I killed him," Sara said.

"Yes, he did, but is it…"

"Laurel, it's a very long story, and Slade's omitting some details," Sara said. "He told you how he injected the Mirukuru in both of our blood streams, didn't he?"

Laurel answered with a nod in response. Sara put a hand on Laurel's hand and squeezed it in response.
"I'll tell you everything later if we get out of this alive," Sara said. "I take full responsibility for what happened….but….I'll explain it to you later."

Sara trailed off a second or two later. She turned around to see Thea standing in the doorway. She should be resting, and it was obvious she should have been resting. Thea took a half of a step into the room.

"I just remembered something," Thea said.

"Yes?" Sara asked.

"You were going to tell me something a while back," Thea said. "But, you ended up getting side tracked for something….what were you going to tell me?"

Sara almost forgot what she was going to tell Thea. There was a moment where the two of them locked eyes for each other.

"Were you going to tell me what Slade told us?" Thea asked.

"Slade didn't tell you the full story."

Thea nodded in response, she was willing to give Sara the benefit of the doubt, even though there were a lot of questions regarding what really happened when Sara and Oliver were on Lian Yu. She moved on with her grief, her brother was dead, and there was nothing really to be done about it, to be honest. Slade was an unhinged man.

And there were far more pressing matters right now than dealing with the past.

A few seconds passed before Sara sighed and looked Thea straight in the eyes.

"I wasn't going to tell you about what happened, although if really want to know, I tell you everything once Slade is taken care of."

Thea agreed Slade was the more pressing situation. Sara looked at her and reached underneath the desk. She pulled out a folder.

"Robert Queen isn't your father, Malcolm Merlyn is."

A gut punch delivered to Thea instantly. She doubled over, with Sara handing her the folder. Thea clutched the item in her hand, wondering, could this be true? This couldn't be true, could it? Thea's hand shook when looking over the information.

"No!" she breathed. "This has to be…someone must have…."

Her father was the man who almost led to the destruction of Starling City. Sara wrapped her arm around Thea and pulled her into a warm hug.

"You're not defined by who your father is," Sara said. "You're defined by what you do next."

Artemis stepped into the room in front of Thea a couple of seconds later. She saw the information over her shoulder, mouth open. Thea kept mouthing "no" and she slowly turned to Artemis.

"I know you're entire life just had been turned upside down," Artemis said. "But, does it really matter who your father is….you are who you are! Look who my father is."

Thea heard her words and didn't say anything. She moved her way outside of the clock tower.
"I need to go walk."

"You should really stay put," Artemis said.

"Then, go for a walk with me," Thea said.

Artemis took a half of a step behind her and the two of them started to walk behind each other. There were seconds which passed when the two of them left the Clocktower and made their way out of Starling City.

Sara watched them leave, making sure they were tracked. Cass was out there and would be able to keep a close enough eye on them.

"You think I made a mistake dropping this on her, now?"

The Lance sisters didn't have any time to finish this conversation. A blipping appeared on the edge of her phone. She received an address, from Isabel. Slade would be there, and after suiting up, so would Sara.

"The cure's nowhere near ready," Karen said.

Sara did not even hesitate walking out the door.

"I know, I'm going to have to improvise."

Sara took the first steps out of the open, dressed in a hood. She knew it was going to be her final night, to be honest. The woman took a half of a step into the picture, dressed in a green hood, with the arrow holding. She saw several men, dressed in the same mask which was buried in Lian Yu.

One stood more prominent, Deathstroke, their leader.

"I don't need to hide behind a mask."

Slade slipped off of his mask, to reveal his scarred face, with the eye patch. The look of utter contempt flashing through his eyes was stronger by all means. He stared down at the woman in front of her, a snarl flickering over his face.

"You're here, and you're alone," Slade said.

"I'm here to finish the job I started five years ago," Sara said. "And I'm not leaving until one of us buried deep into the ground."

Sara fired the first arrow at Slade. Slade deflected the attack and looked towards her. Another two arrows went towards him and Slade dodged the attacks.

"I have an army, and you stand alone."

"She doesn't."

Sara looked over her shoulder, to see Nyssa standing behind her a second later. There was a feeling of great dread going through Sara's mind the moment the Daughter of the Demon showed up to fight side by side for her. Actually, dread and discomfort, which was a pretty bad situation.

"Nyssa, I said I didn't want the League involved."
"Yes, I know, and they shouldn't be involved," Nyssa said. "They're too fractured now for us to do you or me any good, regardless of your wishes."

Sara and Nyssa stood shoulder to shoulder. Deathstroke would soon give his men the orders to attack, and both of the women needed to stand next to each other.

"So, are you saying it's going to be the two of us, against all of them?" Sara asked.

"No, I had an idea…a wonderful idea."

"And I believe there are three of us."

A woman stepped from the shadows, looking beautiful and fierce at the same time. Her black hair came down, underneath a silver tiara. Her shining blue eyes flashed in the light. She dressed in a red top and a pair of tight black pants as well, which showed off how sculpted her lower body was. She wore a pair of silver bracelets which shined in the right. She had a lasso clipped to one side of her belt and a sword.

"Good to see you, Diana," Sara said.

"When Nyssa told me you were in trouble, I just couldn't sit back and do nothing," Diana said. "And a few of my sisters jumped to the call as."

Several Amazon warriors stood next to the entire group, standing side by side with each other in the light. Slade eyed them, along with his warriors. For a second, he faltered, before the serum continued his blood lust to return.

"This changes nothing," Slade said. "There is just more blood on your hands, but you're used to that, aren't you?"

Sara realized the serum was making Slade unstable, just like it made her before she had an opportunity to temper it. The Amazons, Nyssa, and Sara all stood aside, with Slade and his warriors. Slade made the hand motion and his army charged, as did the Amazons.

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To Be Continued on June 2nd, 2017.

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Well, things are interesting tonight. The Amazons against Slade's Army, film at eleven.

And Thea got slapped with that one pretty hard. And Sara….well Sara's still got tunnel vision. And to be fair, she's not the only one. Something has got to give.

More on Friday.
Karen bent over at the table, the very obvious frustration dancing through her eyes. She prided herself on one of the greatest intellects in the entire universe, but even she had limits which brought plenty of frustration. The Mirukuru was a one and a million formula, something which had never been quite perfected again. And given the consequences it had for most who injected it, Karen suspected it was for a very good reason.

Not that people did not try because people always looked for ways to better themselves.

'Okay, just focus, no problem.'

Everything had gone silent the moment which Sara left to go against Slade. Karen's mind went wild with countless possibilities of the trouble which could have been caused. In a situation like this, and in Karen's mind, no news, was in fact very bad news. It was beyond bad news in fact. Karen twitched when reaching over to check her calculations. She almost finished mixing up the antidote. One wrong step and it could lead to a dud of a formula, at the very best. At the very worst, the formula could blow them all the way to Central City. If they were fortunate enough to have it blow them that way.

'There's still a problem, no one to test the formula on. It isn't like there's a test subject which is going to fall into my lap and make my life a lot easier.....'

A scream from one level beneath made the vial Karen held nearly slip from between her fingers. She caught it and prevented it from smashing to the ground. Karen turned her attention off to one side, head arched, and arched her head down to listen intently to what was happening on the other side. There were a loud thump and another scream. Karen rose up from her feet and made her way down the stairs.

One of the mercenaries laid on the ground, several wounds in his chest. One of them engaged Laurel in battle, who still didn't look one hundred percent after her ordeal. Despite the lack of being one hundred percent, Laurel gave everything she had against this particular mercenary.

The mercenary rushed towards her and punched at her face. Laurel bent down to avoid the attack and came back with an uppercut punch to the side of the face. Laurel snapped forward with another uppercut punch to double her adversary over. She flung the attacker down to the ground.

The Black Canary wasn't completely out of the woods yet. Another attacker rushed towards her. Laurel turned and blocked the punch. He gripped her wrist in response and a searing pain shot up Laurel's arm. Laurel closed her eyes and put her foot underneath the side of the man's knee. The man flipped down to the ground. He jumped back up to the attack.

Laurel swung a baton into the chest and knocked him down to the ground. She jumped up and landed one more fist on the back of her head.

Another one of the mercenaries rushed into the tower and caught Laurel with a running shoulder to the chest. Felicity rose up to her feet and swung a baseball bat. The wooden bat splintered over the back of the mercenary with no effect whatsoever.
Felicity stepped back, raised her hands, and stepped back one more time. The mercenary charged her and grabbed her by the throat. She gasped as Felicity found herself choked out.

Karen jumped in and shoulder checked the mercenary in the chest. The mercenary went for a huge punch in an attempt to knock Karen's head off. Karen dodged the huge roundhouse punch and returned fire. Jab, jab, jab, and Karen wound up before nailing him with a huge uppercut to the side of the neck. The mercenary collapsed to the ground, the wind knocked completely out of him.

One of the other mercenaries struggled to get back to his feet. Laurel opened her mouth and a Canary Cry put him through the wall the hard way. The mercenary clonked his head on the bricks on the other side of the wall and collapsed, out for the count.

Laurel took another step and collapsed down to her knees. Felicity stepped directly towards her, bending down to check on her.

"Are you okay?"

The leather clad superheroeine brushed off of the question. Her knees were made of jelly, and it was very hard for her to focus, at least for right now.

"I've had better, but believe me, I've had worst."

Karen made her way down the steps and returned with a cure, along with a way to administer it.

"And here, I was thinking I wouldn't have a test subject," Karen said. "This guy won't be feeling good when the super soldier serum is out of his body."

Felicity rubbed her throat before her words came out in a raspy hoarse voice. "You know something, I'm really not too broken up inside."

Karen didn't say anything. She pulled the half-conscious goon to her feet and ripped off his shoulder padding. Karen leaned back and injected him with the cure.

The goon's eyes popped open and an agonizing scream followed seconds later. Blood spilled from his mouth and nose as he continued to scream.

"Is... that going to happen to everyone who is cured?" Felicity asked.

Karen didn't answer. She pulled out a portable scanner from her pocket and swiped it over the individual. Unless she missed her guess, and it was very possible she did, he was one hundred percent free from the super soldier serum. Karen pulled back with a smile on her face.

'Jackpot.'

One of Slade's soldiers rushed the warrior woman. The warrior woman raised a shield to block his incoming attack. The soldier stepped back and the warrior woman plowed him with a huge punch to the chest which knocked him over. Another succession of punches punished the warrior.

"Come at them!" one of the Amazons yelled. "Make sure they don't get into the city and burn it to the ground."

Sara pulled herself away from the battle to deal with another pressing problem. She could see Slade in her crosshairs, and Sara wasn't about ready to step back from the madman.

"So, you looking for me?"
Speak of the devil and he should appear. Slade stood at the end of the street across from Sara. He made no effort to shield his presence. A solo eye locked onto Sara and burned with an obsessive amount of hatred. Sara walked past a spirited battle where one of the Amazons picked up a muscled up mercenary and jumped into the air before bringing him down with a Muscle Buster.

The hate burned through Sara's eyes and the feeling was mutual. She decided to leave the bow and arrow out of the equation because none of the arrows seemed to have worked.

Sara rushed towards Slade for an attack. He put up his hand to block the attack, turned around, and caught her with a spinning backhand punch. Sara backed off and Slade pulled out a dagger and plunged it towards Sara. Sara blocked it and ripped the dagger from him before she jumped up. A huge roundhouse kick knocked Slade in the face.

Slade staggered back, wiped the blood from his lip and returned to the battle. Slade rushed into the confrontation with something to prove. He went to stab his adversary with the blade. Sara dodged the blade and moved back a half of a step. The Hooded Archer pushed herself forward into an intense battle against the monster who caused her so many problems.

A punch to the throat nailed Slade. Slade rubbed the bruise on his throat, and grabbed Sara by the throat and popped up. He knocked her down to the ground. Slade withdrew a blade from a sheath strapped to his back. He tried to impale Sara with it. Sara avoided the attack and Slade had been stuck into the wall.

Slade abandoned the blade before Sara could pull off any free swings. She caught him with an uppercut to the side, and another one to the chest. More uppercuts started to flow in and punish Slade. Slade refused to lose under any circumstances, his pride demanded no less.

"You think you have a chance in beating me."

Sara blocked Slade's arm and flipped him to the ground. She rolled Slade onto his side, hyperextended the arm, and flung herself back to snap Slade's arm. The sickening sound of broken bones went through the area. Sara bounced back up to look Slade right in his foul face.

"I will beat you."

She claimed a blade which had been abandoned and rushed Slade. Slade already pulled out a sword and they clung together with each other. Both of them pushed through each other.

"I will burn this entire city," Slade said. "Your lying crusade will be all for nothing."

"You still don't take responsibility," Sara responded. "And you're slipping; you've slipped further than you ever will admit."

Both struggled to regain the ground. Sara's knees bent and she could feel the wind perilously close to being driven out of her lungs. Her heart beat even faster and it was an intense situation.

"Shado would be ashamed of you."

Slade's eye narrowed in rage as Sara baited him into doing an unrefined focused attack. Sara caught him with some glancing blows to the heart, lungs, and ribs. Slade stepped back.

"You killed her. You have no right to speak her name. Just like you killed Oliver!"

Both circled each other. Slade pulled out a large blade and tried to nail Sara. Sara pivoted and ran up the wall before shooting the blade at out of Slade's hand.
"No wonder your wife doesn't want anything to do with you," Sara said. "You know, Adeline…she doesn't want anything to do with you….and it's obvious to see why."

"Don't dare speak of things you don't understand!" Slade yelled.

"When's the last time you've seen Joe or Rose or…."  

"NEVER SPEAK OF THEM AGAIN!"

Slade wrapped his hands around her throat and plowed Sara back into the ground in a fit of rage. One hand wrapped around Sara's throat and the other hand pulled a sharp dagger. He tried to nail her into the throat with a blade attack. Sara avoided the blade, and her heart kicked up a steady beat. She avoided the blade coming inches away from slicing the side of her head.

A nerve had been struck and the rage from the super soldier serum now was making Slade little more than a wild beat. Sara dodged his attacks, at least until he managed to catch her off guard with a dagger stabbed straight through her thigh.

Agony spread through Sara's body. Slade grabbed her by the head and whipped it back into the wall. She clunked down to the ground hard.

"Don't ever speak of my loved ones again, you demented harpy," Slade said. "Oh, and give Oliver my regards…"

An arrow pierced Slade through the back and caused him to stagger back in agony. Three more arrows caught him through the back and he turned around just in time to see Nyssa perched on a ledge above him. The searing agony went through Slade's body once the adrenaline induced rage faded.

"Tell him yourself, you bastard," Nyssa said.

The wall splattered with blood. Slade staggered towards her, and Nyssa shot another arrow which he just barely had the strength to block. She took advantage of his tunnel vision regarding Sara to put a serious injury on him.

Slade's mercenaries, a few which had not been engaged with Amazons charged in to protect their master. Sara returned to the fight and caught one of them with an uppercut punch which sent him crashing down to the ground. She flung herself back down over the back of the head of the mercenary.

Nyssa caught one of them with a well-placed arrow to the side of the throat. One of the larger mercenaries lumbered towards them. He swung a car engine at both of the warriors.

Sara drew her bow and Nyssa and Sara shot him down in one fell swoop. The mercenary dropped down to the ground.

A car drove down the road at obsessive speeds and forced Amazons and mercenaries alike to scatter. Sara jumped up to avoid the car running her down, her heart racing something fierce when it did.

Two figures left the car and escorted a battle damaged Slade into the car. The car sped off in the opposite direction.

'Ooh, no you don't.'

Sara pulled out a tracer arrow and fired. The arrow caught the back bumper of the moving car
without any problems.

She rushed down the street to chase after Slade. One of the Amazons caught the mercenary in a headlock and brought him down to the ground.

Malcolm Merlyn stood high above the city and surveyed the situation. Flames shot from one part of it due to the carnage caused by the mercenaries. It was what he feared, and why he should have been allowed to save the city. If Sara hadn't stopped him, the door wouldn't have opened for a monster like Slade Wilson to cause unbelievable damage to Starling City.

He had been back to the city on a mission and a mission was to locate his daughter before it was too late. No doubt Thea would have learned by now. It was time for her to embrace what she truly was.

A sound of a blade coming close to him forced Malcolm to turn around. Malcolm just barely blocked a blade coming from him. The blade did manage to slice his hand. Malcolm stepped back and withdrew a bow and pointed it towards Lady Shiva. She simply smiled at him.

"You will hit the ground before you fire your first arrow," Shiva said.

"This is about my betrayal, isn't it?"

"You're not entirely stupid."

Shiva didn't attack just yet. Malcolm was not going anywhere, and she was almost anticipating him spinning some story, some excuse about why he thought it was an acceptable idea to betray her. Shiva waited for Malcolm's latest tale with bated breath.

"You need to understand something….."

He paused, and Shiva didn't kill him outright. She was willing to give him an opportunity, even though there was no opportunity. She was so confident Malcolm would be dead that she was willing to have some fun toying with him like a cat and a rat.

"Cain threatened Thea's life, and I'm only doing what's best for my daughter."

"You were doing what's best for Thea?"

Shiva's words indicated she did not buy what Malcolm Merlyn was selling. She stepped a couple of paces closer towards him. Her blade lowered a fraction of an inch, but Malcolm wasn't at all reassured because of this gesture. It had been only posed to cut lower.

"Your sentiments are touching," Shiva said. "If only you weren't such a pathological liar and a sociopath."

Malcolm tried to catch her off guard with an arrow. Shiva moved lightning fast and nailed him with an uppercut to the punch. She slashed him in the wrist to disable his arm. He dropped the bow and arrow down to the ground.

"Let's be perfectly honest, you do only what's best for yourself," Shiva said. "You've always done what's best for yourself, Magician."

Shiva plunged the sword into the side of Malcolm's shoulder. Agony spread through his body when he dropped down to his hands and knees. His neck was poised perfectly, execution style.

"My daughter needs me, she won't...."
"Your son seems to have gotten along better without you, ever since he left from Europe after your plan to destroy the city went awry," Shiva said. "And I'm doing Thea a huge favor by cutting you out of her life."

"Please, mercy."

"The only mercy you will get was this death was not drawn out even more," Shiva said. "And no matter how amusing it is to see you beg, this is where we say goodbye."

A mercenary flew across the rooftop and landed right between Shiva and Merlyn. Her eyes narrowed, realizing someone had gotten tired of breathing. Three more mercenaries rushed in. Shiva turned her attention to these men who picked the wrong night.

"I'll take you out quick."

Shiva blocked the blade from one of the powered mercenaries. She found a weak spot to drive her adversary down to his knees. Blood spilled everywhere. Shiva pulled back the blade and impaled the goon directly in the chest with the blade, doubling him over.

She took a half of a step back with a frown on her face. She turned around only to see Malcolm Merlyn having left into the night. It was very typical of the man to have run off in a situation like this.

The hunt was on, and Shiva would not be stopping her hunt until Malcolm bled at her feet. One would live and one would die after tonight.

A walk sounded like a lot better of an idea before the city started to be a madhouse. Thea withdrew her breath a couple of times, knees almost slumped over.

Artemis looked off to one side and could see a trio of them marching down the other side of the street. She turned around, gripped Thea's hand, and forced the heiress's attention over towards her.

"Hey, maybe if we move slowly, and carefully, we might be able to escape their attention," Artemis responded.

Thea thought there could be far worse ideas to be perfectly honest. She hoped that could be done. The two of them made their way around the corner, so far so good. The mass rioting in the street continued.

One of them looked over to the side, and one of the mercenaries rushed over to Cassandra who was outside of the clock tower. Cassandra blocked the hand of the attacker and nailed him with an uppercut punch doubling him over. The mercenary flipped down onto his knees. Cassandra jumped up and caught him in the back of the head.

"We need to help her."

The statement sounded particularly crazy coming from Thea's mouth and she even would have to call herself out on it.

"With what?" Artemis asked.

They couldn't really decide what to do, on the account of having their own problems. A large, monster of a mercenary rushed towards him. The mercenary swung a huge punch towards his adversary and went for a huge punch. Artemis crouched down to avoid the attack.
The girl really wished she had her bow and arrows now. She was naked out here, and not in a fun way either. One of the attackers charged towards her.

A dark haired woman leaped in front of them. The attacker didn't break his momentum. She knocked the mercenary back a couple of inches. The mercenary lifted his hands up into the air and roared. He charged the dark-haired warrior woman. She dodged the charged, grabbed him around the waist, and hurled him over the back of her head with a huge suplex type throw. The man's neck slammed down onto the ground.

A dart flew into the man's neck at super speed. The man dropped to the ground, the agony of being cured of a super soldier serum spreading through his body. He dropped to the ground.

Thea and Artemis looked in awe of the woman who saved them.

"Wow," Thea muttered.

"My name is Diana," she said. "And you must be Thea and Artemis."

"Yeah, we are," Artemis said. "How did you…"

The woman answered with a smile. "I'm a friend of Sara's."

Thea looked towards her. "So, by a friend of Sara's….you mean….."

The Queen Heiress whistled. Despite how shitty tonight was, she could not help but admire Sara's good taste in women.

"Yeah, she does mean," Artemis said.

Diana ushered both of the younger girls back to the Clocktower, which now had a few Amazons. The battles were dying down on the street, at least a little bit. Her sisters were winning the battle, and Karen now armed some of them with the antidote. It was working, bringing them down.

The only variable they didn't know was would the cure work on someone who had the serum in their bloodstream for a very long time. Diana didn't really know, she wasn't exactly a biology major.

"We have to get you out of here, as far away as possible," Diana said.

She watched out of the corner of her eye, three of her sisters armed with bows and arrows, fighting three of those super-powered warriors. They fired the antidote arrows into the chest of their adversaries, dropping them down to the ground with one fluid motion.

"You don't need to tell us twice," Thea said, shuddering in response.

Her training hadn't even begun just yet, and Thea had no delusions about how well she would fare against monsters like this.

The wounds started to heal from Slade, almost completely. Despite the wounds healing after the battle, Slade sensed something was very wrong. His forces were depleted. They were falling, his plans for Starling City were beginning to collapse. They had collapsed.

'No, not yet, I'm still not done yet.'

Slade looked at the chest wounds when the arrows impaled him. They nearly had been healed even if a mild stinging sensation had been left behind. He reached up, picked up his blade.
"Don't think I haven't forgotten about you," Slade said. "Next time, I won't hesitate."

"Looks like you'll get your chance here."

Slade looked up towards the figure wearing the green hood, who dropped down onto the ground, ready to engage him in battle. Slade didn't bat an eyelash at the figure who approached him. He had her in the crosshairs and wasn't about ready to let up.

"Let's finish what we started five years ago," Slade said. "No more games, no more…"

The hooded archer fired an arrow, but Slade deflected it with a sword swing. She pulled a blade out and rushed towards Slade.

The two of them clung together, neither backing down from the other. Five long years Slade Wilson waited for this moment, he wouldn't dare wait a moment longer. He blinked a second when the woman pushed back against him. The swords clashed together in a violent battle.

Sara slashed the sword, Slade blocked it. She pulled back and slashed the sword one more again. She went straight through the throat. She needed to get Slade in position to give him the antidote, and hopefully, end this.

"Let's hope his obsession gets the better of him again."

Slade rushed Sara to try and nail her with a blade. She blocked, and Sara returned fire with an attack. The blade almost drove through Slade's chest, he blocked the attack at the very last instant.

Sara flipped off of the wall, and Slade tried to cut her down in battle. She dropped down to the ground and Slade slammed the blade against the wall. Sara bounced back off of the ground. The hood almost came down and one could see the burning through Sara's eyes.

She caught Slade with a glancing blow and sent him crashing down to the ground. The mercenary bounced back up to a standing position. Sara charged him and knocked him down to the ground.

Two more fluid motions happened. Sara drew her bow and fired an arrow at his shoulder.

Time stood still when Slade blocked the arrow. He held the arrow in his hand and looked at it.

"You've developed a cure," Slade said. "Interesting."

Slade flung the arrow back at her. The arrow scrapped against Sara's shoulder. She blocked most of the shot, but she felt weaker and dizzier. The strength faded from her body. The injuries from tonight stung even worse now. Sara lifted up her arm which felt heavier than normal.

"Now, you're back down to Earth, where you belong."

The hooded archer just barely avoided the attack. The battle was going to be rougher from here on out she had a feeling. Sweat rolled down Sara's cheeks when she tried to soldier on.

Sara Lance would not give up even though she had been weakened severely.

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To Be Continued on June 6th, 2017.

Well, a lot is happening as we lead into the final chapter of Season Two. Things are looking pretty grim.
Shiva's pretty persistent, and could it be it's dawning on Malcolm how much he screwed up?

Well, points for effort, Felicity.

Things are happening on Tuesday.
Siege Part Three


Chaos brought out the scariest parts of Starling City on this night. Felicity could not tell whether or not everything was as bad or worse than the Undertaking, but yeah, things had gone pretty bad. She took a few seconds to reconcile the situation and try and make heads or tails of what happened.

'Okay, let's see, there are a lot of mercenaries, many of them down because of our Amazon warrior friends,' Felicity thought. 'Then there's Sara, she's going after Slade, to try and give him the cure. And likely to kill him....probably, I don't think he's the type of person she'll leave alive, but you never know.'

Felicity drew in a deep breath a moment later and once again tried to reconcile the situation around her. It was just one constant thing after another, a never-ending cycle of chaos. She moved her way towards the view screen and pressed her palm against it. The screen flashed to light with some kind of energy. Felicity pulled back from the screen and frowned like she never frowned before.

'Then, there are some unconfirmed sightings of Malcolm Merlyn to add to the fun and games,' Felicity responded. 'Just seems like everything is going around in circles, isn't it?'

Felicity turned around to see Karen pacing back and forth off to one side. She did look a bit anxious for a moment. Karen raised her watch to her head.

"You know, that's not going to make time go any faster," Felicity said. "Trust me, I've tried, and all it does is make you very anxious."

"No, trust me, it's not that," Karen said. "Sara should have checked in by now."

Felicity didn't need to be reminded twice. She thought of a couple of possibilities, and no, she shouldn't be thinking of those possibilities. Sara was pretty capable, more than capable in fact. Felicity took a second to draw in her breath and shake her head.

"I'm sure she just ran into a little bit of trouble, nothing too big, I don't think it would be too big anyway."

The lack of conviction in Felicity's voice really did tell the story. Karen reached over and put a hand on Felicity's shoulder.

"Let's face it, you're worried just as much as I am."

Felicity, try as she might deny it, could not deny it. She really wished she could help. The static in the headset painted a very grim picture. Not she could give Sara much help from where she sat. Most of the mercenaries were down, and Malcolm potentially worming his way back into town.

She turned around where a slightly shaken Thea and Artemis had been returned to the tower. Cass followed a step behind the two of them.

"So, that's the last time I'm going out for a walk when the city is in chaos," Thea said.

Felicity didn't even bother to look up from the screen. The video cameras of the city saw Starling City's police department rounding up several of the downed mercenaries in the process.
"Good plan," she said, in a bit of an absent minded voice. "Okay, Sara, you have to be somewhere in the city, unless it's in one of the blind spots of the city, then….."

The proximity alarm on the tower went off, and Felicity shivered in response. Granted, there were sometimes where those proximity alarms fired off because they were overly sensitive because something tripped them, maybe a cat, or something, but on tonight, of all nights, them going off for any reason was bad.

"And it looks like we have a couple of stragglers from the rest of the group."

Karen went over to the table and loaded one of the tranquilizer guns with an antidote. She stepped outside without another word. Felicity swiped her hair back and looked at the screen.

"Okay, city's kind of quieting down, but until Sara gets back, and until we confirm Slade is down, I don't think we're completely out of the woods."

Felicity was about ready to devolve into a never-ending stream of consciousness rambling right in front of them. She pulled back, no, that's not what they needed right now. A cup of coffee slapped down on the desk, and Cass put her hand on Felicity's shoulder.

"Figured you needed that," Cass said.

"You figured about right," Felicity said, tilting back on the chair and sighed. "Let's see what we have here."

Felicity leaned further towards the view screen where more images flashed, images of the chaos in the city, and she stopped.

Thea, who had been just walking over, turned her attention to the image. She almost jumped halfway up in surprise before Artemis grabbed her by the shoulder and settled her back down.

"Is that…"

"I don't know," Felicity said.

She swore, and perhaps until she was blue in the face, she saw Malcolm Merlyn moving around in the shadows. However, the moment passed when she didn't see him. Merlyn couldn't have been any more than a frustrating mirage.

As long as this night had been, it wasn't completely over. Felicity moved over and saw the two goons outside of the tower. Well, there were two goons outside of the tower. Karen took both of them out in a blink of an eye. The tranquilizer dart injected one of the goons with the cure. And the second goon followed down to the ground in a snap, which gave Felicity both peace of mind and mental clarity.

Well, on one front, others, less so.

Sara Lance bounced down onto the ground from the punch from her adversary. Slade stood over the top of her. Sara struggled to get back it.

"I don't want you to just sit back and take it," Slade said. "I want this to be triumph. I want this satisfying. I know you're not a coward. Evil potentially, twisted, but you're not a coward….so get to your feet, and fight me."
“Fine, you want a fight,” Sara said. “Let’s go.”

Slade punched at Sara. The very last second, Sara blocked the arm of Slade before it connected to him. His superior strength, now with the serum stronger in him than Sara, almost bowled her over. Sara’s knees bent, sweat dripped down her face. It was a titanic struggle within her very body every single moment.

“You want a fight, fine,” Sara said. “But, you think just because you have the serum, it makes you stronger than me.”

Sara swept Slade’s leg out from underneath him and then twisted his arm behind his back. It would heal. It also would give Sara the chance to gain a better advantage. The girl’s heart started to race when she backed up from Slade. Slade approached Sara from the other side.

“A serum doesn’t make me who I was,” Sara said.

“Perhaps not, but…”

Sara shot a light up above head. The sparks ended up flying from the cracked light bulb, and Slade stepped back to avoid the crashing light.

The skills Sara learned over the years made her who she was. She rushed in towards Slade, dodged two of his punches, and caught him with a jab to the side of the neck. Slade howled in agony and tried to deck Sara one more time. Sara blocked the punch and returned fire with more punches of her own.

Slade withdrew a blade and swung it at Sara. Sara moved out of the way and ran up the wall, flipping over Slade. She caught Slade by the arm and twisted him down to the ground.

The mercenary flipped over onto his feet onto the ground. He slid a dagger into his hand and launched it at Sara. Sara dodged and reclaimed her bow before she fired an arrow at Slade.

The arrow stuck in the nearest wall when Slade ducked out of the way. He smiled at her as if to say she couldn’t hit him on her best day or his worst.

The thing was, Sara wasn’t aiming for Slade. She slipped detonator and blew up the stone wall behind Slade. Bricks flew towards Slade who staggered back a fraction of an inch. Sara rushed towards him and started to attack him with more rapid fire attacks.

Slade kicked Sara in the chest and ascended up the ladder. He needed more room to get some strategy for her.

Sara climbed up after him. She turned around with Slade’s attempt to cave in her skull with a cinderblock just barely missing. She shot another arrow at the ground and it released a sticky glue to hold Slade to place on the ground. Slade struggled against the glue which put him on the ground. He tried to use the dagger to break himself free, but he couldn’t.

Eventually, Slade did break free, just in time for Sara to catch him with a swinging punch and another one nailing him in the side of the face. Slade wobbled, but he did not fall back.

Sara knocked the ledge out from underneath Slade and he flew off of the rooftop, landing into an electrified fence. The series of sparks flew and caused Slade’s eye to roll up in the back of his head in pain.

Despite the heavy amount of electricity, Sara refused to bank on Slade being completely dead now.
Given how much he survived.

Slade crawled on his hands and knees, agony from him. He reached from behind and tried to nail Sara. Sara blocked Slade's wrist, and turned his arm around, before kicking him in the side of the chest. Sara brought Slade back down to the ground with more punches.

"How do you do it?" Slade growled. "You keep fighting, but I'm stronger."

"No, you're weaker," Sara said. "You've let tragedy get the better of you, where I've used tragedy to make me stronger. The serum's brought out the worst in you, not the best."

Slade rushed Sara with the blade and tried to bring it through her stomach. Sara blocked the blade and caught Slade with a further succession of punches.

"The darkness in your heart will be your undoing," Sara said. "I've learned to temper the dark effects of the serum."

"Then you're a fool for not…"

Sara fired another arrow and this time she finally caught Slade. His attempts to retort was his downfall. The antidote injected into Slade's body.

"No," Slade breathed. "No!"

Sara stopped Slade's attempt at retaliating by punching her. She nailed him with a series of shots in the pressure points of his arm, turning around, before catching Slade across the back of the neck with a vicious strike. One more strike took Slade down and dropped him to his knees.

Slade laid down on his hands and knees, execution style. One final shot brought Slade Wilson down dropping him like a tree.

The hooded archer took a step back and then collapsed onto the ground. Blood dripped from her mouth, it was like she was trying to hack up a lung or something.

Nyssa dropped down next to Sara, and Diana stood by her side.

"Take her," Nyssa said. "I'll take care of him."

Diana nodded, and walked towards Sara, scooping the younger blonde in her arms. Sara looked up, a half of a smile on her face when Diana marched her out of her. There was only one thing Sara could say in a time like this.

"So, are the two of you finally getting along?" Sara asked.

"Just relax, and let me get you back."

Sara Lance hated going to the doctor, going to the hospital, and also hated a lot of other things, especially when she wasn't in condition to do anything about it. Karen looked down at her, checking over Sara for a couple of minutes. Sara smiled.

"The least you can do is wear a naughty nurse's uniform when you check me over. It would make this more bearable."

Karen just smiled and winked at her.
"Maybe next time," Karen said. "I'm glad you haven't lost your sense of humor. Loss of the Mirukuru has made the mercenaries, even who had it for a short time, despondent, angry, and depressed."

"I think learning how to control the urges, and tempering it helped a whole lot for when I cured," Sara said. "It's cured right?"

"I'll know in a few weeks," Karen said. "I've taken some of your blood.....and yes, I'll be sure to burn it when I'm done. I know how the drill works."

Sara was glad she didn't have to remind Karen about protocol. She moved and her ribs were still tender. She could have been a lot worse.

'Not sure if the cure would really work given how like the Mirikuru has been in my body. Five years, and I only managed to control it completely after three.'

"So, you've done it, you've saved the entire city, again."

"Yeah, and I can't pump my arm in celebration because it would hurt like hell," Sara said.

Granted, she did still feel a little bit better, but she was far from being out of the woods just yet. She missed the healing factor, and now she couldn't take as much of a beating.

Sara reached over and picked up a vial of green liquid.

"Is this what I think it is?" Sara asked.

"Nyssa left it here before she dropped off Slade," Karen said. "And speaking of going.....I have to go.....there's a plane about ready to go down."

"Don't worry, I'll be on my best behavior," Sara said.

Karen sure hoped so. She had to leave Sara alone.

The tower had gotten quiet, and Sara picked up the serum, derived from the Lazarus Pit.

'You must really love me to steal from your father,' Sara thought. 'Then again, he's dead now, but he's been known to make a comeback before.'

Sara applied the water to the parts of her which hurt the most. It didn't give her the madness a full stint in the Lazarus Pit gave her, although it did cause some tingling feelings to come through her body.

Thea stepped on the other side of the door. She stood at the doorway and sighed. Sara looked at her with a smile.

"Well, come in," Sara said.

Thea took a step forward, looking pretty anxious, and Sara thought she looked pretty anxious for a good reason. Thea stepped in front of Sara, arms folded underneath her chest. Moira stepped behind her a second later.

"So, how are you feeling?" Thea asked.

Sara pretty sure this was not the question Thea wanted to answer.
"Like I got knocked around," Sara said. "Okay, I made the two of you a promise….and well...I figure it's a lot easier to tell you right now, then tell you later."

"If you don't want to…..."

"No, I have to," Sara said. "If you think the worst of me, then so be it."

She drew in a deep breath, her mind flashing back to the island in vivid detail. Sara took a couple of seconds to reconcile what happened on that night, and the burden she had been carrying ever since then.

"Slade was right, he injected both of us to the serum," Sara said. "Oliver, he had a reaction to it… neither of us took well to it at first, but Oliver, it affected him even worse. It drove him completely and utterly mad. So mad, he attacked me."

Sara took a second to relax.

"I tried to restrain him before the serum overwhelmed me," Sara said. "He…snapped out of it, for a moment, and he saw he hurt me….so he begged for me to kill him before it overwhelmed him again."

Sara sighed. She would have never done it had Oliver not pleaded with her. The fear in his eyes after he realized he nearly strangled Sara to death haunted her nightmares.

"My son…..he told you to kill him?" Moira asked.

Sara nodded, her jaw set when she looked forward and then back towards the ground before looking back up and towards Moira and Thea.

"I didn't want to, but then he attacked me again," Sara said. "So, I snapped his neck and I killed him. And then I went after Slade."

Sara struggled to keep it together a second later.

"So, it was a mercy killing?" Thea asked.

"Yes, every single day, I live with the burden of killing Oliver," Sara said. "My partner, my friend."

Sara took a second to pull it together. She wasn't one to break down very easily, and she was flashing back to that particular night.

"I didn't want to tell you, not because of me, but because of him. I did not want his mother and sister to know that Oliver lived the last minutes of his life as a monster he would have hated. And he grew on that island….it's a pity it had to end."

Moira and Thea did not know what to say.

"I wear the hood in his memory, and carry out his mission," Sara said. "Every single person I put away makes the city a better place, but it can never change what I had to do."

"What you were forced to do," Moira said. "Thank you for telling me that."

"Yeah," Thea said. "It must have been hard remembering what happened."

Sara was just glad they believed her because she always imagined their reactions when they found out. Both of them didn't look entirely happy with what Sara had to do, and hell, she wasn't either.
But, they weren't entirely displeased either.

"Where's Slade?" Thea asked.

"Nyssa's taken him," Sara said.

"Ah, the Nyssa who was the password to your computer on the network," Moira said. "I wondered what the significance was but...she's his daughter, isn't she?"

"Yes, and now, I'm going to have to change my password," Sara said.

"Well, it's good protocol to do so every now and again," Moira said. "And I'm interested in hearing the story of how you two got together, but...not tonight."

"Right, now tonight," Sara said.

Thea and Moira decided to leave, it had been a long night. Speaking of Nyssa, she turned around the corner and walked into the room right past the Queen women. She stepped up towards Sara.

"So, you got my present?"

"Yes, thank you," Sara said.

"It's not something I can give you every time you get banged up out there," Nyssa said. "So, now you're not invincible......or at least hard to break."

Sara answered with a nod. The question hung out there to ask, and she figured she might as well ask it, even though she dreaded the answer to it.

"Slade, where is he?"

She wanted to think Nyssa would not have killed Slade. Slade would have needed a chance to live with what he did, and Sara thought killing him would be too easy.

"I didn't kill him," Nyssa said. "He won't be troubling you anymore...I made sure Waller didn't get her hands on him though...and Lyla helped me on that front."

Sara was more than grateful for that. She was pretty sure Amanda Waller would have to change her panties at the thought of having someone like Slade Wilson in her Suicide Squad. Sara shook her head and sighed.

"His injuries were as much he might not survive the prison," Nyssa said. "The League has built it for those who betray it, and....it's held far worse than Slade Wilson."

She knew Nyssa was referring to the prison at Santa Prisca. If Lian Yu was Purgatory than Santa Prisca was Hell.

"There's a part of me who wishes I would have finished him off. But I know it won't do anyone any good."

Nyssa grasped Sara's hand and squeezed it before kneeling down by the side of her bed.

"His death won't bring you peace," Nyssa said. "What will bring you peace is you living your life despite what happened in those five years away.....and not holding onto Oliver's crusade forever."

"I won't hold onto it forever," Sara said. "I just need to complete the mission, no matter how long it
"Hopefully, it won't be for the rest of your life," Nyssa said.

No question about it, Sara shared those hopes with her beloved. Sara took a second to lean back on the desk.

"Is the compulsion still present?" Nyssa asked.

"You mean the one to get into the panties of every attractive woman I can?" Sara asked. "Yeah, it's still there...don't worry, that much about me hasn't changed."

"Some people might call you a slut," Nyssa said, jokingly. "Not me but..."

"I know," Sara said. "But, those people aren't getting laid tonight, unlike you."

The two of them met in the middle with a kiss, and the door opened up. The two pulled apart, with Diana standing behind the door.

"So, did I come at a bad time?" Diana asked.

"No, you came at the perfect time," Sara said. "Thank you for your help, I wouldn't have been able to stop Slade's army without the help of the Amazons. Speaking of which, is Artemis still sore at me?"

"The goddess or the Amazon or your little protégé?" Diana asked.

"The Amazon," Sara said. "Because, last time I was there, I beat her in combat, and she was a bit salty about it.....I might have to make it up to it later."

"I'm sure you will," Diana said. "Oh, and by the way, I'll be around a little bit more often, due to some changes in the politics with the Amazons. I'll try not to bore you with all of the finer details, but there's some changes coming, where I'm going to have to stick around.....once everything's settled in, I'll give you a call."

"Great," Sara said. "I'd love to have you.....and speaking of which."

Sara leaned closer towards Diana and their lips met with a passionate kiss. Nyssa slowly slipped to the other side of Diana and smiled.

"It's only proper I thank you as well."

The bottom half of Diana's clothing felt a little barer thanks to Nyssa's efforts, and Diana thought the night ending this way was only appropriate.

Sara worked open Diana's top half as well and exposed her nice, round, and firm breasts for consumption. And Sara really just had to consume them, grabbing hold of Diana's firm, juicy breasts. She squeezed them and the Amazon moaned in response with Sara's hands cupping them, squeezing them, and making them good.

Nyssa spread Diana's thighs, and her fingers delved between the tanned thighs of the Amazon. Both of the women kissed away at Diana and guided her down onto the nearest bed. Sara stripped herself of her clothes quickly, as did Nyssa.

"Who knew the Princess of the Amazons could be a nice sub?" Nyssa asked.
Nyssa climbed on top of Diana, their sexy bodies melding together. Their breasts pressed together, nipples touching each other, pussies grinding up against each other, and lips meeting in a passionate series of kisses. Nyssa gripped the back of Diana's head and kissed her, getting hungrier when delving into her mouth.

Diana moaned with Nyssa's warm mouth delving deeper inside of her. The tongues pressed together in a passionate display, with both women trying to dominate each other. Nyssa won the battle a moment later.

"Why not let Sara have some fun as well?"

Sara stood over Diana on the bed and lowered her pussy on the Princess of the Amazons. Diana grabbed Sara's thighs and shoved her tongue inside of the woman. Sara worked her pussy up and down on Diana's mouth.

"You always knew where to make me feel the best, both of you," Sara said.

Diana answered by squeezing Sara's firm ass. The delicious sight of her thighs and ass made Diana wet with desire. Nyssa scissoring her from the other side and then kissing the side of her neck and her breasts made Diana delirious with pleasure.

Nyssa indulged herself in the beautiful firm body of the Amazon. The two managed to bond over common interests, namely Sara. Nyssa kissed all the way down on the side of Diana's neck, sucking her nipples.

"She's really turned on," Sara said. "Why don't you fuck her? You are prepared."

"I'm a member of the League….of course, I'm prepared."

Nyssa held a strap on out to show Sara. She stood up on the bed over Diana, and Sara took Nyssa's cock into her mouth, sucking on it. She got it nice and wet so Nyssa could slide it into Diana.

The Daughter of the Demon maneuvered on top of the Princess of the Amazons. She slipped the faux phallus into the womanhood. Nyssa moaned when coming down onto Sara's body.

Diana enjoyed the two women, with Nyssa pleasuring her insides, just as much as Sara pleasured her.

"You want me to fuck you hard, don't you, Princess?"

Sara smiled when hearing something muffled underneath her pussy. Diana couldn't properly answer due to where her tongue was.

"She said yes," Sara said.

Nyssa smiled, she figured as much. The Daughter of the Demon shifted herself up and drove the point of her throbbing fake phallus inside of Diana's gripping pussy. She rose almost up out of her and pushed deeper inside of Diana. Nyssa rose up and down into Diana with multiple thrusts.

The Amazon's licking of Sara's sweet snatch made her cum hard all over Diana's face. Sara rocked her hips down onto Diana's face and soaked it.

Sara slid back from Diana and kissed her on the lips in response. Diana moaned when Sara tasted her own juices.
"Turn her to the side," Sara said. "Let's make a Princess Diana sandwich."

Diana closed her eyes when Nyssa had her tilted to the side, her ass exposed. Nyssa didn't break her momentum in plowing her phallus deep inside of Diana's pussy.

A second phallus had been pushed into it. Sara held Diana's asshole opened and pushed her tongue inside to rim the inside of Diana's beautiful, tight ass.

"Oooh, Sara!" Diana moaned.

"Don't worry, Princess, I'll take good care of you," Sara said. She tongued out Diana's puckered hole a few more seconds later. "Just tell me what you want."

Sara squeezed Diana's ass and cupped her, before spanking her ass. Her ass stung from the spanks, and Sara kept spanking away at her.

"Fuck my ass," Diana said. "I need to fuck it, fuck it bad!"

The very realistic dildo pushed against Diana's puckered hole. She pushed Diana's hips before shoving deep inside of the woman's tight, clenching rear. She pushed almost all the way into her ass and then pushed out of her. Sara kept gaining some momentum. The nerve sensors up the synthetic cock made Sara's body shake. She pushed herself against Sara.

The Princess of the Amazons breathed in and out with both of the cocks buried deep into her asshole and cunt. Their lips also lavished every inch of her body they could reach.

"Feels so good, doesn't it?" Nyssa asked. "It feels so good, to be fucked so hard, isn't it?"

Diana responded by nodding in response. She was almost about ready to break because of the never ending pleasure she experienced from all sides.

"I'm sure she'll agree if she's coherent enough."

Sara caught Diana with a pleasurable spot. The blonde assassin kissed and sucked the side of her ear, her neck, every single point which she could catch in pleasure. Sara gained some momentum and rocked deeper inside of her.

The dark-haired assassin pushed into Diana on the other side. The Amazon's gripping cunt gave the reinforced dildo a workout. They were made to withstand even the strongest of muscle contractions, at least that's what the people at Starrwave would lead you to believe.

Nyssa pumped herself deep inside of Diana and stretched her out to the limits. Diana closed her eyes, moaning in pleasure. Nyssa's mouth found Diana's nipples and bit down on them. She moaned in response.

"So good," Diana said. She ran her finger down Nyssa's face and turned a little bit. She and Sara met with a kiss, as did she and Nyssa. "I'm going to…fuck me harder…don't you dare hold back…..I'M THE PRINCESS OF THE AMAZONS AND I DEMAND TO BE FUCKED HARDER THAN YOU'VE FUCKED ANYONE ELSE!"

Diana's bellowing caused both Sara and Nyssa to increase their actions, pleasuring both of her holes from either side. The pleasure cascading through her body increased with both assassins working like a well-oiled machine. They worked together on the battlefield and in the bedroom with the same amount of frequency.
The Amazon's gripping cunt rushed all over. Nyssa slipped inside of her, and the discharge of her own fluids discharged inside of Diana's gripping asshole. She pounded inside Diana's cunt and filled it up with her clear juices, which collected inside of the dildo until it reached capacity.

Sara picked up with pushing inside of her ass and unloaded inside of her. The two girls pulled away and rolled Diana over. Sara and Nyssa kissed and sucked each inch of Diana's flesh, and left her panting on the bed.

The dust cleared, and Nyssa turned over on the bed, getting on her hands and knees. She opened herself up for Sara.

"That got me so hot, to see you fuck her ass that hard," Nyssa said.

"I'm sure it did," Sara said. "And you want your ass taken?"

Nyssa's asshole pushed open, and Sara aimed herself towards the point of Nyssa's asshole. It came very close to sliding inside of her. Nyssa closed her eyes a half of a second later, moaning in pleasure when it came inches away from sliding inside of her ass.

"Yes, Sara," Nyssa said. "Take my ass."

Sara took her ass alright and slid deep inside of Nyssa's gripping asshole. She held up and pushed into the ass of the Daughter of the Demon.

"Love you so much," Sara said.

"Yes, and you'd do anything for me," Nyssa said. "And right now, I want you to take my ass, and pound it so I can't walk tomorrow.....yes, like that!"

The anal fucking increased with Sara's thrusts going deeper and deeper inside of Nyssa. The Daughter of the Demon clutched onto the edge of the bed.

Diana's reached up and cupped her pussy to rub herself at this delicious sight. She was used to seeing women engaged in various acts with each other on the island. The Princess of the Amazon's finger flicked against her womanhood, brushing her finger. She kept sliding and moaning each time her finger touched her. Diana's breathing accelerated a second, with a finger pushed into her body.

"Harder, fuck her harder!" Diana moaned.

"Don't worry, I will."

Sara picked up the pace inside of Nyssa. Nyssa was now on Sara's lap and pushed her ass down onto the dildo. Her beloved put her hands on every inch of Nyssa's body when it heated up. Nyssa sucked Sara's fingers, tasting the delicious cum which coated them. Sara retracted her fingers and stuck her nipples. Her fingers brushed down her belly button and started to rub them.

The two women enjoyed each other. Sara drove Nyssa to orgasm after orgasm while pounding her ass. Her pussy contracted around Sara's fingers when she fingered her. Sara sucked Nyssa's inch.

"You like everything I do for you," Sara said. "You taught me well....but I think I'm teaching you a few things...and here's something else I learned..."

Nyssa's right ear being licked sent pleasurable blasts through her body. Sara sucked on her earlobe, with Nyssa's nipples extending.
Diana joined them, once again. Now Nyssa found herself the woman in the middle. Diana kissed Nyssa's neck, sucked her nipples, and went down to suckle on her nether lips. Those warm thighs had been parted and Diana shoved her tongue inside.

Another orgasm had been given before Nyssa settled down. Her body shuddered in pleasure before descending back down on Sara.

"Now, it's my turn."

Sara picked up the pace and came hard inside of Nyssa. The delightful sensation of Nyssa's made Sara's body size up and release her cum into Nyssa.

The two of them parted ways, at least for now. Diana laid back on the bed, thighs spread. Sara climbed over and took the plunge inside of Diana once again.

"Sebastian Blood, the former candidate for Mayor of Starling City, has been locked away for his role in the siege of the city, and the group of mercenaries who invaded the city. Hundreds of men have been locked away, and evidence implicated Blood. His campaign for Starling City will be at an end, and Moira Queen is looking to be the frontrunner to be the new Mayor of Starling City."

Malcolm Merlyn sat back, observing the news with a wide smile on his face. He waited a few seconds to allow the news to sink in.

"Well, I'm hoping for a thank you."

A cold hard blade touched the side of Malcolm's ear. Malcolm didn't turn around right away. He tried not to betray his chill of fear.

"So, you found me again."

"You're a snake, I knew you were a snake, and I still let you bite me….get up and turn around."

Malcolm drew his bow, and Shiva responded by breaking it in half with a sword. He took a half of a step back and looked towards her.

"Give me a chance for one minute, I have something you want," Malcolm said. "No tricks, this is not a gambit to stall for time and save my skin….but I have friends in high places…and I've been able to produce the one thing you've wanted. You can avenge your daughter now, and be able to move on."

Three of Malcolm's goons dragged in a beaten and battered David Cain who fell on the rug right next to him.

"You betrayed me, Merlyn!" Cain yelled.

"Yes, it's what he does," Shiva said. "And you are proof he's an equal opportunity snake."

"This is what you wanted, Lady Shiva," Malcolm said. "Kill him, kill the man who destroyed your daughter's childhood by turning her into a weapon. Kill the man who victimized you."

Shiva turned her attention towards Cain on the floor, and then back towards Merlyn.

"Redemption only comes on the other side."

Shiva impaled Malcolm Merlyn with the sword. The former Dark Archer had been surprised when Shiva impaled him through the chest and retracted the blade from him. It dripped with Merlyn's
unworthy blood.

"Consider your payment for bringing me Cain to be a quick death," Shiva said. "Thea will thank me for sparing her of your influence."

The men who brought Cain wisely left the room. Shiva decided to allow them to run, in response to their intelligence. She leaned closer towards David Cain on the ground. Cain looked up through one bleary eye.

"I wish to savor the moment."

Cain squirmed like the pathetic worm he was. "Sandra, please…I had to…it was…"

"You took advantage of a moment of weakness on my part, and you stole my child," Shiva said. "I was vulnerable once, and no longer. Now, you're the one weak and begging for it to end."

The personal cut was the most satisfying. Lady Shiva lifted up the sword and brought it down onto the back of the neck of David Cain.

—to be continued on July 4th, 2017.

We finish up the battle between Deathstroke and the Green Arrow. And Sara beats Slade by the skin of her teeth and through sheer stubbornness.

Karen Starr being in a naughty nurse's uniform would make anything more tolerable.

So, the truth of what happened on Lian Yu is revealed. And I'm sure the moment Sara had a bit clearer mind, she's spent a fair bit of time trying to figure out what she could have done differently.

So we have some fun with Sara, Diana, and Nyssa and that's a hell of a way to wrap up the season.

And we have to discuss the end of Malcolm Merlyn, who has been a dead man walking pretty much all season, especially since he's pissed off Lady Shiva. Obviously, Merlyn's dead, at this present point on the timeline on this particular Earth. Obviously, time travel and dopplegangers could be a factor, not saying it would.

Until July the 4th when Season Three begins.
Chapter Fifty-Six: Enemy of the State Part One.

Quiet ranged over Starling City on this night. The silence over the past couple of months had been surprising for the city. Just a little over two months ago, there had been a massive attack on the city, with Deathstroke leading the charge from the mercenaries. The city had been shaken and still felt the burn afterward.

Deathstroke disappeared, and the city had fallen underneath a new Mayor, in Moira Queen. Many didn't trust her, but she moved forward, in an attempt to make the most out of the city. The most important thing she tried to accomplish was to right the wrongs which happened from the events of over a year ago where she was part of the Undertaking.

The relative silence in the city did not mean crime just ground to a standstill. A truck pulled up and three men climbed out of the back of the truck, with two more men climbing out of the front seat of the truck. The five men walked over to another trio of men. Two of the men carried a large metal box in their hands. The third of the men stepped forward to join them.

"Good evening gentlemen," he said. "We have what you want if you have what I want."

The crate opened up to reveal a few large guns. The weapons were very military grade and could bring down anyone who got in their way. Anyone who had these weapons would be the kings of Starling City.

"Some pretty sweet shit there. Where did you get this?"

"Black Mask checked out of town and left some of his toys behind," the leader of the trio said. "So, do you have what we want? Flash me some cash, and the goods are yours."

The leader of the small gang of five pulled out a case and put it in front of the leader of the trio. The trio clicked the case open and smiled. Several stacks of fresh cash appeared in front of her.

"The pigs on the street are trying to crack down on crime. This should help us even the odds quite nicely."

He took one of the guns out of the crate and turned it around. The gun discharged and fired a blast at a barrel. The barrel exploded and came up in flames. The leader of the gang smiled and the gun in his hand excited him.

"Excellent, we have....." 

One of the gang of five dropped down to the ground after receiving an arrow to the shoulder. The gang member dropped down to the ground.

The leader of the trio looked up, his mouth widening open in horror. There were only two words which signified what he thought.

"Oh, shit!"

The Arrow dropped down from above and landed down on the ground. The leader of the gang positioned himself between his heavies. She dropped down onto the ground and fired an arrow at the
point of the shoulder of one of the goons. She chained together another arrow shot and dropped the goon down.

"Say you're prayers, you bitch!"

One of them pointed one of the high tech weapons at the Arrow. A figure dropped down from behind the man, grabbed his shoulder, and pushed down on the point of the neck. The nerve ending exploded in agony when dropping him down to the ground.

The figure dressed in black moved forward with the figure dressed in dark green.

Cassandra and Sara both smiled and moved towards two of the goons. One tried to cave Sara's head in with a club. The Archer dodged it and caught him with a leg sweep which brought him down on the ground. She avoided a swung chain, and had pushed him into the path of Cassandra!

The two worked into harmony and dropped the goon down to the ground. Cassandra hooked the man's elbow behind his back and nailed him with a rapid-fire series of punches to the back of the head. She drove him down to the ground without any problem.

"We have a runner," Felicity said.

"I've got it."

The goon rushed as far away from the encounter as possible. He kicked himself for now picking up one of the weapons. He groaned and came face to face with the Arrow. He picked up a brick off of the dock and flung it towards his attacker. She leaned back to avoid the brick from smashing into the side of her head.

The Arrow turned her attention and fired off an arrow to catch her adversary in the elbow. Her companion dropped down from behind and brought the goon down onto the ground.

"That's all of them, isn't it?" Sara asked.

Cassandra turned around, pulled one of the lone goons out of the shadows. She caught him with an uppercut punch to the side of the face and rocked his jaw. She hooked the man around the side of the head, twisted his neck and slammed him down to the ground with a hard slam.

"Now, that's all of them."

More goons had been brought up, and hopefully, more weapons brought back off of the street. Sionis might have gone underground and left Starling City alone. He left more of his weapons beyond, and some of the smaller gangs tried to get a piece of the pie.

Felicity leaned in front of the computer system and bit down on her lip when going through the system. She didn't find that much criminal activity tonight. There were a couple of muggers, a couple of pickpockets, but really was that the type of criminals the Arrow would go after? The Starling City Police Department were more than able to take care of those criminals.

'And now, everything is too quiet, and it's not even midnight,' Felicity thought.

The doors opened up and Cassandra and Sara made their way back inside. Sara stopped and looked at the time.

"So, did you ever think you would have a night where you could come in at a normal time?" Felicity
asked.

Sara stretched out against the wall and moved closer towards the gym area. She slid off her hood and set it down on the chair,

"I don't like it," Sara said. "It just feels like there's something that's about to happen."

"You got some more of Black Mask's weapons off of the street, that's something, isn't it?" Felicity asked. "That's nowhere near all of them, isn't there?"

Sara walked closer towards the wall and looked outside.

"Artemis and Thea are with Jade, she's training both of them," Sara muttered. "So, really nothing to do tonight here….unless you've caught something."

"Well, crime has gone down a fair amount over the past couple of months," Felicity said. "I know, you really wish I would quit bringing up that particular statistic because it's just inviting trouble. Murphy is your number one enemy after all."

Sara responded with a nod.

"Moira's approval ratings are going up, but some people just won't let go what she did in the past," Felicity said. "She has her haters still, but doesn't everyone?"

"Yes," Sara said. "Let me know if you hear anything."

"Hey, I'll be here, drinking my weight in coffee," Felicity said. "Which doesn't sound too healthy when you really think about it, so yeah."

Sara smiled. Felicity looked like she was about ready to call it a night out of absolute boredom. She lead Cass into the next room.

Cass already stripped off her jacket and dropped it down onto the ground. She dressed in a tank top and tight leather pants. The eighteen-year-old woman stretched out and warmed herself up.

"Easy night," Sara said.

"Too easy," Cass said.

"Yeah, I figured about as much," Sara said. "There's no reason why we can't keep in good shape, you know what I mean?"

Cass responded with a smile and nod. She knew exactly what Sara meant. She opened up her hand and motioned Cass forward for a sparring session. Both girls locked eyes with each other. They both knew each other's movements which caused them to work so well out on the field in battle. Sara opened her hand and motioned Cass to go forward and attack her.

The younger girl extended her hand for the older one. Sara blocked the arm, twisted it around, and flipped Cass down onto the ground. Cass did a tuck and roll and landed on her feet. She pushed Sara's legs out from underneath her. Sara flipped out from underneath Cass and went behind her. She gripped Cass's arm in a hammerlock and tried to push her down onto the ground.

"Finally."

Cass swept Sara's legs out from underneath her. She landed on the ground with a thud. Cass smiled, leaning closer towards Sara.
"You know what happened last week, don't you?"

Sara pushed out of the attack and rolled over. She pinned Cass down onto the ground from the position. Cass slid out from underneath Sara's grip. The two of them met hand to hand with each other. Their knuckles locked against each other. Sara flipped Cass over onto the ground and held her down.

"You're going to have to refresh my memory," Sara said. "We took out that small-time smuggler who ended up knocking himself out. That was the most exciting thing that happened until tonight."

Cass flashed Sara the most obvious "come on, you can't be serious "kind of look and pushed back up.

"Eighteen."

Sara flipped Cass down onto the ground one more time. Cass rolled out and caught Sara with a few blows. She went between Sara's legs and pushed her down onto the ground. The pressure point brought Sara down onto her back.

"I haven't forgotten," Sara said. "Trust me, I wouldn't forget a promise like that."

"Have you?"

"Just waiting for the right moment."

"How about now?"

Cass's fingers danced preciously close to Sara's pleasure centers. Sara squirmed underneath Cass and tried not to let the young girl get in her head. She sat up, grabbed Cass, and pushed her back into a kiss. Cass returned the kiss. Their tongues battled as feverishly as their bodies did.

Finally, Sara helped guide Cass through everything else. She promised Cass when she turned eighteen, she would guide her through this. Now, they were in a position to move the relationship to the next level.

Cass's tight leather pants slipped down to reveal her dripping pussy. Sara smiled, the forbidden treat was in front of her and she couldn't wait to touch the younger girl to rock her world and guide her into womanhood. Cass was always beautiful.

"Are you ready for your sister to guide you into womanhood, honey?" Sara asked.

They had a bit of a bond like that. Cass spread her thighs and allowed Sara to slip one finger inside her gloriously tight center. Cass lifted her hips up off of the bed and took another finger inside of her, followed by a third finger. Sara pumped inside of Cass without any problems whatsoever.

Cass leaned back and her anticipation grew every time Sara pushed her fingers into her depths. A deep breath passed over her body the second Sara pushed and released her.

"More."

The lovely moan coming from the young woman encouraged Sara to push her fingers deep inside of Cass and slowly work her to an orgasm. She could see Cass's nipples poking out from the other side of her top. Sara took her free hand and released Cass's nice breasts into the wild. She planted a series of light kisses on Cass's upper body.
Pleasure released in Cass's center. Her hips bucked up to accept Sara's intrusion inside of her. Her light moans continued when Sara rode out her orgasm all the way to the end.

Sara retracted her fingers from Cass and took a look at the juices which dripped from them. She slipped the fingers inside of her, waiting to see Cass's reaction.

Cass moved in like a hungry lioness, pouncing upon Sara for a devious little kiss. Their tongues pushed together, with Sara and Cass kissing hungrily. Cass ripped at Sara's pants and pulled them down. She pressed against Sara's clit, grinding herself against it.

"Yes," Sara moaned. "It feels really good."

Her top was now off, and Cass pinched her nipple before sucking it. Their loins burned with pleasure when meeting together. Cass alternated between sucking Sara's nipples and drove a remarkable amount of pleasure through her body.

Sara flipped Cass over to the ground and got in the dominating position. Cass was still slightly sweaty from the sparring session and she would be even sweatier now. Sara planted numerous kisses all over Cass's body and touched her belly button.

The younger girl gasped when Sara took her clit and rubbed it. She had naturally masturbated, it was supposed to be good for health and focus. Sometimes, she decided to swipe the video feed at the clock tower, and watched Sara and Laurel or Sara and Felicity or Sara and Barbara, for masturbation fodder.

Sara was bringing her to a new level. Her pussy lips blossomed, opening up for Sara. She planted a kiss down on Cass's slit. She breathed heavily the second.

"Sara!" Cass moaned.

A tongue flickered inside of her, and Sara ate out her surrogate younger sister with practiced ease. Cass lifted her hips all the way up to meet Sara's tongue when it guided her to the edge.

Sara made several passes through Cass. Cass held the back of her hair when being eaten out. It brought more pleasure through her body.

After an immense orgasm, Sara allowed Cass to drop to the ground. She pulled her panties down and moved over to climb on top of Cass's face. Her juicy thighs surrounded Cass's face. Cass grabbed a handful of Sara's thick ass and pushed her tongue into the woman's dripping hot pussy.

Both girls engaged in a mutual game of trying to get the other to break, the other to cum. Their tongues swirled around their sweet womanhood when several seconds passed. Sara gripped Cass's hips and pushed her face down into her womanhood.

The two of them ate each other out for several more minutes, neither breaking their momentum. Sara showed Cass a few more tricks by hitting her pleasure spots with her pussy.

Several more minutes passed before Cass's center gushed with pleasure. She dropped down onto the bed, breathing heavily.

Sara pulled back from Cass with a smile. She reached into a box and pulled out the new model, which had been sent over by Karen just the other day. Sara wasn't sure how profitable Starrwave's after dark division was, but she sure appreciated their quality.

Cass sat up and watched when Sara's throbbing phallus pushed in front of her face. She took the
faux organ into her mouth and sucked on it. Cass brought her mouth down on it, lubricating it up with a nice amount of spit inside of her.

Sara closed back, the technology interfaced with her own nerve sensors, and made it feel like she was actually being sucked off by Cass. And she was sucking her off pretty good. That pretty warm mouth and tongue caressed the edge of Sara's phallus. Sara held onto the back of Cass's head and rammed inside of her.

The moment the phallus covered with salvia. Cass stepped back. She spread her thighs for Sara.

Sara smiled when looking down at Cass's pussy. It was dripping wet and ready to receive. Sara wasn't going to be one not to receive. She took the plunge, feeling Cass's firm, toned legs wrapping around her. She ran a finger down Cass's leg when taking the plunge inside.

Bliss connected to Cass's nerve endings when Sara penetrated her with this new wonderful toy. Cass lifted her hips halfway off of the bed and had been engulfed inside of her womanhood.

"Worth the wait?" Sara asked. Cass nodded in response. "Yes, I thought so."

She took Cass's firm breast in hand and gave it a squeeze. Cass closed her eyes and enjoyed the feeling of being penetrated by her lover. Sara rose up from the position and sank down inside of Cass. Their bodies molded together with each other when Sara rose up and pushed her organ into Cass's tightening pussy. She kept riding Cass into the bed, slipping inside of her with each thrust. She buried more of the organ into her.

The feeling of an orgasm well earned hit Cass. She pumped off of the bed. Sara caressed her body and touched all of those spots. She took a firm, but fair hand with Cass. And it made her feel so very good. She bent down and kissed Cass.

Cass returned the kiss, tongue and all. Her legs put Sara in position, making sure she rammed inside of her as hard as possible. Their firm thighs connected together. The slapping of flesh echoed. Sara released Cass's mouth so she could deliver a beautiful moan.

Sara pulled out of Cass after her orgasm completed. She motioned for Cass to go over. Sara got a look at Cass's firm ass but decided not to take that particular virgin hole, at least for tonight. There would come another time when she would.

Cass closed her eyes. Sara's soft, firm touch rolled over her body. She lightly caressed Cass's back. Even her scars tingled from what Sara was doing. Sara slipped deep inside of Cass, pushing the length inside of her body with one fluid pump.

"Yes, "Cass mewed hungrily. "Yes. YES!"

Flesh smacked against flesh when Sara rocked herself into Cass from behind. Her pussy felt so gloriously tight from this angle. Sara could push herself inside all day long, stretch Cass out, and make her feel really good. That was what she was doing. That's what she craved from her young lover underneath her.

"Cum for me," Sara said.

Her sweet voice compelled Cass to tighten around her. Sara pushed into her, her cum being collected in the sacs on the toy, which slapped against Cass's sweet pussy. Sara spent her time mapping out a course on Cass's body and making her mewl in frustration underneath her.

"Good, good, girl, you love how your older sister is making you feel, don't you?"
The feeling of Cass's clenching thighs showed Sara all she needed to go. She could feel her pussy tingle when pushing into Cass. She dripped into her with the new toy. She would have to thank Karen, maybe give her a full demonstration of how well it worked when she had the chance.

Now though, Sara pulled out of Cass and pushed into her. She made sure Cass's orgasm was measured, and it felt really good. She put her hands on the back of Cass and pushed into her with a few more solid thrusts. Cass clenched around Sara when being drilled very hard.

"Cum for me, that's it," Sara said. "It feels so good, doesn't it?"

The question didn't need to be asked. The state of Cass's horny body showed more than enough. Sara rode out her orgasm all the way to the edge and beyond. She pushed further inside of Cass and stretched her out.

All good things must come to an end, well at least to a stop. Sara pushed into Cass. She begged for more with those light moans, those sensual cries. Who was Sara to deny her lover what she wanted? What she craved? What did she need? Sara picked up the pace.

"I'm almost there, and so are you."

Cass didn't disagree. Her body sized up and clenched Sara's pulsing rod inside of her. Both women enjoyed each other. This encounter was long anticipated and Cass thought it was worth the wait.

Sara finished pushing into her and emptied the stored load inside of her. Their juices intermingled together. Sara rode out Cass's orgasm and her own.

Both of the women had been lit up with pleasure and knew they would have to make this a regular situation.

Felicity did one more sweep of the city and something inside of the tower caught her eye. She looked at the sparring session in the gym, which had all kinds of new positions with both trying to get the better of each other. She sat at the edge of the monitor, fingers clutching around the edge of the table.

One word passed over Felicity's lips.

"Wow."

She could hear stirring, and Felicity quickly switched the feed to act like she was working. She hoped they were too distracted and did not notice the active security camera. Or maybe they did and gave Felicity more of a show than she could handle.

Lyla would have liked nothing better than to be anywhere where she was right now. She had a meeting with Amanda Waller, which was a bit sooner than her weekly check-in at ARGUS. It made her thing something was wrong.

"Agent Michaels?"

She turned her attention towards a younger woman, Brazilian, with a body which would put most super models to shame. Lyla racked her brain for the woman. She had been one of the newer recruits over the past year.

"Agent DeCosta, right?"

"Yes," she said. "It's an honor to meet you and an honor to be working together with one of
ARGUS's top agents. I like to…how do you say, help learn the ropes?"

The woman, Beatriz DeCosta, spoke in a careful English. It was obvious English was not her first language. She had been thrown off into the deep end.

"Well, I look forward to showing you the ropes," Lyla said, her Spanish clear and concise as possible when speaking.

"Forgive me for being premature, but you seem a little bit surprised I'm here, and we're working together," Beatriz said. "Did Agent Waller not tell you we're partners?"

Lyla sighed and patted the younger woman on the shoulder before guiding her into the meeting area.

"She must have missed it in her briefing," Lyla said. "But, don't worry, I've read your files and you are more than qualified. If we're going to work together, we're going to make the most of it."

Lyla appeased the young agent and now it was time for them to move forward. This emergency meeting caught Lyla off guard. Neither of the women really knew what it was all about. There were rumors Waller wanted to keep a closer eye on Central City.

'And some people in the government are talking meta-registration,' Lyla thought. 'Why do these people think registration is the answer, I'll never know?'

All of the agents of ARGUS would find out, and there were several agents crowded around. There were junior agents and senior agents of ARGUS all alike. They all were muttering, gossiping, not becoming of high-level agents.

Amanda Waller walked into the room. She wore her usual look of supreme annoyance, but Lyla thought there was something different. She knew Waller long enough to realize there was something else the matter than the usual announce. She pressed a button and a television view screen retracted from the wall for all of them to see.

A voice came over the speakers of ARGUS.

"I do hope I have the attention of every last person in ARGUS."

A gentleman appeared, face submerged in shadows. From his accent, he had an Eastern European origin and dressed in a green suit.

"My name is Count Vertigo. And now, I'm not one of the countless pretenders who has taken that name. I can assure you I am the real deal, and you will find out how real I am. And how much I'm not too happy with the actions ARGUS took against my claims to the throne of my country."

A general stirring filled the room with the members of ARGUS looking towards each other. None of them really knew what to do to be perfectly honest.

"The United States Government backed the rebels in their rebellion against me," Vertigo continued. "Therefore, I will lead a revolution in my own. A revolution which will bring even the mightiest of giants to their knees. They will beg, but I will not listen."

Everyone inside of ARGUS started to feel very sick and some of them stumbled. Lyla grabbed onto the side of the wall and breathed heavily. Her entire world spun around her and it was very difficult for her to stand upright. It was more than very difficult, it was borderline impossible for her to keep her head up and about.
"Trace the signal, and find a way to shut it down," Waller said.

Waller hunched over, the desire to throw up becoming very prevalent within her.

"And this is just a small sample of what I can do unless you choose to meet my demands. If you fail, then they will suffer. You will tell me where you're hiding her, or the citizens of the United States will suffer. I've already selected a city to be the victim of my attack."

Something told Lyla it was anything but random. The reports were already rolling in and there was only one place, Vertigo could have attacked which would cause the maximum of chaos.

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Thea took a deep breath and prepared to engage her adversary in battle. She asked for training several months back because she didn't want to be weak. And Sara had been busy with several things, although she did input with the training when she could.

Her teacher wasn't necessarily bad. One would think getting trained by your girlfriend's sister would be extremely awkward. And Jade, better known as the world-class mercenary Cheshire, didn't hold back. She motioned for Thea to go in the center of the room.

Artemis already sat at the side of the room, winded, holding an ice pack on the side of her head. It was always fun to get into a scruff with her sister. Artemis was good, but Jade enhanced her training to an entirely new level over the years. She was wanted in several countries for crimes.

Crimes Jade claimed were justified, and Artemis looked at some of the people Jade targeted. Not exactly what you would consider model citizens, so Artemis would be more inclined to believe Jade now more than ever before.

"You're going to learn this hold which will disable even the strongest of enemies," Jade said. "But, first, I need a demonstration. Attack me."

Thea had no choice, but to comply with her teacher's orders. The truth was, every single time she ended up attacking Jade, she ended up eating the ground, and it wasn't a taste Thea enjoyed. She charged Jade and fired a kick. Jade avoided the kick, as easy as you pleased.

The brunette woman dropped down and tried to nail Jade with another glancing blow. Jade blocked the blow, and turned Thea around, putting the arm behind her back. Jade hooked the arm behind Thea's back and forced her down into a kneeling position.

"Oh, I remember that one," Artemis said. "It's a good way to separate someone's shoulder."

Thea noticed and also noticed Jade didn't put as much pressure as she thought she would. She let up on the move.

"Now you try it on me."

Thea breathed in and shook her head. Okay, that's no sweat, she could so totally do this. She waited for Jade to rush her. Jade almost caught her with an uppercut punch which would have put her out. Thea blocked the second punch and turned around. She hooked Jade in the arm hold which tried to bring her down to her knees. Jade reached behind her and flipped Thea over onto her back to break the hold.

A point of Jade's knife came close to connecting with Thea's throat.

"You still didn't have the grip you needed," Jade said. "It's a common problem for novices. They
don't have a perfect grip, but it's something we're going to work on."

Jade turned her attention towards Artemis after waving Thea off for a short break.

"As for you, you have some anger issues to work out," Jade said.

"Like you have room to talk," Artemis said, folding her arms underneath her chest. "You hate our father just as much as I do. You want to see him dead just as much as I do and….."

Jade moved her hand up and it went into Artemis's face. Artemis knew better than anyone else when Jade's hand went up, it was time for her to shut it. The time for talking was done.

"I'm not going to disagree I hate my father. But, my father, he's currently not a problem in my life. We have far more pressing problems in the world than dealing with a man who peaked in high school."

A fair enough assessment of her father, Artemis would have to say. Much to her agitation though, Jade was not done talking to her. Artemis took a moment to sigh.

"It was the reason why I left, joined the League of Assassins, and yes, I regret not taking you with me, but at that time, they would have ripped you apart. Mom was in the state she was in, and she's still in the state. I hope one day she can get out of that coma."

All of the scientific achievements in this wonderful world, and they couldn't bring a person out of a coma. It was something which galled Jade just as much as it galled Artemis.

"I'll be back, five minutes, and I expect the two of you to be ready."

Artemis and Thea moved over to talk. Thea flashed Artemis a smile.

"You know, I thought I had her."

Artemis responded by shaking her head in response. "You thought you had her, and that was the first mistake you made. Although, it wasn't the last mistake. You don't assume anything with Jade. You know what assumptions do."

Thea was well aware of what assumptions do. She held a hand to her head thinking Jade whacked her good on the head pretty damn good, and she had a slight headache as a result of the little confrontation. The headache worsened through every minute.

"I need to get something to drink, maybe an aspirin," Thea said.

Thea rose to her feet, but her knees folded underneath themselves. She gasped when the entire world spun around her, collapsing onto the ground in the process.

"Thea!" Artemis yelled.

She attempted to rush over but felt the dizziness enter her body as well. Her knuckles whitened when trying to get to a standing position. Her knee came close to folding over when collapsing down onto her knees.

Jade came around the steps as well. She looked a bit dizzy as well. All three of them being affected by a sudden spell of dizzy was the worse.

Finally, as suddenly as it started, it stopped. Thea rose back to her feet, shaking her head. The headache was gone, the feeling of wanting to throw up was over, and she didn't want to just crawl
into bed right now. She had a few residual shivers, but those passed in time.

"It's like I had another dose of Vertigo," Thea said. "But, skipped the high feeling, and went straight to the nasty after effects stage."

She never wanted to go there again. One look at Jade's face showed she thought something was up.

It had been a return from the beyond which Sara dreaded for a few years. She knew ever since the Faux Count had been peddling Vertigo in Starling City, it would just be a matter of time before the real deal had shown up.

"He said it was only a taste of what's to come," Lyla said. "Waller seems to think he's got agents somewhere inside of the United States."

Sara took a moment to check the scans which Felicity brought up of the Vertigo wave.

"Waller and I agree about something," Sara said. "So, this is the real deal, not some lunatic peddling drugs. And he's targeted Starling City thanks to the other Count."

She met the real Count Vertigo a long time ago, as part of the League of Assassins. She left him to dead, in a fire which destroyed his embassy, and should have killed him. Unfortunately, the death didn't stick.

"He's back and more dangerous than ever," Sara said. "And he now has a weapon which can bring anyone to their knees."

It had affected them all. Sara just barely shrugged off the effects when they happened, but it took every fiber of being, and she was feeling a bit fatigued. Not exactly something she wanted to feel when preparing to slip the hood on and go out to battle.

'And I was talking about how things had gotten a bit dull lately. Business is about to pick up.'

Sara slipped the hood on herself. She made a decision, tonight she would have to finish what she started five years ago. The problem was, Count Vertigo wasn't just your average goon who was on the list. He was a member of a royal family and had armies at his disposal. His niece might have been the rightful heir to the throne, but the Count had his loyalists.

Loyalists which would do anything to him, and could spring a civil war in Vlatava which would have serious ramifications. It was why Sara had been tasked to assassinate him by Ra's and had unfortunately not succeeded in that mission, despite him being silent for a few years.

"I'll meet you in ten minutes," Sara said. "I think I have a good idea where Vertigo might be holding up."

She just hoped, he wouldn't unleash his doomsday weapon at its fullest before them. Sara knew it was the warning shot, the next shot would not be the warning shot.

To Be Continued on July 7th, 2017.

And we're back. Well unless you're reading this years from now when this story is completed, then I never really left. But if you're reading this right now, as of July 2017, then I'm back.
So, Cass gets to join in on the fun. Also the team up with her and Sara was a nice glimpse into the past.

And here's Doctor Do…er I mean Count Vertigo. Yeah, Count Vertigo, although you may see some passing similarities to a certain Marvel villain in his characterization in this story. He will be a recurring pain in our hero's collective asses for this season. And he and Sara have met.

Cheshire puts Artemis and Thea through the ringer, and not in the good way. Maybe this could have escalated differently had the Count not struck.

Until Friday.
Chapter Fifty-Seven: Enemy of the State Part Two

Five long years passed since Sara encountered Count Vertigo for what she hoped for the last time. There were rumors, whispers he survived the fire. She had an idea he spent the last five years, gathering his supporters, to gain revenge on what happened to the night.

Sara stood at the edge of the building. The entry point into the embassy was up this high as well, which was very ironic. Her heart started to beat heavily when she moved forward. The last thing she wanted was leaving Lyla waiting, especially when she had information. And Sara had information of her own. She hopes they could both fill the gaps in with each other.

A flash of light flew across the sky. Sara stopped at the edge. She remembered these conditions from the night she was there. She walked across the city.

'There it is.'

The embassy of Vltava, one of them anyway, was right outside of Starling City's limits. No one had stepped into the embassy for years. The Count preferred his embassies away from the United States. Most people inside of this country considered him a terrorist at best and a dangerous dictator at worst. Sara understood all of these things and more about him.

'He's not going to get away, not tonight. If he gains control of the company, he will start a new world. Humanity will suffer. The League must purge Vertigo from the world. He's gone unchecked for way too long.'

There were many times where Sara would not agree with Ra's al Ghul under sheer principle. But, Vertigo was one of the few situations they agreed with. Sara recalled how she went on that mission with the League, performing an assassination on this man.

'The League dares enter my kingdom!'

Sara could hear that voice the second before she fought him. The battle raged on in her mind's eye. Sara saw the embassy burst into flames out of the corner of her eye. The fire on the other side of the city was an eerie reminder. The sounds of fire engines whirling down the street brought Sara's thoughts out of that night. The night all of those years ago.

She pushed open the gates. The gates creaked together when Sara stepped inside. She looked around.

Lyla made her way from the other end of the driveway. Both women exchanged a nod and they stepped closer towards the entrance of the embassy. A cloud of dust covered the door and the hinges had rusted through. It was difficult to push them to the world.

"So, this is the Vlatava embassy," Lyla said.

"One of them at least, although I don't think Vertigo has ever stepped foot into this one," Sara said. "And no one has ever stepped inside here for years."

Lyla could tell right now. She looked around. Her intelligence stated there were a few people roaming around the embassy just the other night. Yet, all of the entrances inside had been sealed up.
Was someone after some priceless artifacts who had been left behind?"

"So, you said someone was inside the other night?" Sara asked.

"They must not have gotten far," Lyla said. "Do you think it was a coincidence?"

Sara shook her head. She didn't believe in coincidences, especially after what happened in her entire life. And the fact it was almost five years after she burned down the previous embassy with the Count inside, in an attempt to kill him. Sara could hear it in the back of her mind the screams, all of them haunting.

"He's only the proxy leader for a couple more years," Lyla said.

"Yes, I know, his niece is the direct heir to the throne," Sara said. "Unless something happens to her."

There had been many indirect attempts on the Princess's life, and she had been very lucky to survive as long as she could. Once his niece reached the age of majority, she could exile Vertigo from the country without much political upheaval. Sara didn't really know much about how the royal family worked. But, she got the general gist of it.

"ARGUS has not been able to track her down and bring her into protective custody," Lyla said.

Sara was afraid of that.

"My guess is either she arranged for her protection when she learned her uncle was still alive," Lyla said. "Or someone had already gotten to her already."

The hooded heroine tried to keep optimistic about the former, even though the latter was obvious. She tried to find a way inside which didn't involve immense property damage. The other embassy, the one she trashed in the fire, was a lot easier to get inside.

"I was lucky to get to him when I did," Sara said. "He stole a weapon of mass destruction which he planned to use to fake an attack by the United States, and start a war with Kasnia."

"Those flames didn't really need to get fanned," Lyla said. "He has another weapon, although he's being more direct. He wants something."

Sara could only guess. She managed to find her way through the window. It was a rather tight fit to get inside. The décor varied little the world over. She dropped down and Lyla followed her. Lyla positioned her gun and turned to the right and then to the left.

"No body, no death," Sara said. "I'm going to finish off what I started this time."

"I thought you…"

"Excepts can be made for any rule," Sara responded. "Vertigo is a menace. I just hope his niece is safe."

'You won't stop me…this won't stop me. You haven't seen the last of me.'

The fire in Sara's eyes reflected the fire which consumed Count Vertigo. Sara moved forward and turned around. All of the material was worn, except for one section of the wall.

"Lyla, step back."
Lyla took half of a step back and saw the vents in the wall open up. She slipped a device over her mouth and the gas poured inside of the temple. It was obvious what was being done last night. The gas surrounded them.

Sara searched for the mechanism for the gas release. She found it in the corner, buried amongst the dust. Sara lifted her hands up and positioned the arrow. She fired a shot and disabled the vents. The gas redirected course and had been sucked back into the room.

"So much for being abandoned," Sara said. "Help me move this shelf."

Lyla didn't ask where Sara was going with this. They moved the shelf out of the way. They saw it settled behind a large wall. There was a passageway leading to their destination.

"So, do you want to lead the way?" Lyla asked.

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Five long years passed before Count Vertigo to stew and to think about what he underwent. The torment of getting burned at the hands of the White Canary, a member of the League of Assassins. It took him five years to figure out the connection between the White Canary and the hooded vigilante who looked over Starling City. He closed his eyes and breathed heavily.

'So, the one who protects a damaged city is the one who destroyed my face. She's the reason why my face can never be seen in light once again. She's the reason, why my face never, ever will look the same.'

Count Vertigo touched the side of his face. His hand had been covered in burn scars, and his hood covered even more of those scars on his face. He was once a brilliant and charismatic man. Now, he become something less all thanks to one simple woman.

'Revenge.'

One single concept burned into his mind. He had to have revenge on the woman who scarred him. Who made him into a monster, a freak, something who he recoiled at every single day when he looked in the mirror. He was a humble man, who ruled over his country. He survived numerous assassination attempts by the royal family.

"ARGUS has got my message," Vertigo said. "They are going to understand why it is foolish to go up against me."

He walked over to observe his men putting a large machine together. The miniature version of the device brought the people at ARGUS and the people of Starling City to their knees for a few minutes. It was just a small sample of the power he had. With any luck, Count Vertigo could crush his enemies underneath his thumb like the worthless vermin they were.

"Yes, sir, I think they understand what you're all about."

"Not, sir," Vertigo said. "Yes, my Count."

"Yes, my count," the worker said.

They had several hours of backbreaking labor. Vertigo stepped over to observe the insides of the tunnel. The machine would have side effects, but ARGUS knew what he wanted. Waller persisted against him, saying she didn't negotiate with terrorists. The woman's arrogance would be her undoing.
Vertigo stopped, eyes locked on the stairs. Almost five years ago, Vertigo descended down this very set of steps, in an attempt to get away from the hour. His face burned, and the torment hit him very hard. Vertigo touched his fingers to the top of his nose. A section of it had been burned off. The optic device in his eye socket was only a crude replacement. It could bring those down to their knees with his Vertigo effect while also protecting him from the machine.

The Count tapped his fingers against the wall. A slight thumping came from the other end. One of his traps had been compromised.

"So, they approach," Vertigo said.

"My count, there has been a security breach."

Vertigo curled his fingers into a ball. He was not happy, but it was predictable someone from ARGUS would dare intrude on his domain. He had worked so hard to secure it.

His mind flashed back to the night where someone intruded on his domain. Chemicals exploded around his face. Fire came dangerously close to consuming his body. Count Vertigo also had been dragged underneath. He had trained himself, surviving numerous assassination attempts.

"ARGUS thinks of me as a joke, "Vertigo said. "They think of me of some peasant terrorist they can easily manipulate. Do you think they're right?"

The man shook his head.

"And they continue their arrogance by hiding the girl from me," Vertigo said. "For as long as she lives, my rule of this country, a country which I made into a power, is not secure. They want me off of the throne. Vltava would have fallen to weakness. Kasnia would have overtaken us, any number of other countries would have crushed us. Some still think some girl would have been more fit to be a ruler, because of her father, my brother, being a great king."

Vertigo's eye flickered underneath the optic piece.

"That man is dead, and I still survive," Vertigo said.

He clapped his hands and made sure everyone gathered around. Count Vertigo would speak, and the people around him, his subjects, they had no choice other to witness.

"ARGUS has decided to send some of their agents to this location," Count Vertigo said. "We will not be bullied into submission. Amanda Waller refuses to acknowledge my rule. She thinks of me as a tyrant, some peasant terrorist!"

His men in the tunnel had all been riled up with his words. They were all stirring in anger. All supported Count Vertigo and thought their country was finally strong. They were not going to be bullied around by the world's superpowers.

"They fear us, they fear what we could do," Count Vertigo said. "My face is proof of that. The League of Assassins sent an assassin after me. They called her the White Canary, but she didn't finish the job. My living is proof of that!"

The loud cheers only increased in volume. Count Vertigo look pleased when having these men just resting in the palm of his hands.

"They can't deny us forever, can't they?"
Everyone shook their heads. Count Vertigo nodded. He was certain ARGUS believed they were springing a trap on them. He learned his lesson over the years. Many assassination attempts would harden a man and make him much stronger.

"Everyone, you know what your next move is!" Count Vertigo howled.

Count Vertigo prepared to move through the most probable tunnel. He was actually happy that ARGUS sent someone down here. Dead agents would show Waller he was not one of his normal fugitives.

"We aren't going to give him what he wants," Moira said in a patient voice. "If we make it a habit of negotiating with every single terrorist, then they will run roughshod over Starling City."

One of the most frustrating pleasures of being the Mayor of Starling City was dealing with a very uptight and very easily agitated City Council. They had been fighting Moira tooth and nail on everything. Even the things where Moira knew they would normally agree with you.

"We just don't want this city to be destroyed," one of the city council members said.

"This city will be destroyed if we just cave in," Moira responded.

It had been the same argument over and over again.

"And yet, you support the Hood," one of the city council members responded.

Moira thought they would go back to this one. She didn't want to spend the rest of her life arguing back and forth left.

"I've had this discussion, as has Captain Lance," Moira said. "We think the city's resources are better served taking down actual criminals….it isn't like our task force came close to capturing the Hood anyway. And while we wasted time and money, several really dangerous criminals were allowed to run rough shot."

Moira stood firm with her convictions and folded her arms in response. The members of the City Council looked back her, none of them backing off from their words. It was an intense battle of wills.

The last couple of days brought Moira some news which she found very promising, but only if he could be found. The body of Malcolm Merlyn had been found. And Moira had no doubt the person who killed him wanted Malcolm's body to be found. Hence why she was running every single test possible to verify it was Malcolm. Naturally, this was one of those things she had to verify because you could never be for sure with something like this. Malcolm pulled some devious tricks in the past.

On top of that, Moira intended to do what she could over the next sixteen months to be the Mayor of Starling City. The members of the City Council didn't want her there, and it was very obvious by their attitudes, many of them hoped she would go the way of the previous Mayors in this city.

The road to redemption was the one which was paved with bumps, potholes, and pretty much everything else Moira could think of. A second passed before she took in a deep breath and sighed a second later.

"The Hood is a danger to the city," one of them responded.

"You're still not seeing the bigger picture," Moira said.
She hated using that term "bigger picture" because it was used so many times by tyrants to justify their actions. Moira felt like she was also going around in circles, with no way out of this particular conversation. Time pretty much stood still in this evening.

"My point still stands, we should not concede to Count Vertigo," Moira said. "And it may be out of my hands. He's a world leader….he's not as common as the man who once was active in Starling City underneath that name."

Moira knew all about Count Vertigo, the other Count Vertigo. His drug caused many difficulties when it hit the street. Moira's own daughter suffered hell when she had got a dose of it.

Suddenly, a clicking sound from beneath caused Moira to become tense. A flash of light erupted from way down.

"EVERYONE MOVE!"

Moira threw herself down onto the ground out of the pathway of the windows beneath her. Several of the City Council members had the presence to move, while several others did not. The Rockets obliterated the windows and sent broken glass flying everywhere. The glass sliced the city council members to ribbons. Blood spilled everywhere from the impact.

The Mayor of Starling City rolled over, coughing when trying to get to her feet. The lights in the building flickered, and Moira pulled herself up. Two of her staff members entered the room, to try and get her out of there. Moira thought she may have suffered an injured collarbone by diving out of the way. She wasn't exactly in very good spirits when being pulled up off of the ground.

A figure dressed in black crashed through the windows and landed on the ground. He flung a knife directly at Moira's head. Moira just barely had the presence of mind to duck the knife before it parted her hair.

The figure in black rushed forward. Much to Moira's surprise, the staff member jumped into battle and blocked the incoming knife from stabbing Moira. The man in black pushed back and plunged the knife at his attacker. The knife slipped closer to going between the ribs of the staff member.

The dark haired woman who jumped in to defend Moira jumped up over the charging man. She used the knife she wielded to stab the man straight through the chest. Blood started to spurt when the attempted assassin dropped down to the ground. A snap kick brought the assassin down onto his back.

One man was more than enough. A couple more climbed in through the window. The staff member pulled out a shuriken and flicked it towards her adversary. The shuriken broke open and released a stunning cloud of gas which allowed them movement.

'The City Council members have gotten out of here, well the ones who haven't been killed anyway. That leaves me to pick up the Mayor and get her out the front door.'

The staff member grabbed Moira by the wrist and lead her to the exit. She kicked the table into the mercenaries who stored the office.

"We need to go."

Moira wasn't about to argue with the fact they needed to go. She had so many questions swimming through her mind. She entered a private elevator, which had been built for a quick evacuation.

"My name is Jade Nguyen…..Sara asked me to help keep an eye on you. And it's a good thing I was
here, especially after tonight."

Moira didn't really say anything other than nod. She sure as hell wasn't going to argue about the fact she was safe and out of the woods. They had been lead to a panic room. Starling City's finest would have heard the alarm, although she did wonder whether or not they would hear it.

It wouldn't be the first attempt on her life since Moira became Mayor. The harder she took a stance against certain elements, the more people attacked her.

Sara and Lyla navigated the treacherous tunnels. They both had a hunch that someone was done there and that someone was Vertigo. They just needed to locate them, and everything would go as planned.

"I know you think this is your fault that he's targeting Starling City," Lyla said. "But, how could he have connected the White Canary with the Arrow? You said yourself it is a different time of your life."

Sara knew Count Vertigo was crafty. He also had connects in the League, which was one of the reasons why Ra's wanted him gone. The more power Vertigo had, the more Ra's own rule of the League was compromised. It wasn't reasons of benevolence that he sent Sara on that mission.

She should have finished the job and could have, should have.

The two women stopped outside of a grate. Several men crowded around a satellite array deep underground. Lyla looked at it, and she knew it was bad news immediately just by a casual glance.

"They could use it to tap into the global communications, and bring everything to a standstill," Lyla said.

"And he broke into ARGUS, without any problems, to get his message to Waller," Sara said. "And ARGUS is on a dedicated frequency."

Lyla responded with a nod. She had been sent on this mission to stop Count Vertigo at any costs. Lyla shook her head. The closer they got to that thing, the dizzier she was feeling. Lyla couldn't help if it was by design.

"Guys, I'm picking up some really weird readings from your position," Felicity said. "I mean beyond weird, it's like something out of…"

Felicity's voice became garbled and incomprehensible.

"The device must also garble communications if we get close enough," Sara said. "And if it's turned on, all communications in Starling City could be brought down."

"Other than whatever network he's using to broadcast his Vertigo wave," Lyla said.

Sara nodded. It looked like they were on their own. She took notice of all of the Count's men, but Count Vertigo himself seemed to be missing in action. He was someone Sara wanted to see.

'Where are you?'

The tunnel had been illuminated by a light. Sara realized the light beyond to Count Vertigo. He stepped down the tunnel and edged closer towards his men. Sara took another step forward, but something overwhelmed her.
'No, not now.'

The dizziness started to overwhelm Sara. She refused to let it grip her way too hard.

"Make sure the ear pieces are in place," Count Vertigo said. "If one of them slips, you will lose your immunity to the Vertigo effect just as much as anyone else."

The moment Count Vertigo flipped the switch, everyone in Starling City will have dropped to their knees. ARGUS was only to blame. They had gotten difficult.

"And to think, constant exposure to this will cause some to experience permanent brain damage," Vertigo said. "Another thing the people can thank Amanda Waller. She's no different than what she assumes me to be. She will throw the people under the bus for her bigger picture."

Unless ARGUS followed his demands, and they were refusing to do so right now, Count Vertigo would unleash a wave which would blanket the city.

Sara wished she could get closer to it. She closed her eyes, trying to call upon the training in the League and with the Amazons, willpower was a necessary thing she had to use to keep her head above the water.

'Just, if I had gotten my hands on one of those ear pieces, I might have a chance. Just breath Sara, just breath….breath hard, and breath fast. Soon, you're going to have it.'

"And it turns out, I have the perfect person to send a message back to Amanda Waller….although there's no need for him to be alive."

Sara knew they had their position blown. She kicked the sewer grate open and stepped into the battle. Every step felt like she was in a sound tunnel. Something banged on the side of her head when moving forward. Sara took another rigid step, moving closer to him.

"The Hood," Count Vertigo said. "I liked your other persona better, even though you burned me."

Her suspicions had been true though.

"And you're in bed with ARGUS, well you're full of surprises, aren't you?"

"Shut the machine off Vertigo," Sara said.

"I don't think I will," Count Vertigo said. "In fact, you feel yourself slipping, don't you? Maybe you will feel like I did when you assassinated me. When you tried to bring the country I built into ruins. I wonder what this city would think when they know their hero is nothing, but a cold-hearted assassin."

"Coming from a terrorist, I don't think that's much of an insult," Sara managed.

Sara tried to focus. Lyla was being affected as well, and some of the Count's men charged towards them down the tunnel.

The element of surprise had been ruined and they had a handicap. Just the perfect end to a not so perfect evening.

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To Be Continued on July 11th, 2017.
So, some of the past comes back to haunt Sara. Business as usual really.

Politics in Starling City means dealing with obstructive council members and getting a rocket through the window.

For once, Waller doesn't know something, as in the location of the princess. That's a change of pace for sure. More on this when it develops.

Until Tuesday.
During the Vertigo effect, Sara closed her eyes for a moment. Everything seemed like it moved slower around her, but yet everything around her moved at the same speed. One of the figures rushed her and grabbed Sara around the head. Sara flipped over the head of the attacker and caught him with a jab. Two more jabs send the man down onto the ground.

A bullet flew towards the side of her head. Sara crouched down onto the ground. She turned around, aimed the arrow, and disarmed the man. Her head thumped at the laughter coming from her. The men crushed to her one at a time. Sara avoided the attack and swept his leg out from underneath him.

She saw Lyla backed up. She scissored the man around the neck, shoving him into the wall hard. A loud crunch followed. A knife came inches away from catching Lyla in the face. Lyla blocked it and whipped the gun out. Lyla disarmed the man with one shot to the hand. He slumped over, clutching his wrist. Lyla came back with an uppercut punch and nailed the man in question around the head.

"We need to get one of their ear pieces, now," Lyla said.

The throbbing effect caused the ground underneath Sara to shift, or at least it did from her perspective. She took a deep breath, remembered it was only an illusion. Sara's hand shook and she just luckily avoided a bullet. Another one of the bullets pierced the side of her shoulder. Sara dropped down onto one knee.

One of the men moved over to take down Sara. Sara swept his leg out from underneath him and then grabbed him by the ankle before popping his ankle back. Sara rushed him around the head. She drilled the man down across the back of the head with a knee.

Sara looked up and looked directly at Vertigo who moved down the tunnel. A headache in her mind was continuing. It felt like her brain was about ready to be reduced to mush if she didn't. Sara collapsed down onto her hands and knees. She rolled over and picked up the bow and arrow before pointing it at him down the tunnel. The arrow flew down the tunnel.

A couple of seconds passed, Sara waited, and the arrow impaled into the wall. Vertigo waved his hand and something happened to her. Her ears ringing from the impact and Sara needed to move forward. She aimed her arrow at the eye and another arrow flew into the wall.

Lyla caught one of the goons around the head and ripped the earpiece out of the man's head. The man looked rather staggered. Lyla caught him with a series of punches to further bring him down. She brought the earpiece into her ear.

"Much better," Lyla said.

She still felt that nasty after effect from the Vertigo effect, but at least she wasn't seeing everything in triplicate for now. Lyla gripped her gun and fired at the back of the man's heel to slow him down.

Sara jumped into the battle and fired an arrow into the side of the man's shoulder. She nailed him with a couple of punches to the side of the head. As the man's knees buckled, Sara tore the ear piece out of it. Shrieks filled the tunnel after Sara ripped the earpiece from him.

"Finally," Sara said. "Much better."
The hooded archer turned around to face the mercenaries. They stepped back a couple of inches, guns pointed. They were not as confident as they were before now that their enemies had the ear pieces in. One of them turned the gun towards him.

Two arrows connected to the point of the wrists of the man's wrists and doubled them over. Sara rushed them into battle. Roundhouse right had been ducked, Sara gripping the man by the wrist, and slamming her foot into the back of her leg. Sara flipped over and snapped his arm.

She rolled back over and fired a couple of arrows. The charging of one of the goons had been avoided when Lyla shot him point blank in the shoulder.

Count Vertigo disappeared into the tunnel. He would have to be dealt with to fight another day. Sara moved over to the machine and saw the energy core. She would have liked to have help from Felicity or Barbara or both. Be that as it may, Sara wasn't completely hopeless of hacking.

"Help me get this open," Sara said.

Lyla nodded and bent down to the ground in front of the machine. Their attempts to break into the machine had received a snag.

"Shielded," Lyla said.

"Let's see if I can get inside."

Slipping a portable device into one of the front ports allowed Sara to navigate through the machine, and what she found, it wasn't going to put her in a good mood. Sara chewed on her lip and looked at it.

"Well, it's not good, is it?" Lyla asked.

Sara shook her head. "Bad really is an understatement, to be honest. If we disrupt the core in the machine, it's going to wipe out half of Central City, providing the Vertigo Wave doesn't get us first."

No question about it, Sara knew Count Vertigo had a way to detonate the machine when he was out of range. And she was pretty sure he had a way to disable it.

All they could do was limit the scope of the Vertigo effect. Sara slowly disconnected the transmitters, hoping that would buy them a little bit of time. She took a half of a second and breathed in.

"That should buy us a little bit of time," Sara said. "You're going to need to get a message out to ARGUS. Get some experts down there, can't you?"

Lyla nodded, the radio was now working.

"Go and take care of that," Sara said. "And I'm going to take care of the Count."

Several men rushed towards an escape helicopter. Count Vertigo moved closer towards the edge of the helicopter. He was preparing to leave Starling City to its own doom.

One of his men received an arrow between the shoulders which dropped him to the ground. A half of dozen others turned around and saw the hooded vigilante towards her.

"Delay her," Count Vertigo said. "Defend your country!"

Two of the men rushed towards the hooded vigilante. One of them lifted up a weapon towards her.
She deflected one of the attacks. One of the arrows caught him underneath the ankles and tripped him up. The wires wrapped around his ankles and dropped him down to the ground.

She was not out of the woods just yet. The charging man went towards her. Sara dodged the punch swung towards her. Gripping the arm, Sara flipped him down to the ground. Her arm snapped down to the ground.

One of the goons threw a flaming spike down off of the roof towards Sara. She avoided the attack and flipped into the air. She fired an arrow directly towards her adversary and drove the point of it into the man's knee. The man doubled over, riding out in agonizing pain.

'Have to get to them.'

The helicopter was about ready to leave. Sara couldn't allow him to leave. He cleared the city, Starling City was doomed. She managed to disable the transmitters, but the core was active.

"It's over," Count Vertigo said. "You fail again!"

If he thought this was over than Count Vertigo was surely mistaken. Sara rushed over, heart beating very fast when she tried to move her way over towards the helicopter which was slowly rising up.

The largest of all of the goons rushed towards the hooded archer. He wore thick body armor and looked rather dangerous. He rushed towards Sara. Sara dodged his beefy punches and nailed him in the side of the head with another couple of punches which stunned him.

The goon charged towards the hooded archer one more time. Sara caught him with an arrow which bounced off of the base of the man's armor. A second arrow came inches from impaling the side of the armor. The man swung his beefy fist towards the woman. She dodged the attack, jumped up, and strung together multiple arrow strikes. All of the arrows caught her.

'Okay, he's protecting that spot on the armor,' Sara thought. 'It has to be the weak spot, right there. Just got to center it straight and boom.'

This time, the arrow connected to the center plate and caused the suit to backfire. Screams became even more vocal. The armor cracked and Sara dove at him. An arrow caught him in the side of the neck and dropped the goon down to the ground.

Sweat dripped down Sara's face. She saw the helicopter about ready to rise off. She loaded an arrow, with a rope connected to it. She shot the arrow against the bottom of the helicopter. The helicopter dragged her off of the ground.

Count Vertigo looked behind his shoulder and the back to the pilot. The archer was persistent, no matter what guise she wore. She swung back. The pilot threw his hands back, but Vertigo placed his hand on the pilot's shoulder and managed to stabilize him.

"Don't be calm," Count Vertigo responded. "We're almost out of Starling City. I'll take care of it."

One raised hand activated a miniature Vertigo effect towards her. Sara closed her eyes, with her ears covered as well and avoided the attack. She flipped off of the helicopter and landed on the building. She had about three seconds before hitting the bottom of the helicopter.

Three seconds were all she needed. Two arrows caught the underside of the helicopter and sparks started to fly everywhere.

Count Vertigo jumped out of the helicopter before it crashed. The pilot and the helicopter were not
so lucky. The helicopter slammed into a field just outside of Starling City. Count Vertigo realized he made it.

"You're not going anywhere!"

The Arrow aimed the arrow directly at Vertigo. The Count stared down at her with one eyepiece. He lifted up one remote control device which flashed towards him.

"You don't get any closer," Count Vertigo said. "I will destroy your precious city which you've protected so much. It's sweet revenge for ruining my life, wouldn't you say?"

Seconds passed, and the Arrow held the bow at him. He was a second away from pressing the remote control.

"You're not going to let Starling City go if I surrender," the Arrow responded.

She snapped around and fired the arrow. The arrow caught Count Vertigo in the shoulder and dropped him down on the ground. The remote control slid out of his way. Count Vertigo twisted the dial on his headset and tried to bombard the Arrow with the Vertigo effect directed from his eyepiece.

This time, she prepared for the attack. Rapid fire arrows slammed into the eyepiece and caused a backfire which sent Count Vertigo flying back in the room. He pulled himself to his feet, with the Arrow flipping him down onto the ground, and putting the arrow at the back of his head.

"Kill me, and they'll declare war on the United States," Count Vertigo said. "They support me, they don't want some brat holding the throne."

Count Vertigo struggled to his feet. The hood ripped back and the Arrow turned her over. A clenched hand around his throat made Count Vertigo gasp.

ARGUS made their way up onto the room. Their weapons were trained on both of the Arrow and Count Vertigo. The Count lifted his hands in the air and put them up for the universal sign of surrender.

"I surrender myself temporarily into the custody of ARGUS."

'O f course, you do,' Sara responded. 'O f course, you do, because you know I was going to take you out. You slick son of a b i t c h , y o u k n e w I was close.'

Every agent had their eye on Count Vertigo who walked towards them. They removed his overcoat and checked him for concealed weapons. He didn't have any weapons on him, which made this situation that much the more suspicious. After being frisked, Count Vertigo had been lead off.

Lyla stepped from behind Sara. Sara slowly turned around to meet Lyla, who lifted her hands up, almost apologetic before she spoke.

"Bad timing, I know, but Waller wanted to bring Vertigo in," Lyla said. "And you putting an arrow through him isn't going to do us any good. We...he might have a backup weapon stashed somewhere else."

Sara understood, believer her she did. That didn't mean she had to like it. Slowly, Sara turned her attention towards Lyla, who had a portable computer in her hand. She pressed the bottom.

"We couldn't disable the device, but we're moving it out of Starling City," Lyla said. "The ARGUS
"What about the ARGUS agents?" Sara asked.

"Waller's prepared for anything, although Vertigo doesn't have the detonator," Lyla said. "Do you think he would give anyone else a backup detonator?"

Sara thought about it for a minute and shook her head. She saw Vertigo as someone who would have the device for himself and himself alone. He wouldn't dare give that device over towards some else.

"Agent Michaels…..oh…it's….it's an honor to meet you."

The second ARGUS Agent who moved around the corner. Sara caught a look at her, fit, Brazilian, and she imagined how she would be in bed. She seemed very fiery.

"Yes, Agent DeCosta, you wanted to speak to me," Lyla said. "We can have time for meetings now, but now…"

Beatriz nodded and muttered an apology before turning around.

"So, she's the new girl," Sara said. "She's sure something."

"Yeah," Lyla said. "I'm going to help her learn the ropes….talk to you when I have any news….unless you want to talk along to ARGUS. I'm sure Waller will be thrilled to see you."

Obvious sarcasm was very obvious. Sara broke out into a smile. "Yeah, I bet."

Sara joined Lyla and Beatriz when coming into the ARGUS headquarters. A familiar face came around the corner and met Sara with a smile.

"Hey, Karen, how are you doing?" Sara asked. "It's been…what…at least a week since we've had a chance to meet up, hasn't it?"

Karen Starr, better known as Kara Zor-El, or Superwoman, answered with a smile. She reached Sara and hugged her before stealing a very quick kiss from the younger blonde. Both blondes pulled away from each other. Karen's face contorted into a big shit-eating grin.

"Yeah, it's been a very long time, you know, if we're working together, we should meet up more often."

Both shared a laugh with each other. Karen looked around and greeted Lyla with a smile as well.

"So, who's the new girl?" Karen asked.

"I'm Beatriz DeCosta, I'm Agent Michaels's newest partner," Beatriz said. "It's a pleasure to meet you, Ms. Starr….not as a pleasure as it is to meet our hooded heroine."

Karen smiled. "Oh, I'm sure if you play your cards right, you might get a crack with her. She'll kill me for saying this but she's always up to eat a little Brazilian."

Sara snickered, and Lyla shook her head. Beatriz's eyes widened, but she recovered quickly.

"I can't believe you went there," Sara said. "But, at the same time, I can believe you did."
Karen gave her a smile and shook her head. "Am I that transparent. Really, am I?"

"Just a little bit, yes," Sara said. "So, are you going to help with dismantling the explosive?"

"Yeah, I got it," Karen said. "It wouldn't be the first time I had to disable a bomb like this….I'm just worried about what else he got up his sleeve. He's not going to let this one go."

Sara sighed and nodded in confirmation. Wasn't that ever the truth? She had a feeling Count Vertigo had something far more dangerous up his sleeve. She moved away as Beatriz and Lyla made their way over to brief. Sara decided to hang out. Some of the government agents were taking a look at her.

"No offense, but I think that you're going to put an arrow in his head," Karen said. "And I can't say I don't blame you….he's been oddly quiet."

"Odd, given he doesn't normally shut up," Sara responded. "I don't like this."

Both women sighed in response. Karen walked over and finished looking over the scientists who were disabling it. A glowing energy core lifted out of the edge of the bomb. She let out the very obvious breath she had been holding and the bomb had been disabled.

"So, I think we're out of the woods," Karen said. "Does, Waller still want to study the core?"

"Yes, ma'am, she does," the scientist said.

Karen figured that much out, so she left ARGUS's finest minds with a couple of obvious words of warning. "Just make sure to be careful with that core. One wrong move, and it's going to be all over. Trust me, it's not going to be pretty when it happens either."

"We'll be very careful," one of the ARGUS agents responded. "Trust us."

Karen honestly wanted to trust them, because the alternative to trusting them would not be very pretty. She turned her direction towards Sara.

"So, the remote device is pretty much useless," Karen said. "I'm not sure who would want to release a bomb into Starling City, but, there are a lot of people. It does seem like once a year, someone wants to destroy it."

Sighing, Sara threw her hands up into the air. That was the problem, about once a year, someone day wanted to damage Starling City. But, it got even more often now, with what Count Vertigo was doing. Sara only took a small amount of solace to the fact he had been put behind bars and there was nothing he could do to cause any damage, at least there was nothing that can be done for now.

"Why do I think my optimism is going to come back and bite me?"

Sara looked around the corner just in time to see Amanda Waller walk, with Lyla and Beatriz following a few feet behind her. A couple of other ARGUS agents made their way around. Sara took one look at the looks on their faces, and instantly, she knew, oh boy did she ever know, something was very wrong.

"Count Vertigo is locked up, at least until morning," Waller said. "The President found out that I had him, and he freaked out….made a call. His supports are threatening war….but that's just the tip of the iceberg."

"What, what can be worse than those people threatening war?" Sara asked.
She dreaded finding out, but at the same time, she had to really know. Thankfully, or perhaps, unfortunately, Waller was only too happy to let her in on that particular little secret.

"They're demanding to know the whereabouts of their future Queen," Waller said.

"Do you know where she is?" Sara asked.

"If I did, this would be a lot easier," Waller said. "Count Vertigo has caused ARGUS a lot of trouble, which I'm sure is his intentions. If the UN starts looking into us, it could handcuff our future effectiveness. I might not be able to do much against him officially once again."

Sara answered with a grim nod. She got precisely what Waller was going for. She didn't like it, not at all, but she got it.

"The only good thing I can say came out of today is there's one less Doomsday device in the world," Waller said. "Now, if I excuse me, I'm expecting some representatives of Vlatvia by morning."

Waller looked like she personally thought, and Sara agreed, that these representative should have been more concerned with the fact Count Vertigo tried to commit terrorist actions then they were locked up. Then again, the political situation in that world had a combustible element.

Back the Clocktower went Sara Lance, and tonight, she realized Count Vertigo would only get off with a mild slap on a wrist, and a day or two in the ARGUS facility. She thought about putting that arrow in him. It was a lot easier to try and kill someone who had to be killed when you were a shadow, a member of the League of Assassins.

Now, as the Arrow, Sara had a whole mess of explanations to deal with. It wasn't just her reputation on the line, it was the reputation of the woman who vouched for her, Moira Queen, the Mayor of Starling City. And also her father, who had been recently promoted.

The light in the clocktower had turned on, and Jade sat in the middle of the room.

"They took a shot at Moira, didn't they?" Sara asked.

Jade nodded and pushed up a cup of coffee in front of Sara. She normally wasn't one to indulge in an abundance of coffee, but for a situation like this, she would have to make an exception.

"Not certain whether or not it was Vertigo," Jade said. "All they got was two city council members. One member of her staff is in critical, but it looks like, with the proper care, he'll pull through."

Sara nodded in response. She knew things were going to get rough. She looked into the lounge area, where Thea, Artemis, Felicity, and Cass sat around.

"They're all fine," Jade said. "I've arranged for some additional security….people owe me favors. And they know better than to deny them to me."

"Just do what you have to do," Sara said. "Even after Moira has proven herself to be redeemed, there are some people who can't ever let it go."

"The past is the hardest thing to let go," Jade said. "It's even harder to admit when you're wrong….I've got to get back….talk to you later."

Jade leaned in and stole a quick kiss from Sara, before heading off, to check up on the security. Sara decided to take herself into the room.
"I really hate Vertigo," Thea said. "And I didn't even get high like I did last time before crashing down to Earth….and it wasn't my fault I injected it into myself either."

"The four are you are going to be fine," Sara said. "Another second longer though…"

"Ugh, I still feel the ringing," Artemis said. "Hope that bastard is going to be locked away for a long time."

"ARGUS disabled the device, right?" Felicity asked. "And it's not going to come back and bite us when one of Gotham's rejects steals it to prove a point about six months from now."

"Karen personally oversaw to the dismantling of the device," Sara said. "We can trust her, I think we can agree about that much."

"Yeah," Felicity said. "Sorry, if I sound like I'm a bad move. Vertigo made me feel like I lost my Breakfast, Lunch, and Dinner out there."

"Just get some rest, and you'll be fine soon," Sara said.

Sara turned around. She didn't have to worry about Laurel, well not in the sense she was in the middle of things. She was currently in Gotham City, visiting Barbara. Sara didn't get any phone calls, so the two of them didn't get in any trouble, at least any trouble where they couldn't handle it.

No sooner did those thoughts leave her head, the phone rang. Sara picked up the phone.

"Hey, Sara."

A smile went over Sara's face when she heard who was on the other end.

"Iris, hey," Sara said. "It's good to see you….last time I saw you…"

"I was in a coma, I know, but I just got out of it a couple of days ago, Barry and my father…and everyone else, it was a relief," Iris said. "But…..I'm still not the same. But still pretty good for someone who just got out of a coma a couple of days ago."

"Good, good," Sara said.

"I want to talk to you, in person," Iris said. "So do you mind, if I come over to Starling City?"

"Sure, when about will you be coming by?" Sara asked.

"Oh, pretty soon."

Something whooshed in behind Sara. She turned around.

"See, I told you I'd be there soon."

"So, you are," Sara said. "So, you are."

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To Be Continued on July 14th, 2017.

More coming with Count Vertigo very soon, obviously, but that much is kind of obvious at this point. Waller doesn't have the answers for once and that's not good.
And Iris is awake. See you on Friday.
Chapter Fifty-Nine: In a Flash

Around eight or so months ago, the Particle Accelerator explosion left Iris West in a coma and left several other people inside of Central City in a position where their lives had been changed forever. It hit more personally with Sara, when Laurel received a very real Canary Cry, although it took her a few months to adjust to using it. She could blow out her vocal cords without learning the proper control.

Thankfully, Laurel learned the proper control. Iris though, Iris really did blow away all of the expectations. Sara had been keeping up to date on a lot of what happened in Central City, even though her plate was full. Still this, and really this...this was a surprise.

Iris sat down on the table in front of Sara. "I'm just getting the speed thing down. First time I tried running really far, my clothes got burned off my body. Thankfully no one saw, or my new superhero name would have been the Streak. And no one is going to be able to live that one down."

Sara smiled and slightly pushed aside the stacks and stacks of pizza boxes

"I would have called you sooner," Iris said. "But, I figured you had more than your plate full. You're practically running Queen right now, and that's not to say you have your other nocturnal activities."

Iris devoured three slices of pizza without even pausing for a drink. Sara could tell she was holding back on her account.

"Thanks for not raising an eyebrow when I asked you to order two dozen pizzas," Iris said. "I know it's a bit much, but I've been really hungry ever since getting these powers. And I have to eat ten times more than I did....and not gain a pound more, I know it's weird. I have to burn calories like crazy."

Sara decided to take a long drink from the water she had, watching Iris shove a few more slices of pizza into her mouth.

"Careful, you don't choke," Sara said. "I wouldn't want this on my conscience."

"Yeah, getting out of a coma, only to choke to death on pizza a week later," Iris said. "Really, sorry though I asked you for all of these. I'll make it up for it."

"Hey, don't sweat it, I've got a pretty good expense account," Sara said. "A couple of dozen pizzas are going to not break my bank. And that's note even counting the commissions I'm getting from Starrwave."

A sound of someone trying to talk with food in their mouth caught Sara's attention. She broke out into a bright smile before waving. Iris had the decency to be embarrassed. She put the food back into
her mouth and sighed.

"Okay, let's try that one more time," Iris said. "You're working for Starrwave….you're working for
Karen Starr? Actually, I'm not surprised, you have your fingers in a lot of pies."

Iris instantly realized what she said could have been assumed to sound like something else. She
stammered and stirred. One look at Sara's face showed how amused the woman was by what Iris
said.

"Yes, I do, not going to deny it," Sara said. "So, to answer your question, I was helping Karen fine
tune a couple of inventions. And, remember, she did help me out of a tight spot last year."

Iris could have slapped herself. Now she had been reminded of it, she did remember. Iris thought she
could use another slice of pizza. She didn't really care what was on it. Black olives, great really great,
it tasted really good to her as well.

'And when my thoughts are going a million miles a minute, it's really time to take a deep breath and
slow down,' Iris thought. 'Funny considering what I'm doing over in Central City.'

"You've been pretty busy tonight," Iris said. "I heard about what happened with Count
Vertigo…..this is not the same guy who was peddling the drugs a couple of years ago, was he?"

Sara sighed, at that memory. That Vertigo was really small time compared to this particular Vertigo.

"No, he's not," Sara responded. "He's been locked up, but he's going to be out. He's the acting ruler
of a country, one of those Eastern European countries that's always in the news, and not for good
reasons. Vltava, I'm not sure if they realize the Cold War is over and the Soviet Union has been
broken up."

With those words, Sara grabbed a slice of pizza before Iris could take a taste of it and bit down into
it. The delicious taste of the pizza put her in a pretty good move.

"So, how are you doing?" Sara asked.

"Actually, good for someone who has been out of a coma…but I think you already asked me that," Iris
said.

Sara slapped a newspaper article on the paper, which stated how a mysterious figure stops "Weather
Wizard." Iris looked at the paper and looked back at Sara.

"So, you might have guessed I've been busy other than….well other than waking up from the coma," Iris said. "I'll tell you, but it would be a shame to let this pizza get cold, wouldn't it?"

"Something tells me that's not going to happen," Sara said.

Security at the Starling City's Mayor's office had been pretty tight. Thea just barely found her way
inside to meet up with her mother. She noticed Jade standing there in the shadows, talking to a pair
of women. Jade smiled and looked towards Thea.

"Hey, how are you feeling?" Jade asked.

"Better than I was after last night," Thea said. "How's my mother?"

"She'll be glad to see you, I think," Jade said. "The City Council is blaming her for what happened
last time. They seem to think if she wasn't there, then there would be no rocket launcher through the
Thea nodded and made her way into the office. Moira looked up from her desk and smiled.

"Thea, it's good to see you," Moira said.

"Do you have a few minutes?" Thea asked. "If you're busy, I understand but…"

"No," Moira said. "I'm just looking at the reports of the people affected by Count Vertigo's attack."

The report on her desk stated Vertigo had been detained. Moira knew better than to think he would stay behind bars. The moment someone would get him out, they would be getting him out. Moira fixed herself a cup of coffee.

"Pretty bad?" Thea asked.

"Yes," Moira responded. "A lot of people still have very bad headaches, bad ear aches, and everything. It could have been much worse though."

"Oh, it could have?" Thea asked. "Well, of course, it could have. And I thought Vertigo, the drug, was bad. I can't believe I was stupid enough to take it."

Moira only just scrawled something on a piece of paper and let her daughter go off.

"I remember the hell I was in when I tried to detox from the Vertigo," Thea responded. "Only, this feels like it was about ten times worse."

"Well, let's hope Vertigo remains locked up," Moira said. "I just wish I could do something about the City Council…..

Moira leaned forward on the desk and clutched the side of her ear. She mentally counted to ten and returned back to life. It turned out she still wasn't feeling herself after the Vertigo attack either.

"Sorry, about that, I still have a slight ringing," Moira said. "If it wasn't for the Arrow, we would have been worse off."

Thea didn't want to alarm her mother, but judging by what she found out from Felicity, Count Vertigo would have scrambled their brains. It would have been the ultimate drug high, without the high, and with an after effect which was ten times worse.

She really hoped that everything would settle down.

"Well, I'm sure a couple of days later, and you'll be right," Thea said. "They're still giving you problems, aren't they?"

Moira didn't say anything. She almost reprimanded herself for saying something in front of her daughter. She didn't want to bring Thea down this particular road, not if she could help it anyway. Unfortunately, Thea wasn't one to give up the fight, not without pressing on.

"These people might be involved in something sleazy," Thea responded. "Maybe you could find out if they're doing something, and maybe...I don't know, maybe shut them up somehow."

Moira looked at her daughter. Don't think she didn't think about doing that. The interim Mayor knew she wouldn't have to dig too far to find out incriminating information about their so-called honorable city council members. The problem was, Moira would prefer not to go down the blackmail road unless it was absolutely and completely necessary.
'It's getting to be more necessary every day.'

Wanting to do the right thing, no matter how hard it was, Moira looked towards Thea.

"Thea, you have to work with people who might fight you on anything for the good of the city," Moira said.

"Isn't that what got you in the mess with the Undertaking in the first place?"

Thea realized she said way too much, given Moira's gaze burned into her face. Thea became very flushed and knew she had got too far. Moira didn't say anything for several minutes, and Thea shook her head. Whatever her mother was working on, she slid it away before Thea could take a proper look at it.

'It's information which hasn't been verified to the press just yet," Moira said. "So, you're going to open up the night club soon, aren't you?"

The speed Moira changed the subject can very close to giving Thea whiplash. Still, she recovered very quickly.

"Next Friday night," Thea responded. "I'm going to be ready, I'm just glad I was able to get through all of those league hurdles….so what do you think of it?"

"I'm proud you're doing something that you're passionate about," Moira said. "You should cherish that moment…and speaking of which, how are things going with Artemis?"

If Moira knew about her arrangement with Sara, as well as Artemis, she didn't as. And Thea decided not to tell. She knew her mother wasn't completely ignorant to some things.

"We're pretty good, she's headstrong, stubborn," Thea said. "It gives me a brand new appreciation of how dealing with me kind of is."

"What about our company?" Moira asked. "I know the latest reports are good, stock are up, and investor confidence has increased."

"Excellent, and we can actually thank Isabel of all people," Thea said. The look on her mother's face was kind of priceless. Thea kept pressing over. "I know it's odd, but if Sara keeps her on a short leash, she'll be fine."

Wisely, Moira didn't say anything, not wanting to incriminate herself. She returned to the paperwork, which Thea took as her cue to get out of there. Moira didn't mean to shoo her daughter off this soon. It was just she had a lot of work to do and there wasn't much time to get everything done.

'Why do I have a feeling this is going to be a long night?'

Moira shook her head. Long night? More like a long last couple of days and the attacks from Vertigo was just the tip of the iceberg. She had a feeling the lull they were in was going to be over and Starling City was going to once again enter a time of frustration.

"So, that's what happened," Iris said. "I thought it was going to be a one-time thing."

Sara smiled at how naïve she was. She leaned closer towards Iris. "Trust me, something like that, it's never a one-time thing. You were excited when going out there. Your adrenaline was pumping, wasn't it?"
Iris nodded feverishly in response. She thought there was no greater feeling than the rush she felt when going out in the city. The two of them made their way around the corner, and almost ran into Felicity. Sara smiled.

"Felicity, you still have that habit of not watching where you're going," Sara said.

"Right, sorry, I'm just recovering from...the unpleasantness," Felicity said. "And I can't get the taste out of my mouth so...hey, I don't believe we've met."

"Right, we haven't," Iris said. "My name is Iris West, I'm...well Sara, Laurel, and Barbara met with me in Central City before..."

"Before half Central City went boom?" Felicity asked. "Wait, you're the girl who got put in the coma, right?"

"Yeah, that's me," Iris said.

Felicity shrugged her shoulders and looked back up at Iris. "So, the entire talking about Central City going boom thing, that might be a case of it being a bit too soon...you know....I'd like to stay and talk, but I have a couple of things to run, and besides, I really need to lay down."

She struggled.

"It was nice beating you...and...sorry about the coma," Felicity said. "Not that I caused it because I'm not an evil mastermind but....."

"Hey, I know what you're saying," Iris said, almost smiling. She looked very amused, and judging by the look on Sara's face, she wasn't the only one.

"Right, right, nice meeting you," Felicity said.

Felicity still had a bit of a daze. Sara helped her up the stairs and into her bedroom, not wanting to have to peel her off of the floor later. She slipped something into Felicity's hand.

"Take this, this should counteract it," Sara said.

"Why did I get more affected than the others?" Felicity asked.

"They had stronger mental conditioning than you did," Sara said. "I have some exercises I can teach you...I think if you're going to be hanging around the Clocktower, you should learn a few things... both physically and mentally to defend herself."

Felicity frowned, she wasn't really sure if going ninja was right for her.

"So, that's Felicity," Iris said. "I think we found Barry's female doppelganger from an alternate universe."

Sara broke out into a fit of laughter which caused Felicity to look towards her strangely.

"Sorry, sorry, I thought the same thing about Barry, only in reverse," Felicity said. "Speaking of which...how's he holding up."

"Well, if he was here...he would say with a cane," Iris said, sighing. "The Court of Owls really did a number on him last time....but at least he's better off than Doctor Wells."

"Right," Sara said. "The explosion confined Wells to a wheelchair."
Both girls hated to admit it, but there were a lot of people who weren't too broken up by Wells.

"Lot of people in the Lab suffered injuries, or….well they just disappeared," Iris said. "If it wasn't for Wells, Star Labs would have been shut down. He must have had to grease some palms to get it open."

On one hand, Iris didn't know how to feel about that. But, if Star Labs hadn't been opened during her coma, things would have been worse.

"So far, they've been….great," Iris said. "Caitlin, Doctor Snow, she's been helpful, a little cold at times, but she's adjusting to what happened. And there's Natasha Irons, she transferred in from the Metropolis Branch of Star Labs, you may have heard of her?"

"She's the niece of John Henry Irons, the famous inventor," Sara said.

Sara knew her quite well, she and Karen collaborated on a project a couple of years back. It was supposed to be for a super suit, not that Karen needed it.

"Right, well she helped design the suit, or rather finish it," Iris said. "It's weird Wells commissioned a project like that, but he's been able to help me control my powers and keep me alive when I'm in a coma. And Barry's helping me out…he seems to blame himself."

"It's not his fault though," Sara protested.

"Yeah, well try telling him that," Iris said. "If he didn't get hurt, I wouldn't have been in his lab, cleaning up. But, he couldn't have known it was going to happen, not on that night."

Sara thought there were a lot of unanswered questions regarding this entire mess at Star Labs. For right now though, she wanted to help Iris out.

"So, let's see what you're capable of," Sara said. "And more importantly, what my equipment is capable of."

Iris was intrigued with what Sara had in store for her.

Amanda Waller looked upon the cell and had a look of supreme hatred for Count Vertigo etched on her face. She really wished this bastard would pay for his crimes, but he was about ready to get off, free and clear for each and every one of them. Waller's fingers curled together when looking at them.

In a couple of hours, he would have to be officially released. And he still knew of weapons which could destroy countless people if they were left unchecked. Waller took a second to collect her thoughts and walk up to the cell in front of him.

Vertigo looked so smug, so collected, so assured he was getting out of there and nothing was going to stop him.

"You should thank your lucky stars the United Nations, this country, and the President wants to avoid conflict," Waller responded. "We have your device in Starling City disabled."

Clapping followed Waller's declaration. She could see how sarcastic and how agitated he was when doing so. Waller took a moment to clutch her fist and mentally count to ten. It wasn't going to be over, not yet, not by a long shot. She stretched her neck over to the other side of the cell and only had one thing to say.
"Where's the other one?"

Vertigo corked his eyebrow up in the air.

"Our intelligence states there's another device much like the one you placed in Starling City," Waller said. "So, I need to know, where is the other device."

"We both know you're not holding me for much longer," Vertigo said. "And we both know you have no real authority over me. ARGUS assumes they have control over anything, but they are a government agency who wouldn't be half as effective as they were if they didn't consult with criminals and vigilantes."

Vertigo took a half of a second to look Waller in the eye.

"You have no teeth, Ms. Waller," Vertigo said. "You could make me disappear, but is it really worth it for the political upheaval which is about to happen? Tell me, Waller, is it worth it?"

Hatred rang through Amanda Waller's eyes when looking at Vertigo. He knew he had her, right where he wanted her. Vertigo decided to press the knife further into the side of her neck because that was kind of the sort of person he was.

"ARGUS honestly believes they have control over the world," Vertigo said. "But, I'm the rightful ruler of Vlatvia."

"Only for a short time longer, and only before your niece reaches the age of majority," Waller said. "But, you've done everything in your power to ensure she doesn't."

"My darling niece hasn't been seen in public for nearly a year, and she's closing in on her eighteen birthday," Vertigo said. "And if she doesn't return within three months after her eighteenth birthday, Vlatvia is mine!"

Waller looked at Vertigo.

"Alas, I have no idea where my dear, sweet, niece disappeared to," Vertigo said. "But if ARGUS is responsible for holding the heiress of a throne captive, well, you might have some explaining to do."

"I don't know where the girl is," Waller said.

Both of them stood at a stand-still. A very obvious smile crossed Vertigo's face and he only had a few words to say.

"Well, that's surprising."

The doors behind Waller opened up. She just barely paid the man enough attention when he walked in. Vertigo looked very pleased and extended his look outside of the cell.

"I hope wherever dear Perdita is…she's not of weak heart," Vertigo said. "And she does return….it would be a shame to lose her before her legacy really began."

"Yes, because you'd be really broken up about it," Waller said.

The man behind Waller cleared her throat.

"Count Vertigo is being released on the order of the United Nations and the President agreed to uphold their ruling," the man behind him stated.
"There's no way I'm going to be allowed to keep him?" Waller asked.

"It's over, given how he was obtained," the man said. "Unless you want the Arrow to reveal her identity to the world."

Waller contemplated it, but she knew there was no chance whatsoever it would be agreed to happen. She thought about it if ARGUS hadn't interfered, would Sara have put an arrow through this bastard's windpipe and ended things once and for all. Waller didn't really know?

'The other weapon is out in the wild, therefore killing him is not an option.'

Waller turned to would be world leader, and pulled out her key card.

"Bring your men and escort him out of my facility," Waller said. "Providing you have the order with the President's name on it."

The man held out the order in front of Waller. She took one long look at it, and it looked very much on the level, which she figured it would. She nodded.

"Get him out of my sight," Waller said. "You know this is over."

"No, this is just beginning," Count Vertigo said. "Have a pleasant evening and send…the Hood…my regards."

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"So, exactly how are you in training?" Sara asked. "I mean, not exactly your Flash training, but actual physical training, beyond your powerset."

Both girls dressed in tight workout clothes which clung to their body. Iris wore a pair of yoga pants and a sports bra which showed her beautiful skin, while Sara opted for a pair of tight shorts. Iris put her hand underneath her chin and looked very thoughtful. She looked back towards Sara a moment later and decided to give her honest assessment of the situation.

"I've got some self-defense, I actually thought about being a cop….but my father decided to do all he could to put a kibosh on that," Iris said.

"Yeah, you'd be surprised how often that happens with daughters who their fathers are cops," Sara said. "And how often it ends with said daughters becoming something more than a cop."

Sara, Laurel, Barbara, and now Iris, they all thought about following in their father's footsteps at one time, but their father's discouraged that career path. And now they were putting on a uniform and fighting crime.

"Yeah, I guess," Iris said. "But, you know, I have this basic training, well not too basic…but it's nothing like you, I mean you're a blonde ninja goddess."

"Thanks," Sara said. "But, you know, I have this basic training, well not too basic…but it's nothing like you, I mean you're a blonde ninja goddess."

"Thanks," Sara said. "But, we all had to start somewhere. I had the same self-defense training you did, actually a bit more than that….Dad made a lot of enemies, so Laurel and I….we had to know how to handle ourselves long enough to get away. I might have taken it one step beyond."

Then her League training and then her Amazon training increased Sara's abilities.

"Attack me," Sara said.

"Are you sure I won't be too fast for you?"
"Just do it, please," Sara said.

Iris shrugged and moved in for the attack. She zipped about from the left, and then to the right, catching Sara with a couple of punches. She tried to trip Sara up, but Sara moved out of the way despite her and used her speed to trip her up.

"A trip is still a trip even if you're going faster than the average woman," Sara said.

"And yeah, it hurts like hell," Iris said. "Okay, let's try that again."

Iris used her super speed to blitz Sara. Sara blessed quick thinking, discovered a pattern in Iris's moves. She blocked the punch right before Iris could do it, went behind her. Iris slipped out of the attack. Sara was right behind her and swept Iris to the ground.

The speedster dropped onto her back, the wind knocked out of her. Sara stood on top of Iris, having her pinned down on the ground.

"There's a pattern in your attacks," Sara said. "Try not to get into patterns, because they might screw you over."

"Okay, noted," Iris said. "Do you want me to try again?"

"Yes, again," Sara agreed. "You need to think faster than you're moving."

Iris went for Sara one more time, and she was doing a little better. Once again, her speed left a blind spot open to a skilled warrior, and Sara used her speed to trip her up one more time.

A more heavy breathing increased when Sara straddled Iris's hips and pinned her down to the ground.

"Great, I'm having this problem again," Iris said.

"Are you having problems focusing?" Sara asked.

"Kind of.....my libido has been all over the place," Iris said. "I've been keeping my mind busy, but there are times where I wake up in the middle of the night, and I'm really frustrated."

"Oh, are you?" Sara asked. "Are you dreaming about something? Maybe a blonde ninja goddess sweeping you into her arms and helping you deal with these frustrations?"

Iris was about ready to stammer. Her lips became very wet. The ebony-skinned beauty's nipples hardened underneath her top. She could feel Sara's hands dance down her body. Already, Sara was on top of her and this was not helping Iris with her focusing, at all.

"It could be the sparring session," Sara said. "Sometimes, I get worked out....and I think I should help you adjust....Nyssa had to help me adjust, and now.....it would be a shame if I didn't pass the same lessons on the joy of a post-spar sex to another."

Their lips met the moment Sara continued. Iris's hands were fast and very busy.

"Slow down," Sara joked.

"Oh, that's really funny."

Sara's workout clothing had been crumpled and she kissed Iris one more time. Her hand danced down her body. Sara prepared to pay tribute to another set of lips.
Iris wasn't kidding about her libido being all over the place. Sneaking looks at Sara in those tight shorts was not helping her matters any.

Her yoga pants slowly slid down, and Sara smiled, seeing Iris's smooth dark cunt. It had been a long wild, and her lips parted for Sara. Her tantalizing toned abs were also a sight to behold. Sara kissed down Iris's body, perfectly aware of the white hot fire she inspired when traveling down Iris's body.

Iris could not believe another woman was going to eat her pussy. She dreamed about it a couple of times, but now she was undergoing an awakening of sorts, and Sara was acting like the naughty little devil to bring her that way. Iris's thighs spread out, and Sara planted more kisses.

"Nothing like a fresh cunt," Sara said. "So, is this the first time a woman has gone down on you?"

"Yes," Iris said.

Sara smiled and pushed herself down. She slowly nibbled on the outside of Iris's lips and then worked her way into the center. Her pleasurable moans fueled Sara into going deeper between her moist, inviting thighs. Iris pushed her hips up and rocked against Sara's face.

"Mmm, Sara, oh, this is better than I thought it would be."

It didn't escape Sara's attention Iris had given this matter some thought. All she could do now was go deeper down into Iris and lick her pussy something fierce. The woman's hips pushed up to meet Sara's questing tongue.

Iris closed her eyes to feel Sara licking her and making her feel really good. She had never gotten this wet in her life. It was an amazing thing to feel. Iris wrapped her thighs around Sara's head and pushed her face deeper inside of her pussy.

"Oh, yes, yes," Iris moaned.

Sara knew she was doing her job by getting a reaction like this from Iris. Iris rolled her hips up further to meet Sara's probing tongue. The blonde worked her tongue deeper in between Iris's molten hot thighs. Her body writhed and squirmed underneath Sara.

One more push brought Iris over the edge. Her hips bucked up and down fast. Sara held them steady to munch on Iris's center. The dark skinned woman beneath her shuddered.

Sara pulled away from Iris and climbed on top of her. Their nipples brushed together on the underside of their shirts. One forceful kiss made Iris taste the pussy juices coating Sara's lips. The tongues of the two women dueled for domination, with Sara pushing her tongue deeper into Iris's mouth. Their tongues brushed together with each other, neither backing off from their position.

Their tongues met together in a passionate fury with the other. Iris tilted her neck back and enjoyed the feeling of Sara's tongue questing inside of her mouth. Sara really brought her tongue into the depths of Iris's mouth, swirling her tongue around on the inside of her throat. The sounds of hot lips smacking together increased with passion and desire.

Now, Sara decided to move to the next play and that was pulling Iris's top over her head. Her round breasts, with dark nipples, stuck out into prominence. Sara pushed her hands underneath Iris and fondled her chest.

"I want to….I want to….SARA!"
Iris rolled her head back the second Sara stimulated the nerve endings. Her body dripped in sweat and other bodily fluids the second Sara worked her over. Sara pushed herself down, scissoring her pussy around Iris's womanhood. She rocked up and came down between those moist thighs. The two of them connected with each other, with Sara pushing herself further between Iris's thighs.

"I want to fuck you, so badly," Sara said. "Do you want it? Do you want to get fucked by me?"

Iris closed her eyes. She wanted to really return the favor, but her pussy hungered for Sara to do something to it. The friction of their two nether regions grinding together accelerated Sara's breathing. Sara leaned down and buried her face between Iris's breasts to increase the pleasure.

"Damn, damn, oh damn!"

Hips rolled up to meet one and other. Sara grabbed Iris's hips and pushed the point of herself down in between Iris's moist thighs. They connected together with one and other. Sara put her hands on Iris's back and rolled her hips back, meeting Iris.

Iris closed her eyes, wondering how Sara stimulated the right nerve endings to make it feel like she had been penetrated. Her insides were molten hot with desire every single time Sara pushed herself against Iris. Her hips bucked up further, and she moaned in desire. Sara pushed her nails into the side of Iris's waist when the two of them connected together with pleasure.

Sara could feel the pleasure rise up in Iris's body. She wanted even more of the beautiful woman. Her libido made it so that her hands groped Sara and pulled off her shirt. Sara enjoyed the fact her breasts had been stimulated at hyper speed. It was a great feeling to have and one she couldn't deny she enjoyed, not by a long shot. Drool came down her mouth when coming between Iris's thighs.

"Let's kick this up to another notch."

Iris had been anticipated this and scared as well. Sara pulled away from her and her pussy felt a bit frustrated she didn't have Sara "in her" any longer.

"Turn around."

Sara turned Iris around, and she saw Iris's perfectly round ass. She grabbed Iris by the cheeks and squeezed hard.

Iris gasped when Sara played with and practically worshiped her ass. The first finger entered Iris's tight hole, and she started to heavily breathe. Sara knew what she was doing and she knew how to bring another woman pleasure beyond everything.

"Fuck, fuck."

"Just tell me to stop," Sara said.

"No, I don't want you to stop," Iris said.

Iris squeezed her thighs together and her warm juices stained the mat which Sara finger fucked her ass. She could feel Sara rubbing up against her from behind Iris could feel Sara's warm womanhood stroke against hers. The duel stimulation of her pussy and her ass made Iris go a mile a minute.

"I wonder what a speedster is like when they cum," Sara said. "I wonder what they're like when they really, and truly cum."

Sara drove her finger deep inside of Iris's tight ass. She pulled over a box with her free hand and
slipped out her toy….never once going that far without it.

"I'm going to take your ass."

That particular declaration made Iris gasp. She really wanted to unwind, and she had been curious about what anal was going to be like. Sara wrapped her arms around Iris gently and balanced her. That thick strap on cock.

"You're ready for my cock, aren't you?" Sara asked.

Sara gripped Iris's breasts and squeezed them. The woman's eyes closed shut with Iris driving her asshole down onto the point of the fake phallus.

Heaven did a wonderful job to describe what Iris West was feeling right now. She was and would always be in heaven, and heaven was a place on Earth to her. She breathed hungrily when coming down on Sara. Sara moved down to squeeze her ass and push deeper inside of it.

"You enjoy it, you enjoy having a good ass fucking," Sara said.

Iris nodded in response, she did like having her round ass plowed by Sara. Sara pushed herself up, with Iris bouncing her ass off of her lap. Sara pushed her fingers deep into Iris's gushing cunt to feel how wet she could get.

"You're sopping wet."

Iris wasn't going to deny how wet she was and how much she wanted a nice, big thick rammed into her back passage. Sara really was showing how much she could pleasure a woman like her.

"Yes, yes, mmm, yes," Iris moaned. "You're so good."

Sara knew she was good. She had several recommendations from several credible women with how good she was. She pushed the thick rod deep inside Iris's bouncing ass. Her ass sprung up and bounced down. Sara pushed deeper into her.

Iris closed her eyes. She had all of her frustrations worked out, and then some more. Sara really gave her something that she needed. Kisses found the side of Iris's neck and marked her, making sure the world knew who Iris belonged to.

Everything was feeling really good. Iris bounced higher and took her deeper into her ass. Her asshole stretched around Sara's cock. Iris bounced higher, legs spread, and feet on the ground. Her asshole slid down and pushed up.

"Just remember, every time you need something, come to me, I'll be happy to sort you out," Sara said. "And not just with sex either."

Iris smiled, and not just because of the amazing orgasm which entered her body. Her ass shook the second Sara drove herself into her.

Sara was reaching her end as well. She somehow knew this would not be a one-time thing. She spent some time indulging herself in Iris's round ass, fucking it, and bringing herself up to a fever pitch.

"Baby, it feels so good," Sara said. "Are you ready to cum again?"

Clenching happened around Sara's fingers. Juices spread through Iris's heated loins and fired onto
Sara's fingers. Sara dug her fingers deep into Iris and stimulated her nerve endings. The hand she wasn't using stroked Iris's inner things and made her feel really good.

Sara detached her fingers and pushed them into her own mouth. The delightful taste of Iris only made Sara drive into her backside even faster and with even more speed. She closed her eyes and could feel everything go forward.

The next orgasm was one that was great. The vibrations going through Iris's pussy sped up, and Sara smiled, she would have to test to see what those vibrations could really do.

Both came down from their mutual orgasm. Sara pulled out of Iris, turned her around, and gave her one more sultry kiss. Iris's hormones still flared up and she was ready for round two.

And Sara looked to be game as well.

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To Be Continued on July 16, 2017.

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So, Iris comes to ground, and we see how the dynamic of Team Flash is out. In the grand tradition of this story, Cisco's out, although much like Diggle earlier, he gets a name check. And in is Natasha Irons. Also, Barry's still around, as the most prominent canonical male DC character in this story. Well, there's this guy in Gotham City that dresses like a bat and stalks criminals, but he hasn't turned up yet on screen.

And Iris and Sara decide to release some tension. Funnily enough, Iris may also be building her own collective of women off in the distance as well. So, Sara has been an inspiration to her. I thought about spinning off a Flash section, but, taking on another project was not really compelling to me right now. Plus, getting the continuity between two stories in the same universe, and figuring out what should go there, can be tricky. There's a reason why the X-Men spin off of my Spider-Man Chronicles series never saw the light of day.

Amanda Waller would have loved nothing better than to make Count Vertigo disappeared. He has diplomatic immunity, so unless she wants people questioning other prats of her operations, she'll have to let it go. International politics, that can sure be something.

Until Sunday.
Iris couldn't get the smile off of her face if she wanted to. Several hours later passed with Iris lying in bed and Sara having her arm wrapped firmly around the woman. Iris leaned closer towards Sara and pushed up against her body. She took in a long sigh of relief and smiled.

All good things had to come to an end though, and Iris thought she had to get out of bed. Her head spun after last time. Iris swung her feet over the edge of the bed and steadily walked closer towards the edge of the room. She was pretty sure there was still some pizza in the fridge downstairs that she didn't scarf down last night.

Getting dressed very quickly, Iris made her way to the door, only to see Sara was already out of bed, and she had a bathrobe on. The speedster flashed the vigilante a nice smile.

"You know, last night was amazing," Iris said.

"It was," Sara said. "And it was an interesting test to see what your stamina was like. And hell, I wouldn't lie, I got pushed to an entirely different level last night. You were amazing. We're going to have to do that again sometime."

Sara moved across the room at a speed which was surprising to Iris. She didn't have any chance for Sara to kiss her. Iris enjoyed the kiss for one moment.

"Remember, any time you need me," Sara said. "And not just for sex either….although I certainly won't complain if you use me as a glorified booty call."

Iris smiled when the two of them parted ways with each other. She had been dressed in her street clothes, although she could easily change back into her Flash uniform for the run back to Central City. The two of them made their way down the steps.

Sara made her way to the fridge and smiled. "Well, there's a couple of pizzas I rescued from last night. I have a feeling you need them or am I wrong?"

"No, not wrong," Iris said. "Is it just me, or is pizza for breakfast….

Iris had been cut off at the pass, both Sara's fingers. She really wished Sara's lips had been the thing to catch her off guard, but hell, Iris was not going to complain, not at the slightest.

"Hell, pizza for breakfast just was another Saturday morning for me," Sara said, pulling away from Iris and smiling. "So, this will take a few minutes to warm up, so sit down?"

"No, problem, I'll just make myself a cup of coffee."

Iris could slow down when she wanted to, well sometimes at the very least. She started to fix that cup of coffee. Too much caffeine would make her crash, but damn it, she needed a little pick me up in the morning.

Moments might have been an eternity for someone with super speed, but Sara made her way. She took one slice of pizza for herself and saved the rest of it for Iris, putting it down on the table in front of her.
"There you go, eat up."

Iris didn't want to make a pick out of herself, but at the same time, she did need more than enough fuel. Besides, if she had to make a trip back to Central City, the last thing she wanted was to crash and burn. She pushed several slices of pizza into her mouth and chowed down on them. Her hunger increased, and oh boy, they tasted so good.

"Glad to see you like it," Sara said. "Careful, it's a bit spicy."

Seconds after Sara said that Iris fanned her mouth. She could have broken out into amused laughter. Regardless, she picked up the slice of pizza and ate it.

"So, what do you really think about me becoming….well….what I've become?" Iris asked.

"What, a hero?" Sara asked. "I think it's good….you can be the shining light the world needs…..unlike the Arrow, who sticks from the shadows."

"You know, referring to yourself in the third person is kind of unnerving," Iris said.

Sara answered with a shrug and leaned closer towards Iris. She barely kept the smile off of her face. "You should start hanging around that guy from Gotham City if you want to be unnerved."

Iris smiled, she would pass on Gotham City. Too many horror stories for her liking, Iris didn't want to step foot into that town. Regardless, she thought her powers had given her the ability to perform magic, given how fast the pizza was disappearing before their very eyes.

Suddenly, all good things must come to an end. Iris's watch started beeping.

"Trouble in Starling City," Iris said. "With all of the new metas in town, I guess it was only a matter of time before my leisure day got ruined…"

Iris cleaned up the rest of her plate, sped off to take a shower, and got dressed. She redefined the term taking a quick shower. Iris moved over, dressed in her costume, and gave Sara a lightning fast kiss on the lips before she disappeared out of the door.

Sara just shrugged and looked over. At least Iris cleaned up before speeding up, she never liked having to do dishes. And to be fair, she managed to somehow skip out on them half of the time when she was younger, leaving Laurel holding the bag.

Smiling, Sara rose up to her feet and speaking of which, Laurel came around the corner, with Barbara following around the corner.

"Hey, you're back from Gotham City," Sara said. "So, how was it?"

"Surprisingly uneventful," Laurel said.

"Wow, that's a surprise," Sara said.

"Did you hear?" Barbara asked. "Iris finally woke up from her coma."

"Yeah, I heard, in fact, she swung by while you two were out of the city," Sara said. "You just missed her by about this much."

"Oh, well, is she doing okay?" Barbara asked.

"She's doing more than fine, I think," Sara said. She flashed one of those knowing smiles, and that
caused both Barbara and Laurel to look at each other. "It's up to her to tell you about it….it's her story to tell, what happened in the coma."

Barbara frowned. She might have been jumping to some of the world's biggest conclusions, but if she had to make a guess, Iris waking up and this mysterious speedster who had foiled at least three crimes in Central City was dead.

"Did you hear what happened in Central City?" Barbara asked.

"The speedster, the metas, yeah, it's been all over the news," Sara said. "Wait, there was something else that happened, wasn't there?"

"Yeah," Barbara responded. "You know Simon Stagg, right?"

"The billionaire douchebag, who has been involved in some less than legal projects?" Sara asked. "Yeah, what about him?"

"Well, it just came over the news," Laurel said. "He was found, murdered in Central City just last night….just after being the target of one of the metahumans."

"Yeah, Stagg's a bastard, but killing him might be a little bit extreme," Barbara said. "Plus, he left a daughter behind…and she's not a bad person. Sapphire's involved in activism something fierce in Gotham City, you know helping the homeless, saving the environment, really the opposite of what her father stands for. It's just a shame Stagg didn't use his resources."

Sara frowned, a billionaire, who should have some of the best security on the planet being killed was a cause for concern, but considering it was in Central City, that was out of her jurisdiction Stagg had been in Gotham before expanding over to Central City, last Sara heard. In fact, he moved his main base back into Gotham City, thinking it might be safer.

"That's some unsettling news to return to," Barbara said. "Unfortunately, the list of suspects is infinite, because it's not who would kill Stagg, it's who wouldn't. There's plenty of people with a motive."

Sara nodded in agreement. She checked the time and realized she needed to be out to the door, to take care of some business.

"Glad to see you're back in time," Sara said. "Thea's club is opening this weekend, and she needs all of the support….and the security she can get."

Both women nodded and came to the conclusion that Black Canary and Batgirl would be a call away.

Sara had to take care of business at the day job. Felicity stepped beside her, despite the ordeal the other night. She had gotten plenty of rest and was ready to head back to work like a true, blue professional. She looked over her shoulder and towards Sara.

"So, it's just paperwork which is a formality," Felicity said. "I've looked it over, and it's just really by the numbers stuff. A couple of business agreement, and also, the distribution deals in Central City, Gotham, Metropolis, and Coast City all need to be renewed by the end of the year."

"How did they become lapsed all at once?" Sara asked.

"I don't know," Felicity said. "I'm guessing a couple members of the Board who should be looking at
these things fell asleep at the wheel. And Moira had other concerns at the time."

Sara pinched the bridge of her nose. The Board of Directors, they had been more willing to play ball, mostly because of Sara, with help from Isobel and Karen, managed to save the company from the cusp of bankruptcy. Investor confidence was at a high. She finally got away from the stigma of being that one girl who happened to be married to Oliver.

It took two years of hard work for Sara to reach that point.

Felicity stopped when she saw Nyssa slipping in the side entrance.

"A moment," Nyssa said.

"Oh, you should stop sneaking up on people," Felicity said. "It's bound to give them a heart attack."

Nyssa leaned towards the attractive blonde with a smile flashing on her face. She just motioned for Sara to follow her down the hallway. Sara did and took Nyssa into a private conference room so the two of them could have an attack.

"I've been following some of the League's transactions," Nyssa said without preamble.

"Don't tell me they've been funding Vertigo," Sara said.

Sara was afraid the League was involved. After Ra's latest sabbatical, the League broke into several factions, as they always did. Nyssa took control of one of the biggest chunks of the league, but there were other smaller chunks out there which caused some difficulties to Nyssa.

"Well, it's hard to tell," Nyssa said. She pulled out a neatly made stack of documents. "They've been making their transactions in a way where….well, I'll say it, they're being pretty sure that they don't get traced back."

A single sigh escaped Sara's mouth.

"Except for this one transaction, where they seemed to slip up."

Sara's eyes looked towards the transaction, frowning.

"There's been funding sent to a bank account, which belongs to a member of the Vlatva royal council."

"So," Sara said a second later, looking towards the documentation. "Is the royal council representative for Count Vertigo, or is he for Princess Perdita?"

"I don't know," Nyssa said. "He's safely behind Vlatva's borders, so even the League couldn't get to him. Especially, if other members of the League are protecting the interesting Vlatva."

"Who in the League could be supporting them?" Sara asked.

"I have my suspicions, but you know how I loathe spectaculate, beloved," Nyssa responded.

Sara nodded, she was fully aware of how much Nyssa hated to spectaculate under any means.

"He was let free by ARGUS," Sara said. "I should have killed him when I had the chance….and twice, I let him go away."

"We've all had those moments," Nyssa said. "Even I…..once, when I was younger…..I let a man
free because he was a father. Little did I know he was molesting his own children, and beating his wife. He ended up killing them, before burning the house down with their bodies inside."

Sara felt very sickened.

"Sorry, I didn't know."

"The point is, I'm not immune to lapses of judgment," Nyssa answered. "And you did intend to kill Vertigo the first time….you should have never been given such a high-profile mission."

Sara responded with a nod, and Nyssa put her hand on Sara's shoulder.

"My father wanted you to fail," Nyssa said. "You know he never quite approved of our union….he's a foolish traditionalist at heart."

That was the nicest way Sara could put what Ra's was. She had a few far nastier terms to call Nyssa's father but kept them saying.

"And the man, I did end up finding him and killing him later," Nyssa said. "It wouldn't undo the torment three innocent children and one poor woman suffered, but at least he never hurt anyone again. Which was no solace with the damage already done."

Nyssa sighed deeply and very frustrated.

"This city is like a powderkeg," Nyssa said, switching tactics. "How many assassination attempts have there been on Moira Queen's life so far?"

"Four confirmed," Sara said. "But, I'm certain there have been others foiled that I don't even know about, and the press hasn't even gotten ahold of."

"She's in good hands with Jade, and I have spared a couple of members of my Elite Guard to keep an eye for any suspicious activities," Nyssa said. "And I'm certain ARGUS owes you a favor, as they always do, that you've cashed in on."

Sara only confirmed with a fraction of a smile.

"It's a powderkeg, and Moira as Mayor is going to trigger certain people," Sara said. "But, the city needs a strong and stable leader."

"Yes, but is she that leader?" Nyssa asked.

"She faced certain death with dignity," Sara said. "Very few people would do that, they would try and game the system."

"No, she didn't do that," Nyssa said. "Merlyn did that for her."

"His body was found," Sara said. "Unless you don't think it was really him."

Nyssa entered a period of extremely deep contemplation. She knew all about Malcolm Merlyn's ability to slip out of certain doom from past experiences. It was almost a thing he did several times, and it greatly frustrated Nyssa to even think about it. He had been a cockroach every single time, and just when you thought certain doom had visited him, Malcolm slipped out.

"Death is not certain in the circles we travel in," Nyssa said. "As you know."

The woman sighed and closed her eyes.
"I have to go, but I'll be in touch if I find out anything more about the trail of League finances."

Both warriors parted ways with a kiss and then Nyssa turned around to move her way out. Sara decided to walk back into the hallway. She stopped and came face to face with Isobel Rochev who was standing in the middle of the hallway with a smile on her face.

"I've acquired something you might find of interest, Mistress," Isobel said.

"Oh?" Sara asked.

"Slade set up some companies to amass his wealth, and now that he's out of the picture, our attempts to acquire those resources will be wide open," Isobel said. "I've had the paperwork delivered to your office so Ms. Smoak can look over it, and we should have no problems conducting a takeover of them."

Sara smiled. Slade languished in a pit, a prison built by the League to contain prisoners. It was a shame he went down the road he did, but the serum drove him insane. Even after being cured.

"Thanks, Isobel," Sara said. "You've done well….keep this up, and you may be rewarded."

Isobel nodded.

"And they're arriving for the meeting at noon," Isobel said. "It could be the deal which changes the face of Queen Industries if you get there soon enough."

"Well, I better get there," Sara said. "I wouldn't want to make a bad first impression by being late, would I?"

Thea Queen had been scratching and clawing for this point for the better part of the year. Finally, the Verdant Nightclub had been opened, and she couldn't wait. She hoped everyone who had been invited would make it. She turned around and saw Artemis walk around the corner. Thea greeted her girlfriend with a smile and a light kiss before the two of them parted ways.

"So, tonight's your night," Artemis said.

"I really needed this," Thea said. "I know what a lot of people see me as. They seem me as some rich kid who fucked up a lot. But…..I'm going to make this night a succession."

Butterflies flapped their oversized wings in Thea's stomach. She would be lying something fierce if she wasn't just a tiny bit nervous because of tonight. She worked for well over a year to get this club into position. Artemis put a hand on her shoulder and steered her back.

"Hey, relax," Artemis said. "If you're worried about this club being a target…..Jade assured me the security would be top of the line. And she is good enough to fulfill her promises."

Doors opened at six and judging by Thea's watch, it was about one minute until six. The moment of truth and Thea could see a hell of a crowd gathering around outside. Music was ready, drinks were flowing, and there was going to be a good show tonight.

The club had a strict policy against usage of drugs. Thea almost could have thought it was a bit hypocritical of her, given what she was into in the past. That was it, the past, she grew up to that, and she had to thank Sara, Laurel, Artemis, and pretty much everyone else from dragging her off of that high ledge before she plummeted into a dark festering abyss.
"So, Showtime?" Artemis asked.

Thea responded with a nod. "Yeah, show time."

She opened the doors, and it did her heart good to see Laurel, Sara, and Barbara in the front of the line. They made their way into the club.

"Wow, I really like what you've done with the place," Barbara said. "I'd put it up with some of the best clubs in Gotham City."

"And despite Gotham's less than stellar reputation, it has some pretty good clubs," Laurel responded with a smile.

"Really?" Thea asked. "You'd put my club up there with some of the best in Gotham City….even over the Iceberg Lounge?"

"Well, your club doesn't have that fishy smell," Barbara said, crinkling her nose. "But, yeah, I'd put that up there, as you really have to be the elite of the elite to get in. Or know how you blackmail the owner into letting you into the club, so you can have a look around."

"Not that you would know anything about that, eh, Babs?" Laurel asked teasingly.

Barbara just responded with a smile, and she made her way over towards the table with Laurel, so they could have a good spot to stake the obvious trouble signs. People started to fill in for the grand opening of the club, and the music was flowing, with food and drinks flowing along with it.

"Well, that was some money well spent. You have a certain flare."

Sara turned around, and trouble came into the club. She stood dressed in a slinky black dress which formed a tight seal around her drop-dead gorgeous body. Her dark hair parted down her back and she had bright green eyes with a flash, and contained a fair amount of seductive mischief.

"Ms. Kyle, I'm glad you can make it," Thea said.

"Well, I wouldn't miss the grand opening for the world," she said. "And Thea, given we're business partners, it's Selina."

Selina smiled and turned around towards Sara.

"So, long time, no see," Selina said.

"I've been busy," Sara said. "And I've read the papers, and seen you've kept yourself rather busy as well, haven't you?"

The Cheshire cat grin on Selina's face showed she was guilty as charged. She put a single hand on Sara's shoulder and leaned closer towards her. Her eyes traveled towards the expensive watch one of the patrons entering the club had on.

"No."

Selina's eyes snapped towards Sara after that firm no.

"No shopping tonight, Selina," Sara said. "This is Thea's night, and I'm not letting anything ruin it. Do you hear me, absolutely nothing?"

"Old habits die hard," Selina said. "Are you going to spank me for being a bad kitty?"
"If you're lucky," Sara said.

"Oh, promises, promises," Selina said. " Besides, I don't want to ruin Thea's night either. And between Jim Gordon's daughter gave me the once over and you, I would have to be a magician to pull anything tonight."

"Good to know," Sara responded. "Still, keep your hands to yourself."

"Maybe, if you give me something to grab onto, my hands wouldn't stray," Selina said, wrapping her hands around Sara with a smile.

"You haven't changed a bit, have you?" Sara asked.

Her grin deepened if anything else. Selina looked over her shoulder, and suddenly, she joined Sara on the dance floor. Sara slowly pushed Selina back, pinning her down against the ground, and showed who had the advantage here, despite Selina being over a head taller than Sara.

Which put her at eye level with Selina's cleavage when they were both standing upright, not something that Sara was going to really complain about to be perfectly honest. She spun Selina around and then held onto her. Her eye, hand coordination was more than sufficient enough to keep Selina at an arm's length.

"Nice spacious club," Selina said. "Maybe you should show me the back room later."

"Maybe, if you're lucky," Sara said.

"I need to get a drink….don't worry, I won't touch anything," Selina said. "Who do you think I am? Magpie? Always distracted by the shiny?"

Sara caught another familiar face who edged her way into the club. She dressed in a purple dress and had her hair pinned back. Helena Bertinelli was a sight to see, even though she had been bored with all of the male attention she had been getting.

"I didn't know you were back in Starling City," Sara said.

"Just back in town the last couple of days," Helena said. "I've been traveling a lot, using my father's money to help the less fortunate, and also I've been seeing how the other side lives…..good to see you again."

Helena took a look drink. Sara could see she was distracted by something or other. The Huntress had not been active, as far as Sara knew, since the ordeal with Sionis. Helena had a couple of reality checks and was a lot better person for it.

"Good to see you again," Sara said. "Are you back for the long haul?"

"I don't know," Helena said. "I'm just where I need to be these days. I'll find my place."

Sara turned away from the conversation and had been distracted by a familiar figure who was standing in the shadows. She could have sworn the smiling face of Lady Shiva was in the crowd. Sara took another step towards Shiva and suddenly, she disappeared into the shadows.

She turned to Cassandra, who stood at the edge of the dance floor, arms folded and peering at the same spot.

"So, you saw her too?"
Cassandra nodded in response. Both of them knew Lady Shiva being back in town was not a good thing. There was an indication she killed Malcolm Merlyn after he betrayed her.

'I'm not going to get distracted. Just be happy for Thea tonight....it's her night. Don't let other things distract you.'

"So, are you happy with tonight?" Sara asked Thea.

"Pretty happy," Thea said. "So far…”

Sara put two fingers to Thea's mouth and silenced her. She moved closer towards Thea's ear and whispered. "Don't...Murphy hears all."

Thea answered with a nod in response. She didn't want to jinx tonight, not saying tonight was the perfect night, but there was food, friends, and fun, and really showed how long she came in the past two years.

Sara smiled, trying to be happy for Thea. Still, she could feel a storm brewing and it was going to be hell when it did.

To Be Continued on July 18th, 2017.

Selina Kyle pops in for a cameo. She might turn up again here and there in the future, or she might not.

Helena Bertinelli is also back, after getting her head on straight.

Lady Shiva is lurking back around. That's some bad news.

Until Tuesday.
Late night and everlasting darkness fell over Starling City. One particular gentleman shivered when he walked into the abandoned Church of Deacon Blackfire, the Starling City version. Several other men and women joined him in the church. The church had a certain aura to it, which struck fear into the hearts of the most hardened men.

Despite the fear into the hearts of these most hardened men, they had to stand their heads up high, and walk inside. Another rough-faced young man, in his early twenties, stepped inside. He stood in the archway leading into the main area of the church. He took one look around and shivered. Everything about this church just seemed all wrong, and it was obvious things had gotten worse.

"I don't like the looks of this place," the man said. "Why did he want to meet us here?"

One of the other men just shook his head. It was obvious all of them who entered this particular Church had their misgivings and there was most certainly something unsettling about to go down. The Church of Blackfire gave them some vibes.

"It's got a reputation," one of them said. "They say a priest came to this place, asking for forgiveness, and it ended with him hanging himself….right over there."

He extended a finger to point towards the corner. The man's finger twitched and he took in a deep breath.

"Yeah, but given what happened to him back in Gotham City all those years ago, it's just weird they'd keep up any Church bearing his name," one of the men responded. "I mean, the guy's completely nuts. You heard how it ended, twelve men and women were burned to death, and that included himself. He's not exactly the sharpest knife in the drawer, is he?"

They all shook their head.

"My boys heard it was so he could become something else, and it might not have been an accident," another man said in a hushed voice. "They're saying they can feel his presence whenever they enter this Church. I wonder….do any of you guys feel it? Do you feel it?"

They most certainly felt something in the air tonight. A general feeling of uneasiness washed over the people inside this particular Church. They had been all called here for one singular purpose and it would be for the best if that purpose was not forgotten.

"Alright, knock it off."

A gruff voice caught the attention of everyone involved. A tall man with broad shoulders and a shaved head stepped into the picture. He looked like he had been through a lot of the things. Two equally tall gentlemen stood on either side of him.

"Many of you have heard of me, and you know what I can do," he said in his distinctive Australian accent. "But, for the few of you who haven't heard of me, I guess I can spare you the trouble of an introduction. The name's Daniel Brickwell, but most of you are going to end up calling me Brick. And if you get on my shit side, you know why I'm called Brick."
All of the heard the rumors about how tough this man was and none of them wanted to get on his wrong side. There was a sense of uneasiness and a greater sense of anxiety which followed them.

"I've fought up from the mean streets, and had to crack a few skulls along the way," Brick said. "It's living the dream, but there's some person who hasn't been on this side. She hasn't lived this life. I'm talking about Moira Queen."

Everyone in the Church started to stir. There was a great deal of uneasiness coming from them, and the buzzing continued.

"You remember what this bitch tried to do to us, don't you? She tries to bury us in the Undertaking! And then, suddenly, she's the Mayor of Starling City? Can you fucking believe that?"

There was a buzzing of it.

"I don't buy she got into that office on the level, either," Brick said. "The rich broad is sitting pretty in her nice little Ivory Tower while the common man is suffering. While the downtrodden are still on the bottom. Do you think we should let her get away with this?"

The buzzing continued and everyone involved let out a resounding shout of "no!" Brick answered with a smile and nodded.

"I'm not going to lie to you, I've made all sorts of friends since I was away the last time," Brick said. "You see, I took advantage of that Deathstroke bloke's little open door policy. Don't care about the Hood, but I think some of you know all about her, and how she's become a puppet of the elite."

The general discontent of the people in Starling City, the people who were downtrodden got even louder.

"You might be asking me, Brick, what were you in for this time?" Brick asked. "And I have to say, it was the usual. You know what I mean. Arson, assault, murder….but that's not the point. The point is that I took advantage of Slade's breakout…..and I've asked around, and got something."

Brick snapped his fingers and two of the members of his crew wheeled out a large crate full of weapons, placing it on the floor. Everyone involved looked pretty excited with the prospect of what is inside.

"Black Mask left some of these babies behind after he buggered off out of town," Brick said. "These are top of the line…and while I was only able to get my hands on a couple of crates, Starling City Police Department has more of these. You see, I've got a couple of blokes on the force who aren't happy about how Moira Queen is doing business."

Everyone gave angry shouts. Moira Queen did not represent the interests of these people in Starling City. Brick smiled, something about this church made him very verbal. It was almost like he was being guided by the spirit of the great Joseph Blackfire himself. Funny, given Brick wasn't the type to talk about hellfire and brimstone and damnation and all that rubbish.

"Starling City is going to burn," Brick said. "And then we're going to take back Starling City. Either you're with me or you're against me?"

Every single man and woman in this church stood beside Daniel Brickwell. The criminal's mouth curled into a smile.

One hood was on and Sara Lance positioned herself to be out on the hunt for the one and only Lady
Shiva. Shiva was a rather curious individual at all. Sara stretched her neck back a fraction of an inch.

There had to be a reason why Shiva showed up at the club and made sure to get Sara's attention. The hooded vigilante just was at a loss to find her reasons.

"So, I've been meaning to ask this for a long time, and please don't get mad at me if it's a little bit personal," Felicity said. "But, Lady Shiva, is she on our side or…"

"Lady Shiva isn't overly antagonistic most of the time," Sara said. "Unless she's giving me one of her tests."

"And you have no idea what she's on about this time, do you?" Felicity asked.

Sara sighed. Tonight was supposed to be a good night, to be honest. Actually, it was supposed to be a great night. Thea was supposed to open the club and all things considered, the opening of the club was more of a rousing success than Sara could ever imagine. She just wished she could be a bit happier about it.

"She's here for a good reason," Sara said. "I know that much. She isn't just the type to stop for a casual conversation."

Cassandra returned from her patrol. She scowled and shook her head.

"Nothing," she muttered. "What does she want?"

"Good question," Sara responded. "I wonder if Vertigo living has drawn her out of hiding."

"Trouble," Cass said, pointing downwards.

Sara wondered what else could go on tonight. She saw a couple of men who were trying to break into a door. One of them was pounding on the door something fierce, to the point where his knuckles became raw.

"Alright, open up old man!" one of the goons yelled. "You've been stiffing the boss on payments for a long time, if you don't open up, we're going to break the door down. And then we're going to beat you until you cough up the money."

"I don't think so."

The goons turned away from the door. One of them had a very obvious "oh shit" type expression on his face. That was the last expression he received before getting an arrow directly to the shoulder which disabled any attempt to shoot the Arrow. The hooded archer jumped up and caught the goon with a roundhouse kick which sent him crashing down to the ground in one swift swoop.

Cassandra made her way behind the other goon and caught him with a jab to the back. Another jab to the side of the neck, and it took him down.

"Wrong night," Sara said.

She knew they worked for a small time gangster who was behind a lot of the gambling in Starling City, and obviously, they wanted their money.

"So, do you think this has anything go do with the recent report that Malcolm Merlyn turned up dead?" Felicity asked. "Because I think we can guess who was behind it. If he's really, you know dead, and not….well."
"Lady Shiva would be the one who would be the most likely behind it, yes," Sara responded. "And she's not out here tonight."

Now, Sara was going to get a couple of sleepless nights trying to figure out what Lady Shiva was trying to do. Was it because of Vertigo? Was it because of Merlyn? She didn't know. Sara tied up the strong-armed goons nice and tight. Whoever was there didn't come out, but Sara didn't care.

Cass and Sara moved before the trail went cold. Shiva was always one step ahead of them, and it infuriated Sara to no end.

"Alright boys and girls, let's take back this city!"

The loud voice of Daniel Brickwell boomed up and he lead the charge. He carried a big rocket launcher over his shoulder. The three men closest to him also carried rocket launchers. The rest of the crew, they had been armed with a small arsenal of weapons when going through the city. All of them were screaming for the blood.

"We have another real problem, the Starling City police department," Brick said. "When you see any cops, I want to see them dead. Do you hear me? I want those pigs to be slaughtered when you see them!"

Everyone cheered, and Brickwell noticed a patrol car which had been parked on the side street. They hadn't noticed the marching crowd yet.

"This should get everyone's attention, tell them we're not pissing around."

Brick pointed the rocket launcher and fired. A huge rocket ripped through the air and struck the cop car with the two cops inside. A loud explosion rang through and there were more. The marching members of the crowd cheered.

"They are a symbol!" one of the leaders of the mob yelled. "A symbol of what is wrong in Starling City! The cops have failed this city. The system has failed us all! It's time to take it all back! It's time to take back Starling City!"

Everyone in the pack cheered even louder. They knew the picks were nothing, but trouble and they kept marching on forward.

Brick snapped his fingers, and one of the men put down his rocket launcher and took out a bullhorn.

"All of you return to your homes!" the men yelled. "And now, you can all sleep soundly, knowing that we're going to take back this city from those who sooner would bury it underground!"

More loud cheers followed. A trio of police officers moved forward and they pointed their guns at Brick. Brick raised his eyebrow at them.

"Well, you boys have caught me at a good time," Brick said. "Go ahead, take your free shot."

Starling City's finest looked at one of Starling City's most notorious. The leader of the officers sent held his gun and looked at Brick.

"Go ahead, boys, make my day," Brick said. "Or are you pigs not able to handle things when the odds aren't grossly stacked in your favor?"

"KILL THEM ALL!"
One of the goons blasted the cops at rapid fire. Two of them had been struck before they had fired off a shot. The third had dropped to his knees and pointed the gun. Brick held up his hand and stepped over, before grabbing the cop by the throat.

"We need one of them to deliver a message," Brick said. The man dangled, feet kicking, and him squirming. "Tell them, tell them that this city is under the rule of the people. Tell Captain Lance he doesn't have any authority over any of us."

"Go to hell!" the captive cop said.

"You see, if you have a family, I'll find out who they are," Brick said. "I might leave you alive, but I'll hunt them down, and I'll make them pay. I won't even blink an eye at it. Do you understand me?"

The body language of the cop proved he had loved ones which he was fighting for and the fact Brick threatened them turned his stomach. He shivered when being hoisted off of the ground and then he had been hurled to the ground.

"Tell them," Brick said. "Tell them who rules this city. And if you see the Hood, tell her that I'm coming to get her as well."

The cop started to scramble off in the other direction. Some of the men looked like they wanted to hunt him down for sport, but one look from Brick put a stop to any of that.

"Boss, I don't know why you let him go, he's going to come back with more."

"The more, the merrier," Brick said. "This department would rather lock up these gifts, then use them. It's their mistake."

"The streets are going to rain with the blood of pigs!" one of the members of the gang yelled out loud.

Brick nodded and a wicked grin spread over his face. "Damn straight it is, mate."

The group continued their endless marching down the streets of Starling City. Riled up didn't even begin to describe what they were feeling. They were heading towards Lockup, where there were, even more, weapons stored. They would be ready to be dismantled.

One figure had been watching from the rooftops, this entire time. She knew who Brickwell was, and obviously, he had gotten too big for his britches. Now, she was back in Starling City, it was time to head out of the frying pan and into the fire.

The Huntress also remembered this time, she would have to move carefully. One screw up, and it meant the end of her and the end of the people around her.

'I have to stop them from getting to the Lock Up.'

Brick somehow got his hands on some of Black Mask's weapons he left behind in Starling City. In the hands of a bunch of radicals, Huntress shuddered to think what might have happened.

'They're going to destroy half of Starling City, and they're going to do it just out of spite.'

Spite, oh boy, has that been a path she had been down before. Helena hated all of the times where she entered that particular path. It never put her in a good place in her life.

She took a short cut and hoped to beat them there. All while sending a signal which she hoped the
"Alright, half of you spread the message on the streets!" Brick yelled. "The other half of you boys, you're with me!"

The hunt for Lady Shiva would have to wait because Sara found herself facing a far more pressing problem on the outskirts of Starling City. The sounds of rioters filled the area, and boy, it had been a long time since that happened.

She hadn't seen things get this bad before the night of the undertaking. There were some men and women who were walking down the streets and causing a huge ruckus.

"We will take our city back!"

Sara had a pretty good idea none of this sounded rather good, and everything got even worse when she saw a firebomb hurled through the window of one of the shops. Sara dropped down onto the ground and came right face to face with the man who hurled the bomb. She caught him with a kick and knocked him back to the ground before hooking his arm and snapping it behind his back so he could never throw something like that again.

Into the smoke and fire of the shop Sara went, and the smoke was very blinding. She could see a small family of shop owners huddled to the back.

"Why do they do this?" one of the women yelled. "We don't have anything to do with the Mayor."

"They don't care about the people," Sara said.

These people who protested, they honestly didn't care about the people they hurt. They only cared about making their discontent felt. It didn't matter who won that election, people like this existed on both sides, and people like this made both sides of the argument look bad.

Sara used an arrow to blow open the doors and help the family out into the back alleyway. She came face to face with one of the goons, who held a large rocket launcher and pointed it directly at her face. She looked at the rocket launcher for about one minute, before realizing what she was now up against.

'Black Mask…son of a bitch.'

Most of the weapons either were in lock up or destroyed, but some of them had been unaccounted for. Sara shielded the family and fired one swift shot at the wrist of the man, disabling him. He dropped the rocket launcher to the ground, and Sara fired two arrows at the rocket launcher to protect someone picking it up.

Sara ducked the man's large beefy fist when it came close to caving her in. She caught the man's arm and twisted it behind his back before drilling him down to the ground. Sara pushed back from the man and walked to the ground.

The sound of shattering glass brought Sara's attention back to the street. She turned to Cassandra, who was standing over another one of the rioters she had to take out.

"Take care of them," Sara said.

Sara came to the unfortunate and very grim realization she couldn't be everywhere at once. No matter what, she couldn't be everywhere at once.
Damn.'

Several of the rioters smashed the windows of a car, where a poor woman was shaking.

"Hey, get out of the car!" one of them yelled.

Sara caught one of them with an arrow to the back of the knee. The man jumped into the car and went directly at Sara. Sara dodged his punch and caught him with an uppercut punch to the face.

Several blasts of hot fire forced Sara to abort her attacks. She threw herself behind a heavy truck to shield herself from the fire. Insanity really didn't even begin to describe.

Something though indicated there was help on the way, and Sara's lips curled into a smile. It was about time. She saw Laurel drop down to the ground out of the corner of her eye.

Black Canary turned to the rioters and the rioters put their weapons on her. She never gave them the chance and caught them with a Canary Cry which backed them off several feet. The moment the goons were hunched over covering their heads, Black Canary charged them.

A roundhouse kick caught one of them in the face and knocked them to the ground. A larger man charged Black Canary. She blocked the punch. Momentum proved to be a good ally of the Black Canary, after flipping the goon over onto his back and down onto the ground. She turned the man's arm and flipped him down to the ground.

One of the men pointed a rocket launcher from the shadows. Only to be grabbed around the head and hoisted up off of the ground, by Batgirl.

"Help Cass with the shopkeepers," Sara said. "We'll handle them."

Black Canary and the Arrow stood side by side. One of the goons held one of those fire grenades in his hand. Sara disabled him from the top, and Black Canary slid into his legs, before taking him down. She pulled out a tonfa and whacked him in the back of the head.

One arrow with an exploding arrow head caught him and put him up in a sticky substance.

"We're not out the woods yet!"

"Alright, eat this!"

Sara and Laurel both scattered when a huge rocket came down the streets. It nailed an apartment complex at the end. Sara's heart stopped and her hands started to shake.

"What does this prove?" Sara asked. "You don't like who is elected! Fine, that's your right. But killing innocent people just to prove you fucking point!"

Sara fired an arrow at him, and it connected into his shoulder. It would not kill the man, but he would have wished he would have died. Blood spilled out of the man's shoulder.

Laurel and Sara moved over to the rocket launcher. Both of them wrecked it to make sure no one used the weapons. One of the goons tried to get away.

Batgirl caught him with a backhand punch from the alleyway and he crumpled down to the ground.

"I don't know how safe they'll be, but Cass and I got most of the shop owners out of the line of fire," Barbara responded.
Sara took one look at the apartment building which had been totaled. Her expression darkened several shades before turning back towards Barbara.

"No one's completely safe," Sara responded.

Cynical as her statement might have been and it pretty was, it was a point. She grabbed the man, stood on his chest so hard that the wind knocked out of him.

"I'm going to ask you one time, and then I'm going to lose it!" Sara yelled. "Who are you working for?"

"It's...Brickwell!" the man managed. "He's going to take back Starling City!"

Sara knew Brickwell, one of the men who broke out of jail the night Slade laid siege into Starling City, and one of them who had not been accounted.

"So, I don't know if you've picked this up," Felicity said. "But, the Huntress has sent a distress signal....she's following Danny Brickwell and a small army of armed goons, and they're heading their way to the Starling City Police Lock Up."

Sara didn't think her night could get any worse. She had been proven wrong again.

A couple of the guards sat around the table, playing cards.

"Good thing we've got the easy job tonight," one of the guards said. "Man, I really hate to be out there, on the streets. People out there are nuts."

"That's what politics do to rational people, son," a wise old guard said.

Before this conversation could veer into potentially dangerous waters, the doors blasted open. The guards rose to their feet, and Daniel Brickwell and a small group of men entered. One of the guards pulled out his gun and started to fire on Brickwell. The bullets connected with him, but they had no effect.

"Seems like you didn't get the memo!"

Brick nailed the guard in the face. The other two guards had been nailed with guns at point blank range. Brick bent down and grabbed the keys, leading to the lock up.

"Alright, boys, Merry Christmas."

"Actually, I'm Jewish," one of the men said.

"Doesn't mean you can't get free shit," Brick said.

They entered the armory and wall to wall, there were weapons, some of them belonging to Black Mask, and some of them involved with others.

"Brick, we have a..."

A sound of one of his men dropping came over the radio. Brick curled his fist together.

"Well, looks like someone out there is going to try and be a hero," Brick said. "I'm going to show them how wrong they are."
There were no heroes in his Starling City, only corpses of those who stood up to him. Brick stepped outside and saw three of the five men left outside having been taken down. They all received arrows in the chest.

"Well, I'll be a son of a bitch," Brick said. "Guess those boys didn't do the job right."

From the shadows, the Huntress picked her spot. She saw several more men go inside and she knew there were, even more, patrolling the streets close by. She needed to pick her spots wisely.

'Get Brickwell,' she thought

And personally, Helena wished for her backup to come around the corner.

To Be Continued on July 21st, 2017.

Black Mask's stock of weapons. Boy, there's the gift that keeps on giving and giving and giving and giving and….well you know the deal.

Brick is in town and Huntress is back in action as well. Quite savvy of Mr. Brickwell to use people's rather obvious political frustrations to stir up some discontent and get some people following him.

Until Friday.
One of those feelings entered Sara Lance right about now. The feeling nothing was going to end up going right after all. She joined Barbara and Laurel in making their way to the Starling City Police Department. They knew they didn't have much time before this gang of thugs was going to raid.

And the Arrow realized something, grimly speaking, the moment she arrived on the outside. They had gone from not too much time to fix things, to absolutely no time at all. Her heart started to beat a little bit faster when she saw the doors opened. They had not just been opened, but they had been blown off the hinges. Whoever broke in had added to their already excellent stash of weapons.

"We better move."

Sara stepped out about two inches, just in time to see the Huntress drop down onto the ground. Two of the armored goons rushed towards her. She dodged the attack from one of them, in the form of one of those heat grenades. The heat grenade burst open on the ground.

The man in question charged the Huntress, and he lifted the grenade over his head. "You want another one? Well, I've got another one! Just don't…"

Huntress finally found a weak spot in the body armor the man was wearing, at least she hoped. She fired the bolt into the side of the neck of the man. It caught him right in one of the fleshy bits. The Huntress jumped up and caught him with a roundhouse kick which rocked him.

Three more men marched over, all of them having machine guns in their hands. They pointed them at the Huntress who performed a deadly game of duck and dodging. She picked her shots wisely and took out one of the men in questions, with the other two just barely managing to take her out.

'Okay, this is nuts,' Huntress thought. 'It's absolutely, and one hundred percent nuts, this is....completely crazy even!'

Huntress dodged one of the blasts from the laser fire, throwing herself down onto the ground in the process. It came inches from taking her out. Huntress put a dagger in the palm of her hand and flung it towards her adversary to take them out.

"Get in position," Arrow said.

Huntress realized what they were doing, and had the presence of mind to get out of the way before it was done. The goons stood there, one of them holding the blaster up towards them.

"Go ahead, say your prayers!" one of them goons yelled.

"Maybe you should say yours."

One Canary Cry nailed a parked semi-truck and flipped it over. It smashed into the side of the goons and knocked them over onto the ground. They had been pinned back.

Batgirl climbed onto the top of the truck and launched a line down. Both weapons had been removed
from the goons. One of the goons foolishly tried to charge her. Batgirl caught him with an uppercut punch and then nailed him with a series of punches to the head. Batgirl grabbed him around the head and smashed him hard into the side of the vehicle.

Arrow locked eyes on Brick, who was leading his men out by the crates.

"You're not getting out of her tonight."

Brick's head turned towards the Arrow, and a little grin appeared on his face. "I don't think you understand. Your time in threatening the people of Starling City, it's over. We're going to take back this city. And we're going to start by blowing you off of the face of the map."

He deployed the rocket launcher over his shoulder and it clicked into place. One huge rocket whirled halfway across the city and came inches away from taking out the Arrow. The Arrow realized he didn't care who got hurt. She could barely see to fire an arrow through the smoke.

"We have all that we want!" Brick yelled. "But, why stop there? Why not take even more?"

Brick pointed to three of the members of his crew. All of them hurled firebombs into the air, and they all burst open, releasing white hot fire into Starling City. He stepped back, and let the heroes deal with the chaos which has been caused in the city.

"We need to put out the fire, and see if there are any people there."

Sara looked over her shoulder and realized the Huntress was already on it. She really had changed, a year or two ago, she would have been the first to go after Brickwell. They saw Brickwell and his gang moving out, with their newly acquired weapons.

All of those weapons, which the Starling City Police Department had confiscated after Black Mask disappeared from Starling City, they were all in the hands of Brick. Sara couldn't even begin to think how frustrating this was. Actually, it was pretty damn frustrating.

"It's all be cleared out already!" Huntress yelled.

"So, it was a decoy?" Batgirl asked.

"Maybe not intentionally," the Arrow said. "Maybe we got lucky."

There was no luck in what happened tonight. Given what some of those protesters were yelling about, Sara had a shrewd suspicion where they were heading next. She had to give Jade the heads up, but hopefully, they would beat Brick to the punch.

"Daniel Brickwell…..known as Brick in the Criminal Underworld," Felicity said. "Oooh, boy, does he have a criminal rap sheet a mile long?"

"And he got out of prison because Slade offered anyone who wanted to get out, time to get out," Sara said. "He wasn't part of that entire mess, but he laid low for all of these months. Likely, he gathered his crew, and several other like minded individuals."

Many of these people were angry, frustrated, with Moira Queen becoming the Mayor of Starling City. Many of these people were upset for reasons which were fair, and many of them were upset for reasons which were not so fair. Regardless, though, there were problems in this city, and Moira was
"He's got a long criminal history, although this is a little bit ambitious for him," Felicity said. "So, do you have any idea why he's doing what he's doing? What's his beef with Moira?"

Sara thought about it for a long minute before giving her answer. "I don't really think he has much of anything personal against Moira. If Blood would have been in charge of Starling City…"

She took a moment to ponder that, unfortunately, predicament and shook her head for several seconds.

"If Blood would have been in charge, he would have still been riled up over something," Sara said. "He has an ax to grind, and I don't think he has anything against Moira in particular. Brickwell just has something against Starling City in general, and there are people…"

Sara's sigh had been long and frustrated. She didn't have all of the answers. There were people who no matter what Moira would for this city, they would mistrust her. Not all of her actions could be just washed away, even if she had been found innocent of all charges in a court of law. The court of public opinion held a different way and that particular sway just looked damning.

"I can try and figure out how his mind works all night," Sara said. "I can try and figure out how the minds of some scared people, but that's not going to help me take down Brick and his men. You…keep looking to see where he might be holed up."

"Right," Felicity said. "I'll keep you posted."

Sara turned towards Huntress, Black Canary, and Batgirl. All of them looked around, and it was hard not to notice the gaping blank spots on the shelves which Brick had cleared out.

'Okay, this is a mess, there's no question about it,' Sara thought to herself. 'It's a big mess.'

She responded with a very obvious sigh. Sara saw her father walk around the corner. To say he was happy, wouldn't be completely accurate. To say he was fairly agitated by the entire situation, would be a pretty good description.

"Bad news," Quentin said.

"Joy, my favorite kind," the Hood responded in a very strained voice. "What do you have for me this time, Captain?"

"I just got off the phone with Gordon," Quentin said. "He said Black Mask stole most of his weapons from the Penguin. Who likely stole them or bought them outright from rogue military personnel."

Sara made a mental note to see if Lyla could find out anything about this, but right now they had a serious problem. A group of thugs had been marching around in Starling City.

"And these weapons, they were supposed to be destroyed," Quentin said. "And the Mayor, she intended to have extra security…I bet it's the City Council."

"Careful, Captain," the Arrow responded. "You don't want to jump to the wrong conclusions."

Quentin shook his head in response. It wasn't that far of a leap to think that the Starling City Council was in deep with this particular situation. Actually, it wasn't that far of a leap because he had a pretty good idea it was going to happen.
"The point is, these weapons were supposed to be shipped out and destroyed weeks ago," Quentin said. "I don't like this, someone's playing games. And if they're playing games, they're putting a lot of innocent people at risk."

Sara thought her father hit the game on the head. Politics was a dirty business, even dirtier than getting out and fighting some of the more dangerous criminals in the world. Sara took a deep breath and tried to figure out where she needed to go next. Someone was hoarding these weapons, and it was awful convenient Brick knew where to look.

Her father's mention of the Starling City Council was interesting, because many of them were against Moira's appointment to Mayor, as temporary as it might be.

"I've got a lead on Brick's henchmen, well some of them," Felicity said. "I saw some of them hauling some of the weapons into the Church of Blackfire."

Sara took a second to close her eyes. That was one of the last places she wanted to go. She turned to the other three women with her.

"They're taking the weapons to the Church of Blackfire," she said.

Barbara looked very grim. "There's a mood killer. Do you know about….."

"Yeah," Sara said.

"I never quite got why there's a church celebrating a mad cult leader from Gotham City in the middle of Starling," Huntress said. "Well, at least he's dead."

Sara shook her head. A couple of encounters she had with a phantom resembling the deceased Deacon, she wouldn't be so sure about that. Regardless, it was time for them to head on out.

"Everyone is encouraged to stay off of the streets. The men are armed and dangerous. The Starling City Police Department have issued an all points bulletin, and once again, we should remind you how these men are considered to be armed and extremely dangerous, do not approach them."

Thea made her way in city council to visit her mother, and Artemis was tagging along. They barely made their way past the front entrance, but suddenly, Artemis grabbed her by the elbow.

"What was that for?"

Artemis leaned a half of an inch over and frowned before leaning back. "There's trouble and lots of it."

Thea knew what Artemis meant immediately, trouble in the form of a group of rough and tumble mercenaries, who had walked inside. Two of them wore thick armor, and Artemis realized if she had her gear, she wouldn't have been able to pierce the arrow.

"Should we follow them?" Thea asked.

"No, if they're after your mother, we don't want to give them a hostage," Artemis said. "Wait for them to go, and let's go the same way they came."

Thea crinkled her face in a frown, at the fact she would be used as a hostage. But, regardless of her training and her attempts to avoid being weak, she thought Artemis might have had a little bit of a
point. These people were very well armed, and she would have to guess they were also very well trained.

'Okay, let's try and get out the door without any problems. It shouldn't be too bad.'

Artemis took a step to the side and motioned for Thea to follow her. Several seconds passed with both of the women walking down to the front doors. They noticed one of the guards down on the ground. Artemis shook her head.

"We can call 911 for him when we get out," Artemis said.

She grabbed the handle of the door and twisted it, but the door wouldn't budge. Artemis tried to break the door down, but she realized making too much noise might alert them. She grabbed Thea by the arm and made her way through the stairwell.

"It's locked," Artemis said. "Or rather, the automated locks kicked in….someone must have triggered the security."

"Yeah, triggered it after the bad guys came in," Thea responded with an obvious sigh. She clutched the side of the wall and took a deep breath. "Oh, this is bad. You realize this is pretty bad, don't you?"

Artemis didn't really need to be told twice. She knew everything was bad and it was about to get worse. They would need backup.

"Sara," Artemis said. "Felicity? Anyone?"

Her communication device was not working, to be honest. Artemis pushed her finger into the device and it was just giving her a feedback loop. Sudden realization dawned on her what was happening, and oh boy, she didn't like it at all.

"The communication device is jamming," Artemis said.

"So, they've locked the doors, and they've blocked all of the communication coming out of here," Thea said. She brushed her fingers away from her hair. "Maybe we can try and break out a window or something?"

Artemis responded by shaking her head and looking towards the younger girl. "It wouldn't work. They've reinforced the windows with more thick, durable glass after the incident with Vertigo. We couldn't bust through the windows, even if we really wanted to."

So they couldn't break out? They couldn't bust through the windows. They couldn't get through any doors. Thea looked towards Artemis, who moved a little bit down the stairs.

"Please tell me you're not going to try to stop those guys," Thea said. "Please tell me you're not going to….did you see what they have? They have weapons which are military grade. Like what ARGUS has."

"It has to be around here somewhere," Artemis said.

Thea hoped, perhaps to the point of foolish, blind optimism, what Artemis was looking for, was a secret tunnel out of there. She pulled back the painting in the wall and saw a small alcove. Inside of the alcove were two quivers full of arrows and two bows.

"Take this," Artemis said. "It's to defend ourselves in case…"
"How did you know these were here?" Thea asked.

"Sara told me she has them stashed in certain strategic places in Starling City," Artemis said. "Just in case….and here they come."

They made their way into one of the meeting rooms and peered out. Several of the men marched down the hallway. Artemis and Thea stood, anxiously awaiting to see what would happen next. The men stood right outside of their door. Both girls stood, ready to fire, even though they were fighting a losing battle with the caliber of weapons they had.

"The jamming device is in place?"

"Yeah, we got it set up in the basement, and we also managed to trigger the automated locks to gets inside," one of them responded. "No one's getting in, or out, not if we have anything to say about it. And the Mayor, she's around her somewhere."

"Why don't we say, we impeach her?"

Thea turned towards Artemis, holding her breath. The men in the hallway walked off and left the two girls alone. Artemis let out a breath and turned to Thea, who was looking back with a raised eyebrow.

"At least we know where the jammer device is," Thea said. "But, do you think there's any chance of us getting down to the basement, and disabling anything?"

Artemis frowned, they might have had a small chance. But, they would have to hurry to be honest. Artemis would have been more concerned about where Moira was if Jade wasn't there guarding her. Her sister would ensure Moira would remain in good hands and it was a very good thing she was there as well.

"The coast is clear. Let's go."

The Arrow lead Huntress, Batgirl, and Black Canary into the Church of Deacon Blackfire. Sara stopped at the edge of the Church and took a second to close her eyes. The bad vibes that she felt were returning to her tenfold. She was at the edge of the church and heavy breathing. She spent the next couple of minutes trying to get together.

"They're inside," Black Canary said.

Sara nodded in response. It was just an entirely creepy church of an extremely creepy dead man, who died when trying to burn several women and children alive. At least, that's how the story went, she had a feeling there was something more twisted in there.

Huntress stepped inside of the Church. They hoped they could find the weapons and find out where Brick was heading. Maybe they would be lucky enough to see Brick here, and finish them off.

Luck, that was something which Helena normally didn't believe in. Yet, she had to believe in it tonight. Her heart skipped a couple more beats.

"Look."

Three goons were guarding what looked to be two boxes of the equipment. They were still half full
of Black Mask's stolen weapons. Sara leaned in closer, and she could take them out easily. Laurel put a hand on her shoulder and prevented her from striking.

"I have a better idea," Laurel said.

Sara was not going to complain at all. Laurel was going to get their attention with one of her specialty Canary Cries. She opened her mouth and the men turned around.

The Canary Cry forced the men to drop down to the ground. Huntress joined in on the battle and jumped up. She drove her knee into the back of one of the goon's head. He slammed off of the ground.

One of the goons reached for the weapon. Batgirl grabbed him by the arm and took him down to the ground. She twisted his arm and followed up the attack with a knee being driven into the head.

Sara caught the third goon with an arrow which wrapped him up. The goon slid down to the ground, having been bound in thick ropes.

"Where is Brickwell?" she demanded.

Laughter started from the man. Sara rarely saw anything funny with what she was doing. She grabbed the man and shoved him back onto the ground. He kept twisting underneath the edge of her foot and pushed him down onto the ground.

"You better check your math!"

A large figure rushed off to the side. Black Canary, Huntress, and Batgirl all scattered. The figure was over seven feet tall, thick as a wall, with grayish skin. He swung his large beefy fist towards Sara, who dodged and one of the pews had been smashed up. She bounced off of the walls with the figure rushed towards her one more.

The goon who had been taken down got up to his feet and looked very amused. "Say hello to Cinderblock!"

Cinderblock, an appropriate henchmen for a man who calls himself Brick, at least that's what Sara thought. She didn't have that much more time to think given the beefy punches of this man went towards her. She fired three arrows at the men. The arrows just barely touched his skin and he charged towards her.

Batgirl threw an orb into the air. The orb broke open and released an ice like substance which froze Cinderblock in his tracks. Not for long, unfortunately, with Cinderblock's arms raising up into the air and he smashed onto the ice. The ice shattered when he broke free.

Batgirl already was out of the line of fire. Huntress and Black Canary both jumped on him, in an attempt to obscure his vision. Batgirl slid underneath the man's legs and shot a grapnel hook at him. The grapnel hook wrapped around the man's legs. Batgirl tried to pull with all of her might, only for the grapnel to smash.

The dust filled the church and Sara had been knocked back down to the ground. To say the wind had been knocked out of her lungs would have been an understatement to end all understatements. Sara pulled herself up to a standing position and collapsed down onto one knee. She coughed a second or two later.

She looked up and saw a man with a wild beard dressed in preachers robes standing in the dust. He rose his hands into the air and laughed.
"Arrow, watch out!"

Sara had been caught by her sister's yells, and Cinderblock rushed towards her. She just narrowly avoided having her head caved in by the beefy punches. Sara flipped over onto the ground and landed on her feet. She fired another arrow to catch him off guard.

She realized the right knee joint had been the weakest spot.

"Aim for the leg!" Sara yelled. "The right one, right behind the knee!"

Batgirl was already in there. She swooped down and caught him right behind the back of the knee. The man known as Cinderblock flipped over onto the ground and landed with a solid thud.

Huntress and the Arrow stood side by side with each other and fired their shots. Sara's arrow head exploded and caused Cinderblock to howl in agony. He fell back onto the ground with a thud.

Sara chanced on to look up to where she saw the flicker, only thing she saw was a couple of buzzards flying in the rafters of the church.

She didn't know what happened. She turned to the goon who had been laid out on the ground. Sara hoisted him up to his feet and slammed him against the wall.

"So are there any more surprises?"

"No, no, no more surprises," the goon said. "But if you want to find out what Brick's really up to, then you might want to take a listen to this."

He dropped a radio to the ground. Black Canary picked it up and listened to it.

"Alright, listen up, I just showed how much a joke your little lock up was, and now, I'm going to do the same to City Hall," Brick said. "Mayor Queen, she's going to pay for everything she's done. And any pigs, I see tonight, they're going to be taken to the slaughterhouse. Do you hear me? And I can have my boys kill everyone in side."

Sara flinched when realizing something. Thea and Artemis were going to stop by to see Moira tonight, and unless they didn't leave yet, they were there, in the line of fire. Sara would like to trust her two proteges, but they were up against an army armed with stolen military grade weapons.

"Felicity?" Sara asked.

"Yeah?"

"Please tell me Artemis and Thea haven't left the Clocktower to go see Moira."

"They left a while ago," Felicity said.

Sara was afraid of that. She wondered if there would be any worse news tonight.

"And I can't get in touch with them, to warn them," Felicity said. "Yeah, I heard Brickwell's little announcement, kind of hard not to hear them….their men are already inside."

City Hall was all the way across town from the Church of Blackfire. Sara would have to make good time and fast as well. Life wasn't going to be too much easier.
"Make sure anyone who comes through this door who isn't authorized, you take them down, hard," Jade responded. "And I'll see the Mayor out through the tunnel."

The trio of female bodyguards nodded. Jade turned her attention towards Moira.

"They've blocked all of the entrances," Moira said.

"No," Jade said. "Not all of them….there's on entrance….follow me….."

Sara had told her about this one, she made it her business to learn all of the ways out of several important buildings in Starling City, even the unconventional ways. It was very Batman of her.

"Head down the stairs, and take a right to the tunnel, and there's a wooden door," Jade said. "This will unlock it….and it will lead you to the sewers."

Moira nodded in response. Comparing getting killed or trudging through the sewers, Moira would have trudged through the sewers any day and twice on Sundays.

Jade saw the Mayor leave and she looked towards the security monitors. A glimpse of both Artemis and Thea going down to the basement had been caught.

'Fuck my life. '

Jade made sure Moira was out and sealed the entrance behind her. Now, it was time for her to collect her sister and girlfriend. She armed herself for Brick and his men.

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**To Be Continued on July 23rd, 2017.**

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*Jade's most certainly earning her pay.*

*Brick's making a really big play for it and he's got a bunch of people riled up to tear up Starling city. The Green Arrow and the Birds of Prey(hell of a name for a band) are the only thing which is standing between the city and total chaos.*

*Until Sunday.*
Chapter Sixty-Three: Taking Back Starling City Part Three

The race against time reached a fever pitch and Sara knew, deep down, they didn't have that much time. The Arrow led the charge towards City Hall, followed by Batgirl, Huntress, and Black Canary. She looked up high and saw that Brick left some people around the area.

"For the record, I still can't break through and warn the people inside," Felicity said. "I can't think they don't already know, though. I mean, you would have to be pretty dense not to know there are a couple of dozen armed mercenaries all around the area."

Felicity drew in her deep breath a couple of seconds later. Sara could tell she was a little bit frustrated with the entire situation. Hell, Sara would be right next to her in the frustration category. She took a complete look at every single goon standing around and realized it wasn't very good.

"Best I can tell, and this is just a guess on my part," Felicity said, pausing every second before taking a deep breath. "They have some kind of communicating jamming device there. I'm guessing it was another gift Black Mask left behind during his reign of terror here in Starling City."

Sara answered with a nod and gave a heaving sigh of frustration. "Unfortunately. Thanks for what you're doing, just keep up doing what you're doing."

She might have been a little frustrated, but taking it out on the tech support wasn't going to do them any good. Huntress moved in and pointed out something.

"I see at least five snipers on the roof, ready to strike anyone who gets close enough to the entrance," Huntress said. "Maybe you see more, but that's about all I see."

"No," Arrow responded, frowning deeply. "Five snipers seems about right."

She did a mental head count of the snipers and saw there were five of them, all at strategic points towards the entrances to city hall, including a couple of unconventional ones.

"Brickwell has to have help on the inside," Batgirl said. "There's no way he could have pulled this off without any help."

A very grim conclusion she came to and one Sara would have to agree with. Sara knew for a fact the members of the city council detested Moira Queen, but would they go far enough to put the entire city in danger to discredit her? The cynic inside of the young girl voted towards yes, and that much really did gall her. She drew in her breath and she could see Laurel frowning.

"There are about four of them with those bazookas as well," Laurel said. "And I'm sure there are more out there as well."

Sara would be a sucker to take a bet to the contrary. There were many more goons with bazookas surrounding the area. Sara rolled her neck back.

"The police are going to move in if you don't find a way in, in like about five minutes," Felicity said.

"Didn't they hear what Brickwell said?" Black Canary asked. "He would kill anyone who got close, and that included the cops if they stepped one foot inside? And that doesn't even begin to discuss
what he might do with the hostages inside?"

Felicity's sigh sounded very exasperated, likely because it was. "I'm just bringing you the news. Just don't shoot the messenger, and we'll be fine."

"She's right, she's just bringing you news," Sara said. "We're going to have to draw their fire away from City Hall. There are a couple of ways inside."

Huntress looked up towards them and then back to the ground. She had an idea where they might be going in, but the last thing she wanted to do was make baseless assumptions of what was going on. It went without saying how assumptions are the tools of fools.

"Right, the two of you, you can get inside, and deal with Brick," Batgirl responded. "Black Canary, and I, we're going to help divert the fire."

"I don't even have to tell the two of you if you get caught, they're going to rip you apart," Arrow said.

Batgirl put her hands on her hips in the classic heroic motion and shrugged. "Hey, they're going to have to catch me first. This isn't really the first time I had to deal with taking down these type of weapons. I should be an old pro with it by now."

Sara didn't have any doubts Barbara knew what she was doing. It would be an insult to say she didn't know what she was doing, after all, she had been through.

"Okay, the two of you, you have the easy job," Huntress said.

"Well, I wouldn't go so far to say it's easy," Black Canary said. "But, we can discuss who had the easier time with things after we're done here. Right now, we should focus on getting inside."

"Right, I'm not going to argue with that much," Huntress said. She threw her head back and smiled, before shaking her head. "Guess, we're going to have to.....well, wish us luck."

Barbara didn't want to say there was any luck involved in something like this. It all came down to some expertly done skill and yes there was a little bit of luck. Regardless though, they could have a debate what came in on the super hero game at another time, when they weren't all in danger. Right now, they had to move, and so they did.

Black Canary and Batgirl disappeared into one direction, while Huntress and The Arrow went in the other direction. Batgirl picked off the easiest, and most isolated target first. She threw a grenade to the ground and caught one of the men with the bazookas.

The man coughed and swung around. Batgirl threw a Batarang at the bazooka which resulted in a backfire and an explosion which sent the man flying down to the ground. Black Canary followed it up by jumping up into the air and coming down on the top of the goon's head with all of the force she could. She kneed him in the back of the neck to knock him out.

Batgirl pulled Black Canary a bit into the shadows, and they saw one of the sniper's perched the edge of a ledge, which had been completely worn down thanks to weather damage. Black Canary took aim to the ledge and released a super sonic canary cry.

The ledge cracked underneath the man's feet and dropped him to his doom. That drew the attention of one of the other snipers, who fired a shot out of panic.

Batgirl already grappled up to his position, wrapped her arms around his head, and drove him head
first into the wall. She turned him around and caught him with a couple of uppercut punches to the side of the head which dropped him down to the ground.

Triumph flashed through the eyes of Barbara Gordon, as she broke into a smile. *Two down, three more snipers to go.*

She watched Black Canary drop one of the Bazooka men out of the corner of her eyes. She almost forgot them, but really, the snipers gave a more prominent threat. Not that the Bazooka men didn't give a very prominent threat, it was just, the threat wasn't really as prominent.

The biggest miracle, at least in Thea's mind, was she and Artemis didn't get caught on their way down to the basement. Granted, they had not gotten down to the stairwell, which they thought would be crawling the thugs.

*It would have been much easier to take the elevator,* Thea thought to herself. *'But, the elevator is either out of commission or crawling with thugs. Neither of which, I particularly enjoy having to deal with.'*

Thea brushed a couple of locks of hair away from her head. She paused, and Artemis peeked through the stairway. They saw two men disappear around the corner.

"The boys on the outside haven't checked in yet."

"Maybe they're on a smoke break?"

"You want to take a smoke break with Brick on the warpath like he is?" the goon asked. "You're going to be the one who was going to get smoked."

"Well, they're finding a way to communicate despite the jammer in the basement," Artemis muttered.

Exactly how they were doing this, Artemis did not know. She held the bow and arrow, pointing it towards the goons in question for a long second. A long time passed, and they passed down the hallway.

"Too close," Thea said.

Artemis would have agreed, even if a small part of her was disappointed they hadn't got into a fight with anyone just yet. Those reckless thoughts would have had to have been banished from her head. Artemis's need to get into trouble got her in trouble.

Besides, a fight would get both her and Thea in trouble, and Artemis wanted to protect Thea at all costs. Both of the girls had been well armed when they made their way further into the basement.

Artemis stopped, she sensed something. Instincts bred into her caused Artemis to feel like there is trouble from a mile away.

"You're taking me hostage," a voice muttered.

Artemis listened completely in, she recognized the man's voice as one of the supposed to be honorable city council members. Only, he didn't seem all that honorable right now. She thought there was some kind of deal going on, and Artemis hated to be proved right.

"You know the deal, you come in here, and make Moira Queen's death look like it came from a bunch of disgruntled citizens. I make your criminal record disappear, and I move one step closer to
"We need to make it convincing," Brick said. "A little blood never hurt a man, make you look like a heroic.....I'll even let you rough up a couple of my men....but you need to deliver me the Mayor first.....otherwise the plan falls apart."

"Look, I'll deliver my end of the deal, but you swore…."

Thea and Artemis turned around and they ran into two over muscled goons wearing riot squad gear. One of them broke out into a smile when looking at Thea.

"Well, well, well, the daughter of the Mayor, you're a long way from your little castle, aren't you, Princess?"

The man grabbed onto Thea, and the second man grabbed onto Artemis, for the briefest second. Only, Artemis was not going to take that shit, as she elbowed the man and backed him off. She armed herself with an arrow and nailed him with a well-placed arrow to the thigh. The man doubled over and Artemis flipped over his head before further disabling him.

Thea caught the man holding her with a leg sweep and pulled out her bow, before firing it at the chest of the man. She caught him, right in a spot which would draw a lot of blood without killing the man. It was just like Jade taught her. Thea jumped up and strung together a further assault, before knocking her adversary back with all she could muster.

"We better go!" Artemis yelled.

Three men stood one end of the hallway, and four men stood at the other end of the hallway. Artemis sighed, they had been tracked like rats. And the only doorway leading down was to Brick.

Sara, Sara could have taken out all of these men without blinking. Artemis looked at Thea and hoped their timing was down properly. If they missed one of these shots, then they were going to get shot, there was no question about it.

"Alright, which one of you girls are the Hood?"

That was something Artemis didn't expect.

"I am!"

Both girls said this in unison at the exact same time and turned their attention towards each other. The man on the other end wasn't that amused. He pointed a very sophisticated looking gun at his enemy and pulled the trigger.

A knife stabbed into the back of his neck and dropped him on the ground. The four goons were taken down by a force from the shadows, who stabbed and cut them. The figure didn't give them any time to catch their breath.

Artemis and Thea turned around and took out the three. Two of them dropped thanks to Artemis firing arrows down and Thea catching the other one with an arrow. They dropped to the ground.

The dust cleared, and Jade slipped out of the shadows.

"Out, this way, now."

Jade left no room for argument, and Thea and Artemis went down the tunnel that she pointed them
out. Both girls had a feeling whatever way they were going, it would lead them down past the tunnel towards Moira.

The world-class assassin waited and then sealed the door behind them. Jade took a deep breath and could see another goon come down the tunnel. The second he looked down to see Brick's goons were down on the ground, Jade grabbed the man's arm. She nailed him with a rapid fire punch to the side of the head and flipped him over onto his back. Jade flipped down and drove the point of her knee down onto the man's neck!

She noticed Brick and two of the council members who had been taken hostage out of the corner of her eye. Along with half of a dozen other men, but it didn't escape Jade's attention one of the council members had the body language of someone who was going down the tunnel willingly.

Huntress shook her head. This way wasn't exactly the most conventional way in the world to travel, but it worked in a pinch. They made their way down to the basement, and it had been surprising to her there were no men down here, at least none they could see.

Sara saw it in the corner, some kind of jamming device. She wondered if it would be well worth their time.

"I can hear you, that means you're in," Jade said.

"Yeah, I guess the jammer only works when you're outside of City Hall," Sara said. "So….."

"I've got Artemis and Thea out, if you're wondering," Jade said. "And Moira's been out for a long time, Brick and his goons are ripping up City Hall. They got some of the council members holed up."

They were going to find out that Moira was out, and they would start killing hostages.

"I know one of those council members are in bed with Brickwell," Jade said.

That wasn't that much of a surprise to Sara. She pointed towards Helena and the two of them went down the tunnel.

"She could have gotten out through this way."

Brick was coming down around the corner. Huntress moved ahead of the Arrow, and held her crossbow, ready to fire at the man. The burly man came around the corner and fixed at her.

"Well, this is a surprise," Brick said.

Brick rushed the Huntress who dodged his punch. Huntress flipped down onto the ground and bounced her feet down onto the back of Brickwell's head. She hooked him in a modified arm scissors, but Brick hurled her off.

"I don't think you understand," Brick said. "The days of us quivering underneath the bow of some vigilante is over and…"

Sara nailed the stairs Brick stood on with an arrow. Two of the stairs crumpled to catch Brick in the stairs. Sara ran up the stairs and caught Brick with a series of rapid fire punches and even more rapid fire kicks which rocked the big man.

Brick reached into his pocket and aimed a gun at the hooded vigilante. She flipped through the air
and fired an arrow at his hand. Brick screamed in agony.

"I'm down here, it's the Hood and that Huntress bitch!" Brick howled. "Get them, get them!"

Huntress and the Hood came up to meet a group of men who charged down the hallway towards them. Sara and Helena nodded. One of them held a large bazooka gun, and they knew he was the highest priority to take out first. Sara pulled back her arrow and took aim, catching the goon on the side of the leg.

This particular attack had been followed up by the Huntress launching herself high into the air and catching her adversary with a roundhouse kick which knocked him onto the ground. The Huntress grabbed the goon around the head plowed him into the ground.

"Stand clear!"

Huntress did as she was asked, standing clear in time for the Arrow to point her arrow and fire. The arrow burst open on the ground and released a cloud of tear gas. The men were doubled over, and the Huntress and the Arrow charged forward. They got into the battle knocking them all down.

Sara looked out of the corner of her eye and saw Brick swinging a large piece of board with a nail sticking out of the end at it. She just barely dodged the board. Sara jumped up into the air and fired an arrow at him. Brick used the wooden board to drop the weapon.

"Alright, you want to dance, let's dance!" Brick yelled.

Brick charged towards Sara and swung the board towards his adversary. She dodged the attack and came back around. More arrows shot through the air and caught Brick in the wrist. Brick closed his eyes.

"No worse than a paper cut."

Another arrow fired from the rafters above. Brick turned his attention to another figure with a hooded sweatshirt on who dropped down on the ground. Brick looked towards the figure, eyes widening.

"Well, first I have to deal with Hoodie Girl, and now I have to deal with Hoodie Girl junior," Brick said.

Sara wondered why Artemis snuck back in after Jade pulled her out. Regardless, she moved into position in front of Brick, while Huntress moved to the right said. Artemis moved to the left side and all three girls circled around Brick. Brick held his board with the nails sticking out of it and waved it around, snarling in anger.

"That's right, that's right, come at me!" Brick yelled. "You don't have the guts to come at me, do you?"

Two arrows shot to his knees and one shot on the ground underneath him. A miniature explosion caused the ground underneath Brick to explode and made him fell through the floor. He smashed through some pipes and splattered onto the concrete below with a solid thump.

Sara, Artemis, and Helena all looked down, to see the man on the ground, arms thrashing up and down. He had taken a very nasty fall which knocked the wind out of him.

Finally, ARGUS arrived and were picking out the few of Brick's mercenaries who were on the outside.
"Can you hear me now?" Felicity asked.

"Yeah, I can hear you now," Sara said.

"Good," Felicity said. "Guess, I found a way around their jamming device, and well, I jammed their jammer. It seems a bit….well, it doesn't matter."

"No, it doesn't," Sara said.

Sara turned her attention towards Artemis, who looked around ready to defend herself. She put her hand on the shoulder of the young girl.

"You did well, we couldn't have pulled that one out without your help," Sara said. "Thea got out fine, didn't she?"

"Yeah," Artemis said. "You should know, one of the City Councilmembers, he….."

A long second passed, and Artemis realized one of the men was making his way towards the exit. And that was the city Councilmember in question. He rushed towards the exit and got about two steps down the stairs.

The man didn't get too far before he ran into the business end of some weapons fire.

Sara returned to the Clocktower, Laurel, and Barbara would be checking in very soon and they could all rest. Brick had been taken down and brought into custody. Sara was hoping Waller didn't get any bright ideas to draft him into the Suicide Squad. Otherwise, Sara's record in recruiting new members for the Suicide Squad would increase.

The chaos in the city, well it died down for the most part. Sara moved over to get herself a drink of water, contemplating what to do next. She knew the city wouldn't be completely safe. ARGUS confiscated all of the weapons.

"Some of Black Mask's weapons are still out on the street," Sara muttered to herself. "And as long as those weapons are stashed out somewhere, we're going to have a serious problem."

Sara took a deep breath. She didn't know how many armories Black Mask had left, that Starling City Police Department or herself. These thoughts would have to wait. Sara reached over and picked up the phone.

"Hey, Lyla," Sara said.

"Brick and his men have been taken into custody," Lyla said. "The City Councilman who you said was working with Brick, he's in critical condition. We're hoping he can pull through because he might know of any conspiracies on Moira's life."

"And she and Thea are safe, and returned home with added security," Sara said. "That's good to know."

Sara remembered tonight started with the hunt for Lady Shiva. Cass actually continued the hunt while Sara and the others dealt with Brick and his goons.

"I'll keep you posted if I find out anything else," Lyla said.

"Right, thank you, I appreciate it."
Sara had the need to take out her frustrations on something. She took a couple of seconds and breathed and out. The elevator in the Clocktower opened up, and she turned to see Helena stepping in. Helena entered, dressed in a purple button up blouse, and a black skirt which came down to the midpoint of her thighs.

"Hey, Helena, what can I do for you?" Sara asked.

"Just checking up on you," Helena said. "And you know, we still have even more problems. The corrupt in this city, they're not going to stop."

"I know," Sara said. "It's a promise I made."

"And I understand why you made it," Helena said. "And I'll stand by you if you want me to."

Helena couldn't thank Sara enough regarding what happened. She saved Helena from going down a very dark path. She had been inspired in more than a few ways. Helena cringed thinking about what would happen if Sara hadn't pulled her off of the ledge.

"I was thinking about Brick," Helena said. "And the fact he knows where to get these weapons makes me think there's someone other than the City Councilman helping him out."

"You mean someone in the Starling City Police Department?" Sara asked.

"Well, I don't know," Helena said. "Your father might run a pretty tight ship, but he can't watch everyone, one hundred percent of the time."

"Right," Sara said. "He can't."

They were going to have to get to the bottom of this, and very soon, as it turned out. Helena took a long moment to look at Sara, frowning.

"We'll get to the bottom of this," Sara said.

"I know," Helena said.

The two women edged closer, there had been a fair amount of tension between the two of them. And Helena looked at Sara, she was so beautiful and strong. She had to be strong dealing with what she had to deal with.

"Thanks for watching over the people," Sara said. "I can't do it all alone, you know."

"Hey, it's a team effort," Helena said. "Where would we be if we didn't work together, help each other out? You know, that sort of thing. I don't think we would be very far, would we?"

Sara responded by shaking her head. She doubted they would be that far at all. The two of them moved closer towards each other. Sara sensed Helena's trepidation and smiled. It was time for them to stop beating around the bush, and to give into themselves.

She leaned towards Helena and captured her mouth with an extremely hungry kiss. The back of Helena's head had been gripped and Sara kissed her fiercely.

Helena could do nothing else other than return the kiss. Sara's magnificent tongue was worshipping the inside of her mouth, and her hands, oh boy, her hands, Helena could only imagine what a pair of hands so skilled could do to her. Tingles spread over her spine at the very thought of what might happen next.
She was game for what was going to happen next.

The first few buttons of Helena's top came off. Sara pulled back and smiled, seeing Helena wearing a lacy purple bra underneath her top. Sara's fingers caressed Helena's upper body. The woman's bra came off and revealed her creamy breasts. Two nipples stuck out and begged to be sucked.

"You're beautiful."

Helena smiled and Sara ran her hands down Helena's breasts. She gasped at how Sara's fingers pleased her and made her feel really good.

"I think this is unfair," Helena said.

Sara smiled and pulled off her top to reveal her toned upper body. Her breasts had been contained in a green bra, which quickly dropped to the ground. Both of them leaned in towards each other, kissed each other. Both started to play with each other's ass when their nipples touched together. Friction and heat followed.

Helena moved back closer towards a cot which had been set in the workout room. Sara had her back on the bed, and she straddled Helena's hips. Leaning in close, Sara kissed the side of Helena's neck. She sucked her neck and Helena's moans increased.

The skilled woman reached between Helena's thighs and stroked her, stroked her womanhood. Helena rose her hips and lowered them onto the bed, breathing. The small strip of fabric came down Helena's thighs and revealed her pussy for Sara's consumption.

Helena could not believe how good this was making her feel. Sara moved over, and worshiped Helena's body, ending at her pussy. Sara's warm tongue caressed her center and made her feel really good. Helena rolled her hips off of the bed and a solid moan exploded through her body.

"Sara!"

Those moans coming from another woman was music to Sara's ears. Sara looked up to see Laurel and Barbara coming up from the elevator.

Barbara looked at Sara between Helena's legs and just shrugged. She got up on her tip-toes and pulled Laurel into a very passionate kiss, which the woman returned without any hesitation whatsoever. Both of the women exchanged their passionate display.

"YES!" Helena yelled.

Her hips bucked up to meet Sara. Sara's fingernails dug into Helena's thighs and she went down on her as far as possible. Helena's body thrashed up underneath Sara and pushed into her mouth. Every time Helena thrust inside of Sara, her pussy felt really good.

Barbara and Laurel slowly stripped each other of their clothes with practiced ease. They established a pattern which they had been doing for a long time. They moved over closer. Barbara slipped her fingers between Laurel's thighs. Laurel gasped when Barbara worked inside of her pussy.

The touch of a woman lit Laurel off, and Barbara knew all of those spots which drove her nuts about as well as Sara did. Barbara leaned in and nipped Laurel behind her left ear.

"I have to say, it's hot seeing your sister eat out that mob princess," Barbara said.
Laurel nodded in response. Her nipples grew stiff and very uncomfortable. Barbara decided to alleviate Laurel's desires by forming a vacuum tight seal on her nipple and sucking on it. Laurel closed her eyes.

Helena dropped down onto the bed, her heart beating very fast. She had one of the more intense orgasms ever in her life. Sara's lips curled into a smile, resembling a Cheshire cat, or maybe just Cheshire herself.

"Nice little Catholic girl, should be used to being on your knees," Sara said.

"Very funny," Helena said.

Despite the snarkiness of her comment, Helena moved her position, right in front of Sara. She moved between Sara's legs to worship her pussy. Sara grabbed the back of Helena's head with one hand and leaned in closer.

Laurel and Barbara were close by, and Sara and Helena were now in position, well at least Sara was, to join in on the fun and games. Sara leaned in closer towards Laurel and planted a kiss on her lips.

Despite Barbara indulging herself in Laurel's check, and also squeezing her ass, the sisterly sounds of passion could not be beaten.

Sara deepened the kiss on Laurel, grabbing the back of the older Lance sister's head with her right hand. Helena's head gripped in tightly, pushing her between her legs. Sara squeezed Helena's face between her thighs and forced her to eat. Helena moaned deep into her pussy.

"She's such a good pussy eater, isn't she?" Laurel asked.

"Yes," Sara said. "She's about ready to make me cum."

Both sisters resumed their kiss with each other. Their lust for each other became very infectious. Sara guided the back of Laurel's head into her mouth and sucked on her tongue. The moans increased.

Helena slid back from getting blasted in the face with her juices. Laurel pulled herself away from Sara and Barbara, before picking Helena off of the ground.

The Huntress and Black Canary entered a steamy embrace, with Laurel attacking Helena with a kiss. Who knew she was a bit submissive and receptive to these advances. Regardless, Laurel soaked in the taste of her sister's very familiar juices when they coated Helena’s mouth.

"Looks like it's just you and me."

Barbara crawled onto the bed, legs spread. Sara had a strap on, with a large black dildo swaying in the air. Barbara didn't know how she got it on so fast.

'Practice, likely.'

Sara mounted Barbara and leaned down to capture the redhead's round tits in her hand. She squeezed Barbara's round breast and slowly worked her way between Barbara's warm, thighs. The sweet feeling of penetration rocked both girls in the room.

Laurel and Helena rested in a very heated sixty-nine position. Both women entered a competition to see who could make the other cream themselves first. Helena gripped onto the side of Laurel's hips and shoved her deep inside of her legs.
"Mmm," Helena moaned at the top of her lungs.

Licking continued to canvas every single inch of Helena's pussy. Laurel tasted her sweet tang, after getting a nice taste of it on Sara's lips over. Going to the source made Laurel heat up even more. Helena's warm thighs shoved up around her face and pumped him.

"Fuck," Barbara breathed.

That word could only describe one of the best and most passionate orgasms Barbara ever received in her life. Sara drove her dildo down between Barbara's thighs. Barbara closed around Sara and took her deep inside of her. She lifted almost all the way off of the bed and took even more inside of her.

"Yes, indeed," Sara responded. "I have you now, you know that, don't you?"

Barbara couldn't argue with what Sara was doing. The dildo found its way inside of Barbara and stretched her out. Her hips rocked up and down with each other, meeting their thrusts.

Heavy breathing from the other end of the room signified just how hard Laurel forced Helena to cum. Laurel shoved her tongue deeper inside Helena and licked her, licked her something fierce. The licking would continue until Helena exploded all over Laurel's face.

Not to be undone, Helena delved her tongue into her. She took all of those wonderful hot spots inside of Laurel.

On the cot, Sara drove herself into Barbara. She leaned towards her and smiled.

"You're mine," Sara told her. "Do you hear me? You're mine. Your pussy belongs to me."

She really got in the moment and drilled the redhead. Those nice round nipples jiggled when Sara pushed into her. She had been spurred on by the pussy eating going on elsewhere. Sara rose her hips up and jammed herself into Barbara with a few more solid thrusts.

"Yes, yes, it does!" Barbara yelled.

Barbara Gordon creamed herself so badly, it was very obvious how much she enjoyed this. Sara rode out her orgasm the rest of the way and started to guide Barbara all the way into another. Barbara ensnared Sara's hips with her legs and made sure Sara didn't drift too far away from her prize.

Oh, Sara had no intention to drift far away. She pushed deep inside of Barbara and stretched her out all the way.

Laurel rolled over and left a dazed Helena on the ground. She half-watchd Sara driving herself into Barbara's sopping hot cunt. Barbara always was pretty vocal, and Sara pushed all of her buttons. And hell, far from across the room, Sara pressed all of Laurel's.

Speaking of pressing buttons, Laurel shifted between her thighs and rubbed her clit. Seconds passed before Helena climbed up and straddled Laurel. Their pussies rubbed together.

"Let me help you."

She certainly wasn't going to say no. Helena grabbed Laurel's hair and pulled her into an extremely aggressive kiss. Both of them exchanged their passionate embrace with each other. Laurel and Helena rocked back and forth on each other.

Sara was in the process of riding out one more orgasm. Barbara's moist walls lubricated her pole and
made it slide into Barbara with ease. The redhead hoisted her hips off of the bed and made sure Sara entered her completely.

"Again, again!" Barbara yelled.

The torment of Barbara Gordon really ramped up when Sara shoved herself into the redhead's sopping hot pussy and then pulled out of her. She shoved deep inside of Barbara and drove herself deep inside of her.

A final orgasm caused Barbara to see stars, just about the same time Helena saw stars. Laurel and Sara locked eyes with each other and smiled.

Laurel made her way inside the room and grabbed Sara by her cock before pulling her sister into a kiss. The two of them exchanged a passionate and sloppy display of sisterly love. The two of them knew what was going to happen.

Sara backed Laurel back into the wall and pinned her there. She kissed Laurel on the side of the neck and sucked on her sister's neck. Laurel gasped and moaned underneath Sara's aggressive affections. The two sisters exchanged a passionate series of kisses, both increasing in strength, stronger than the last.

"Fuck," Laurel moaned.

"Just one minute, honey," Sara said, with a wink.

The art of foreplay was not a dying art in Sara's mind. She rubbed her hands down Laurel's thighs and started to make her want this even more. Sara had her sister pinned against the wall, about ready to fuck the daylights out of her.

A half dazed Barbara Gordon made her way onto the ground and crawled towards Helena. She had a predatory smile on her face when pinning Helena down.

"A mob Princess and a Police Commissioner's daughter?" Helena asked. "Oh, boy, what would the tabloids think of this?"

"I don't doubt it would be quite scandalous."

Barbara leaned closer towards Helena and kissed her on the lips. Both of them exchanged a hungry kiss with each other, with Helena rolling her fingers over Barbara's stiff nipples. Barbara breathed in response. Helena and Barbara kissed each other, passionately working each other.

Speaking of scandalous passion, Sara's fingers danced all about, Laurel's legs. She parted her thighs and pushed into her with her throbbing synthetic penis. The very realistic, and recently upgraded, phallus, stretched inside of Sara and filled her completely up.

"Is Karen trying to make men obsolete?" Laurel asked.

Sara just smiled.

"Well, given you can't get impregnated by them yet, I don't think so," Sara said.

Laurel nodded, fair enough. Sara's hands combed over her breasts and touched Laurel in all of those hot spots. Laurel spread her legs and then pushed himself deep inside of her body.

Helena and Barbara entered a scissor motion. Both of the girls caressed each other's bodies and toyed
with their hardening nipples. The moans increased with both girls working each other over.

"Damn, not bad for a police commissioner's kid," Helena said.

"You're not bad yourself for the daughter of a murderous psychopath," Barbara said.

Helena would take offense to that if she didn't kind of agree, even if her father mellowed out later on. And also, she wasn't in the middle of one of the best orgasms in her life, therefore, she didn't give a damn.

Barbara ground herself against Helena's wet pussy. Her walls gushed and came all over Helena's wet pussy.

Speaking of cumming hard, Laurel came very hard thanks to Sara rocking herself into her against the wall. Laurel thought she would be more than sore in the morning, but with her sister, it was worth it. Laurel leaned against the wall with Sara kissing and sucking the side of her neck.

"Baby, right there, that's a good spot!" Laurel yelled.

"I know what my big sister likes," Sara said.

The reminder of their relationship always caused Laurel to clench, something Sara was more than fully aware of. Her fingers caressed the small of Laurel's back. Laurel responded with her hips jumping up and taking Sara's throbbing phallus inside of her body.

Sara pumped into Laurel's heated depths and smiled. Laurel was really getting hot and heavy from Sara. She enjoyed the thrusting inside of her body.

"Yes, mmm, yes," Laurel moaned at the top of her lungs. "Give it to me, sis!"

Instead, Sara pulled out of Laurel and left her complaining. The emptiness happening between her thighs when Sara wasn't between them made her whine, and start breathing.

Sara teased Laurel with a finger and turned her around. She was against the wall. Sara rubbed her phallus against Laurel's moist opening and shoved it inside of her sister.

"YES!" Laurel moaned.

Sara caressed Laurel's body when rocking into her from behind. She tortured Laurel with some slow thrusts before going into some pretty hard ones. Each of them made Laurel's body crave even more. Sara was willing to give Laurel what she craved, and then a little bit more.

"Don't worry, Laurel, you're getting everything you've ever wanted and more," Sara said.

Laurel bit down on her lip, nodding in response. Her moist walls slid down around Sara and took her very deep inside.

"Yes, I know," Laurel said. "Oh, Sara, fuck me, please!"

Her encouragement made Sara drive deeper and faster into Laurel. The feeling of Laurel's orgasm spurred one of Sara's own. She was getting very close to cumming, so close, the only thing Sara could do was bury herself deep inside of her.

Both Barbara and Helena collapsed on the ground into a sweaty heap. Sara continued to thrust herself deep inside Laurel's moist body.
Several thrusts brought Laurel into a daze and confused sensation. Then, her hips clenched against Sara's invading pole and milked it.

Sara exploded inside of Laurel and splattered her with sticky, savory juices. Laurel clamped down onto Sara, squeezing her and milking her of all of her juices.

Both sisters came from their mutual orgasm. Laurel dropped to her knees, looking winded, but still satisfied. Sara leaned down, pulled Laurel up to a standing position, and gave her one more kiss before guiding her over to the chair to take a breath after Sara fucked her senseless.

Now that she had her pick between Barbara and Helena, it was just a matter of where Sara was going to go next. She decided to see who looked in better shape when they were finished.

'Just sit back and enjoy the show.'

To Be Continued on July 25th, 2017.

Well, that's one way to celebrate saving the city.

Until Tuesday.
Felicity bit down on her lip, resolving her best to remain professional. She had to be, even though working with the legendary Oracle on something like this dwarfed pretty much everything else she ever did in her life. Felicity took a deep breath and tried to calm herself down, even though there was no real calming herself down in a situation like this.

'Okay, just relax. Just chill, just remember she's just another woman, just like yourself. Sure she's some kind of hacking goddess, but she's just a woman, just like you, well not exactly like you, but she's kind of like you. Yeah, it's complicated, just like this….but just imagine her in her underwear. Whoops, too late, kind of hard not to do it either….okay, Felicity, just take deep breaths. In and out…'

It was a damn good thing no one could hear Felicity's thoughts because they could get very rambling just like any other time she talked. The blonde woman's breathing increased in frequency and she shook her head.

"Okay, we need to follow the paper trail," Barbara said, snapping her fingers. "And it starts with finding out what exactly this city councilman who was funding Brickwell has available."

Felicity responded with a nod. Right, she could do that. "Okay, this guy, it seems like he has a lot of money, but at the same time, not the type of money which is going to fund a criminal empire. Given how he ended up getting gunned down last night, I don't think he's going to be answering these questions."

And even if he didn't get gunned down, Felicity saw him as the type of guy who would end up lawyering up in his attempts to protect his reputation. The man was always an inch away from being involved in some kind of scandal, what politician wasn't.

"And now, the people of Starling City are questioning their safety. Interim Mayor Moira Queen has been put under heavy protection, but can this protection really assure the common men and women she claims to be serving during the day to day operations in Starling City?"

"Well," Felicity commented. "Nice to see the news media just won't let it go."

"There are a lot of people who are afraid," Barbara responded with a shrug. "Of course, that doesn't help when a lot of people who do have an agenda are going to stir up people who are afraid for all the right reasons."

Biting down on her lip, Barbara decided to focus on one further thing. The weapons Brick acquired, the weapons which were stolen from the Penguin. But, not all of these weapons were stolen from the Penguin, not that Barbara had a complete list of everything which had been stolen from Oswald Cobblepot.

From what she knew, he tightened up the reigns on his weapons in the past couple of months, and actually pulled back on his less legit operations. You still couldn't teach an old bird new tricks, and she figured the Penguin was going to be back to his old games sooner rather than later.

The elevator doors opened up, and Sara stepped inside.
"So, any luck?"

Felicity straightened up and almost tripped over herself to be the one who gave the report. "Well, the City Councilman who was gunned down was giving some support to Brickwell. But he wasn't the only one who was giving the support to him."

"What do you mean?" Sara asked.

"Well," Felicity answered. "It seems like some of Brick's support is coming from outside interests, or rather some of the Councilman's support. He's gotten a big donation about six months ago from a bank account which….well we can trace it to…."

Felicity put up the information the screen for Sara's consumption. Sara looked towards it in a very grim manner. Everything was all coming to.

"Vlatva," Sara responded darkly. "Great."

"Yeah, I thought you would say that," Felicity said. "It appears the City Council has been getting some kickbacks by Count Vertigo, but the real question is why."

Sara would have loved to answer the question. Her mind thought to the League, who were funding that government, and someone might have been using the money the League funded the country with to fund some kind of conspiracy in Starling City.

Exactly what were the means of the conspiracy though? Sara didn't really know, and she would have loved to find out to be perfectly honest.

"I'll check in with Nyssa, and see what she has uncovered," Sara said after a moment's thoughts. "And I'll see what Lyla has to say as well."

Lyla currently tracked down a lead on Count Vertigo for ARGUS. They couldn't nail the man himself, unfortunately, and Sara was very frustrated by this potential fact. Still, they could put some pressure on the man's allies, and that would hopefully lead to something tangible happening, at least Sara hoped.

"We'll find something," Felicity said. "Right now it's just a bunch of guesswork, but there has to be something….politicians aren't that savvy with computers most of the times. They think just deleting something is enough to cover their tracks. And sometimes, they just think smashing the machine they used to do the incriminating work is more than enough."

"Which is a good thing," Barbara said.

The City Councilman they now investigated clung onto life, and Sara didn't think too highly of his chances to live. There were more people in that city council who could potentially be wrapped in this little conspiracy, at least Sara thought they would.

Moira Queen was not in the best frame of mind these days for many reasons. She didn't take the post of the Mayor of Starling City because it was her lifelong dream. Another time, she might have taken it for all of the wrong reasons, to gain power over the people to achieve her goals.

However, this time, she became the Mayor of Starling City because it was time for her to make a difference, to right the wrongs caused by the Undertaking over two years ago. People still hadn't forgotten, people would never forget. There were many other smaller things which Moira harmed those who were less fortunate than herself. She wished things could be undone, but sometimes, they
really couldn't be undone.

Tonight, Moira avoided the swipe of the reaper's trident just barely. Security managed to save her, and also her daughter, who had been in the wrong place at the wrong time. Thea had an unfortunate ability to enter the thick of things.

Sooner or later, Moira feared her luck was going to run out. She managed to just barely avoid death twice in the last month. There were other assassination attempts which were close. She had to look over her shoulder, prepare everything she drank by hand, prepare everything she ate by hand, and never leave it for a minute.

Politics had a nasty tendency to make a person age. And Moira could see the ravages of the job already flashing upon her face from the second time in a month.

'I think my luck is going to run out sooner rather than later.'

The reports coming on the television screen, oh boy, Moira wasn't ignorant to them as well. They questioned her ability to lead if she couldn't protect herself. The thing the reporters didn't mention is the crime rate in the city wasn't any higher when Moira was Mayor, it was in fact slightly lower.

It all had to do was backing up on the Arrow, and allowing the police to do their jobs. Funny, how that worked, not developing tunnel vision over vigilantes allowed her to achieve a lot more.

Time ticked on by, and it was very late. Moira thought about returning to City Hall. She moved face to face with Lyla, Sara's bodyguard, who also as Moira found out was much more.

'That was well played, Sara, but then again, you hold many secrets.'

Much to Moira's surprise, Lyla didn't enter that room alone. She stood side by side with Karen Starr, a person who Moira was not surprised to see.

"Agent Michaels," Moira said. "And Ms. Starr, it's an honor to see both of you. I just wish I hadn't had to talk to both of you under these circumstances."

Lyla nodded in response. She wished it had been under better circumstances. The government agent did command Lyla.

"City Hall has been revamped now that everyone is cleared out," Lyla said. "No one should be able to override the security protocols without permission."

Moira smiled, she thought it was all well and good. There was a huge problem though, there were still a few members of the Starling City Council who had been corrupt. Moira would be a fool if she didn't acknowledge what was happening in front of her eyes.

One man got shot and that was one less corrupt Councilman she had to deal with. There were others who might have their hands involved in some pretty shady things. Moira found it rather funny they were trying to accuse her of being involved in such things. Deflection really didn't become some of these people.

"I've also got an additional layer of security if you would like to have it," Karen said. "I know it's radical, but given the circumstances…"

Moira stuck a hand in the younger woman's face and stopped her from saying much of anything. "No matter how extreme it may seem, we have to do what is necessary."
"Right," Karen said. "Here's a watch…..it will protect you from most guns."

The watch had been snapped on and Karen showed Moira how to activate the shield protocols around the watch. She turned towards Lyla.

"If you would like a demonstration….."

Moira nodded and spread her arms out. She came face to face with the business end of Lyla's gun, almost smiling in amusement that she was putting this much trust in these people. The gun started to fire and third bullets hit a shield before falling to the ground.

"Well, it works out well," Moira said.

"I'm working on some upgrades," Karen said. "But, a shield against weapons isn't going to prevent you from physically getting grabbed, if it comes to that."

Karen grabbed Moira by the shoulder to demonstrate. She jumped almost halfway in the air and settled down a second later.

"This red button on the side of the watch, it summons help," Karen said. "And the watch can't be removed by anyone either because it's been keyed into your bio-metrics. And it will release a small pulse to the offending party.

Moira liked all of these things so far. She was sure Lyla was going to walk her through some of the mundane security protocols.

They were all done out of her pocket, and the taxpayers didn't even pay a dime, not that Moira thought anyone was going to give her any credence for that. They rarely did give her any credence for doing the right kind of things.

Giddiness entered the mind of Thea, as not only was she out on a training run, but she was out in a new costume. She wore a red hood with black and a pair of tight and red and black pants. The shoulder mount for her quiver was comfortable and she could draw the arrows before she fired them easily.

Thea, after several months of training, was ready to put her skills to the test. Jade and Sara said both her and Artemis were ready, although they were going to be monitored. Sara was on the rooftop right across the street.

"So, about this new codename?" Artemis asked. "Speedy?"

"Yeah, what about it?" Thea asked.

"Why did you think…it's just not the code name I would have used," Artemis said trailing off.

Thea frowned, she could tell Artemis was biting her tongue about what she thought. The brunette archer extended her head down and looked into the city.

"It was what Oliver called me when we were younger," Thea said. "I figure it would be a good way to honor his legacy, to keep him alive."

"Oh," Artemis said. "And then I understand…Tigress and Speedy, ready to kick some villain ass."

Thea frowned, there was a little problem, there weren't that many villain asses to kick tonight. For the first patrol, this was going not as well as planned and wasn't as exciting as advertised. Maybe things
would pick up sooner or later, at least Thea hoped they would be picked up sooner rather than later.

"The Arrow and the Birds of Prey…" Thea said.

"Hell of a name for a band," Artemis said.

Despite being interrupted, Thea responded with a smile. "The Arrow and the Birds of Prey, I guess they cleaned up things rather tonight. I mean, that Brickwell guy was taken down."

Artemis could not help but smile at the small role she played in taking Brickwell down. She still thought no matter what, there was going to be crime in Starling City. And sure enough, she was right. A gang of local toughs made their way over and were trying to break into a jewelry store.

"That's our cue," Artemis said.

Thea and Artemis grappled down in succession. They knew Sara was about a block away, but they so totally got this one.

"I don't care if Brick's in jail, we still are going to make this city pay," one of the goons said. "We're going to get that big score."

"And here I thought you needed to count to keep score."

The goons turned around and saw two more hooded archers. One of them wore a red version of the classic hood, and the other wore an orange and black version of the classic hood. Both of them pointed their arrows towards the goons, who laughed.

"Man, you must be the Hood's groupies!" one of them yelled. "Why don't you run along, kids? Daddy has to work."

The very condescending look on this asshole's face caused Thea's blood to boil to a fever pitch. She took a couple of deep breaths and tried to adjust herself in position. The arrow pointed towards her adversary.

"I don't know, they look kind of cute," one of them said. "Why don't we take them home, and show them a good...ARGH!"

Artemis didn't even let him finish the offensive comment. One arrow caught him right in the arm. Thea fired an arrow into the arm of the goon, and took him down to the ground.

One of them tried to fire a shot, but both archers fired arrows at him. The arrow pierced the goon in the wrist, and on the side of the shoulder. Artemis jumped up, grabbed him around the head and snapped him down to the ground hard. The goon smashed head first into the ground with a solid smash.

"Don't look now," Thea said. "But, we have a runner."

Artemis looked at the goon who started to run around the corner. The goon screamed, as he obviously hit a dead end.

Both of the young archers came around the corner and came across the goon who slumped over onto the ground. Blood poured from the man's chest and his mouth.

The classic Arrow dropped down to the ground and looked over at the fallen goon. Tigress turned her attention towards the hood in question.
"Well, there's no kill like overkill," Tigress responded, looking towards her. "But, you got him….although he was just breaking into a store. It wasn't like he was bombing nuns or something."

"That wasn't me."

The Arrow walked into the alleyway and noticed the distinct pattern of cuts all over the man's chest. It only pointed to one person and one person only. The Hood took in a deep breath and realized who she was dealing with. The one and only Lady Shiva had struck again and sent Sara another message.

And she was close.

"The two of you return to the Clocktower," Arrow said.

The tone of her voice left no room for argument, but it left both Thea and Artemis wondering what they did wrong. Sure, they let one of the goons escape and get mangled, but other than that, mission accomplished, they thought.

Nyssa stopped by one of the League of Assassins strongholds. No one had used this place for a very long time, which would make it the perfect place to store something. Bludhaven wasn't the first place they would expect a League of Assassins stronghold, but there it was.

She stepped inside and raked the palm of her wrist with the dagger, offering the tribute of blood to the front door. The two doors slid open to reveal the entrance. Nyssa slipped inside. Torches lit on their own accord when Nyssa stepped inside.

The temple had some kind of a mystical quality and something which caused Nyssa's nerves. It was almost like something was watching her, the ghosts of the League's past perhaps. Nyssa crossed the center of the room and stopped at the center of the room.

There was once a vibrant pit full of waters which would restore anyone, even if they were an inch from death. And even if they had been dead, as long as the body was still whole, they could be restored. There would be consequences regardless, as the Pit took a little from the person's soul through every immersion.

Something, Nyssa's recently departed father learned the hard way. Nyssa wasn't going to say he was completely departed. There had been no body in Gotham City, and the Detective didn't have the nerve to finish the job he started.

'He's allowed mental illness to run rampant through Gotham City,' Nyssa thought. 'If he was any kind of crusader, he would have put that mad clown out of his misery years ago.'

Nyssa stopped her angry thoughts regarding the Detective to look around. She stopped, frowning when looking about the area of the temple. Someone had been here recently.

The flicker of a shadow in the light made Nyssa stop and stare behind her shoulder. Someone most certainly had been here recently, and not only were they here, but they were stalking her. Nyssa took a half of step forward into the shadows.

"Come out and face me!" Nyssa called.

Ask and you shall receive, as a figure clad completely in black stepped out of the shadows. Nyssa recognized her attire of that as the League of Assassins.

"I demand you tell me what you're up to," Nyssa said. "I'm the daughter of Ra's al Ghul, and I am by
divine right, the leader of the League of Assassins."

The figure in black didn't bow down to Nyssa's authority. Rather, the figure sprung forward like a cobra and charged towards Nyssa. One uppercut punch almost nailed Nyssa in the shoulder.

Both of the figures circled each other. Nyssa withdrew her blade as did the mysterious figure in front of her. The two women charged each other. Nyssa went for a disabling blow, one that never failed. Only this time it did, with the woman in question attacking Nyssa with a swipe. The two women matched swords.

Sweat rolled down Nyssa's face after being pushed back. The woman jumped up into the air and landed behind Nyssa. Three daggers flew through the air in rapid fire succession. Nyssa evaded the first two daggers and took the third dagger in the shoulder.

A chain with a huge weight on the end whipped out. Nyssa crouched down to avoid the chain. A second swing of the chain resulted in Nyssa swinging her sword and slicing the offending weapon into pieces. Several metal links dropped down onto the ground.

Not even missing a beat, the figure in black charged Nyssa one more time and tried to nail her attacker with a swing from the blade. The figure flipped onto her feet.

Nyssa looked up to the ledge, where the figure was standing. The figure dropped a glass bulb on the ground and a thick cloud of smoke filled the area, almost choking Nyssa out.

The figure swooped down, picked up the box, and bolted towards the stairwell.

Down the tunnel, the figure went, and Nyssa had to follow her. If she reached the edge, there were about countless different directions where she could go. There was a labyrinth of tunnels leading the sewers underneath Bludhaven, which were less treacherous than the sewers of Gotham. And devoid of one giant Killer Croc, thus making them safer by default.

Nyssa stopped and realized the dark clad figure had given her the slip. And that meant trouble, and she didn't know what was in the box.

The dark haired woman made her way up the tunnel and came across an empty crate. A ripped shipping invoice hooked to the crate. Nyssa picked up the piece of paper and frowned.

'Mirikuru,' she thought.

She thought all of the Miriruku had been destroyed, but apparently, some of it survived. Slade couldn't be behind this, he was deep in a hole in Santa Prisca. Therefore, there was someone else who was behind it, and who, Nyssa didn't really know.

'I can't let her get away.'

Sara had one of those vibes, especially when Cass called her to meet her.

"So, you met her as well?" Sara asked.

"Lurking outside Queen Mansion," Cass responded.

Sara knew Shiva was lurking in some pretty public places. The two of them made their way out.

"Hey, I've got an interesting tip," Felicity said. "Apparently, close by, there's another member of the Starling City Council who was being a very naughty boy. Maybe you should go and check it out."
"Maybe we should," Sara responded, with a half nod over her shoulder.

They were close by. And Felicity sent them the address, and they were practically right on top of it. Sara took out her bow and arrow.

"Thea and Artemis seem to think you were being hard on them tonight for something they did," Felicity said.

"They did a good job," Sara said. "It's just, they stumbled onto something which is too dangerous for them."

Sara was glad Thea jumped into the battle. Although it would be a matter of time before Moira found out what her daughter was up to, and how Sara was enabling it. Sara knew from experience not to discourage someone like that.

Either she discouraged Thea, or she helped her. By discouraging Thea, she would go out and do it on her own and get into a lot of trouble. But, by actively encouraging Thea, Sara could control what she was doing. It wasn't like she had both Artemis and Thea.

"Right, they just seemed pretty down," Felicity said.

"It wasn't my intention," Sara said.

"You're distracted," Felicity said. "And kind of obsessed…almost like you're stalking someone."

"It's Lady Shiva, and she's stalking me, but why?" Sara asked.

Sara opened up the door and saw the City Councilman with his back turned her. Already, Sara knew something was up. Her and Cass stepped into the picture. The moment they drew in close enough, the City Councilmember dropped to the ground. He was bleeding, but just barely alive.

"I didn't kill him, yet," Lady Shiva said. "But, given what he's up to, you're going to want him dead."

Always an interesting start to the conversation, if Sara had to say so herself. She came face to face with the deadliest woman alive. The woman who sent a blood soaked dagger to the ground.

"Your mother sends her love," Lady Shiva said.

That was a reminder her mother was in a relationship with Lady Shiva, someone who lived to troll the ground Sara walked on. It hit her in the gut like a well-placed knife. Sara would have to do something drastic if Shiva was just using Dinah as a pawn.

"I'm not sure if I approve," Sara said.

"What, your mother being in another relationship after your father or the fact she's in a relationship with me?" Lady Shiva asked.

"What do you think?" Sara asked.

"We can talk about this later," Lady Shiva said. "Right now, we need to talk."

"Did you ever hear of the telephone?" Sara asked.

Lady Shiva broke into a smile. "And what fun would that be?"
Members of the City Council conspiring with Count Vertigo. As they say, the plot thickens.

Nyssa encounters a mysterious assassin in Bludhaven. And there's some obvious friction between her and a certain Dark Knight in Gotham City. She doesn't really approve of his methods. Or other things as we'll find out later on.

Oh, Lady Shiva, the World's Most Dangerous Troll. The Internet version, not the mystical creature.

Until Friday.
Chapter Sixty-Five: Not Your Fuzzy Reunion

Information, Sara only could imagine what information Lady Shiva had to give on this particular night, especially with all of what happened. The woman didn't enter Starling City without any good cause, and she had been stalking Sara for the past couple of nights, at least until the moment where she was willing to say something.

One stolen look towards Cass told Sara she was as dubious to this claims her mother was just here to give information about as much as the next person. Regardless though, Sara turned her attention towards Shiva, and then also to the bleeding Starling City Councilmember, who Shiva now had propped up on a chair. The man slumped forward and coughed, he couldn't make a run for it even if he wanted to.

"I'm listening."

Shiva's lips curled into one of the more obvious and pointed smiles possible. She leaned closer towards Sara and decided to give her the facts of the matter.

"The Death of Malcolm Merlyn opened up a power vacuum in Starling City," Shiva said.

"You were responsible for his death," Sara said.

"This, I don't deny, and you should be thanking me I managed to take the one step you were not willing to do," Shiva said. "The fact of the matter is, Malcolm Merlyn would have been like a cockroach, resurfacing when it was the most inconvenient for your lives. And most importantly, the most inconvenient to Thea's life. You can't tell me with a straight face she's not better off without Merlyn in her life."

A second passed, and Sara nodded it. Thankfully, Thea hadn't taken the revelation about Merlyn as badly as she could have. He didn't have a chance to insert himself into her life, so Sara figured it would not be a topic worthy of discussion.

"Regardless, as I was telling you, the death of Malcolm Merlyn left a power vacuum here in Starling City," Shiva said. "And if you've learned one thing during your time in the League, you should know how much nature abhors a vacuum and would do anything to fill it."

All Sara did was respond with one of the more crisp nods she could ever imagine. The floor, as they said, was Lady Shiva's, and she wished to see what the woman had to say.

"This vacuum is even more prominent after the Court of the Owls cut their losses, after Slade's campaign left their power base in Starling City," Shiva said. "They decided to re-double their focus back to Gotham City."

"It's nice to see you know this," Sara said.

"You find the right people, and they'll tell you anything," Lady Shiva responded. "But, that much is beside the point. What you should understand is a power vacuum has been opened up, which leaves it open for Count Vertigo to cause a lot of damage."

"He has his own problems back home," Sara said.
"And we're not denying that," Lady Shiva answered. "But, you know, the League is more splintered than ever before thanks to the death of Ra's al Ghul. Your beloved tries as she might to hold things together, but she's not perfect. The League broke apart."

Sara realized something, what Shiva was trying to tell her. One stolen look towards Cass told Sara both were thinking the same thing. The finances Nyssa tracked told her this much.

"There are many people who are ruling those splinter factions who don't have the honorable intentions the League intended."

Those honorable intentions were not that honorable when you really thought about it. Sara took a long and deep breath and looked towards Lady Shiva.

"And a splinter faction of the League has been taken control by one of Count Vertigo's subordinates," Lady Shiva said. "And their target is Starling City. They are going to try and wipe it out."

"Extreme," Cass muttered.

"Yes, I know, my daughter," Lady Shiva said. "Their actions are that of very extreme and very radical people. But, it's what the League has been twisted to with their leader removed."

Lady Shiva turned towards the bound and cut up city councilman. He looked in desperate need of medical attention and care, neither of which he was going to receive underneath the watchful eye of Lady Shiva. He turned around to face the Hood, who looked at him.

"And this gentleman right here, he's right in the middle of it," Lady Shiva responded. One long finger pointed towards the man in question.

Said gentleman looked up and stared down Lady Shiva, and then stared down the Hood.

"He was able to inform Count Vertigo when there was a meeting taking place," Lady Shiva responded in an accusatory manner. "And then, Count Vertigo was able to stage the attack. It didn't work, but he was able to keep away from the windows to save his own skin."

The Councilmember looked at all three of them in the room. He would not forget what happened, not now, not ever. The man's hands snapped back down onto the chair and looked towards them all.

"None of us wanted Moira Queen as Mayor….none of us wanted Blood as the Mayor either. But, he seemed to be the less of two evils….and he was willing to let us be, and not look into what we're doing."

"So, you can't stand your corruption being brought out into the light," The Arrow responded. "You've failed Starling City."

The Councilman responded with a very vigorous and very violent shaking of his head. "No, I haven't failed Starling City….Starling City has failed us. It's failed the people, when it allowed someone who would have shaken it from its foundations, to wipe out people, to prove a point. She collaborated with Malcolm Merlyn to destroy this city! Not all of us are going to forgive her."

"She told the people the plan," The Arrow said, losing her patience. "She told the people, and she saved countless lives."

"Would she have cared enough to count," the Councilman asked.
"Don't act as if you care about what happens to these people any more than Moira does," Lady Shiva commented. "You're the one who denied the homeless of Starling City funding."

"Yeah, because they'd just blow the money we gave them on drugs," the Councilman responded bitterly. "The point is, we have to save Starling City before it goes the same way as Gotham. And if the only way to do so is to destroy it, then so be it. Count Vertigo will be our savior."

Sara could hardly wrap her head around the man's logic and one look at Cass told Sara, that Cass was going down the same way. This man was willingly assisting an international terrorist because he wasn't happy with who became the Mayor of Starling City. People had a right to be afraid, but this just invited more problems. The ends didn't justify the means.

"Tell me if there's anyone else involved," The Hood said. "Or, you'll be left here to bleed out."

"I'm already dead," the councilman said, hacking up blood when he tried to look at the Hood. "Fine, Horace Beaumont and Mitchell Preston.....they are two other men involved in this, two like-minded men who want to make Starling City what it was again. Make it what they should be."

Beaumont, that was a name she heard of. Sara already paid a visit to his uncle on the list. Preston had been involved in a shady real estate deal which the targets were dropped. As far as she knew, Beaumont had been away from the city on vacation with his family, and Preston had been away on a trip of some sort, likely to meet up with his mistress. She didn't know if either were back in Starling City, hell both might have been back in town already.

"It's going to get worse before it gets any better."

Shiva's warning rang in Sara's ears. She could do nothing other than nod.

The endless tunnels stretched on for miles. Nyssa couldn't let this problem get to her. She had to track down the person who had stored the Mirikuru in this place. Perhaps, she had been mistaken, perhaps the vials had been empty. But if the vials had been empty, that meant someone either used them or were running experiments with them.

The path had become very steep, which told Nyssa it was likely her mysterious attacker had gone this way. The Daughter of the Demon drew in a deep breath and focused herself. She climbed up the pathway, towards the tunnel.

Her heart beat a little bit faster when moving into position. The Daughter of Ra's al Ghul could hear something down the tunnel. She doubted it was a sewer maintenance worker.

One single dagger flew down the tunnel and came preciously close to clipping Nyssa in the side of the leg. Yep, it was no sewer worker. Not that many sewer workers came with daggers intended to cause harm. Nyssa closed her eyes and made her way to the source of the dagger. She saw the person disappear up the ladder, so she had to give chase.

Where was she going? It was almost like she intended to lead Nyssa on, but why?

'She's very good, I'll give her that.'

The Daughter of the Demon pulled herself into position and crouched down to survey the area. She had been inside of a dark tunnel, with quite a few blind spots. That was not an ideal position to be in, and Nyssa had a strong suspicion her attacker knew this and planned accordingly for it.

A flicker of light came from a sword being removed from its sheath. Nyssa retracted her blade and
slammed it into the sword before it cut her shoulder. Both of them pushed back, neither giving the other any room. Both parties took a deep breath with each other.

Again, they clashed swords, and again, neither backed up. Both refused to give in. Nyssa tried to sweep the legs out from underneath her attacker. Said attack pivoted in mid-air, turned around, and turned to catch Nyssa from the backside. Nyssa used the sword to block her adversary's attack.

"Just who are you?" Nyssa asked.

The attacker didn't respond, rather attempted to return fire. Nyssa blocked the attack one more time, and then came behind her attacker. Two swipes with the sword had been blocked. Cold steel mashed together in the tunnel and Nyssa, dropping down to one knee, took a deep breath before popping straight back up.

She almost got another dagger directly to between the eyes. This attack put some room between the two fighters. One of them scrambled up the ladder, into the tunnel above, with Nyssa giving chase to her attacker.

'She's not getting away, not tonight, not ever.'

It was a bit more lighted in this tunnel. Nyssa didn't feel more at ease though because, despite the increased light, there were also more blind spots. The number of gargoyles up above this underground chamber showed Nyssa just how many perch points there were.

'Yes, Gotham City and Bludhaven do have the same underground decorators.'

Nyssa caught her attacker flipping down onto the ground out of the corner of her eye. Nyssa jumped back and avoided the swing of cold steel. The swords cracked together, with Nyssa pushing her adversary back a couple of feet, and sweeping her legs out from underneath her.

Said attack jumped up and continued to go towards Nyssa. Both went sword for sword, shot for shot, neither backing off from the other.

Nyssa caught the blade of her sword underneath the mask and started to rip at it. The Daughter of the Demon took half of a step back and gasped when she saw the face underneath the mask.

"Talia?"

Nyssa had been about as surprised as anyone else to come face to face with her sister. Talia looked towards her sister, with a scowl on her face. Then, without any warning, Talia jumped up and cracked a surprised Nyssa with a kick to the face.

The relationship between the two sisters had been a bit strained as of late, but Nyssa didn't think it would come to this. She picked up the dagger dropped on the ground and blocked the blade coming down onto her neck.

Nyssa struggled underneath her sister, pushing the blade down, closer, and closer towards her neck. There were many questions, in her mind, but she couldn't even begin to relax it.

"Why?" Nyssa asked.

Not one single word coming from Talia, just scorn coming from her eyes. The Daughter of the Demon finally pushed out of the attack and tried to take her sister down. Talia blocked the attack and nailed Nyssa with one more huge punch, and then jumped into the air. She tossed an explosive device down onto the ground.
The device broke open and launched a heavy amount of smoke in the air. It was almost choking the amount of smoke which Talia released into the chambers underneath.

Nyssa moved herself to higher ground, in an attempt to locate Talia. Unfortunately, her sister slipped off into the night.

‘Her loyalty to my father is far greater than my own,’ Nyssa thought. 'Is she stealing the Mirikuru to bring him back to life, or…..is there another reason.'

Her father mentioned in passing every time, the Pits restored less and latest him for shorter durations of time. Given constant use, Nyssa could only imagine how much they took from her father. It wouldn't be surprising if he would be after something more potent, no matter what the risks might have been.

Once the smoke cleared, Nyssa continued the chase, even though Talia was long gone. Still, she needed answers, and now her sister being back didn't really give them. She just disappeared into the night, without another word, positive or negative.

Sara noticed Mitchell Preston returned from his business trip, and a couple of nights after the conversation with Lady Shiva, she decided to pay the man a visit. His security detail waited outside. The Hood stood outside and drew back the bow before shooting two arrows.

Both arrows connected with each security guard, dropping them with a tranquilizer. It wasn't deadly at all, but it would give them a full eight hours of rest. It was more than enough time for Sara to slip in and do what she did. She moved over towards the panel by the back gate and slowly worked it open.

"Okay, Felicity, you're up."

"Finally, some action," Felicity said. "Yeah, this guy recently upgraded his security. It's almost like he heard what Shiva did to his partner in crime."

Sara answered with a brief nod. She waited for Felicity to work her hacking magic. It was odd he only had two guards, but perhaps this was the type of man who put all his eggs in one basket.

"So, are you in?" Sara asked.

"Hey, Rome wasn't built in a day," Felicity said. "If the Flash was around it might have been but…..never mind."

She could hear Felicity had been biting down on her tongue and humming. Sara looked over and saw the trip lines right by each exit. And then she didn't.

"And with a little slight of hand and a whole lot of knowing your way around these systems, we are in," Felicity said. "I know you know this, but Preston is the type of guy who sleeps with a gun underneath his pillow."

"I figured as much."

Sara decided to walk in the front door, which was the last thing anyone expected the Arrow to do. She armed herself to the arrow, looking to the right, looking towards the left.

A hapless maid ran down the steps, muttering underneath her breath. The woman was so frazzled, she didn't even pay Sara any mind when she turned around the corner. Preston's help was not exactly
the most stable people in the world, at least that's what Sara noted.

"Got to get him his midnight drink," the maid muttered, shaking her head vigorously. "He wakes me up in the middle every night to give him a bottle of his finest."

The Hood watched the maid get a bottle of wine, along with a glass, and march it up the stairs. Casually, Sara crept up the stairs behind the maid, getting closer towards her. The guy enjoyed his booze, and he paid for it in the blood of the city.

"What took you so long, Rosemary?"

"Sir, you woke me up out of bed."

"You're lazy, what do I pay you for?" Preston asked. "There's something you can do to make it up to me if you know what I mean."

The Hood decided to move in and the maid jumped back a few feet in surprise. She withdrew her arrow, and caught Preston right in the hand with an arrow, pinning it down on the bedside table right next to his wine glass.

"Leave," she told the maid.

The maid anxiously nodded and scrambled in the other direction. Sara turned her attention towards Mitchell Preston, who had an arrow pinned to his hand. He was reaching behind him, but Sara quickly pulled the gun out from underneath the pillow and slid it halfway across the room, where it landed with a clatter.

"Where's my security?" the councilman demanded. "How did you get in here?"

He looked up at the business end of an arrow pointed directly at his throat. Sara held it into position. The Councilman blinked and didn't say a word.

"You're part of a plan to assassinate the Mayor of Starling City," Sara said.

"Yeah, and if I am, so what?" Preston asked. "It's not like she's going to be in there for long anyway. Next election, someone else will be in there. But, we can't wait a couple of years, for her to destroy the city."

The Hood's hand remained on the bow. It slowly dawned on Preston that there was no one going to help him now. He had no gun, no security system, and his maid wouldn't even raise the alarm given how he treated her. The man's eyes looked towards the Hood with anger and contempt flashing through them. A deep breath passed before he managed to stare her down.

"So, The Mayor sends her pet vigilante to do her dirty work? She found out about the plot."

"I don't know, I haven't spoken to her," the hooded archer responded in a crisp voice. "But, I'm certain she has an idea of what you're up to."

Preston quivered underneath the attack. One look from the Hood prevented him from getting anywhere.

"You're going to tell me everything I want to know…or….."

She slowly ripped the arrow from the man's hand, causing him to scream out in agony. The man's screams increased in rage.
"You're crazy!" Preston yelled. "You're completely crazy."

"If I'm crazy, you better tell me what I want to hear," she responded.

Was she going too far? Given Count Vertigo was involved and putting this city in danger, she didn't think she was going too far. A nasty, disturbed voice in the back of Sara's head told her she wasn't going far enough.

She pushed back, realizing she had been taking this from a more White Canary perspective, than Arrow perspective. She looked towards Preston who had tears rolling down his eyes from the pain. No one could feel too sorry about what the man was going through, especially with all he did.

"Tell me about Count Vertigo."

"You mean that nut job peddling drugs a couple of years back in Starling City!" Preston yelled. "Yeah, he got killed, didn't he?"

Preston had lost out on a lot of money because he got a small cut from all of the Vertigo sold. Therefore, he was not too happy about the Hood, and he knew it was the Hood, killing Count Vertigo. He couldn't buy that fourth vacation home how he wanted to.

"I'm not talking about that Count Vertigo," The Arrow said through gritted teeth. "I'm talking about the one who….."

The windows shattered, and an arrow caught the stood right through the heart before Sara could continue the interrogation. Another arrow caught him through the back of the neck and dropped him down onto the ground. Sara turned her attention towards a figure dressed in black across the city.

The Arrow climbed out of the broken window and gave chased to the mysterious archer. Whoever he was, he was a pretty good shot, no question about it.

And he was also very good in slipping back into the night.

"Felicity, call 911," Sara said. "Someone has attacked Preston."

"Is it another evil archer?" Felicity asked.

"How did you know that?" Sara asked.

"Well, I'd say it was just some crazy hunch, but I've been getting some police reports about how another city council member, Robin Smythe, she's been found outside of her home attacked."

Sara took a second to breathe in and out.

"Sara, I know it wasn't you," Quentin said over the phone. "But, still, you know what people are going to think, don't you? If you don't catch this other hood soon…..people are going to be calling for your head again."

"He put an arrow through Preston's neck," Sara said. "He must have been hired by Vertigo."

"Huh, Vertigo again?" Quentin asked.

Sara could tell by the tone of her father's voice, he thought she obsessed a little bit too much, and maybe he did.
"Just lay low for a while," Quentin said. "I know it's tough, but....there's going to be an outrage, and we're going to have to do something."

Why did they have to use the arrow motif? All of the other weapons to kill people in the world, and they just had to use arrows. Why did they have to use arrows? Actually, Sara knew why they had to use arrows, to make it look like she was the one doing so.

"I've got to find him."

"You're just like your mother sometimes," Quentin said.

Sara smiled, she took it as a compliment, even though her father didn't intend it to be so. She took a deep breath. It wouldn't be the first time people thought the worst of her because of the actions of another archer.

"Talk to you later, I have a briefing about how to deal with how of the Starling City Council dropping dead," Quentin said. "Just....take it easy....try to take it is."

Sara would try and take it easy. People were going to think the worst of her. She hung up the phone.

"Long night, beloved?"

Sara turned around towards Nyssa with a smile. Nyssa looked a bit ragged as well, stepping into the middle of the Clocktower. She greeted Sara with a long kiss, which Sara returned with anticipation. She really wished they could stay like this.

"It's been a long night for you as well," Sara said, the moment they pulled apart.

"I was in Bludhaven, investigating a lead," Nyssa said. "And I ran into Talia."

Sara let out the breath she had been holding for a few seconds. Talia, well that was something, Nyssa had not spoken to Talia in many years. And if Sara read things right, Nyssa running into Talia meant the two of them had gotten into a fight of some sort.

"I don't know what she's up to," Nyssa said.

"I met Shiva the other night," Sara responded. "She said one of Count Vertigo's underlings took over a splinter faction of the League but....you don't suppose, do you?"

Nyssa warily rested a hand on top of Sara's. "No, no....I don't think, not even Talia would make a deal with someone like Count Vertigo. She couldn't stomach going that far just to spite me."

Something inside of Nyssa's voice had Sara think she had some measure of doubt.

"And another one of the City Councilmembers has been killed," Sara said. "It was by another archer, another evil archer, dressed in black."

"Good thing your father has enough common sense to give you the benefit of the doubt," Nyssa said. "This sounds like something Malcolm Merlyn would pull."

"I know, I know, it does," Sara admitted. "Malcolm's gone through....Tommy identified the body as his father's, and there were other tests done....and he was cremated. Malcolm's good, but he's not that good."

Nyssa nodded, but someone was obviously taking a page or two out of the Malcolm Merlyn playbook. She could tell Sara hadn't gotten any sleep in days, judging by the look on her face. Not,
Nyssa had any room to talk, to be perfectly honest.

"Come to bed, beloved," Nyssa told her.

Sara looked up and nodded, in acceptance. Nyssa took Sara's hand and the two of them turned the corner, heading off into quarters which Nyssa used when they were in Starling City.

Both met with a kiss, this one more passionate, and this one was much longer lasting than ever before. Sara reached behind Nyssa and slowly started to crumple her clothes.

Nyssa pulled back from Sara for a fraction of a second and allowed Sara to pull off the top half of her garb. Sara moved in for another kiss, before slowly working her way to Nyssa's bare chest. Her dark breasts stuck out, with nipples ready to be captured and sucked. Sara leaned in and kissed the tip of them. She leaned in and sucked her nipple, making Nyssa breath in and out.

"Sara!" Nyssa moaned low and underneath her breath.

The moans coming from her wife was music to Sara's ears. She ran her fingers down Nyssa's ribs and slowly moved down, kissing Nyssa. She teased Nyssa's slit through her pants. Nyssa ground up against her, causing a fair amount of friction between the two of them.

Sara pulled back and undid the clasp of Nyssa's pants, pulling them down. The pair of black panties she wore underneath stuck to her crotch. Sara rotated her finger between Nyssa's thighs and encouraged the Daughter of the Demon to raise her hips.

"Just one more barrier."

Nyssa responded with a nod. Sara slipped Nyssa's panties down over her legs and revealed her sex, with a small amount of dark hair covering it. The hair glistened in the light, just ready for Sara to attack.

Sara grabbed Nyssa's waist and kissed down her body. She moved closer, and closer, reaching Nyssa's thighs. Sara's pretty face buried between them and slowly lavished Nyssa's lower lips. Nyssa reached up, grabbing Sara by the back of the head and pushing her hips up to meet Sara's mouth.

"Oh, I've missed this!" Nyssa yelled.

Her tanned thighs squeezed Sara's head. Sara pushed her mouth down in between Nyssa's lips and sucked on them. Nyssa worked her hips up and met Sara's magnificent tongue.

Sara slurped on Nyssa's juices when they come out from between her thighs. The blonde took out her aggressions from the frustration of the evening on Nyssa's dripping hot pussy. Nyssa rose her hips up off of the bed and met Sara's aggressions.

She would have been lying if she wasn't excited about this. Sara worshiped her lips and then shoved her tongue inside to bring Nyssa pleasure beyond anything she could have realized. She grabbed the back of Sara's head and guided it between her thighs even further.

"Oh, yes, yes, yes!" Nyssa moaned at the top of her lungs.

Sara continued to eat out Nyssa, leading her to another orgasm. The blonde smiled and pulled herself up to her feet.

"And now, I'm a bit overdressed for tonight, aren't I?"
"Allow me to help you."

Nyssa took the tank top Sara had been wearing and pulled it up over her head. She revealed Sara's firm body, her sensual body which she just had to run her hands over. Nyssa treated Sara to pleasures, going for those areas which she knew from experience drove Sara nuts.

The blonde vigilante closed her eyes and felt Nyssa's fingers caressing her body. Her breathing increased when Nyssa worked down her pants, and then her panties, to reveal her dripping hot pussy. The Daughter of the Demon slipped a single finger inside of Sara's tightening snatch.

"You want more, don't you?" Nyssa asked.

Sara bit down on her lip and nodded in response. Oh yes, she wanted more. Nyssa slipped a second finger inside of Sara's dripping hot pussy, and she clenched it very tightly. The blonde woman pushed her thighs together and experienced pleasure. Nyssa added a third finger and pumped inside her.

Three fingers, all working in harmony, made Sara gasp and twitch underneath those fingers. The Daughter of the Demon worked her pussy over. Sara closed her eyes, clenching Nyssa's fingers, and rode them out to an amazing orgasm.

Nyssa kissed her wife, and Sara returned the kiss with fever. Nyssa started to edge Sara back onto the bed, her thighs spreading eagerly for Nyssa. She continued to penetrate the thighs with a series of fingers. Every time the fingers penetrated Sara, she clenched and gasped, feeling really good.

"That feels really good, doesn't it?" Nyssa asked.

"Mmm hmm," Sara said, looking towards her beloved with a smoldering smile.

Nyssa touched those nerve endings which regulated pleasure very deep inside of Sara. She needed a lot of stress relief, hell, Nyssa needed a lot of stress relief as well. Sara's thighs clutched Nyssa's hand when it entered her, and then pulled out of her.

"Oh, Nyssa, Nyssa!"

Sara screaming her name only encouraged Nyssa to drill her fingers deeper inside of her gushing center. The Daughter of the Demon pleased her beloved.

One final orgasm, left Sara on the bed, in a daze. Nyssa leaned down, grabbing Sara's hair, and pulled her into a passionate kiss, which Sara returned.

Nyssa and Sara rolled their fingers over each other. Their pussies touched together and started to work a certain rhythm against each other. Sara scissored Nyssa and slowly worked her way towards her.

Pleasure shot through Nyssa's loins the more Sara worked between her legs. It felt amazing what Sara was doing to her, beyond amazing in fact. Sara's hands worked over her chest and squeezed her eager breasts. They were very eager for Sara's attention and affection, and Sara was more than eager to give it to her.

Nyssa screamed, no one could make her cum like Sara could. The scream tapered off, with Sara rolling her hips down across Nyssa. She attacked those pleasure points, and she could give Nyssa even more pleasure. She just built it up in Sara's mind.

Sara attacked Nyssa, striking her clit with pinpoint precious. The blonde warrior's fingers slowly
stroked down Nyssa's body, smiling at how much pleasure she gave.

"The teacher taught a lot to the student," Sara said. "But the student has a few things to teach herself, doesn't she?"

With that cheeky little statement, Sara went right back to work. She kept rolling her hips along Nyssa's thighs, feeling her pleasure coming down through her. Nyssa wrapped her legs around Sara's and the two met each other. Sara pushed herself up and gave Nyssa a little tease before she caught her with a full blown assault.

Nyssa held the back of Sara's hair to encourage her to dive into her chest. Sara planted hot kisses all over Nyssa's body. Nyssa ran her hands from the back of Sara's hair and down to her back. The encouragement got all hot and heavy.

No words were needed, the rate Nyssa sunk her fingernails into Sara's back for encouragement was more than enough. She eased Nyssa's orgasm up slowly, building the anticipation in her mind. A quick orgasm was no fun, Sara needed to draw it out, tease her, make her wonder where this pleasure was coming from.

Then, in a blink of an eye, Sara launched Nyssa straight back down to Earth. Nyssa's hips pumped up and down, feeling the full blunt of Sara's affections. And Sara's hands were all over her, brushing through Nyssa's hair and giving her an intense kiss as well now.

Both women indulged in each other. Their hands squeezed each other around their firm asses and ground against each other.

Sara felt an orgasm of her own building alongside Nyssa's. A shared experienced was an amazing experience, especially between two people who had been intertwined with each other as much as they were. And both of them intertwined in each other.

"Sara, Sara!" Nyssa breathed.

A smile crossed Sara's face when she captured Nyssa into a kiss and hungrily sucked the woman's lips. Nyssa shifted her tongue deep between Sara's lips and pushed more of it into the back of her throat. Both women sucked on each other, kissing the other, and making the other want it more.

And Nyssa would be receiving the orgasm which built up inside of her now. Sara ran her hands over Nyssa's toned legs, battle tested. Nyssa rolled her hips back into Sara's and descended them back onto the bed. This ritual had been repeated many more times.

"Let it go."

Nyssa melted underneath Sara's affections. Their coupling alternated between intense and fast, and slow and sensual, and Nyssa enjoyed the variety offered. The orgasm building up in her hit a peak and her body exploded, gushing underneath Sara.

Both warriors shared an orgasm, the first of many tonight. Sara dragged her nails down Nyssa's thighs and made her shiver underneath her.

Another intense kiss, about as intense as both women battled followed, and it was time for them to indulge in round two. They really needed the stress relief after the last few days.

To Be Continued on July 30th, 2017.
Well, Talia's here, but what's her agenda? She doesn't seem to be one for much conversation.

And speaking of agendas, Vertigo's not just in bed with a couple of city councilmembers, but another dangerous archer is attacking.

The fun continues on Friday.
Target

There's a bonus chapter on the blog, featuring Laurel and Barbara which was actually posted a few days ago, I just forgot to mention it on Friday. Go to the Page of Important Links. Then click on the Web of Chaos archives, and then either the Blog Exclusive Content or Under the Hood. On the Under the Hood Archives, it's marked as Chapter 59.5, which is when it took place. Also, there was an Artemis and Thea blog exclusive chapter that I wrote months back, but forgot to mention here until now. So, I'm doing it now. Find it on the Blog Exclusive Chapters.

Chapter Sixty-Six: Target

Artemis Crock, under the guise of Tigress, was having what she thought was a nice little training run out in the city. Thea was along with her, and Sara, Sara supervised her from afar. The two hooded archers stood on top of the building, looking down into Starling City.

Everything seemed so peaceful, but the peace, as they well know, could have been eliminated in a moment. Both girls leaned back, their shoulders rolling back when they peered down into the city. Both were well aware of the other archer who had been running around and causing all kinds of havoc in Starling City. They were going out on a limb and saying they might as well have run into this other archer this evening.

"I can't believe it, another one," Thea muttered underneath her breath. "You know, archery is beginning to become a popular gimmick."

"And already the people think Sara is behind it," Artemis said. "Well, the Arrow, but you would think they would learn by now."

Thea shook her head, she thought the people would have learned by now. Unfortunately, public opinion could be swayed by a little bit of hysteria through the media. You hear some negative news or hints of negative news enough times, and it seemed like the gospel truth.

Her mother also was getting put through the ringer because it was two city councilmen who had been very vocal against her appointment as Mayor. Thea did not want to think her mother would have been behind the hiring of some kind of assassin. No matter how much she did not want to think it, Thea thought it also could have been a very good possibility.

The red clad archer shook her head. They had been up on the rooftops and on patrol for way too long. It wasn't a good idea to start thinking things like this. She turned towards Artemis who was focused. Every now and then, they would get a call from Sara or Felicity, just to check in with their progress. There would hopefully come a day where they could go out on this missions without any supervising whatsoever.

'Let's face it, we're nowhere near close enough to be out here on our own,' Thea thought.

Artemis grabbed Thea gently by the shoulder and pointed. There were a group of masked men who stepped down. One of them hurled a cinder block through the window. The glass shattered, which was more than enough for Tigress and Speedy to make their move.

"Could you have picked a less annoying way to break through the building?" one of the goons asked. "And loud, a few people over in Central City might not have heard you, you know."

"Ah, it worked, didn't it?"
One of the goons turned his attention towards the two hooded archers standing behind him. He was about to open his mouth to say something. Only, he tasted an arrow, which broke open the ground near his feet, and released a sticky substance which held him into place.

"Yeah, it worked, it worked too well," one of the goons said. "Now, we've got the Arrow's crew on our ass."

"Ah, it's the B-Squad, we can take them easily…." Tigress flipped the man over and dangled him upside down from the nearest building. His cocky statements about being taken easily had been left. She dropped him down onto the ground.

One of the goons charged Speedy, who dodged the attack. She flipped into the air and fired two arrows, one of them knocking the weapon out of the thug’s hand. Another caught him in the knee and doubled him over onto the ground. She caught him with a running knee strike to knock him over onto his back and take him down onto the ground.

A pair of brass knuckles came close to drilling Speedy into the back of her head. She blocked the attack, flipped up, and nailed her adversary with a couple of knees to the back, doubling him over. More knee strikes stunned the adversary.

Tigress did a tuck and roll on the ground and fired an arrow at one of the attackers. The attacker had been discharged back by the arrow. She jumped up and took him down with an old fashioned uppercut to the side of the neck.

Five of the seven goons had been taken down. Two more scrambled in the other direction. Thea saw them moving in the other direction as fast as possible.

"Don't look now, but we have a runner."

Tigress frowned and she reared back her bow. She would see if they would have a runner or not. She hit one arrow with precision to the back of the goon's legs. He had been tripped up and knocked down onto the ground. Tigress jumped up and caught him with an elbow strike to the back of the head.

The other goon was a bit faster and made his way into the alleyway. He started to breathe heavily, having thought he lost the goons. He turned from one side, and then to the ride, only to come across a green robed figure. She wore the mask of a Cheshire cat.

The goon raised his hands to defend himself, only to receive a hell of a stabbing. The knife impaled into the side of his shoulder and drew him to the ground.

Tigress made her way into the alleyway and came face to face with Cheshire. The goon down on the ground had been stood over by her sister, who retracted the dagger.

"I had it," Tigress said.

"He'll live," Cheshire said. "And he was going to escape if I hadn't been here."

That was a matter of debate, but it was just like her sister to interfere in something like this. Tigress gritted her teeth, and stepped out of the alleyway, with Cheshire walking towards them. Speedy watched, surprised for a second out how agitated Tigress seemed, only not when she saw Cheshire. Everything made a surprising amount of sense the very moment she saw Cheshire.

"Hey, kid," Cheshire said. "I just happened to be in the neighborhood."
"It was just a random mugging," Speedy said. "We could have handled it."

"We were handling it!" Tigress said, sounding a bit snippy.

"It wasn't a random mugging, it was…"

Cheshire saw something above out of the corner of her eye, and an arrow fired towards her. She rolled onto the ground, avoiding the shot. Two more shots fired at her in quick succession. She hurled a dagger towards the figure on the building.

Unfortunately, for Cheshire, the figure on the rooftop disappeared into the night, leaving her standing in the middle of them.

Jade took both Thea and Artemis back to the Clocktower. Thea made it a point to stand between Artemis and Jade, figuring, neither would get in a fight, if she was standing there, at least she hoped they wouldn't. Perhaps it had been a bit too much to hope for.

"You said it wasn't a random mugging," Thea told her.

"I did say that, yes," Jade said. "That store, it was a front, for drugs. Those men were working for one of the rivals of the man who runs the store."

Thea was glad then she didn't hold back in the fight. Ever since her ordeal with Vertigo, she held a special place of disdain in her heart for people who trafficked drugs in Starling City. They were the lowest of the low as far as she was concerned, preying on people who didn't know when to say no.

"So, they were trying to sabotage someone's stock," Thea said.

"Yeah," Jade said. "And trying to get some of that sweet stack of cash for themselves. You know how drugs are big business. They cater to the rich."

Unfortunately, Thea had been down that road. She hadn't so much as touched a drug in the past couple of years or even thought about it. Her episode with Vertigo swore her off of ever partaking in anything again, and thank god for that. She reacted very badly to the Vertigo effect wave and it dragged her back down this dark road.

'Never again, not if I can help it,' Thea thought to herself.

It was very hard for Thea not to notice the fact that Artemis was giving her sister the silent treatment after what happened tonight. Artemis obviously thought she had things handled, and pride was before a fall.

"So, what's the deal with the mysterious archer?" Thea asked. "Because, this is the same guy or girl…or whatever, who has been taking a shot at some City Councilmembers recently. So, I want to know what's his, or her deal."

Jade answered, shaking her head. "This isn't the first time I've been attacked by someone."

The elevator doors of the clock tower opened up. Sara stepped in, with Cass stepping in behind them.

"So, you're not back in town for ten minutes, and already someone's trying to kill you," Sara said, no sooner than she showed up.

"There are always a lot of people trying to kill me," Jade answered. "I'm just that good at not making
them succeed."

Sara almost could have smiled at the very blasé way which Jade said that, but this was a serious situation. There was a mysterious archer who was attacking people and killing them in the most violent ways possible. The media didn't outright say they thought the Arrow had gone rogue, but they implied enough to allow the general public to come to their own conclusions.

'Ah, hanged by the court of public opinion,' Sara thought to herself. 'Well, you didn't take this job to be popular. You took it because this city needed to be saved.'

"It's not the first time some asshole took a shot at me," Jade said. "I can't figure out what of about the half or so dozen contracts on myself this one is about."

Sara turned around and Felicity stepped out from the control center of the Clocktower. The hacker's shoulders slumped, and she looked very defeated. It was almost frustrating to watch her look this defeated.

"So, there's nothing, nothing about this mysterious archer," Felicity said. "Not one single thing, and you would think, there would be something. But there's really nothing, he doesn't get picked up on the security camera, he doesn't leave any finger prints on the arrows he left behind. Not even nothing."

"Other than I've seen a glimpse of him," Sara said.

"And I have too," Jade said. "They think he's you, don't they?"

Jade's lips curled into a very obvious smile. Sara was glad someone was getting some amusement out of this particular situation, of thinking some mass murdering Archer was her because she wasn't getting it.

"No, it's just, he's taller, and he's wearing different colors," Jade said. "Therefore, he must be you, because he uses a bow and arrow as his weapon of choice."

"The Starling City Police Department can only go off of physical evidence," Sara said.

Jade just turned around, ignoring the stink-eye her sister was giving her now. The fact of the matter was, someone was going to try and kill her. And she heard rumors of an old friend operating in Starling City. Someone who was still a bit sore about how her relationship with Jade ended last time.

'Might have to pay them a visit.'

"I'll let you know if I find out anything else," Jade said.

Without any warning, she slipped out into the shadows. Artemis threw her hands up into the air.

"She obviously knows something, but why would she share vital information about the case?" Artemis asked. "I'll be in the gym punching something if anyone needs me."

Sara was about ready to go talk to her, but she recognized the need for someone who had to blow off some steam and Artemis had to blow off some steam. She noticed her phone ringing and Lyla on the other end.

"I have something for you," Lyla said. "Meet me in ten minutes?"

Lyla's ARGUS connections came through in the end, and Sara could not help but think this was the
break she had been looking for.

The archer clad in black made his way into a rundown apartment with a gym off to the side. It wasn't exactly the most glamorous place in the world, but it was a nice place to hang his hat while he was in Starling City. He got the attention of Starling City's resident archer hero and not a moment too soon.

'She's nothing, you'll be able to take her out.'

The man withdrew his bow and performed several rapid fire shots at the target on the wall. Each arrow stuck into the wall with precision. Each shot looked to be more skilled than the last. The archer lowered his bow and smiled when looking at the wall.

He saw the newspaper clippings on the wall, talking about how the Hood, the Arrow, whatever they were calling her this week, had been officially sanctioned. Newspaper clippings about how the Arrow had saved the city from Brickwell and his gang, had stopped Count Vertigo and had stopped Slade and his army. All of these recent achievements, but the archer had not been impressed.

The archer reared back his arrow and fired one swift shot to the picture of the hood. It might have been grainy, it might have been nondescript, but damn, it was a pretty good target. The Hood pulled back the arrow one more time and fired the arrow directly at the picture in the center.

The archer stepped back and smiled when backing off. He had another problem, Cheshire. His backer told him if he saw Cheshire, to eliminate her. Tonight, he ran into the world-class assassin and almost took her down. Cheshire was slippery and got away.

His backer also told him another thing, never to be seen by the cops. It had been a game of duck and dodging with them, all night long.

So far, he had not been seen by the cops, he had not been caught on camera.

He disappeared into a flicker, into the night. His smile widened when retrieving all of the arrows from the wall. He had never been one to waste ammunition, especially when it was still usable. The only arrows he lost were the arrows he put into the chest of the City Councilmen.

'No big loss, there.'

The archer stretched back against the wall and took a deep breath. Several more deep breaths followed and he stared the wall down. He was ready for one more round of target practice.

The ringing of a phone stopped him in his tracks. The archer reached over and picked the phone off of the ground.

"Komodo, it's me."

The figure on the other end of the phone called the archer, Komodo's expression to darken a little bit.

"Yes, it's you," Komodo said. "Can I help you? I've killed all these Starling City Councilmembers like you asked."

"I've had a package delivered about a third man I want you to kill, or rather, my benefactor wants you to kill," the voice at the end of the phone. "And you haven't gotten Cheshire just yet."

"There are too many hooded archers around this city," Komodo said. "Do you know the Hood has a couple of lackeys now?"
"Always making excuses," the exasperated voice on the other end of the phone said. "You know, if the Hood and her team is the problem, then maybe you should focus your attention on the Hood."

"Oh, you mean, if I take out the Hood, then I finally get access to your oh so exclusive club," Komodo said.

The sarcasm in his voice was overwhelming.

"Actually, yes."

Komodo's expression grew into a frown, but he was very skeptical. Call it from past experience, call it whatever you wanted to, but he knew this woman wasn't exactly one to be very generous, there had to be some kind of catch.

"Well, it's about time," Komodo said. "Because I'm good and damn it, I deserve to be in the club."

"Prove it."

Two words held a lot of weight. The phone line went dead, confirming the conversation was over. Komodo turned around and aimed towards the grainy picture of the Arrow. He fired two shots at the piece of people. The last of the two shots ripped the paper into shreds and caused it to drop down to the ground.

"You're nothing compared to me," Komodo said. "I'm going to show them who the most skilled in Starling City is, you just wait and see."

Sara never could shake the bad feeling she was having for very long. Lyla had information, and judging by the tone of her voice, she really must have stumbled onto something really big. At least, Sara hoped it was big. She hoped it was something which could blow this entire City Councilman assassin mess wide open before too long. Sara tilted her head back and frowned when looking over her shoulder.

'It just seems like I'm taking two steps forward. And Artemis was right, Jade knows something. And I know it's not a good thing she knows something.'

Lyla stepped out of the shadows to meet Sara out in the alleyway behind the Clocktower. Lyla looked over her shoulder for a moment.

"Something wrong?" Sara asked.

"Just making sure I wasn't followed on my way back to base," Lyla said. "Beatriz is covering for me back there, but I should get back soon. Waller, she wants all hands on deck, with what you found out about the League's connection to Vertigo. Do you have anything else?"

"No," Sara said. "Nyssa is looking into it, but she hasn't gotten back to me yet. Guess, we're in the dark now."

"Unfortunately," Lyla said, nodding in confirmation. "Regardless, I have the information. I had to do some digging to get this, but the style of the killings are very familiar to some which happened up in Canada about three or four years back."

Sara nodded and gave Lyla the opportunity to continue talking. Lyla didn't disappoint. She held out a file folder and slipped it towards Sara's hands. She saw the police reports, and the pictures, pictures of several Montreal city officials in bad straights. One of them had been killed in the similar way to
"They say his name is Komodo because he strikes fast and he strikes hard," Lyla said. "There are no clear photos, he's very good about not getting caught on camera."

Lyla pointed towards something.

"There is, however, a composite sketch made by a few of the witnesses, of the man in costume."

Flipping over, Sara caught a glimpse of the picture and frowned. Lyla put a hand on her shoulder.

"So, is this the same guy?" Lyla asked.

"Yeah, it's the same guy," Sara responded. "You better believe this guy is the same kind."

The hooded figure was the very same Sara encountered the other night. This composite sketch raised several more questions than it did answers. Still, it was the same guy, right down to all of the distinctive features underneath the hood.

"He's got a real chip on his shoulder, based on the few pieces of intelligence we've got regarding him," Lyla said. "He's got something to really prove."

"I see," Sara answered, frowning when she looked everything over. "But, he's pretty good by the looks of things."

She hoped he wasn't too good though, at least not good enough for her not to be able to get the drop on him. Sara stretched her neck back with a very obvious way to think. She heard something in her ear piece and decided to investigate.

"Yes, Felicity," Sara said.

"Well, the honorable Horace Beaumont is back in town," Felicity said. "Although, we only found out he was back in town when he was seen at Starling City Square, lying face down in a fountain, with arrows stuck in his back. The girl he was with, she was completely horrified."

Sara looked at the information. She doubted Komodo would have been still in the area, but still, it couldn't hurt for her to make the attempt.

"Good luck," Lyla said.

There was another Starling City Councilmember Sara needed to gather information from, and now she didn't even need to talk to him, he was dead. And now, Komodo struck again.

Each attack caused Quentin Lance a moment of heart burn. The fact they were using arrows to take them down. He had the CSI boys take a crack at it, and while there was no DNA, the arrows were slightly different than the style that the Arrow used.

This evidence hadn't been released yet, but Captain Lance thought it might be a good idea to release it. There were people who thought it was the Arrow, who was behind these attacks. They didn't have the inside information he did, about the attacks, and if he had his way, he would keep it that way.

No one could ever know he knew what his daughters got up to at night. Did he like it? No, he didn't, what father would like to hear his daughters had been putting themselves into the line of fire every night. Did he hate the fact it was necessary his two daughters needed to be out and about, disguising their intentions from the rest of the world?
Oh, you better believe it.

"It's looking more damming every night, she's doing this," one of the police officers said.

"The guy in question, he's wearing black, not green, and he's a guy," the other police officer said.

"Well, we thought the Hood was a guy for over a year," another police officer said. "So, maybe the pressure has gotten to her. Maybe she's cracked….or maybe the Mayor has bought her off."

Quentin heard their words, and it had been a very interesting theory. Not about Sara taking a payoff, but someone else taking a payoff to take out three of the most vocal opponents to Moira Queen's appointment to the Starling City Mayor's office.

Her approval rating had been an enigma, to be honest. It was slowly going up.

And Quentin's stomach sank, when he remembered she did employ an assassin at one time, that being Malcolm Merlyn, the Dark Archer. She said Merlyn was dead. Sara saw the boy. Tommy Merlyn flew back in from Europe and saw the body, identified it positively as his father's.

Quentin wasn't completely convinced though. Call it a crazy hunch, but there was just something wrong here.

"So, another one."

Lance turned around and saw his daughter, in the guise of the Arrow, standing in the shadows.

"One of these days, you're going to give me a heart attack, sneaking up on me like that," the Captain said. "Yeah, another one, Horace Beaumont, he's a real piece of work. Doubt many are going to mourn him if they find out all of what he's done."

Captain Lance walked over to join the Arrow, as far away from his men as possible. He made sure no one was watching.

"Three men who spoke out against the Mayor, they're dead," Quentin said. "And if I've learned one thing on the force, there are no coincidences, not here in Starling City."

"It's not a coincidence," Sara said. "But not for the reasons you think. It's because of Count Vertigo."

There was a name Quentin Lance didn't want to hear ever again in his life. The man who was posing as the Count a couple of years ago, peddling drugs, they were still cleaning up his mess a couple of years ago. A man with the backing of an entire country behind him, well that was something else entirely.

On the rooftop, Komodo perched himself. The Arrow was in his sights, and the Captain of the Starling City Police Department was an added bonus. He had one good shot to make.

He drew back his bow and fired the shot.

_________________________

To Be Continued on August 4 th , 2017.

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Well, at least we have a name for the mysterious archer. And we end the chapter with Komodo ready to make his move. Will he make his shot to fatal consequences?

See you on Friday.
Chapter Sixty-Seven: Proving Ground.

When in the middle of talking with her father, Sara sensed something was off. She just had this feeling which would not go away. The sound of something whirling right behind her showed her instincts were more than correct. The archer had to act not only quickly, but decisively as well.

"OUT OF THE WAY!"

Quentin Lance looked up in surprise, and Sara pulled him out of the way before throwing him down onto the ground. He rolled out of the way and an arrow nearly connected with him. The Captain of the Starling City Police Force saw his entire life flash before him and realized how close he was to be taken down in a blink of an eye.

The Arrow looked up and noticed the figure from above. He withdrew the arrow one more time and tried to shoot her. She dodged it and grappled up on the rooftop. The not so mysterious Archer took a step back and fired a third shot towards Sara, this time firing it at point blank range in an attempt to take her down.

Sara blocked the third shot and came at the archer, trying to nail him with a shot of her own. He was really good though, blocking the shot. Two more arrows had been shot towards him, but he ducked out of the way. The archer showed some surprising agility, running up the wall before he took a running start.

The archer jumped halfway from one rooftop to the next. The hooded vigilante decided to give chase and go after him. She jumped the rooftop just as well, making a firm landing in a blink of an eye. The two raced each other from rooftop to rooftop. Sara withdrew her bow and fired an arrow down upon the ground. The archer dodged the attempt to take him down.

Both stood face to face with each other, both aimed their arrows. Out of the corner of her eye, Sara could see the Starling City police department moving in. They saw the second archer, which hopefully would go a good way in clearing her name, at least she hoped.

She sure hoped it down. Komodo withdrew his arrow and fired towards Sara. She dodged the attack, flipping over onto the ground, and then withdrew her arrow, only to see he disappeared, jumping to the next rooftop in a blink of an eye. Sara shook her head and gave chase once again.

'Not this time, not this time,' Sara thought.

There was no conceivable way she could let him get away. Sara jumped onto the next rooftop and landed firmly and carefully on it. The more she ran across the rooftops, the more the adrenaline inside of her began to pump. Her heart raced and excitement continued to build towards a certain more. She reached the edge and looked around.

Komodo grabbed her around the wrist and pinned her down to the ground. Sara quickly avoided an arrow being pierced into the side of her neck. The archer slipped out of the way, and he was gone once again. Sara closed her eyes and the chase was on again.

They must have gone on a chase around half of Starling City. It was almost like Komodo tried to wear her down and move her in for the kill. Sara rolled her neck, closing her eyes. Boy, would he be in for a shock when it was all said and done. He raced her halfway across the city.
Sara saw a glimpse of him and fired an arrow across the way at him. The shot just missed by a few inches. She tried to nail him in the ankle to slow him down. Unfortunately, he saw that particular line of attack coming.

A gunshot came from below, and Sara had to back off. She was sure one of the Starling City Police Department members tried to take a shot at Komodo, or maybe her. In the dark, it might have been a bit hard to see what archer they were aiming for.

'Not going to take this too personally on them, not at all.'

Sara rolled her neck back, frowning. Everything had gone too quiet. She stopped at the edge of the rooftop, turning her head to the left, and then rolling it slightly to the right.

There was absolutely nothing, and Sara hated the fact there was absolutely nothing. Yet, she wouldn't stand there, holding the bag, not if she could help it.

'Where are you?' Sara thought to herself.

Her head pounded something fierce. The blonde woman turned her neck a fraction of an inch to one side, and then suddenly, an arrow caught her in the side, piercing her. Sara closed her eyes, and pulled the arrow out, only to see Komodo standing above her. The arrow just barely hit the armor, but it didn't mean it didn't hurt.

Komodo dropped down next to The Arrow, a very sadistic grin almost present underneath his head covering. He pointed the arrow towards his target.

"Nothing personal."

The Arrow was taking this very personal. She jumped up high into the air and connected with a kick to the head, dropping Komodo down to the ground Komodo rocked his legs back and did a kip up back to his feet. He jumped halfway up into the air.

Instead of using the Arrow, he tried to punch her out, but Sara blocked the shot. Both of them engaged in a brief hand to hand, something which Komodo wasn't as good at, as long-range combats. Still, the fact he didn't get knocked out straight away showed how respectable he was. Sara nailed him with a huge punch and knocked him to the side of the building.

A blast of powder came up in the air, and a cloud appeared. Sara shielded herself, and then Komodo was gone, disappearing into the night.

She wasn't going to give up the chase just yet, but a piece of paper on the ground gave her pause. Sara bent over, wincing from when the arrow connected to her. Could it be it? A clue for his overall motivations, to finally bring things all to light.

Sara wasn't going to lie, she had been very intrigued. She leaned down onto the ground, scooped up the piece of paper in her hand, and then pocketed it. Without another word, the archer moved off to continue the chase for Komodo all over Starling City.

Artemis closed her eyes and hammered furiously away at a punching bag from the gym in the tower. Tonight, it had gone so well until her sister got involved. Then, it was a thought, Artemis could not have done anything without getting in trouble.

She took out one goon, but Artemis didn't know why this annoyed her, to be honest. She drilled a series of punches to the side of the bag. The bag dangled from the chain, and then Artemis jumped
The doors slid open, and she saw Jade step in. Artemis tried to act like she was a part of the scenery. There had been some issues which had been unresolved between both of them for quite some time. One of the most obvious issues was Jade always upstaging Artemis in battle. It seemed, no matter how hard Artemis tried, and she tried pretty hard, Jade was just a tiny little bit better.

That was pretty galling, to say the least. Artemis threw her arms back, breathing heavily, and then fired more punches at the side of the bag.

"So, you're going to really wear that thing out?"

Artemis turned an attention towards Jade and nodded.

"Just trying to work out some aggressions," Artemis said.

"Yeah, I can tell," Jade said. "I didn't find the guy I was looking for."

"Oh, well you can't get them anytime," Artemis said.

Jade only smiled. She had a passive aggressive nature to her words, but there was also a very clear point to them. No, Jade couldn't get them every time. She watched Artemis move past the room, to grab a towel, and wipe her face off. An idea, to work out their mutual frustrations entered Jade's mind.

Suddenly, but, perhaps not entirely expected, Jade grabbed Artemis around the shoulder, pulled her away from the table, and flipped her down onto the ground. Artemis rolled over, head over heels and got into a battle stance.

She barely had about two seconds to breathe, before Jade rushed and attempted to nail Artemis with a glancing blow to the side of the head. Artemis blocked the punch, turned around and kicked Jade in the side of the head. Jade rolled over onto her back.

The two sisters moved into the center of the room with each other. Artemis swung her arm at Jade. Jade caught her arm right before it connected with her face, before flipping Artemis down over her head and heels and causing her to land onto the ground.

Jade relaxed the grip on Artemis ever so slightly. Artemis took a deep breath, pulling herself to a standing position and went after Jade one more time. And again, Jade took her to school, flipping her down to the ground with one shot. Artemis bounced to her feet, breathing heavily, and went towards Jade one more time.

The third time, unfortunately, was not the charm, with Jade slamming Artemis to the ground one more time. This time, she stood on the back of Artemis's hair. It was not a painful move by any means, but it was a positively demeaning move. Jade put on the pressure for about thirty seconds and then let up.

"I had it tonight!" Artemis yelled. "You shouldn't have gotten in my way, you know!"

Jade didn't answer the question. She only caused Artemis to charge her one more time. The younger sister flipped to the ground from the sudden attack from the older sister. Jade pressed the point of her forearm down across the back of Artemis's head, this time pulling a lot of pressure. Her foot buried into Artemis's lower back before getting her up on the question.

"You're always unfocused!" Jade yelled. "You let your emotions get the better of you, making her
attacks easy to counter."

Case in point, Jade grabbed Artemis's arm and flipped her down to the ground. Jade hooked Artemis right around the point of the elbow. She could have very easily fallen back and snapped Artemis's arm in one fell shot, but stopped and didn't do so.

It would have been the easiest thing in the world to break her sister's arm. Artemis scrambled up to a standing position, taking a deep breath. She backed away from Jade, who turned her attention to something. The door leading to the control room was opening.

"He's slipped away?" Felicity asked. "Yeah, I can see that being frustrating. But at least the police know you're not the one putting arrows through the Councilmembers."

Artemis listened intently at the door, and Jade slowly turned around to focus on her sister. Artemis threw her hands up with a smile on her face.

"It's rude to eavesdrop," Jade said.

"It seems like the archer has taken his focus off of you, and put it onto Sara," Artemis said.

Jade crossed her arms, not too particularly happy about this particular development. There were many reasons, one of which she could not get her hands on the archer who attacked her a few times. And there was also the point of who the archer was working for.

"I don't like this," Jade said, her tone sounding increasingly sour.

"Oh, really?" Artemis asked. "It sounds like to me you are letting your emotions."

"The ninth district?" Felicity asked from the other room. "There's…a lot of rumors about that place. Some illegal activity, but the worst of which is the fact rich douchebags go there every other Friday, to watch people slug it out for Monday. The worst of which is their bum fights, where a pair of homeless people fight it out for a meal….hey, I didn't come up with the idea, I'm just reporting what the rumors are about it."

Jade spent a minute contemplating what she needed to do next, and she had an idea who was behind the ninth district. She decided to excuse herself.

Artemis turned around, just in time to see her sister disappear into the night.

Felicity waited for Sara to check in. She went off to investigate the attack on Horace Beaumont, not exactly the most pleasant man in the world if her information was correct and on point, and Felicity didn't have any doubt about the information being mostly correct and mostly on point, at least for the most part.

"Felicity?" Sara asked.

"Hey, Sara, yeah, I'm still here," Felicity said. "Just burning a cup of coffee, and watching the police scanner….let me guess, you're an into our mysterious archer friend, didn't you?"

"Well, he's not so mysterious now, Lyla dug up some information about him," Sara said. "They call him Komodo, and he tried to attack me and Dad when we were talking, trying to figure out what to do with this little information. He got me with an arrow to the side, and we fought before he gave me the slip. But, I'll find him."
"He's slipped away?" Felicity asked. "Yeah, I can see that being frustrating. But at least the police know you're not the one putting arrows through the Councilmembers."

"If they had any sense, they wouldn't, and my father never believed it, and anyone who would look closely beyond arrows wouldn't believe it either," Sara responded for a second. "He uses a different type of arrows. They are sharper, back a bit of a punch. I should know because one went through my armor."

Felicity winced on Sara's path.

"He's been involved in some very shady dealings," Sara said. "So, what do you know about the ninth district?"

"The ninth district?" Felicity asked a moment later.

A long pause followed and she started to type in on the computer. The network Barbara set up, with her agents across the nation, allowed Felicity to dig up information easily, and she was glad to be a part of it. Their Oracle had been busy, with Felicity being her main operative on the West Coast, although there had been others as well.

"There are a lot of rumors about that place," Felicity said. "A lot of them surrounding a club where all sorts of illegal activities going on. Where every other Friday, rich douchebags go to watch the fights."

"An illegal fight club?" Sara asked. One could almost hear her frustration mounting over the other side of the communication link.

"Yeah, an illegal fight club," Felicity confirmed. "One of their worst aspects are their bum fights, where they have two homeless men fight, the winner gets a warm meal."

"Bum fight?" Sara asked.

"Hey, don't… I'm just reporting the facts," Felicity said. "The problem is, no one knows where this illegal club is exactly in the ninth district. There are… theories about where it might be."

Felicity punched up the information to verify it and sent it through to Sara.

"Club Roulette?" Sara asked.

"Yeah, it's a perfectly legit club, but there have been rumors of some shady dealings underground," Felicity said. "Namely the fight club with the after mentioned bum fights….."

Felicity spent a moment to clear the distaste and disgust out of her mouth.

"Among other things," Felicity said.

"Club Roulette, I've heard of it," Sara said a few seconds later. "It was going to be the subject of a major investigation by the Starling City Police Department because there have been some rumored illegal activities. And then… then the Undertaking happened, and they forgot."

Felicity nodded in confirmation, and threw her head back, thinking about what she wanted to say next.

"You know, Moira might not be the common thread between all of them," Felicity said. "I mean, would you put it past these Councilmembers attending an illegal fight club? They might have tried to
get a little cut of the money, and the owner of the club, she didn't like that."

A long pause followed, with Sara contemplating what she said. Felicity had no idea if Sara thought her idea was sound or her idea was completely stupid. A very long pause followed before Sara responded to Felicity's question.

"I'm going to have to check the club out," Sara said.

"Yeah, well it's borderline impossible to get on the guest list," Felicity said. "And you're not going to be on the guest list, hood or no hood."

"Maybe, but who said I was going to wait for an invitation?" Sara asked. "I'm going to find him, I'm going to find Komodo…"

A blip on Felicity's scanner went off. She moved over towards the scanner and checked the information.

"We might have something," Felicity said. "He's moving towards the Glades, he's close by to one of the areas Merlyn…the old Broken Arms apartment. Which is very strange, given that place is condemned and set for destruction at the beginning of next year."

"Next year, it is," Sara agreed. "But, right now, it makes a perfect location for Komodo to hole up."

Komodo took a deep breath, cradling his arm. Unfortunately, he was not closer to beating the Arrow, then he was the other night or the night before. Roulette was going to tell him off, and deny him entry to the club. He was so close. He wanted to fight their undefeated champion, really prove something.

'It was so close, I could have had it,' Komodo thought.

Komodo closed his eyes, stretched his arm, and dropped it to the ground. There was more than his fair share of bumps and bruises all over his damaged arm. He set it and winced.

Picking up the bow, Komodo fired. He was still able to fire, still the best shot, well second best shot in Starling City. And while he did clip the Arrow, he did not put the hooded vigilante down for the count. This particular fact proved to eat away at Komodo.

Suddenly, the windows broke open, and one hooded archer dropped down in front of him. Komodo's eyes turned towards the Hood, in shock. He loaded up the bow and fired. The Hood deflected the attack and fired one of her own. Komodo launched himself behind the couch, dropping down to the ground.

The two arrows stuck behind the couch. Komodo rose up from the couch and tried to nail the Arrow with an arrow, fired towards her. She dodged the arrow and returned fire.

There wasn't that much room in here to maneuver.

"It's nothing personal!" Komodo yelled. "I know, taking you out is going to get me some street cred, gets me front row and center and gets me a crack at the champion."

The Arrow fired one right in his wrist, causing him to drop down onto the table. She rushed him and caught him directly in the face with a knee. Komodo grabbed a ratty rug out from underneath the Arrow and tried to yank it. She was too savvy and jumped up on the edge of the couch.
Komodo went for his quiver, but Arrow fired three shots, pinning it to the ground. She repelled down and kicked him in the face.

The one million dollar prize money slipped away and caused him to flip over onto the ground. Komodo tried to nail his hooded attacker. Now that he had been disarmed, in more ways than one, with Komodo being flipped over onto the ground. The Arrow grabbed his arm and tried to bend it back.

"Shit, you're breaking my arm!" Komodo groaned.

"Tell me why you targeted the Starling City Councilmembers!" The Arrow yelled.

Komodo was about to tell her to wear to go, but he found it was hard to talk, given his arm was being contorted in every which way. She held onto him, bending the arm back. It was several seconds away from snapping. Sweat rolled down his face when he groaned.

"Alright, alright, I've got pay the bills, and it was just a setup, a test, for something bigger," Komodo groaned.

She put a little bit more pressure on the arm, without breaking it. Komodo thrashed about underneath the Hood's grip, looking like a fish out of water. He tried to break out, but there appeared to be no way out, at least none he could see. The threatening of bones breaking made him talk even more.

"So, that's where you went after Cheshire and me, right?" The Hood asked.

"Yeah, yeah, I did," Komodo groaned. "It's about the ninth district…Club Roulette…the million dollar prize against the undefeated champion!"

The Hood released his arm.

"Who would miss a few Starling City Councilmembers, and a wanted assassin?" Komodo asked. "You, on the other hand, you were on a whim."

The doors of the apartment broke open, with Captain Lance leading the charge. "Alright, Starling City Police Department, freeze!"

Komodo couldn't very well fight. Finally, after all of those years, the ride was over, but it was a hell of a ride.

"So, it was another one, wasn't it?" one of the officers asked.

Some of them had egg on their faces, thinking the worst of the Arrow. The only way the Starling City Police Department saved face was because Quentin refused to release a public statement condemning the Arrow. There were going to be a few media outlets with egg on their face, but when didn't they have egg on their face.

The Arrow moved out to the rooftop across the street, to watch Komodo get hauled out. She would have to return, to see what else Felicity found out about the ninth district and about Club Roulette. Tonight wasn't over, oh no, not by a longshot, it was just beginning.

Jade knew it was Club Roulette, it had to be Club Roulette, and she was going to find a way inside of that club. A blip appeared on the ear piece she had. Sighing, Jade pressed the ear piece in.

"Yeah," Jade said.
"Jade?" Artemis asked.

"Yeah," Jade said, repeating her word.

"Where are you?"

"I'm hunting," Jade said.

"Well, you don't have to, the Arrow got to Komodo, and he's now in police custody," Artemis said. "I'm just calling to tell you there's no need for you to look for him because he's already in….."

"Yeah, Komodo's been arrested, good to know," Jade said. "I'll talk to you later, Artemis."

She shut off the link, knowing it would just be an unnecessary distraction to get inside. She made her way to the front door. There was a sign on the front door of the above ground version of Club Roulette. The sign said it was closed for renovations until after the first of the year.

'Well, if it's closed, I better go home,' she thought, sarcasm dripping from her thoughts.

Jade held onto the door and tried to give it a nudge. The door was locked in tight. She would just have to find an alternate way in.

She first snuck into a club when she was thirteen and had been sneaking into places ever since. Jade stepped around to the side of the building.

Jade threw herself back against the wall to avoid a dart impacting the side of her neck. She turned her attention towards a guard, a very tall and well built woman. She stuck out like a sore thumb, almost looked like an Amazon come to think of it.

The woman rushed forward with a dagger extended towards Jade's throat. Jade blocked the attack and took her down to the ground. Jade leaned in to try and search for a key to make her way inside a lot easier.

It left her open to a large clubbing blow to the back of the head and something jabbed into the back of her neck. The assassin's vision became blurry and she swung her fist at the air. It took a couple of moments before the poison finally caused her to succumb to unconsciousness. She collapsed down onto the ground.

A woman dressed in a red dress, with a very prominent dragon tattoo on her leg stepped forward. She turned to two more guards, as tall as the first one.

"Check her, strip her of any concealed weapons," she ordered her two bodyguards. "And bring her inside when you're done."

The woman, Roulette, smiled, she had the other half of her main event for tomorrow night. She watched the Amazon bodyguards drag Cheshire out of sight to give her a very dedicated strip search to make sure there were no surprises tonight.

To Be Continued on August 8th, 2017.

A quick programming note, those who follow Stronger Together, that returns this Sunday.
Now Sara wrapped up Komodo, she could focus on other things. Namely, finding out what to do about Komodo's super-secret benefactor; this little investigation jumped to the highest priority on Sara's list. She returned back to the Clocktower. Last night had been a very long night, and she suspected tonight was going to be the same long night. She just had a hunch anyway, and those hunches often proved to be very correct.

Felicity had been hard at work in front of the computer. The blonde woman chewed dowm on the edge of her lip when working on digging up some information. Sara put a hand on the side of Felicity's arm and caused her to jump halfway up off of the chair on the desk. Felicity settled back onto the desk, breathing heavily.

"I still don't know why you get off on giving people heart attacks," Felicity said.

Sara's lips curled into a smile. "What's the point in being here if I can't keep you on your toes?"

Felicity shook her head. "There's keeping someone on their toes, and there's also scaring someone half to death. I think you've gone too far into the scaring someone half to death category to do any good. I suppose I should see it coming though."

The tech genius breathed heavily. The heroine looked at her hacker and it was obvious she wanted information. Felicity wanted to give it, believe her, but this situation had started to spiral out of control very fast. Her lips curled into a frown when returning to the screen.

"Okay, while you were busy dusting off Komodo, I was busy trying to find out more about District Nine," Felicity said. "Club Roulette has apparently been shut down for renovations until after the first of the year. Everything is boarded up, at least on the outside."

Sara nodded which showed Felicity she paid attention. Felicity decided to keep pressing on with more information.

"Right, Club Roulette is closed," Felicity said. "That doesn't say anything for any other operations which are outside of Club Roulette. Which brings us to the Underground, the rumored fight club. I'm not sure if it's exactly underneath Club Roulette, but it's a very exclusive guest list. You have to know someone who knows someone who knows someone who…"

Felicity decided to nip this in the bud.

"You get the point don't you?" Felicity asked.

Sara waved her hand. "Yeah, I get the point. You need to be well connected to even get through the front door. I get that, but what's her connection with Komodo?"

"She might be running a test to see if he's worthy to enter the club," Felicity said. "It's not just the bum fights which are her only gimmick, as horrific and exploiting as they can be. No, no, no, it's far from it. There aren't just bum fights, there are actual championship prize fights."

Drawing in a deep breath, Felicity brought up the information she was looking for.
"Which brings me to this guy," Felicity said. "Ben Turner, the Bronze Tiger…..a long time ago, he was a championship boxer, undefeated in the ring. He was on the fast track to becoming a big deal, after dominating the amateur rankings, and was about to go into the pros."

Sara did not follow boxing that closely, but she was sure Felicity had something in store for her information wise.

"Turner was busted for armed robbery, about four years back," Felicity said. "He swears up and down, he didn't do it. He swears he was set up, but he spent a year in prison before some high priced backers bailed him out."

"Roulette?" Sara asked.

"Yeah, that's pretty much what I figure too," Felicity said. "Who else could it be? She's using Turner, the boxing prodigy, as her star attraction. And so far, he's defeated pretty much everyone who he's gone again. Komodo was auditioning to be his next opponent, but you put a stop to that."

Felicity dragged up some information on an Internet forum. It was very secure, although obviously not too secure.

"The prize money is up to a hundred million dollars, for anyone who can knock out Turner," Felicity said. "Bets are pretty high as well. The longest anyone who has lasted with him is three rounds."

Sara bit down on her lip. She could tell there was, even more, going on here than met the eye. She wondered how far deep Felicity was going to dive down this particular rabbit hole to find out what's happening.

"They're discussing Roulette hyping a big opponent here," Felicity said. "I'm pretty sure they intended it to be Komodo, but you know, you kind of ruined their main event. Good thing they have the fine print of card subject to change."

A knock on the door broke Sara out of her thoughts.

"Come in!"

The door opened and Artemis stepped into the room. In an instant, Artemis looked extremely pale, and Sara wondered what the hell was going on. She knew right now Artemis had done something or seen something bad.

"Jade might have done something stupid," Artemis said without Sara even asking. "Her pride's been insulted, I don't know how, but she went off to investigate the Underground….you know the club underneath Club Roulette."

"Of course we know, because both of you were listening in on our conversation about it, weren't you?" Sara asked.

Artemis backed against the wall, slumping back. She took in a deep breath and responded with a very light nod. She did not know what to do, other than admit what happened. There were times like this where it was far better to ask for forgiveness, then beg for permission. Here was one of those times.

"Yell at me later, if you have to," Artemis said. "She's on her way to the Underground, and she's going to try and see who is backing Roulette. And she shut off her communication link before going inside. And if she wasn't in trouble, she really should have checked back by now."
Felicity frowned and decided to lock into the ear piece Jade was using. It was a long shot, mostly because Jade was savvy enough to disable the equipment before using it. She got a beeping on the other end of the screen which proved to Felicity about that much.

"Yeah, she's disabled it, alright," Felicity said. "And I'm not getting a backup signal either. Someone must have removed it, or they have a dampener down there, preventing outside communications. Given the kind of work she's doing, Roulette I mean…"

"Let's go," Sara said. "How long did she shut off the communication?"

Artemis slumped against the wall, looking rather agitated by the question. Her voice was small when choking out the answer. "About four hours ago, it was when you were out fighting that Komodo guy."

"We better hurry then."

Jade slowly pulled herself back to consciousness. The back of her head hurt because something punched it with the force of the cinderblock. She leaned against the wall, the chains starting to rattle. This was not the worst predicament she had been in oddly enough. Still, it was pretty much on the top of the list.

She had been trapped in an underground cell, which had a clear wall on the other side. Jade could not have broken free from the chains even if she wanted to. They had been reinforced to hold her in place. Jade tried to lift her hand up but said hand snapped back against the wall. She drew in a very deep breath and sighed.

"Good, you're awake."

Jade turned her attention to the woman who stood on the other side of the cell. She was a tall woman of Asian descent, what country Jade had never been able to quite figure out, wearing sunglasses, in a long red dress. She had a prominent dragon tattoo on her long leg.

"It took a lot of effort to get you here," Roulette said. "I was afraid for a minute you wouldn't be enticed."

Roulette leaned forward towards the cell. Jade's look of contempt increased for this woman.

"And if there's nothing I can do better, it's enticing you to come when I want you to," Roulette said. "I was hoping you would get here tonight."

"Well, I'm here," Cheshire said. "For better or for worse, I'm here….but what was your game? Did the City Councilmen learn too much about your operations?"

"They knew enough, but they just presented an interesting target," Roulette said. "If they really thought they could blackmail me, they had another thing coming. Still, you're here tonight, and that's a very good thing. Tonight's events weren't as much of a test for Komodo, as they were a test for you, Jade."

Jade's eyes widened when looking towards Roulette. The woman's face curled into a very sadistic smile. Jade knew there was something off about this particular woman. She did not like the expression on the woman's face, not even by a longshot.

She was thinking of ways to get out of here. While she was thinking of ways to escape, it would have been prudent to keep Roulette engaged in her favorite hobby, having a conversation. Jade
leaned back up and stared Roulette point blank in the eye.

"Whatever sick game you're playing, I'm not...."

Roulette lifted one hand up in front of Jade's face. Jade stopped and stared back at Roulette. She smiled.

"My funders, they want a big return on the investment, and the fights in this club.....well they have lost a bit of their luster," Roulette said. "You see, there's a problem when you have an unbeatable champion who crushes his opponents and makes everyone look second rate. It's not compelling at all. People don't want to come to see a fight where they already know the result before they come out. That's not fun."

Jade wondered whether or not Roulette would get to her point. The woman did, in a roundabout way. Her eyes locked onto Jade.

"Therefore, tonight's main event is going to be the Bronze Tiger against one of the most skilled fighters in the world, a woman notorious in several countries, the sinister, Cheshire!"

Cheshire thought Roulette spun a pretty good story, but she wasn't going to be inclined to play the game. Still, Roulette wasn't done.

"This is big money," Roulette said. "I could call in a favor, bring in Lady Shiva, for example, to take on the Bronze Tiger, but there are two things. For one, her price tag is out of my budget, and second, of all, she would chew up the Bronze Tiger and destroy him. I want him to come back for the next fight. Even if he loses tonight, it won't be a humiliating beating."

Jade hated the implication she was just another opponent for this Bronze Tiger.

"You and Bronze Tiger, you would be a more even match. What do you think?"

"You're afraid of me, that's why you had your thugs take me down," Cheshire said. "If you want a match tonight, then, have it be against me. Step into the cage, and we can settle things once and for all."

"Yes, I still owe you after what happened," Roulette said. "But, those days are long since over. Tonight, you're going to step into the ring with Bronze Tiger. You're going to step into that cage, and you're going to give these people a show they're never going to forget."

Roulette took a deep breath and got into her promoter voice. She needed to convince the marks, as the lingo in the fighting world, to spend their money.

"If you beat Bronze Tiger, if you survive him, you get me in the cage," Roulette said. "The battle tonight his hand to hand, man to man....well woman to man in this case."

Roulette's smile was not shared by Cheshire at all.

"But, what if you refuse this fight?" Roulette asked. "Well, it's well within your rights to refuse. But, your family is going to suffer from it."

"Leave them out of this!" Jade yelled.

Artemis was safely at the clock tower, thankfully, but she was not the only family member who Roulette could use.
"Your mother is helpless, she has a small chance she may wake up from that coma she's in," Roulette said. "But, if you refuse to fight tonight, my benefactors are going to ensure that Paula Crock never wakes up."

Jade's look burned with pure hatred. She could not believe Roulette would have gone this far. The woman most certainly had changed, or someone had put a lot of pressure.

"See you in the ring tonight," Jade said. "Because I will beat Bronze Tiger."

"I really wish I was recording this," Roulette said. "It would bring in more eyeballs."

The night passed over Starling City, and Artemis and Sara were on the outside of Club Roulette. Just like Felicity informed them, the doors of Club Roulette were locked tight, and the actual main club was closed for renovations.

"She must be throwing all of her work into the fight club," Artemis said. "Do you think we have any luck in getting inside?"

"Well, there's always a way, I suppose," Felicity said. "I mean, Jade found a way into the Underground, at least we assume she did. I can't help but think that was by design though if you know what I mean. They tricked her, I don't want to go all Ackbar and say it's a trap, but…"

"It was," Sara said. "Nyssa is out of touch…..I know the League worked with Roulette before in the past."

"Oh, come on you just casually drop this knowledge out of the blue," Felicity said.

Sara just smiled and shook her head. She always enjoyed making Felicity's mind get blown. It was a really amused her, but that was beside the point.

"We're going to have to improvise," Sara said. "So, did you have any luck in finding us a way inside?"

"Let me see," Felicity said. "Well, these plans are out of date, but I think I have a pretty good idea… you're going to have to be a bit creative though to get inside."

"Fine, lay it on me."

"Okay, the club is similar to the one the Talon had in Starling City, in fact, Roulette purchased this club a couple years ago in a deal with the Court of the Owls. I guess they needed money or had no use for the club, or something, I don't really know."

"Well, did you find a way inside?" Sara asked.

"Yeah, yeah, I'm getting there," Felicity said. "The Underground, as I said, is similar to the club you had to rescue Barry in back in Central City. Although there might have been some modifications. I think though, looking at these floor plans and looking at the map of Starling City Slade was using last year to traffic the Mirikuru in, I think I've found you way in."

Felicity took a deep breath.

"Right, the Meat Packing Factory across the street, it was shut down for health code violations, but there's a hatch in the basement, and then there's an underground tunnel. The tunnel stops in the basement, which should lead you into the basement of Club Roulette."
The hacker took a breath.

"Now, here's the kicker, at least I think this is the kicker," Felicity said. "I'm not sure if the Underground is in the basement, or somewhere underneath the basement. It's not exactly on any official map, so you're going to have to do some digging around."

"Getting in the basement is going to be the easy part," Sara said. "Getting inside the club is going to be more difficult."

"Yeah, especially with every single low life with a grudge against you there," Felicity said. "Okay, not everyone, but you know. It's going to be very bad if you're seen, you know that."

"Relax, I'm fine," Sara said. "Trust me."

"Oh, I know, just…..you're not going to tell me to chill out, are you?" Felicity asked.

"Felicity, chill out."

Artemis almost broke out into laughter, until Sara gave her one of those looks. The two women head across the street into the Meat Packing Plant. They went past the signs which said it had been condemned. One of the doors already had been broken open, although not recently. It made their trip inside very easy.

A hulking black gentleman with a couple of scars covering his face crouched in front of a punching bag. He took in a deep breath and reared back his hand. He punched at the bag. He fired more punches to the side of the bag and got more agitated, more intense.

The system failed him, just like it failed his parents before him, and the rest of his people. Ben Turner had everything going in the world. He was undefeated in the amateurs and was about ready to go to professional boxing. Tragedy struck him when his trainer died just a month after Turner got the call-up. His trainer, who was the closest thing to a father he ever knew, after his parents died from gang violence.

Turner hammered against the bag. Sweat rolled down the man's face, but he refused to back off from slamming his fist into the bag. Every single opponent flashed through his mind. The people who flashed the most in his mind were the police, the police who caught him at the scene of the crime when he had been trying to save the woman who was getting assaulted.

It was not even because of the color of his skin, it was because he did not know the right people. It was a black cop who arrested him and roughed him up. Two of the gang bangers were black, and another was Hispanic, but they had their connections on the force. Their corrupt fathers pulled some strings and let their sons go free, to harm more people. Turner spent a year of his life in prison, his career over, his career in disgrace. He hated it.

Punch, punch, punch, Turner thought about the system, the courts, the people who threw him into prison, and all of those people caused his rage to increase. Turner obliterated the bag with a swinging punch and it rocked back and forth on the chain. Turner took a deep breath and slammed his hand into the bag one more time.

"You should slow down, you're going to burn yourself out before the fight."

Turner turned towards the smiling woman, the woman with the dragon tattoo on her leg standing in the door. Roulette, Turner knew all about her. Her benefactors broke him out of prison and took him to the Underground, where he started fighting.
"Well, if I'm tired, then you might have a bit more interesting of a fight," Turner said.

"Listen to me…"

Turner raised his hand. Roulette stepped back, frowning when looking at Turner.

"No, you listen to me!" Turner yelled. "You've been throwing me nothing, but tomato cans for months and months. I've crushed them. I can take them out, I can beat these people in my sleep. Do you hear me, woman? I can beat them in my sleep."

"Calm down," Roulette told him.

"I'm a prize fighter, not a dog fighter," Turner said. "You've been throwing me scraps of meat."

Roulette slapped him hard in the face and Turner turned towards her. His nostrils started to flare and he was breathing heavily.

"Tonight's going to be a big night for you, champ," Roulette said. "I've got you an opponent. You've heard of Cheshire, haven't you?"

"I thought you said you were bringing in this guy who called himself Komodo to fight me tonight," Turner said.

"Plans change," Roulette said.

"Yeah, I've heard of her," Turner said. "So, that's it? You've got Cheshire to agree to fight me tonight?"

"Well, agreement isn't the right word, but yes, she's willing to step into the ring with the champ," Roulette said. "And let's face it, champ, your reputation, it speaks for itself, doesn't it. You're a bad, bad man, aren't you? Imagine the credibility you're going to get tonight if you beat the legendary assassin in the cage. Imagine, it."

Turner put his hand underneath his chin to ponder and nodded.

"Yeah, that would be something, wouldn't it?" Turner asked. "I'm sick of fighting tomato cans, and jabronis and chumps!"

"One hundred fights won in the Underground," Roulette said. "Eighty of them leading to fatal injuries. You're a bad man…no man is going to stop you!"

Turner bobbed his head and knuckled up as if to say "yeah, that's right!"

"You're bad, bad man!" Roulette yelled at him. "It's time for you to get in the zone, and do this! It's time for you to defeat him! You can do it!"

"Yeah, I can do it!" Turner yelled. "No man can stop me, and no woman either, no one can stop me."

"Remember, I have a hundred million dollars riding on you winning," Roulette said. She slapped him on the shoulder and caused Turner to nod. "So, go out there and get it done."

For the first time, Ben Turner actually became fired up for one of his fight. Every two weeks, it was like punching a clock. Go out there, throw some punches, pound some poor hapless idiot into paste, leave the ring, and go back to do the same thing about two weeks later.
Cheshire might actually give him a challenge, and the Bronze Tiger's excitement reached a fever pitch. He bobbed his head and started to punch at the air.

Felicity's theory had proven to be right. Getting inside of the basement, was the easiest part. They made their way down the hallway, which had been lined with guards. Artemis made a movement to jump in. Sara held her hand on the younger girl's shoulder and stopped her.

The Arrow surveyed her surroundings. She noticed the position of the guards, and they appeared to be guarding a door at the end of the hallway. She hovered her hand at the edge of the bow and started to point it down the hallway. Sara zeroed in on the box at the end of the hallway.

The shot connected and hit the box. The lights in the hallway went off and caused the security guards to scramble, to see what the hell was wrong. Sara and Artemis both activated the thermal sensors underneath their Hood and allowed them to get past the guards without detection and make their way inside the door.

They lost touch with Felicity, thus proving the communication jammer theory to be true. Both of the women found a stairwell leading into the arena. Both climbed up in time to see several men and women cheering for blood and carnage. They stuck to the shadows.

Sara caught a glimpse of Roulette from her position. They tried to make their way up to get a closer look, without being seen by the goons underneath.

"This way."

Tigress and the Arrow made their way around the corner and started down each other. They saw two Amazon woman bringing Jade down to the cage in chains. She was getting heckled by the fans and there were chants of "TIGER'S GONNA KILL YOU!" ringing throughout the fight club.

Jade fell to her knees in the cage. The ring she stood in had six sides and the cage extended about twenty feet high if that. It was made of razor wire, so hitting it hurt like hell.

"With this kind of blood lust, you'd think we were in a Bingo Hall," Artemis whispered.

"Keep moving," Sara said.

"Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to tonight's main event attraction!" Roulette called. "We have a good one tonight, where the world famous Cheshire has agreed to step into the cage and fight our undefeated champion Bronze Tiger, for fifteen rounds in the cage. The only rules are, the one left standing at the end of the fight is the winner."

Bronze Tiger stepped into the cage to stand up to Cheshire. Cheshire stood up to face him.

The Arrow caught sight of a couple of familiar faces in the club. Also, the look on Roulette's face showed how much money she was set to fight in. Sara put her hand on her bow.

"To our fighters, I don't want a good clean fight," Roulette said. "Let's get it on!"

The two hooded heroines moved through the shadows for their moment as the bell rang, to signal the first round. They noticed there was no referee in the cage, it could only be called when the fighter with the advantage got sick of beating down their opponent.

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To Be Continued on August 11th, 2017.
Chapter Sixty-Nine: Escape from the Underground

Sara regarded the situation around her very carefully. To say this was going to be an anxious couple of moments would be putting it very lightly, and things were getting worse when Roulette announced the main event match. Sara knew Jade could handle herself for long enough, thankfully. It gave her more than enough time to focus on some of the patrons in the Underground and see how very good things were not being.

She took in her deepest breath and looked around, going from one side to the other. Artemis stood right next to her and the younger girl went through the same moments of recognition Sara had. They made a mental checklist of everyone in the Underground and none of these people were among the most upstanding citizens possible. Sara noticed one familiar face straight away.

One of them was part of a ring of drug dealers Sara had been trying to crack for some time. He had slipped away after Sara nailed most of his fellow drug dealers. Now, he returned to the Underground, to be part of tonight's entertainment. Sara looked to see the bloodlust in his eyes. And he was not the only one who had that particular high-level amount of bloodlust dancing in his eyes. Pretty much every single person who entered the Underground tonight was out for blood of some sort.

'It's not exactly a crowd full of people who are into wholesome entertainment,' Sara thought. 'There's no more City Councilmembers here, at least none that I can see off hand.'

Sara made it her business to know pretty much every single official in this town by just looking at them. Not all of them were bad, and Sara was glad to have dealt with some of the more even-minded Starling City officials. Many of them though, they had their own agenda, and Sara could not help Moira's role in the Undertaking compromised this agenda greatly.

Oh, no, they did not care about the people of Starling City. The people in Starling City were merely the means to achieve something great. What these people cared about, and this was what Sara thought about the more she moved around, was lining their own pocket. They were in bed with several of the most high ranking crime bosses in Starling City.

Speaking of which, there were several of those here as well. Sara recognized some of those high-ranking mob bosses, along with a few mercenaries. There were other people she did not know, but one look at them said they were not invited because they were not necessarily the salt of the Earth.

Sara turned off to the side, catching one particular look at Artemis. The younger girl looked very anxious, and for a particularly good reason. It was her sister in the cage. Sara managed to catch a glimpse of the cage from the vantage point. So far, Jade was doing well enough against the Bronze Tiger. At least, she did not go down like any of his other previous opponents had.

The crowd inside of the Underground were screaming for blood. Sara and Artemis needed to both move quickly. A pair of women dressed in hoods, with archery gear, would draw attention. Thankfully, they had a bit of a reprieve from any unwanted attention, as most of the attention had been drawn straight into the area of the cage.

Artemis tilted her head back. Sara grabbed her lightly by the shoulder.
"We make our move when the time is right," Sara said.

For once, Artemis decided not to be impulsive and jump into the battle. She had a very good reason to do so, but even more reasons not to do so. The woman's body relaxed and there was one constant jammering of thoughts going through her head.

'We don't have to just fight the Bronze Tiger, Roulette, her security, but it's very likely we're going to fight all of them.'

Artemis chanced a look at her sister. Naturally, Jade was holding her own inside of the cage with the undefeated champion of the Underground. Something about that just put a smile on Artemis's face, even if she had put her odds at Jade.

'Maybe it isn't such a bad thing you got your ass kicked by someone who is hanging toe to toe with a world class fighting champion,' Artemis thought to herself.

She turned her attention towards Sara, who was taking a look at both the security leading to the cage, and the way inside of the cage. The door was locked and guarded against the outside. Both hooded heroines agreed the door being locked in this way must have been a means to keep the fighters in.

The bell rang, and there was a thirty minute rest period before the second round. Not that long of a time, and normally, it ended before then. The people in the crowd were on the edge of their seats, they thought something really special was about to happen, to be perfectly honest.

"We're going to have to get in there somehow," Artemis said. "I just don't know how."

"We're going to have to dim the lights first," Sara whispered. "We need to slowly move back…..there should be a power box somewhere back here…at least, I think there are."

Artemis turned her attention away from the cage. They moved towards what appeared to be a VIP area. A prominent mob boss in Starling City stood back, with a couple of attractive women young enough to be his daughter, hanging over him. The champagne started to flow.

Tigress and the Arrow moved past the mobsters, it was a small miracle they did not get caught by anyone then. Everyone was either too engrossed in the fights, too drunk, or were so used to odd shady people sneaking around, they just brushed it off as another night on the Underground. Regardless though, the two hooded women made their way into position.

"I've got it," Sara said. "Right there…..keep an eye out while I disable it."

Sara learned not to grow too dependent on Felicity for these sort of things, and she knew she could disable the power to the area. She figured the backup power, if there was a backup power, would kick on in about three or four minutes or so.

Tigress turned her attention and watched as the battle between Bronze Tiger and Cheshire continued to take place inside of the cage. Despite Cheshire's ability to handle herself, Tigress could still feel a little bit anxious with everything which was going on.

'Come on Jade.'
"You're holding back," Cheshire said. "What's the matter? Afraid to hit a girl?"

"Hell no, I'm all about equal rights," Bronze Tiger said. "You want to dance, let's dance, lady. You want to fight, you better believe we're going to fight."

"Well, if you want to fight, then let's fight!" Cheshire yelled.

"I'm going to knock you out so hard…"

Bronze Tiger threw two hurling haymakers of a punch at Cheshire. He was a boxer by trade, and this made him a very predictable attacker in Cheshire's minds. He won by pounding his even more arrogant opponents into a pulp. It served Cheshire to stick and not get hit.

One punch almost came close towards knocking her in the face. She saw him move off to the side, keeping his right side away from her. Most fighters would not notice this attack, but Jade did. She knew it would serve her well if this little point on him had been exploited.

"If you're going to hit me, hit me!" Cheshire yelled. "Don't waffle on hitting me….unless you're just an oversized pussy with sharp teeth, just like your name!"

Bronze Tiger rushed towards Cheshire and this time, he caught her with a right hook. The crowd cheered at the large man about twice the woman's size lifting her up and knocking her off of the ground. Cheshire rolled over, rubbing the side of her lip.

"That's kind of sad," Cheshire said. "My baby sister hits harder than that….when she was five."

The undefeated cage fighter rushed towards Cheshire and tried to knock her for a loop one more time. Cheshire dodged the flowing hook punch and caught him on the side of the neck with the jab. The Bronze Tiger stepped back, howling out in agony.

She tapped the pressure point on the side of the neck, and it aggravated a pinched nerve in the Bronze Tiger's neck from his fighting days. He was having trouble getting the doctors to clear him when all of his legal issues when down. His legal issues made it a non-factor.

Cheshire rolled over towards him and flipped the Bronze Tiger down to the ground. The fans grew in excitement, realizing the Bronze Tiger went down to the ground. The Bronze Tiger staggered to his feet, and Cheshire nailed him with an uppercut to the side of the neck. She popped up and nailed him with a kick to the side of the head, and another kick.

She went behind the Bronze Tiger and nailed him with a jab to the lower back. The Bronze Tiger's legs twitched like madly! He was about ready to topple over. Cheshire kept pounding away at his lower back and causing him a multitude of issues.

"No, no, no!" The Bronze Tiger growled.

Cheshire reared back and nailed him one last nerve blow to the side of the neck. The Bronze Tiger's body dropped down to the ground, his body going limp like a board. Cheshire stood over the top of him, his body suppline on the canvas.

Everyone had gone in a hush. The Bronze Tiger's undefeated streak inside of the Underground was over. Even Roulette's eyes widened when she saw Cheshire had taken down the undefeated champion. One would think they had gone deaf with how silent things were.

Cheshire looked up towards Roulette who had been standing above the cage. Both of the women exchanged a look. Cheshire's eyes locked onto the woman high above the ground on them. Both
knew what was going to happen next, and neither could avoid it.

"The winner, of tonight's main event, Cheshire!"

Several beer bottles crashed into the side of the cage. It became very obvious to Jade that there were people who bet big money on the Bronze Tiger to win tonight because he always won. Now, his mystique had been broken, he was beatable. This was the first time he lost in anything, whether it be through the amateur ranks or through the underground.

The people in the Underground were about ready to riot. Which may prevent Cheshire's attempts to get to Roulette, which agitated the younger woman to no degree, and her fists curled into each other. She would not be frustrated, no, not by a longshot.

Before Cheshire could make her move, the lights in the club dimmed before going completely out.

Tigress and the Arrow made their move. They dropped down onto the ground, and the backup spotlights came on. Both came face to face with a pair of Amazon guards. Arrow had been surprised, she heard Diana mention there were splinter groups of Amazons in the past, but hearing there were splinter groups and seeing them up close and personal were two very different things.

One of the Amazons charged Sara before she could give this matter too much more thought. Sara dodged the attack from the Amazon and spun her around. She nailed the Amazon warrior with a huge punch to the back of the head. The Amazon turned around and swung the baton towards Sara. The baton caused a large rush through the air.

Tigress backed off from the Amazon who attacked her. The woman lifted up her hands, but Tigress caught her in the knee. Tigress rolled over and aimed an arrow towards the light rigging above the arena on her back. One arrow severed the rope and sent a large spotlight dropping down onto the head of the Amazon.

Sparks started to fly when the Amazon had been taken down, but not out for the count. Sara tangled up one of the Amazons.

"Hey, it's the Hood!"

Tigress and Artemis turned to each other. The people in the crowd stopped rioting, just enough to noticed that two of their most hated people in the world were there. Sara turned towards Artemis, who nodded.

Both of the women scaled up the cage, and away from the mobsters.

"Wait, why are we trapping ourselves instead of getting away?" Artemis asked.

"I have a plan," Sara said.

On one hand, Artemis could hardly wait. On the other hand, her anxiety hit a brand new level. She hoped Sara's plans were as good as they normally were. Otherwise, they would be up a creek without a paddle, to have the old saying.

"You just couldn't stay out of trouble for five minutes, could you?" Sara asked.

Jade only responded with a half shrug and a half smile. "Something tells me, I won't be getting that prize money though….a shame, really."

The mobsters stormed the guardrail. Security and Roulette already had fled the Fight Club, which left
Tigress, Cheshire, and the Arrow inside of the cage. There was a chaotic scene around the cage, with the mobsters, mercenaries, and just other dregs of society working with each other.

"Someone help me detach this cage," Sara said.

Sara moved up to try and undo one of the bolts holding up the cage. Jade did the same thing, and the two of them worked the cage off of the hinges. It rocked back and forth, with Artemis moving up to the cage to assist her sister and mentor. The trio struggled to get the cage down off of the hinges and they tried to push it over.

The cage toppled, breaking in half. The razor wire wall cage dropped down to the ground and caught the mobsters. Agony spread through the bodies of all of the trapped individuals.

The side entrances of the club broke open, as the Starling City Police Department, backed up by the SWAT team, made their way inside the side of the club. Sara, Artemis, and Jade decided now it was time to make their way out through the chaos.

Unfortunately, Roulette was not among the people in the club. Jade's breathing increased, her teeth gritted in frustration to be perfectly honest. There would come a time where she would get a hold of Roulette. Now would not be the time, as she needed to worry about getting herself out of there with her mental stability intact.

"So, you broke into an Underground fight club, tonight?" Thea asked over the phone when Artemis was talking to her. "I wish I would have been there….."

"Actually, I wouldn't," Artemis said. "I'm not even sure if I should have been there. We were very lucky to get out the back door alive."

"What's the point in me suiting up and fighting crime if I have to play it safe?" Thea asked. "Don't you think I worry about you when you're outside. You're a bit more reckless than I am."

"That's up for a lot of debate," Artemis said. "Besides, you and Laurel were out on patrol, and the streets of this city needed to be safe just as well."

"Yeah, I guess," Thea responded. "Besides, the night's not a total bust. We found another one of Black Mask's storing house. It was a good thing the guys trying to use the weapons weren't too bright."

"Well, not too bright criminals having weapons normally isn't a good thing," Artemis responded to her girlfriend over the phone.

"No, I mean these guys were absolutely stupid," Thea said. "Point the gun at the wrong end and blast themselves straight to hell kind of stupid."

"Maybe," Artemis said. "I'll talk to you later at the gym tomorrow…unless you're coming back here."

"Nah, I'm crashing at Laurel's tonight," Thea said. "I'll be up bright and early though, and the usual time, the usual place….with the usual aftermath."

Artemis smiled and hung up the phone. She noticed Jade who had put ice on the side of her face. It could have been much worse, all of the punches she took to the side of the face.

"I only took a couple of shots from a scary black man," Jade said. "I'll be fine. You hit far worse."
"Not sure whether to take it as a compliment or an insult," Artemis said. "So, how does it feel to take down the undefeated champion?"

"Feels good," Jade said. "Especially considering there's going to be a lot of oversized bank accounts that are going to be a bit lighter in the morning. Just wish I would have gotten a piece of the action."

Artemis sighed, her sister really did have her priorities a bit skewed. Jade's eyes locked onto Artemis and patted her younger sister on the head.

"Sis, you'll learn that money makes the world go around," Jade said. "Maybe not ideally the most of times. Plus, if I had won that money, we would have paid for Mom's medical bills."

Jade addressed that particular situation. Sara currently had been off, double-checking a couple of things. One of those things she double-checked was the whereabouts of Jade and Artemis's mother. Roulette implied she had Paula under watch.

"I swear if I see Larry again….." Artemis smiled, Jade never called her father by "Dad" or "father". Sometimes it was Larry, sometimes Lawrence, and sometimes it was oh so charming "motherfucking Sportsmaster", but never "Dad". She did not know the whereabouts of her father right now, and Artemis thought it would be prudent not to ask too many questions.

Sara returned, and both sisters snapped their attention towards the returning vigilante. A smile had been flashed in the direction of both of the girls.

"Your mother, she's safe and sound," Sara responded.

"So, it was a bluff on Roulette's part, and I fell for it," Jade said. "Wonderful."

Sara placed her hand on Jade's shoulder and made the other girl look at her. "I wouldn't say as much, you couldn't have known. It would have been a risk to call her bluff. Now, I've got the security increased around her….and….maybe someday soon she'll wake up."

Jade hoped her mother could wake up. She entered the darkest part of her life after the accident happened. Jade blamed herself for abandoning Artemis as well, given how much trouble the girl got into after Jade left. It was a very obvious miscue on her part.

"Hopefully she does," Jade said. "I still want to get my hands around the neck of the fucking Sportsmaster and wring it for what he did."

Sara decided not to let Jade in on the fact Lawrence Crock was currently in the custody of Amanda Waller and also the Suicide Squad. He had somehow managed to survive several of the missions Waller did, at least, Sara assumed he would.

"So, about those Amazons?" Jade asked.

"I know," Sara said. "Rogue Amazons, there's a splinter faction of Amazons. I'm going to have to have to talk with Diana about them when she comes back."

No sooner did Sara finish those words, a buzzing entered the side of her ear. She pressed in the ear piece.

"Yeah, Felicity?" Sara asked.
"Okay, the Fight Club's been broken up," Felicity said. "Roulette and her goons are still at large, but most of the patrons are taken in. Ben Turner has been taken to the hospital due to the injuries he suffered in the fight."

Jade, who had been listening in on the conversation, smiled.

"People are naming names, so it looks like you have your work cut out for you in the future," Felicity said.

The long sign from Sara followed. She shook her head and signed even more deeply. "Don't I always?"

"Yeah, you always do," Felicity said. "Why would I think any differently? I'll let you know if anything else breaks."

Sara nodded in response. She turned around towards Jade who sat there.

"Oh, and next time you go in on a whim, please wait for back up first," Sara said.

Jade responded with a nod and a smile.

"Sorry, I caused you so much trouble," Jade said. "I'll make it up to you, I swear."

The assassin rose up to her feet and leaned in, capturing Sara's lips with a very sensual kiss. Sara held the back of Jade's hair and kissed her, harder, and faster. The kiss deepened to the point where Jade's breathing increased.

Artemis watched the little interplay between the two and she was getting a little hot and bothered by the situation. Thea was at Laurel's, likely being rewarded for doing such a good job on the field, so it left Artemis in a very frustrating position.

Seconds later, Jade's eyes locked onto Artemis's, and they looked very devious when they locked onto her. Jade's lips curled into a smile.

"Ah, it looks like my little sister is feeling left out," Jade said.

Artemis was sore she lost the bet with Thea, about who would be the first to get into bed with Sara. Granted, what Thea did to after her caused both girls to indulge in many mutual kinks, but still. She missed a chance to indulge in her mentor.

"Well, let's fix that."

Sara gave Artemis one of the most mind blowing kisses ever. Artemis meant no offense to her lovely girlfriend, who had a very talented tongue, but Sara Lance was on an entirely different level.

The younger Archer found herself submerged in the embrace of the older one. Sara knew what she was doing and knew all of the right buttons to make a woman excited. Sara slowly ran her hands all over Artemis's back and increased the pleasure. It was like hitting a button, deep inside of Artemis.

Artemis moaned hungrily into Sara's kiss, and she could feel Jade against her from the other side. Her sister's soft, silky hair brushed against Artemis's back, and her breasts, pressed against the back of the younger sister.

"I've not always been the most attentive sister," Jade said. "But, I think I can make it up to you now if you let me."
Jade breathed hotly in Artemis's ear. Her fingers slowly danced between Artemis's willing thighs, making the poor girl whimper at the slightest touch. Jade used her skilled fingers to drive her younger sister absolutely nuts. Her heart started to beat faster with Artemis slowly grinding her hips together.

The merest touch caused Artemis to cum, ruining her panties. Jade pulled away with a smile, with Sara still peppering Artemis's face and neck. The sexy blonde replaced Jade's fingers with hers and rubbed Artemis through her tight leather pants. The younger woman squirmed.

Jade undid the sash of her outfit and dropped it down onto the ground. Her sexy, toned body was on full displace. Her dark hair came down past her face, with an obvious frame of seduction. Those red lips puckered as well. A green bra pushed up her breasts, and a nice green thong came down to just barely cover her pussy lips and her ass as well.

Artemis found herself pushed out of her clothes as well. She wore a blue bra from the waist up, and her nice round breasts came out. Her stomach was extremely flat and sexy as well. Sara ran her hand over Artemis's flat stomach, her well-toned abs which caused her to shiver.

Jade reached behind her sister and pulled down her pants. Her ass stretched a blue pair of panties over it, showing the curve of her sweet backside. Jade could not resist by grabbing her sister's toned ass.

"You work out well, sis," Jade said.

Jade pulled Artemis away from Sara and pushed her back onto the bed. The older sister straddled the top of her younger sister and leaned in. Their lips met each other with a passionate exchange. Jade worked her tongue as far into Artemis's mouth as she could. Artemis grabbed the back of Jade's head to receive the talented tongue.

The younger sister panted heavily. Her panties were sliding off of her legs now because of Jade's efforts. Light brushes against her bare sex made Artemis jump up into Jade's fingers.

"You're such a naughty little sister, cumming at your older sister," Jade said with a smile. "Consider this my apology for all of the shit I put you through when you're younger….we should really patch up our relationship, get to the fun stuff."

Artemis squirmed when Jade worked her over. Her nerve endings had been set on fire in a very flaming passion. Jade rubbed her moist lips over and over again, causing more pleasure to explode through her body.

"Hope you didn't forget about me."

Both sisters turned around in time to see Sara sitting on the other end of the bed, in all of her naked glory. Her legs had been spread and her smooth, shaven pussy was showed for them. Artemis looked at Sara and just one look at the moisture dripping down her juicy thighs caused her to feel lust.

"Go for it," Jade said. "Eat her pussy. It tastes good."

"Your sister speaks from experience."

Artemis scrambled over towards Sara's spread legs. A part of her wanted to savor this moment, but another part of her just wanted to bury her tongue deep inside of Sara's dripping hot pussy and go to town on her. Artemis held Sara's thighs apart and drove tongue-first down into her pussy.

"Thea's a very lucky girl to get this every night," Sara moaned.
The high praise coming from her hero, made Artemis only go deeper down on Sara's loins. She made sure to keep up the pace, without burning out. Sara's juices gushed when the eager younger girl sucked and licked around her insides.

Jade saw her sister's spread legs and eased a finger inside of her. She could feel how tight her baby sister was and thought Thea really was a lucky girl. She wanted to taste Thea sometime.

After all, sisters should share.

A few seconds passed, and Jade decided to spend some time eating her sister's sweet pussy. Artemis shifted underneath of Jade's talented mouth, her breathing increasing the more Jade went down on her pussy.

Sara held down onto the back of Artemis's hair. Her pussy eating was on point. The feisty girl licked Sara's pussy out, almost as if she was a starving woman trying to get the most. Sara encouraged these actions because she needed Artemis's tongue buried inside of her, more than life itself.

The gushing ended, and Sara decided to pull away from Artemis, to leave the younger girl on the bed. Jade moved over towards her, her naked body exposed. The two bodies of the warriors pressed together, with Sara slowly rolling Jade onto the bed.

Jade closed her eyes. She had many magic nights with Sara. One of the most memorable started in a knife fight and ended in passionate hate sex. The blonde slowly rubbed her hand down Jade's thigh and caused her to gasp underneath her pleasure.

It was hard to say when Sara managed to get the strap on into place, she was capable of some amazing sleight of hand. Those warm thighs parted and Sara buried herself deep inside of Jade. Jade rose her hips up, moaning when Sara pushed inside of her.

Artemis watched when her mentor and sister engaged in a sweaty round of sex with each other. No one never got the advantage on Jade like this, and it resulted in Artemis getting very heated. Her fingers brushed the underside of her clit, rubbing it back and forth.

"Fuck her, fuck her hard!" Artemis yelled. "Drill that bitch hard!"

Sara and Jade molded together in a very passionate display. The assassin underneath the vigilante squirmed when Sara rose her hips up and shoved it down inside of her. Jade's tightening walls clasped around Sara and released her. She was feeling so good.

"Damn, you're so fucking hot," Jade said. "I can have you in me forever."

"Maybe not forever," Sara said. "Forever is a long time, you know."

The point of pleasure inside of Jade exploded and her hips bucked up. Sara attacked Jade's body like her entire body was a glorified G-Spot, and perhaps it was, at least in Sara's mind. Sara really knew how to hit all of those buttons and drive Jade to pleasure. Jade grabbed onto Sara's back.

Jade's moaning and thrashing underneath Sara made her feel really good. The woman had been hammered into submission for lack of a better term. Her legs locked around Sara's and pulled her deep inside of her.

"Oh yes, oh baby, yes!" Jade moaned. "Right there!"

Her moans devolved into incoherent babbling. It was the thought which counted, at least in Sara's mind. She drove herself deep inside of Jade's warm and waiting body. Her pussy stretched around
Sara's intrusion, and she worked her together.

Artemis's hair flipped against her sweaty face. Her nipples grew increasingly stiff when watching Sara finish off Jade. Then, Artemis froze, when Sara turned her attention towards Artemis.

Excitement, lust, and fear, all entered the body of the younger archer. Sara pounced on the younger girl and spread her legs. Sara's fingers slowly stroked on Artemis's toned body.

"You want me to fuck you, don't you?" Sara asked. "Don't you?"

"YES!" Artemis yelled, lust burning through her body.

Sara enjoyed the passion flowing through her young protégé's body and also the juices flowing between her thighs. She spread Artemis's thighs and sought her heat like an incoming missile. Artemis wrapped her sexy toned legs around Sara's hips, working deep inside of her body.

"Mmm!" Artemis moaned.

So much pleasure coursed through her body. Sara rose up from the point and shoved her length inside of Artemis. The beautiful woman had been stretched completely out by Sara's incoming thrusts. Artemis lifted her hips halfway up off of the bed and took more of Sara inside of her.

"Fuck, I love it how you fuck me!" Artemis yelled. "I've wanted you to pin me down, and take my pussy for a long time. Oh, god, Sara, fuck me, so hard!"

"Perhaps we can do something a bit more constructive with that mouth."

Jade stood up over Artemis, and Artemis's widening eyes saw Jade's toned thighs enclosing in on either side of her face. Shakily, Artemis grabbed Jade's ass cheeks, half squeezing them, half pushing them away. Lust eventually gave in though, and she guided Jade's pussy on her.

"Much better use of that mouth, wouldn't you agree?" Jade asked.

"It's obvious you do!"

Sara pushed inside of Artemis, running her hands over her body. She took hold of Jade's ample chest as well and squeezed her melons. Jade rolled her hips almost all the way down on Artemis's face and then rose up before doing so. The ritual had been repeated a couple of times.

Jade closed her eyes. Sara's skilled fondling, compared with her younger sister's taboo pussy licking caused the woman's excitement to grow. It was more than enough for her to deal with the disappointment of an evening gone wrong. Her hips ground back down over Artemis's face.

Artemis dug into her younger sister's pussy, moaning inside at the feeling of Sara stimulating the insides of her body. She thought Sara should take her and Thea aside for some more practical weapons other than fighting. It was a shame Artemis could not make that suggestion due to her mouth being so full of pussy.

The tempo sped up, with Sara taking out tonight's energy inside of Artemis's clenching pussy. She rose up off of the bed and slammed herself into the younger woman's inner core. Artemis stretched around Sara and released her. Sara kept up the pace.

Everything would have to come to an end, or at least slowdown. Jade threw her head back and signaled the amazing orgasm she felt. Her head rocked back, with drool coming out of the side of her mouth.
Artemis almost blacked out from the most amazing orgasm possible. Sara showed how well she was in manipulating a pussy, especially one like Artemis's. The younger girl's mind had been completely blown by the sensations coming through her.

All things came in threes, and Sara came alongside Artemis and Jade. She rode out her orgasm inside of Artemis's gripping snatch. The beautiful woman's hips rose up and fell down onto the bed, milking Sara in time with her thrusts.

Everything shuddered to a stop, just in time too for Sara to finish impacting Artemis's pussy with her long, and hard thrusts. Artemis dropped down on the bed, shuddering in pleasure.

Jade pulled away from Artemis and turned towards Sara, dropping to her hands and knees. Sara just smiled.

'Way too good to pass up.'

Roulette stepped outside from behind an alleyway. She narrowly escaped the chaos at Club Roulette and made her way out of the front door. Cheshire defeating her undefeated champion inside of the cage was a surprise, but not one she could adapt to. Her club in Starling City being shut down would mean a severe hit.

Survivors bounced back and Roulette considered herself to be a survivor. She noticed a couple of women dressed in dark garb at the edge of the alleyway. A limo pulled into the alleyway. Both of them nodded and motioned for Roulette to come with them.

Roulette did not waste any time. The woman she planned on talking to would not tolerate her not coming to this particular meeting.

The back doors of the limo opened and allowed Roulette to step inside. She sat down, with a figure submerged to the shadows. Silence filled the limo until her benefactor broke it.

"The Underground will have to be moved from Starling City."

Roulette nodded, swallowing before speaking. "Yes.....and we failed tonight…"

"In some ways, yes," her benefactor said on the other end of the room. "And in other ways, we did succeed."

Roulette wondered how they could have succeeded in a situation like this. She was willing to give the benefit of the doubt to this woman though, she had a greater plan.

"Some of our rivals have been knocked off the chessboard," her benefactor said.

"Maybe," Roulette conceded. "But, we also lost millions of dollars, and it will take a while for my club to bounce back, even if it's not in Starling City."

"You know nothing of calculation and of sacrifice," her benefactor stated. "These things needed to occur tonight, for us to move forward with the plan. And the League of Assassins always is all about moving forward."

Talia al Ghul came face to face with Roulette inside of the limo.

"Vertigo's plans for this city and the world are moving closer," Talia said. "But, he cannot secure Vlatva, not without the bargaining chip I've secured. So, he's going to have to play my game."
"What about the Arrow?" Roulette asked.

Talia simply smiled. Her sister-in-law most certainly made things a fair bit more interesting than they normally would be, but it did not matter.

"If she gets in my way, then she'll learn the fallacy of her actions," Talia said.

To Be Continued on August 15th, 2017.
Chapter of the Week Poll is up on the blog. Head to the Page of Important Links and click on the Chapter of the Week Voting. Granted, chances are that most people won't even read this author's note because most people don't.

Chapter Seventy: Chase

The other night had been intriguing. All the news could talk about was the insanity taking place at Club Roulette. There were a lot of high profile people caught there, and many more high profile people Sara thought might have been caught there, but perhaps they had gotten a little bit gun shy with the entire operations. Actually, there was no question about it. They did get very gun shy about the entire operation. Komodo wiping out several of the so called honorable Starling City Councilmembers would really do that, at least in Sara's opinion.

Now, there was one person who she wished would have been taken in and that was Roulette. Yet, there was the case of the mysterious benefactors Jade mentioned to Sara in passing after she had been nabbed. These people were supposedly keeping an eye on Paula Crock, at least that's what they claimed. Sara could not say with one hundred percent certainty what they were up to. She just knew they were causing some problems which seldom was a good thing. Sara endeavored to keep an eye on them, but she had one more thought.

Amazon guards, working for Roulette, and oh boy did Sara think this could potentially cause some issues. The Amazons were a proud tribe, but many of them in the past, unfortunately, wavered from the teachings of the goddesses. It was their right to go away and forge their own path. Sara understood that she did not like it, and that's what both Hippolyta and Diana mentioned in the past. They would move away from the tribe to forge their own pathway in life.

A sigh followed from Sara. It was very fortunate though she received this particular text message early in the morning from the Princess of the Amazons herself. Diana mentioned she was in Starling City and wanted to talk to Sara. Sara was not heading there alone as she stood shoulder to shoulder with her sister Laurel when they exited the Parking Lot.

"So, what do you think this is all about?" Laurel asked. "I know you were going to call her, but she was the one who called you first. Why?"

Sara spent a couple of minutes racking her brain for a potential explanation. Diana had been talking to the United Nations, but Sara had no idea whether or not anything involving that particular group would have anything to do with her. She would find out in a minute or two, she suspected. At least, she assumed, there would be answers in a minute or two.

"Well, we could stand out here and speculate about everything," Sara responded. "Or we could talk to Diana herself, and see what's going on."

A talk with the Princess of the Amazons was long since overdue in Sara's mind. There were many questions Sara thought needed to ask. Would the answers be to anyone's liking? Sara had no idea, but they had to go in there.

Straight away, the two Lance Sisters stepped inside and came across the Princess of the Amazons who sat across the table. She drank from a cup of coffee and offered them a tense smile.
"Sara, Laurel, it's good to see both of you," Diana said.

Her words were polite, strong, with the usual cadence you would expect from an Amazon Princess. Something was a bit off with them though.

"So, Diana…"

Sara's attempts to ask Diana what was up would have to wait, as a waitress made her way over to ask them whether or not they would have liked to order something to eat. And right now, Sara preferred to eat. She was extremely hungry all things considered.

The previous night had been one for the record books. Left way too many unanswered questions in Sara's mind. Some of which she intended to get some answers to right now, at least she hoped there were answers to the questions. One never could tell at this point.

"Long night?"

"Yeah, a pretty long night," Sara said. "I've had to bust up an illegal Fight Club in Starling City. Which isn't that odd if you think about it."

"No," Diana said. "But, there's more to what you're telling me. I can see it in your eyes. There's something else bothering you."

Sara only smiled. The Princess of the Amazons rarely missed a trick and this time, she locked onto Sara's eyes. The Amazon Princess across the table and cupped her hand onto Sara's. Something about Diana gave women strength, but she would have to inspire. She got that from her mother after all.

"Roulette, the woman running the club, had Amazon Bodyguards," Sara said. She dropped her voice low so only Diana and Laurel could hear. "They didn't look like they were under duress or anything. They looked like they were willingly working with the woman if you could believe that."

Diana took a drink of coffee and frowned. She knew of the rogue Amazons, and if Sara ran into a couple, it meant they had completely forsaken the way of the Amazons. This was never an encouraging thing, with women like this. It saddened Diana, even though she could not preach about them because it was well within their rights to choose their own path in life.

"Amazons left the kingdom centuries ago, and set up shop in Egypt," Diana said. "They disagreed with how my mother ran things, and well they…..I didn't think they would hire out their services as mercenaries."

"Yeah, that's pretty bad," Laurel said. "You just wonder if there's been another split."

Diana gave Laurel's theory some consideration, and she would not have been surprised if there had been another split within the Amazons. It was a very distinct possibility if she was perfectly honest. She hated to admit any Amazons would be capable of cruelty, but Diana did not want to be blissfully naïve about the fact they could be either. They were just as human as anyone else, capable of all of the flaws.

The food for the three women arrived, thus causing the conversation to be stalled, at least for a moment. Sara leaned across the table, her eyes locked onto Diana.

"There's another reason why you're here, isn't there?" Sara asked. "I'm glad to see you, but you said you wanted to meet us, and you didn't seem to know about the rogue Amazons who set up shop in Starling City, did you?"
Diana responded with one firm shake of her head, no she did not have any idea about those particular people. She took in a nice, deep breath, and frowned when staring down at the two women in front of her. She had been caught off guard, for a moment. An Amazon never stayed off guard for very long and she had no choice but to return to task, for better or for worse.

"There's another criminal I'm hunting down," Diana said. "Her name is Barbara Anne Minerva….she used to be an archeologist…..but…she's changed."

Sara already could tell by both Diana's inflection and body language this encounter was a bit more personal than normal.

"She encountered an artifact which mutated her into a cat-person," Diana said. "And she blames me for what happened."

"It couldn't have been your fault, could it?" Laurel asked.

"I could have done more to discourage her from going on that mission," Diana said. "She was very stubborn, and despite being warned of the risks, she did it anyway."

Diana spent a moment in deep reflection like she had been during the many times after the incident. She wondered what might have been. It was a hard pill to swallow always, thinking about what might have been. Perhaps if she had been a bit quicker, a bit more persistence, she could have pulled Barbara out of the line of fire.

"She's after another artifact," Diana said. "This one is in pieces, and one of the pieces is in Starling City…..and she's already stolen one part."

"So, if she succeeds, she needs two parts," Sara said. "And you need my help."

"I didn't want to ask you," Diana said. "But, I didn't know what else to do."

"After all you've done for me, you barely need to ask," Sara said. "She must think this artifact is a way to restore herself to her former glory."

Diana wished she could say yes with conclusive proof, but she did not completely know one hundred percent whether or not that was Barbara's intentions. She had been in a feral state the last time Diana saw her. Something restored enough of her rational thought to pull off this caper. Exactly who could do such a thing and how Diana did not know. She intended to find out though.

Help from the Black Canary and the Arrow would be useful even though she hated to drag other people into this, especially considering it was a mess of her doing. Her mother was not pleased when finding out about it.

"So, do you have any idea where the artifact might have been stored?"

Barbara Anne Minerva's mind was an inch away from slipping back into feral brutality. It kept her working for someone who found her where the Princess of the Amazons abandoned her and restored her mind. She needed this man's help and this artifact, to become normal once again. Every time she looked in the mirror, she saw a face of a furry monstrosity.

Before the accident, she could not be considered a beauty queen by any standards. She wasn't that bad looking, but nothing extraordinary. The artifact she used the first time was a moment of vanity. Diana allowed her to use it, knowing full well what the consequences could be. Barbara would forever hate Diana for this fact, she would never forgive the Princess of the Amazons for this level of
Treachery.

The woman's breathing increased for a moment when she made her way to the museum. Her benefactor told her this was the place and there was no way of lying.

'Remember to be swift and quick about it,' that nasty little voice in her head reminded her. 'It would be a shame if you would lose to the monster and become the hideous abomination forevermore.'

Barbara clutched her fingers together and snarled. Her claws, claws, retracted and she tried to push down the instincts to rip into the guard on the outside of the gate. It would draw attention, a bloodied mangled face. These night guards were not the most attentive in the world, all she had to do is be patient. There was no need to become Cheetah, the sadistic monster which she had morphed in.

Her benefactor claimed she had taken on the form of a goddess, but it was quite the twisted representation of a goddess, to say the very least.

The guard drifted off in the other direction and left Cheetah with an opening to slip into the side of the museum. She had her eyes on the artifact with glistened on the other side of a large laser grid.

She held out the item her benefactor gave her and pressed it against the security control box. Everything shuddered to a stop and Cheetah pulled herself back, surveying everything around her.

'The security has been disabled.'

'Do hurry up, then,' he said.

'I don't have to help you,' Cheetah thought. 'I could leave you to rot.'

'And you would lose yourself to the animal within, without my constant assistance, and you would be back to where you started,' he said. 'Yes, Cheetah, you might think you have some level of control, but without the artifact, I can't get free and you can't be fixed. Do you want to look into a mirror and see a stranger every single day for the rest of your life?'

Those harsh words caught Cheetah flush in the face. No, she did not want to have to look into a mirror and see a stranger for every single day for the rest of her life. Her heart started to beat fast, her blood boiled. The artifact was not within reach.

'Remember what Diana did to you,' he taunted. 'And remember, she wanted this to happen because she could not control you. You find what Amazons do to people who they cannot control, they cannot manipulate.'

Cheetah snarled, Diana did this to her. Diana would pay, pay with her blood, once Cheetah got her hands, her claws on her. She would rip the Amazon's face asunder, tearing her skin off until it was buried underneath her claws. Cheetah could hardly wait.

'And the Princess is onto you, so do make haste.'

Cheetah inched completely towards the artifact, but before reaching it something flew out of the corner of her eye. An arrow connected with the side of the case and caught Cheetah flush in the hand. Cheetah howled in agony and yanked her hand back, turning around just enough.

Black Canary, the Arrow, and Wonder Woman all turned up to face them. Cheetah's eyes glowed when she looked towards them. Her claws retracted.

"Careful, she has poison tipped claws strong enough to bring even me to my knees!" Diana yelled.
Cheetah rushed the three heroes with those claws retracted. They all jumped out of the way. The Arrow spun in the air and fired an arrow. Cheetah caught the arrow in mid-air and knocked it down onto the ground.

Black Canary came up from behind Cheetah and nailed her with a Canary Cry. The woman went through the glass display case, shattering it in an impact. Cheetah rolled over onto her feet and charged Black Canary. Canary pulled out two batons and tried to engage Cheetah with them. Cheetah was not in the mood to fight and she sliced through the batons and knocked Black Canary down onto the ground.

Two more arrows connected, but Cheetah deflected a third, and she made her way towards the Arrow. Black Canary caught her in the back of the head and staggered her. Cheetah swung her hands around in mid-air and tried to grab onto Black Canary. Black Canary avoided being grabbed around the neck and strangled.

Wonder Woman's lasso snapped around the wrists of Cheetah.

"She's been even more enhanced with magic!"

"I'm going to rip you apart, Amazon!" Cheetah yelled. "When I'm done with you, there's not going to be enough left for your mother to bury."

They had been enhanced by magic, but whose magic had she been enhanced with? Diana had been left with far more questions than she had answers. She had been ripped down to her knees by the snarling beast which was once Barbara Anne Minerva. The woman slammed Diana against the ground.

Three arrows connected with the ground and this time released a sticky foam from them. The Arrow trapped the Cheetah.

"This won't hold me for long!" Cheetah yelled. "Once, I get out there, I'm going to rip your pretty little face off and feed it to you. Do you hear me?"

"Yeah, I heard you the first time," Arrow said.

She understood what it was like to enter some kind of level of uncontrollable and very feral rage. The Cheetah's madness would increase the longer she had been trapped. There was very little of her in her mind.

"I need to find a way to reach her," Diana said.

"Someone else is inflaming her," Sara said. "And they're after…"

Sara stopped and stared at the magical artifact piece within the case. Something about it was familiar and familiarity in this case, greatly unsettled Sara. She stared for a long, hard moment at the artifact.

"Portal!" Laurel yelled.

A portal opened up and three large creatures stampeded out of the portal. Diana flipped into the air and caught one of the creatures on the side. She nailed him with a series of punches.

The creatures were what they were, a diversion, for Cheetah to break free. She rushed Sara and knocked her over the case. The artifact snatched into Cheetah's hand and a flare of power erupted around the woman. She bolted towards the portal.
Sara fired a parting arrow towards her, hoping it would work. Cheetah sliced the arrow head open and dust splattered the woman before she slipped through the portal.

The golems which had been sent faded the very second the portal shut. It left Sara, Laurel, and Diana standing in the middle of a wrecked museum.

'And now, here come the police,' Sara thought.

"We need to go," Sara said. "If my theory is right…..we're in a lot of trouble."

Cheetah returned to the middle of a temple. Symbols carved into the wall in the chamber she entered. The exact nature of the symbols, well she had no idea, and she did not care. One cylinder artifact had been placed on the table, and she placed the stone base upon the table.

"I have the second artifact."

"You're very fortunate you got out of the museum. You would not have gotten out of the museum without my assistance, and you know that."

Cheetah's teeth gritted. She, unfortunately, had been reminded of this particular fact. She prepared for Diana, but the other two, she did not prepare as much for her. The woman's eyes locked onto the figure inside of the mirror, who gave her a wide grin in response.

"You're enjoying every moment of this, aren't you?" Cheetah asked.

"Naturally, who wouldn't enjoy you squirming a little bit," he said. "But, we need to focus on what's important and that is ensuring you get the third part of the artifact. Diana would see you succumb to the madness forever. You remember how she was jealous of your brilliance. The perfect Amazon Princess did not want the competition."

It was not too hard to reinforce these words when the woman in question believed them herself. Cheetah's deep breathing increased and she responded with a very swift nod. She remembered, she remembered completely what was going on. Her heart skipped a couple of beats, going a bit faster.

"It's getting harder to control it."

"Naturally, it's only going to get worse," the man in the mirror stated. "You can feel the madness encroaching on your mind, can't you?"

"YES!" Cheetah yelled, her heart racing even more.

Thoughts of what she would have liked to do with Diana once she got her hands on the woman crept inside of Cheetah's mind. She would have loved nothing better than to rip the woman to pieces, shred her face. Her claws could bring her down to the ground.

"You find the other part of the artifact, and I'm free, and once I'm free, you will be free as well," he said. "Remember, I will not bail you out a second time. It's taken way too much magic to sustain my connection. Time runs short, and your time runs short."

Cheetah's breath came into her body at a ragged pace. She extended her head downwards and breathed in deeply. There was no way about it, she could not fail. Failure was not an option.

"You understand?"

"Yes," Cheetah said. "I don't suppose you have any clue where the third artifact might be."
"Ah, I do, although the location is a bit more difficult to navigate," he said. "The man who acquired it was very particular about his security. And he has safeguards against mystical interference, so he has his own connections."

He did not know the full scope of the item he acquired, and Faust was not going to educate him from his ignorance either.

"Remember, stand up with your head high, and remember the so called proud Amazons who held you down. You will be normal once again, and then we will make them pay. Diana will kneel before you, in sorrow, broken, but it will be too late for forgiveness."

Cheetah nodded, there would be no forgiveness because she no longer had the capabilities of forgiving the Princess of the Amazons for her many transgressions. She would suffer at Cheetah's feet.

Sara pushed open a set of doors, with Laurel and Diana following a couple of feet behind them. They had found their way into a dusty library.

"Why are we here of all places?" Laurel asked.

"It's an outpost of the League," Sara said. "One that hasn't been used in decades."

Laurel could see that given the dust which had been accumulated in the area. Sara stepped in front of the door which had been sealed shut. A pedestal lingered off to the side.

"And I'm going to have to pay tribute to enter."

Sara slid a dagger out of her sleeve and cut her finger. Three drops of blood fell on the pedestal. A long moment passed before the doors swung open. The protections around the doors, perhaps acknowledging Sara's role as the wife of the heir of the League, showed they were worthy of passage.

"It's a library."

"Ra's kept many of the books he already consumed here," Sara said. "And I don't think many of them have been moved."

"So, what are we looking for?" Diana asked.

"Just a minute, we'll know when we'll see it."

Laurel looked around, a bit shaken. They most certainly entered an area where they thought they would be attacked. There had been no attacks, at least none which Laurel could see. She did feel a disturbing aura within this library. It might have been a bit of a cliché to say it gave her goosebumps, but it gave her goosebumps.

Sara pulled out a rickety looking ladder and climbed towards the top shelf to reveal a dusty looking tomb which felt like it was made of leathery skin. Many of the books Ra's acquired during his time were odd.

And several had been stolen from his personal librarian on Nanda Parbat and had never been recovered. Sara dropped down onto the ground and walked over to open the book.

"There it is," Diana said.
"Magic totem," Sara said. "Wonderful, just great!"

Laurel gave Sara one of those looks and Sara thought there should be an explanation.

"I've had more than my share of bad experiences with magic totems," Sara said. "Let's just leave it at that."

Obviously, there was more of a story to what Sara said than what she said. Laurel decided it would not be prudent to press the issue any more than she had to at this particular point. She just stepped back and allowed Sara to move through the pages of the book.

Every word on the page made Sara understand how dangerous this situation was.

"It's also a key, and it opens up a portal," Sara said.

Diana's mouth hung open, and there was no question about it, what she noticed was extremely disturbing indeed.

"That's the same realm Felix Faust has been banished to," Diana said.

"Faust?" Laurel asked. "Like the guy who made a questionable deal with the devil?"

"Well, not that Faust," Sara said. "Although, this Faust and that Faust have a lot in common."

"He was a sorcerer who tried to enslave the Amazons and open the gate to Tartarus to release Hades to cause havoc in the world," Diana explained. "I stopped him and earned a brand new set of armor."

"Faust is behind this," Sara said.

"It seems so, he's manipulating Barbara to his own ends," Diana said. "He's a very slick man….he got some of the Amazons to let their guard down, my mother included, for a moment by posing as an injured man, shipwrecked on our island."

Sara knew they were dealing with a manipulator. The tracker which she tagged Cheetah with, which disappeared the moment she left through the portal now was active again.

"She's heading east," Sara said.

"I know where the other part of the totem is," Diana said. "It's somewhere in Detroit."

She only went to Starling City first because the pieces needed to be acquired and assembled in a certain order for the magic to work.

"She must have a head start," Laurel said.

"We can take my plane," Diana said.

"Oh, you got it, then?" Sara asked.

"Yes, Ferris Aircraft help me built it," Diana said. "Oh, and Carol sends her regards to you."

Sara smiled, from what she heard, Carol Ferris was even busier than she was, and did a lot of traveling to places which were out of this world. Still, she found the time to help Diana with her pet project.

"What did they build?" Laurel asked.
Sara looked towards her sister with a smile. "An Invisible Jet."

The look on Laurel's face at this revelation was priceless.

To Be Continued on August 18th, 2017.
Chapter Seventy-One: Totem

Detroit had been known for two things. One of the things Detroit was known about was its top of the line automobiles which were considered some of the best in the country. The other thing Detroit had been known about was crime and lots of it. The crime rate in Detroit was among the highest in the entire country. And there had been a lot of activity in this particular area of the city.

Namely, by the docks, where an armored van pulled up. Two more cars pulled up on the other side. Several gentlemen stepped out. Scars covered the face of one of the gentlemen who had a very bad attitude to be perfectly honest. He held a pair of golden brass knuckles on his hand, and looked like anyone who would give him any shit, he was going to pound to a not so subtle pulp. His teeth gritted when he growled.

The local gang of street toughs waited when the doors of the van opened. Two tall gentlemen stepped out and between them was a shorter woman. She had the look of someone who had been strung out on every single drug imaginable. Her face wore a look of half-horror and half contempt. Stringy black hair, vacant blue eyes, piercings all over her face, a tattered leather jacket, along with a half shirt and skirt, with ripped fishnet stockings, and boots. She looked like she should have been walking a street corner.

"You son of a bitch!" the woman yelled. "Tell your gorillas to get your hands off of me!"

A figure with white hair stepped out of the back of the truck. He dressed himself to the nines in a very fancy looking pinstripe suit with a cane to match. He looked dressed to kill, to put it bluntly. He wore a pair of sunglasses. The pimp reached his cane out and pressed the tip underneath the chin of the woman.

"You should have thought about that before you tried to take my boys for everything they were worth," the pimp said. "And without giving me a cut as well. After I took you out of the gutter and gave you a second chance. What do you have to say about that?"

The woman spit in his face.

"Wrong answer, bitch!"

He empathized those words by slapping the woman across the face with the cane and causing her to recoil. The street toughs who exited the car looked a bit anxious. They were capable of some very sick shit in their time, but slapping around a poor innocent woman just seemed a bit much.

"Just taking care of some business," the pimp answered. "Let's talk business boys."

The pimping business made him lots of money, but the man also dealt in some heavy narcotics on the side. The leader of the gang held up a paper sack full of money. The pimp flashed him a smile, showing him his teeth. Most were rotten, and what was not rotten, were made of cold.
"We're going to get your money's worth out of here, but I think you boys are going to get your money's worth as well," the pimp responded. He snapped his fingers in a very exciting way. "You're going to be rolling in it now……all of your troubles will go away if you have the money."

"Yeah, we have the money," one of the toughs said in a rough voice, with slightly accented English. "But, as they say, show me the goods."

The pimp's smile grew even wider. He had been told this many times. He made sure the two bodyguards held the woman in place. He would teach her some discipline later.

A third man exited the truck holding out a case. The case popped open and the gang of the toughs looked excited.

"Many, that's enough to get someone seriously fucked up," one of the street toughs said. His fellow gang members responded with nods.

"Yeah, boys, it is enough to make all of your troubles just go away in a puff of smoke," the pimp responded, snapping his fingers for emphasis. "All you boys have to do is show me the money, and you get the goods….hell make me a good enough deal, and I'd throw in this sweet little thing as a consolation prize."

The pimp pointed towards the woman who scowled.

"Do what you want to her, she's damaged goods," the pimp said.

"If she's damaged goods, none of us will touch her," one of the gang members responded.

The pimp shook his head, whistling in a very nonchalant manner. The woman's eyes widened when she saw the whistling of the pimp. She shook underneath the grasp of the bodyguards.

"A pity, we're going to have to kill her then, because we can't go around with an untrustworthy whore," the pimp said. "It just doesn't work that well to have someone we can't trust."

"Wait!" the woman yelled. "If you want the money, I'll give you the money. I'll tell you how to get more money, more money than….."

The pimp grabbed the woman roughly by the jaw and shoved her down to the ground. She adopted a very familiar position on her knees before the pimp.

"Baby girl, you should have thought about that, before you started to steal the big bucks, from the big clients," the pimp responded. "You see, I think you might be good for it. But, they don't like it when they're robbed. I had to smooth some things over, and they cost me a lot of money."

The pimp pulled out a gun and pointed it at the head of the helpless hooker. She whimpered when staring at the business end of the gun pointing towards her. The hooker's eyes followed the progress of the gun.

"Hey, man, this isn't right," one of the gang members said.

"No, it isn't."

A figure in the shadows snatched the pimp by the shoulder and pulled him away from the poor woman. The pimp never had a chance, and he had been punched hard several times before thrown. The two bodyguards holding the woman received a similar thrashing, being taken down for the count.
The woman who had been held captive ran off as fast as her legs could carry her. She didn't know who rescued her, only she was very glad there had been a rescue.

One of the street toughs turned around and rushed towards the person in the shadows. The punch had been blocked and the street tough found himself knocked down onto the ground with a series of rapid fire punches. The tough's knees crumpled out from underneath him.

"Man, come out here and fight us if you're going to fight us!" the goon yelled, swinging his pipe around with all of his might. "I'm not scared of you. But, you got to fight us head up. Come on, let's go, if you want to go, let's go! Let's do this, come on, man!"

The thug dropped to the ground when these words of bravado flew completely out of his mouth. Another thug stepped back and saw what appeared to be a woman moving in the shadows. Suddenly, a roar of the lion echoed through the area around the docks.

"Man, shit!"

Terror flooded his face and he fell back, knocking himself completely unconscious, along with the wind being knocked completely out of him. The thug collapsed, being driven breathless by these latest attacks.

One of the larger thugs broke a piece of wood with a nail off of a crate. He swung it back and forth with malicious intentions dancing through his eyes.

"Come on, let's go crazy, let's get nuts!" the man yelled.

The force of a gorilla punched the thug and caused him to drop down to the ground. The goon crumpled out from underneath the attack. Another thug received what appeared to be a battering ram headbutt, as the attacker moved swiftly and with precision, never once stopping when fighting in the shadows.

One of the thugs returned, brandishing a rocket launcher.

"Come on, come out, wherever you are!" the crazed criminal yelled. "I can see you, so come out and fight me! Fight me! FIGHT ME!"

The criminal's hands shook when pointing the rocket launcher. He fired towards the shadows and just ended up blowing up a sign in the process. He turned the rocket launcher around and fired. Several barrels blew up when he fired it.

"When I find you, you're dead meat!" the rocket-launching wielding thug yelled. "Do you hear me, you're dead meat…"

A supersonic cry brought the goon off guard. Suddenly, a black dressed in black dropped down onto the ground. She brought the baton down into the goon's arm, snapping several bones in it. Another roundhouse kick dropped the goon and caused him to fall back to the ground.

The Black Canary stood over the goon and turned around towards the figure who stepped out of the shadows.

A dark skinned woman dressed in a brown bodysuit which fit around her curves quite nicely stepped out of the shadows. The most interesting part to her was the glistening totem hooked around her neck which drew attention to certain parts of her body.

"I had it under control."
Black Canary gave her a half of a smile. "Good to see you again….it's Vixen, isn't it, these days?"

Vixen responded with a nod. "So, what are you doing in Detroit of all places?"

"We could use your help," Black Canary said. "Remember, when you said you owed me one?"

Vixen nodded, she did remember that, and to be fair, Laurel, Black Canary, she pulled her ass out of some really bad trouble which could have gone very badly had she not been involved.

Cheetah rubbed her temples and sighed. So many times, the beast threatened to break out. She sat in the middle of the temple, recovering from the last fight. Diana's betrayal consumed her for a very long time, to the point where it haunted every single one of her thoughts. There was a constant eruption of thoughts towards the Amazon Princess and what Cheetah hoped to do to her, once she got her hands on her. And she would get her hands around Diana's perfect throat and strangle the life out of it.

"You should not forget the reason why you're here."

Felix Faust's voice cut out from the other side of the mirror. Cheetah's eyes fell on the other two pieces of the artifact on the table. They held their own unique qualities, or so he said. Qualities which were essentially useless for Faust and his directive, once again according to the man. Cheetah bemoaned the fact she put a surprisingly depressing amount of trust in a man like Faust.

Yet, she had to. One look at her hands and face showed her why she trusted Faust.

"I believe we need one more piece of the totem," Faust said. "And once, you've helped me, I can help you gain revenge on Diana. I can make her humble, bow down before you at your feet. Remember, it was Diana who put me in the situation I'm in now."

The sorcerer's bitterness could be obvious in his tone of voice. The Princess of the Amazons, Hippolyta, the goddesses, and most importantly, Hades, they ensured he stayed trap here forever. Faust hated to admit it, but he had a tendency to make deals which ended up blowing up in his face. Those deals always put him in a more weakened position.

"Remember, the other part of the totem, which is currently at the museum in Detroit," Faust responded. "And remember your mission. Remember what you have to acquire."

"Yes, I do," Cheetah said. "It's not going to be easy. The place is heavily guarded, heavily fortified, and it would take a miracle for anyone to get in."

"Well, if it's too heavily guarded, then obviously you should give up," Faust said. "If it's too hard to get inside, then maybe it's too hard for me to make you human ever again."

Cheetah took a deep breath, barely avoiding retracting her claws. Her heart started to beat even faster. The thought of never becoming human ever again, caused her blood to boil. If Faust had not been trapped within some kind of mirror dimension, she would have ripped him to shreds.

'I want his blood,' Cheetah thought.

"Well, if you're so smart, then advise me how to get to the final component," Cheetah said.

"We're getting to this point, if you ask very nicely," Faust said. "Very well, then, I'll tell you anyway."
Diana and Sara waited at a café in one of the nicer parts of Detroit. Sara had been a bit on edge, to be honest. Some of the patrons were giving her the once over. She wouldn't mind it at much if she didn't think they were the type who would sell their own mothers to the highest bidder.

Thankfully, Sara knew no one would cause too much shit over than some staring, because of Diana, even in her civilian attire, looked like a very imposing woman. They would have to be pretty drunk, pretty desperate, or very stupid to try and cause anything.

"So, where did your sister say she was going?" Diana asked.

Sara answered with a half of a shrug and shook her head. "I don't really know what Laurel intends to do. The only things he mentioned was she was going to look up a friend."

As much as Sara hated to admit it, she had no idea what Laurel was going to. She was going to find out, when Laurel stepped into the café, followed by a woman dressed in a nice black top and a pair of tight black leather pants.

"Mari, this is Diana and Sara," Laurel said without missing much of a beat. "Sara, Diana, this is Mari McCabe, we…"

"Your sister got me out of a lot of trouble a while back," Mari said. "Both with her night job, and her day job."

Sara frowned when she looked at the woman in question. She moved forward to shake the woman's hand. The two women locked hands, and Mari smiled at her.

"It's a pleasure to meet you," Diana said, shaking hands with Mari the moment Sara pulled away from her.

"Yes, it is," Sara said. "This is the first I've heard about this relationship though."

"Hey," Laurel said. "I'm allowed to have adventures when you're not around."

Sara smiled and shrugged, fair enough she guessed. She turned her attention further down the table and wondered what Mari had to offer.

"I have this," Mari said, making sure no one listened in. They had a booth a little bit towards the back. "It's a totem, it had been passed down through my family from generations. It allows me to tap into the powers of the animal kingdom."

Sara nodded politely. She had her fair share of experiences with magical totems she would rather forget. Still, if Mari found a way to make the totem work for her, then maybe the experiences would not have been so bad.

"So, you've decided to be a super hero," Sara said.

"Hero is not exactly the term most use for me," Mari said. "They prefer the term vigilante, and they would love nothing better than to catch me in the act of my activities."

Sara responded with a sigh. It took her a long time to shed the vigilante label, well at least with most people. There were still some who questioned the motives of the Arrow. At least, as long as Moira was Mayor, she had been given support from Starling City officially. Plus, it helped when your father was the Captain of the Starling City Police Department, and most made very reasonable arguments.
"Just keep doing the right thing, and eventually people will start to respect that," Sara said.

"Hmm, it seems like you're speaking from experiments," Mari said.

"Maybe, I am," Sara said. "She knows who you are, don't you?"

"If you mean she knows I'm the Black Canary, then yeah," Laurel said. "And her name is Vixen."

"Very nice, and fitting," Sara said. "I'm the Arrow."

Mari almost dropped the drink she had been taken. She had been surprised, and a bit amused. She was talking to one of the inspirations who gave her the motivation to step up and do the right thing, no matter how hard it seemed at first. Mari also was glad Sara trusted her with this particular bit of information and would do what she could to justify the trust.

"So, why exactly are you here of all places?" Mari said. "I'm glad you're here, and I'm really glad to meet both of you, but....."

"It's because of this," Diana responded, placing the worn page from the book from Ra's library out. "It's a magical totem, a very powerful magical totem in fact."

Mari took one look at the totem. It was much larger, and much more elaborate than the totem around her neck. And also, broken up into three pieces, which was done by design. The three pieces of their own, they had power beyond all measure, but that wasn't the purpose.

"The totem's a key," Mari said.

"Yeah, that's the conclusion we came to as well," Laurel said. "It's a key to another realm, and once used, it will release a sorcerer named Felix Faust, who Diana helped trapped."

Mari figured there was some kind of story behind that one, although there was very little time to even tell it. She looked at the information on the page, just allowing it to soak in. She remembered the words from her mother, about how totems could very well lead a life of their own if you did not know how to work them.

She learned how to work hers, and it worked rather well during many situations. It really pulled her out of some trouble a lot of the time.

"Totems really don't work that well for those people who are not worthy to use them," Mari said. She bit down on her lip and responded with a sigh. "The problem is, a powerful sorcerer like Faust, he'll find a way to make the totem work, one way or another."

Diana answered with a nod, that much they all knew. The two pieces of the totem looked very dangerous enough.

"She's on the move," Sara said. "And so should we."

The four women prepared to suit up and get things done. They did not have as much time as they wanted to, but they had enough. They would have to work together to take Cheetah down in a blink of an eye. If they failed, there was going to be trouble.

Cheetah stepped into the side entrance of the museum. She could feel some extremely powerful magic. The amulet which dangled from her neck allowed Faust to monitor her activities very carefully the moment she stepped into the museum. Cheetah turned her head around to one side.
"It should be down the corridor," Faust said. "You have only one job to do. It's simple, isn't it?"

Cheetah stepped a couple of feet down the hallway and turned around the corner. She came across a very tall glass case, with a stone in it. It looked green, dull, the least obvious representation of power on the planet. At least, until the moment she edged closer towards the stone in the case.

The stone lit up the hallway with a light glow.

"Yes," Faust said. "Very good….now just lift the stone from the case. Just get a little bit closer, and you have it, in the palm of your hand! Closer, closer, closer!"

She took a step only to see an arrow impact the ground a few feet ahead of her. Cheetah turned around and saw the girl in the hood standing towards her. Another arrow shot towards Cheetah, but Cheetah swiped her claws and snapped the arrow before it connected with her.

"You!" Cheetah yelled. "You should not have come…"

Cheetah sniffed the air around her. The presence of Diana, she was here, she was close. Cheetah could feel it, she could almost taste the Amazon Princess in the air. She knew her scent, her taste, and just everything about her.

"Faust won't honor his deal," the Arrow said. "You're going to unleash hell on Earth if you take that stone and give it to him."

"I don't care," Cheetah said. "None of this would have happened if she wouldn't have turned me into this hideous monster. Now, I'm going to take my revenge!"

Cheetah rushed the Arrow. A figure came out of the shadows and struck her with the speed of a cheetah. Cheetah dropped down onto the ground, one her hands and knees. Her heart started to beat when rushing towards this new woman.

"You want to rip into someone!" Vixen yelled. "Try and rip into me!"

The two women charged each other and locked horns and claws as well. A literal catfight was about ready to take place. Cheetah swiped her claws at Vixen, but Vixen dodged the attack. She lashed out at Cheetah and knocked her back onto the ground.

The amulet on Cheetah's neck started to react to the magic of the stone around the room. Her pupils dilated, and she grabbed Vixen around the throat, flipping her down onto the ground. Both women scrambled for position, neither giving up the battle.

Diana and Laurel came around the other side of the room. Laurel tried to grab onto the glass case. A discharge of magic knocked her back onto the ground. Diana offered a hand to pull her up.

"I don't know how she intends to get the stone out of the case if we can't," Laurel said. "Maybe, I should…"

Laurel realized the idea was stupid no sooner than it formed in her head. Using the Canary Cry would cause unforeseen circumstances. She needed to dial back, take a deep breath, and focus on what she needed to do next. For better, or for worse, she needed to focus.

"I sense the presence of Faust," Diana said.

Diana tried to draw on strength from the goddesses to attempt to figure out a way to lift the amulet out of the case. So far, she didn't have a clear idea on how to get these defenses. Diana put her hands
gently on the case but could not lift it. The stone almost sensed it was in danger and was taking steps to protect himself.

"Ingrates, I'm surrounded by ingrates!" Faust yelled. "First, I teach that simpleton Darhk everything he knows about magic, and he betrays me!"

Vixen and Cheetah tussled on the ground. Cheetah growled when trying to take Vixen down.

"Then, Hades used me as a pawn!" Faust ranted. "And you, as for you, you can't beat a simple little girl with a trinket. It's unbelievable!"

"Simple little girl with a trinket?" Vixen asked. "Excuse me."

Cheetah snapped out of the hold Vixen had her in and she hurled Vixen back onto the ground. She rushed forward and nailed both Black Canary and the Arrow. She came face to face with the Princess of the Amazons at the end of the road. Diana stood with her hands on her hips and looked at Cheetah.

"The only way to the other part of the totem is through me," Diana said. "Faust is going to betray you. We can find a way to break that curse."

"No, she's lying, she wants to jail you, she wants to lock you up," Faust said. "She can't control you, so she wants to imprison you. Just like she imprisoned your brilliant mind inside of a hideous beast. Are you going to allow her to do that? Are you?"

Cheetah's eyes glowed and she growled. She charged the Princess of the Amazons. Diana blocked her attempt to take her down. Cheetah's strength had been enchanted by the magic of the amulet, and she flipped Diana down to the ground. Diana struggled to her feet.

Grabbing Diana around the head, Faust slammed her head first through the case. The case shattered, and the stone levitated into the air.

Vixen, Black Canary, and Arrow stepped back. Sara's eyes traveled to the statues in the museum which had come to life thanks to the power of the amulet.

'OOf course, they did,' Sara thought. 'Magic.....'

Diana pushed Cheetah off, scratches in her face. She pushed a piece of glass out of her hair and saw the enchanted statues moving towards them.

"Hera, help us," Diana muttered.

"Her help would be useful," Sara concluded. "Everyone get ready."

To Be Continued on August 22nd, 2017.
Chapter Seventy-Two: Time of Alignment

Sara braced herself for battle against the statues. One of them wielded a bow and arrow. The arrow lit up the room when the statue armed it towards Sara. The hooded archer avoided the arrow when shot at her. Avoiding the attack allowed Sara to be in perfect position to rush over. She bounced off of the wall, ran up it, flipped into the air, and dropped down onto the ground. Sara stuck a perfect landing just in time and fired the arrow. The arrow connected with the back one the statues, which had been backed down.

Flames shot from the hand of one of the statues. Diana blocked the statue's thrown fireballs with her bracelet. It was a hellacious attack, but the Amazon Princess had trained side by side against some of the top warriors in the world. The Amazon charged underneath the flaming fireballs, and narrowly, just barely, avoided being scorched by the attacks. Diana slipped underneath the fireball when it shot at her. The Amazon flipped her way into the air and stuck a firm landing behind the attacker.

The Amazon stepped back, her breathing escalated when the statue rushed towards her for another attack. Two flaming daggers shot out of the hands of the statue. The Princess crouched down to just narrowly avoid the daggers being impacted into the side of her head. The Amazon drew in a solid, ragged breath. She avoided more daggers being thrown towards her.

Black Canary crouched on the ground. The older of the two Lance sisters found herself pushed back against the wall and not in a good way either. She hurled the baton and caught one of the statues flush. The statue face crumpled and backed off. The heroine jumped high into the air and landed right next to her sister.

"At the moment of truth," the Arrow said. "Attack."

Laurel only responded with a very swift nod and waited for the statues to rush them. She nailed the charging statue with a huge roundhouse kick, taking it down to the ground. Sara avoided the statue before it stabbed her and jumped down next to it. She flung a dagger behind her back and caught the statue flush. The scream of the statue could be heard from miles around.

"Attack again!" Sara yelled.

Laurel was attacking alright. The statue rushed towards her one more time and came inches away from taking her head off. Laurel crouched down to avoid the statue and then opened her mouth. One Canary Cry caught the statues flush and pushed them back.

She drew in her deep breath and another Canary Cry, this time shattering two of the statues. The mystical energy in the room reformed the statues and caused them to return to the attack.

Sara slackened, she wasn't a fan of magic for reasons like this. Her heart started to beat even more intense, beating like a drum. She turned around just in time to see a sword.

Vixen held up the totem and attacked the statues. Her attacks did a lot better than most of them, perhaps due to the mystical nature of them. Vixen reared back her hand and knocked the statues back, forcing them to fall back onto the ground.
In the dust, Cheetah dropped to her knees. She held her head, the desire to attack Diana once again entering her mind. She dug her fingers into the top of her scalp and tried not to lose it. The former archeologist found it very hard to keep her mind together. The connection to Faust had been lost, and Cheetah didn't necessarily assume that to be a bad thing. She was finally free, finally free to attack.

"Calm down and focus."

Cheetah closed her eyes and looked towards the glowing stone which had brought the statues. The amulet on her glowed hot and left an imprint in her chest. She howled in agony, spitting in feral fury.

"You're so close," Faust said. "You're so close to being normal. Do you want to squander that opportunity now that you're so close?"

The sounds of battle continued, with the heroines gaining ground against the statues. Vixen and Wonder Woman worked in tandem to take the statues down. Cheetah slumped down on the ground and shook her head. No, she did not want to squander a perfect opportunity. Not when she was so close to holding it, finally, once again.

"Pull it together, then," Faust demanded of Cheetah. "Hold your head up, and focus. Grab the statue, you can do it."

It was almost a mockery of a sport's coach. Cheetah caught a glimpse of the Black Canary flying out of the corner of her eye and landing down on the ground. She unleashed one vicious Canary Cry to take down her adversary's with extreme prejudice. Cheetah turned her attention to the battle.

"Don't focus on that, focus on getting out of here."

Cheetah moved over and picked up the glowing stone. The stone burned in her hand, but she blocked out the pain. Her breathing increased when she turned.

Diana noticed Cheetah moving towards the portal, and she moved over to chase her. Sara followed behind her, which left Mari and Laurel to fight the statues.

"Oh, it's just like old times again, isn't it?" Laurel asked.

"Yeah, except this time, I'm pretty sure I didn't get us into this this mess," Mari said. "I think I've tapped into the mystical seal with my totem, to render the statues inert. I just need them distracted for a minute."

"Okay, distraction, no problem," Laurel responded.

The stunning siren dropped down on the ground and moved around. One more Canary Cry caught the statues off guard. The enchanted abominations stepped back, giving an agonizing scream. Laurel dodged the attacks from the statues when they came back after her.

Mari pushed her hands into the attack and caused them to crumble in response. There was an explosion which echoed all around and the statues crumbled to dust. A single deep breath and Mari paused for a second. Everything went back to normal, or at least what passed as normal.

"Oh, I don't ever want to do that again," Mari said. "But, I have a feeling that I'm going to have to, eventually."

"Yes, it's likely," Laurel said. "So, we're going to have to go and see where Sara and Diana went off to, right?"
The base of the totem was in Cheetah's grasp. It would only be a matter of minutes before she would be human once again and she could hardly wait for it. Her heart started to beat even faster in excitement, but yet, there was a small amount of pity.

"Don't stall for time!" Faust yelled. "The sooner you put that stone on the totem, the sooner I come back, and the sooner you're normal again. That's what you want, isn't it?"

Cheetah responded with a nod and she wanted just that. There were a couple of moments of doubt, whether or not Faust would pull some kind of betrayal. She slipped the stone down on the vice.

"Barbara, stop!"

The woman turned her attention down the hallway, where Diana waited. Her eyes narrowed the very second Diana approached, with the hooded heroine following her. The two of them stood down. Cheetah turned towards Diana, eyes narrowed when catching a glimpse of the Amazon. Several of her claws retracted and she snarled but did not attack.

"You betrayed me!" Cheetah yelled.

"No, I didn't," Diana said. "I warned you about the dangers…"

"YOU LIE! You didn't do anything to save me. You left me to rot! Faust opened my mind to what you really did!"

Diana threw her hands back into the air. Cheetah made her mind up regarding the situation and it resulted in an unfortunate stabbing pain in Diana's heart. The Amazon stared down with Cheetah, her former friend, who locked eyes with Diana with a hideous intent dancing in her eyes.

"I'm going to make you kneel before me," Cheetah responded. "When I'm done for you, you're going to be nothing more than a nasty memory. You will break, just like any other woman. I will break you, just like you've broken me!"

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"You betrayed me!" Cheetah yelled.

"No, I didn't," Diana said. "I warned you about the dangers…"

"YOU LIE! You didn't do anything to save me. You left me to rot! Faust opened my mind to what you really did!"

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"You can't stop this, Arrow!" Faust yelled. "My dark army will crush the world, and then I will finally gain the revenge on all that spurned me. Darhk, Hades, those wretched Amazons, all will feel the power of Felix Faust!"

At least he had a lot of time to get that super villain speech down when trapped in limbo. Sara decided to move around the area of the chamber in an attempt to figure out another way to get this done.

Diana flung down onto the ground from Cheetah. She did not wish to fight Cheetah, given at one time, they were very close friends. However, Cheetah made the choice extremely difficult for the Princess of the Amazons. Cheetah jumped high into the air and went for Diana.

The Amazon dodged the attack and grabbed her.

"Barbara, listen, Faust won't bring you back to normal!" Diana yelled. "He's using you as a pawn."
"Just like you used me!"

There had been no getting through that cracked mind of the Cheetah. She shoved Diana back onto the ground and pounced on top of her. She tried to claw at Diana's neck. Diana grabbed onto Cheetah's hands and pushed her away from the attack. Her heart pumped fast.

'She's not going to hold back,' Diana thought. 'If I want to help her, then neither should I.'

Diana put her feet underneath Cheetah and kicked the woman off. The woman flung into the air and dropped down to the ground. A solo claw retracted and again. Swipes aimed towards Diana's face came inches away from connecting. Diana grabbed Cheetah's hand and pushed them down.

The room started to grow brighter, but at the same time, darker. The form of Felix Faust slowly became fully realized. The power surrounded the sadistic sorcerer followed by numerous dark shades rising from the ground. His teeth curled into a snarl when he looked back and then leaned forward. He could feel the energy coursing through every single fiber of his body.

"At last, I have risen once more!" Faust yelled.

Sara kept her back against the wall and monitored her surroundings. There had be a weakness. After a long moment of searching, Sara noticed the weakness. It was so obvious, it almost slapped her in the face.

She could see through Faust. Not, see through him, because his intentions were so transparent, but she could see through him because he wasn't fully realized. It might only be a matter of minutes before he became corporeal. Sara took a second to breathe and look around. She needed to find a way to get to the totem and fast.

Those dark shades formed a barrier. Did they work for Faust? Or were their purpose something more sinister? The portal opened up behind Sara, and she looked around. Mari and Laurel dropped down behind them.

The battle between Wonder Woman and Cheetah continued, with Diana hurling her former friend halfway across the room. Cheetah dropped down onto the ground with a thump and Diana withdrew the sword, putting it next to the Cheetah's throat.

Cheetah snapped the sword with her hand. She seemed to have gotten larger as well. Sara aimed an arrow which released a stunning charge towards Cheetah. Diana moved over across the room to join her fellow heroines.

"Oh, your last stand!" Faust bellowed at the top of his lungs. "It would be amusing if it wasn't so pathetic. You're not going to win this battle."

"You're not the first person who told me I was fighting a hopeless fight," Sara responded. "And you're not the last person either."

Faust just inclined his head towards Sara, a half of a smile. The wraiths surrounded him. Sara shook her head. These wraiths sucked the warmth out of the air. Mari looked towards them.

"You're our best shot at beating them," Sara said. "Please don't get hurt trying."

"Thanks for the vote of confidence," she said.

Arrow put her hand on Vixen's shoulder and smiled. "I believe you can do it."
"We need to take out the guardians to get to the totem!" Diana told them.

The totem was so far away, it was almost difficult. Vixen had to try to get a path through. She closed her eyes and stampeded towards the creature. The mystical power met more mystical power. The horn of the rhino shredded through the demonic wraiths.

"You're only delaying the inevitable, my rise to power!"

Sara fired an arrow at Faust, even though it did no good given he was not completely solid. At least there was still time for them to break the enchantment, at least they hoped. Mari was kicking ass and now Laurel made her way towards the totem. She grabbed the edge of the table.

A backlash of energy knocked her down onto the ground. Laurel pulled herself to the feet, and one of the demonic wraiths tried to grab onto her.

Laurel dodged the attack and the ground decayed where she once laid. She pulled herself up and sent a Canary Cry at the creature. The sonic vibrations disrupted the air around him and prevented him from standing up. Laurel drew in her breath one more time and another super sonic Canary Cry forced her adversary back.

Cheetah turned herself towards Faust who was almost solid.

"Restore me!" Cheetah yelled. "We have a deal."

"The deal is not done, as long as Wonder Woman still breaths," Faust yelled. "Finish, her, or…you'll never be human again!"

"I've done everything you've asked of me!" Cheetah argued. "I'm not going to be your pawn any longer! You needed me…"

"Do you want to become a hideous beast?" Faust asked. "Because that's what you're going to become if you don't mind your tongue. Remember, Wonder Woman. She's the reason why you're the way you are in the first place. There's balance, and there's…"

Sara fired an arrow at the pedestal where the totem rested. She could not hit the totem, but she connected full on with the pedestal. The totem flew into the air. Then, it remained levitated, surrounded by magic, and did not smash into the ground.

"The most amusing thing is, you thought that had a chance of working," Faust said, his voice extremely giddy. "But, once again, you heroes have…"

Laurel caught him with the Canary Cry which caused Faust to howl in agony. He was real enough to feel that one. She turned towards the floating totem and gave it her best Canary Cry. The sonic vibrations had been absorbed with the magical energy.

Then, they propelled back at Laurel like a rubber band being shot through the air at her. Laurel had to throw herself back down onto the ground to avoid the energy attack from wiping her out. There was a second where the breath went through her lungs, but at least, she was alive, breathing, and conscious.

"Your attempts are amusing!" Faust yelled. "Futile, but amusing. A pathetic gambit, which proves no matter how hard you try, you cannot win."

Diana dropped to her knees by some mystical spell, and Mari, Laurel, and Sara all followed. Faust's eyes glowed when he became solid. Those demonic wraiths rose up and formed a barrier around
Faust. The sadistic sorcerer looked at his very captive prey.

"You will all kneel before your new master…..all of you!"

Cheetah had been forced to her hands and knees, just because Faust could.

Screwing up her eyes, Mari tried to break free. She had to break free, there was no way. Sweat rolled down her face, and her breathing intensified. She struggled against the pressure being put on her. The heroine's breathing increased.

'Now, at the moment of truth.'

Mari tapped into a power far greater than she ever had to out of desperation. The mystical force of the entire stampede of the animal kingdom rushed at Faust and his minions. The power broke suddenly, with Mari slipping down to the ground, collapsing in a sweaty heap.

Diana looked up and noticed the enchantment around the totem weakened. The Amazon Princess seized her moment and held onto the totem. She clutched it between her powerful hands and squeezed.

The totem pieces broke apart and separated. Faust's eyes widened, but his screams faded when something locked onto him and started to drag him.

"I won't go back!"

"Yes, you will," Sara muttered.

Her spine had been bent in a way which it wasn't meant to be bent. She turned around to take a look at Laurel, who shook her head.

"The situations we get into together," Laurel said. "Are you alright?"

"Yeah, I'll live," Sara said. "How about you?"

"Same," Laurel responded.

She saw Cheetah out of the corner of her eye. Sara wasn't in the mood to deal with this. She loaded up an arrow and caught Cheetah flush. The arrow head exploded and released a sticky series of ropes, wrapping around Cheetah. Diana rushed over and caught Cheetah with one more punch to the jaw and dropped the woman down to the ground.

Diana looked over the body of her fallen former friend, Barbara Anne Minerva, better known as Cheetah. It was a shame it had all come to this, but unfortunately, it had to. She looked down with remorse, and with a whole amount of pity towards her.

"Maybe there's hope she'll be herself again," Sara said.

Diana nodded. Without hope, what did they have left? The Princess of the Amazons took a second to look down at her former friend with a sigh. Pity, once more, and sorrow also entered the mind of the Amazon Princess. She had to secure Cheetah and unfortunately, bring her back to the island.

Maybe, the Goddesses would take pity on her, and find a way to restore her. There were sometimes though, where their hands were unfortunately tied in matters like this.

Screams of agony got even worse the second Felix Faust dropped down onto the ground. He was so
close, yet so far from achieving his ultimate goal of success. Now he had been dragged somewhere, but exactly where, he had no idea.

The totem should have brought him back, but something went wrong. Faust debated on what went wrong, and he figured, there was some kind of powerful source which prevented him. Exactly who did it?

Why was he in a church of all places? It was the last place he wanted to be, given the nature of some of the deals he made during his time.

Faust rose up to a standing position and slowly looked around. The back of his head throbbed when he stepped past the long and never ending hallway of stained glass windows. What he assumed to be religious figures were depicted on the windows, but they were so indistinct it was very hard for him to tell. Faust took a couple of steps off to the side, taking a deep breath when moving over.

'Keep going,' Faust thought to himself.

The creaking of doors caused Faust to move even closer towards the back of the church. His hands clutched together when reaching his destination closer. Holy water bubbled when Faust stepped past it.

The journey ended when he stepped towards the back entrance of the church. The doors swung open and allowed his movement from the back of the gates. The skies burned red and he stepped towards what appeared to be a perch of some sort. Two buzzards dropped down onto the perch, and about a half a dozen more circled around the air above Faust's head. The Sorcerer watched in confusion, and he wondered, what the hell was happening now.

"Whoever is playing games, this isn't really funny," Faust said.

"Oh, no, brother Faust, it's not a game."

The low voice came through the area and Faust took another step.

"You've come so close to reaching the promised land, my brother," he said. "But, you fell into bad intentions. There are people who will always worship false idles. And those who have forsaken everything."

Faust looked into the air and saw more of the buzzards start swarming around his head. Unnerved really did describe how Faust felt right about now as the buzzards continued to circle around the top of his head. Their eyes glowed and looked almost like they had no soul. Faust shuddered for a response.

"You still have power, and I could use some of that power, my brother!" the man in question howled above Faust's head.

Now, Faust had been even more intrigued, but also a very bit suspicious. He took a step forward. Voices coming from nowhere was never a good sign. Especially when magic had been involved, because it was a sign something when horrifically wrong.

"Who are you?"

"My brother, you shouldn't be so cross," the voice said. "And if you want to know, all you have to do is follow the buzzards."

Faust looked up into the air and he could see a demonic faced formed by those birds in the sky. He
turned to the Church, the building looked charred as if it had undergone a burning. The words "Church of Blackfire" stuck out more prominently than ever before on the rotted, burning wood.

Curiosity got the better of Felix Faust. He took one tentative step into the unknown to see what he had to deal with.

Diana knew she would have to return home immediately with Barbara. Working with a known enemy of the Amazons were not going to look well on her. She made sure her former friend had been secured and held in place. The burning look of hatred in her eyes made Diana feel nothing other than pity. She drew her attention away from the woman who know was tapping into Cheetah.

"Perhaps, there is redemption ahead for her," Diana said.

"Faust twisted her mind," Sara said.

Sara, meanwhile, could not help but be unsettled by something. Faust disappeared into the night, which never was a good thing if she was perfectly honest. She wished she could say with absolute certainty this was the last she could see of Felix Faust.

"It's a shame you can't stick around for too long," Sara said.

"Yes," Diana said. "But, you know what I have to do. I'm going to have to bring my sister home."

After all of that, Diana still thought of Cheetah as a sister and a friend. Sara smiled and leaned closer towards the Amazon, as she held the amulet in her hand which opened up the gateway to Paradise.

"It seems like we're always parting ways," Sara said.

"You've come a long way," Diana said.

"Given the state I was, after you found me, I hope so," Sara said.

The two stepped forward and shared a momentary kiss. Their lips lingered for a minute, and it was a shame this couldn't go further. Diana had a prisoner to return, and more importantly, a promise to keep.

"I'm going to take her home," Diana said.

Mari and Laurel stepped out. The pieces of the totem had been separated, and they would have to return them back to their owners. Hopefully, they could find a way to secure them better.

"After that, I need a drink," Mari said.

"Actually, a drink would be pretty good right now," Laurel said. "How, about you two?"

"I'll have to make it up another time," Diana said. "I want to make sure she's returned safely…..it was nice working with you….both of you."

Diana smiled and turned around to leave. Sara watched her go, the weight of the world on her shoulders.

After dealing with magic and mayhem tonight, a drink sounded pretty good.

To Be Continued on August 25th, 2017.
Chapter Seventy-Three: Returning Fire

While Sara was out of town, Lyla had her own problems. The day job, well technically, speaking at Cadmus, caused her more than her fair share of distractions and problems. One of those distractions had to do with Count Vertigo, who showed how frustrating someone of his level could be.

He had gone back into the shadows after the attack on Starling City a few months ago. Yet, no one believed he was completely out of the game right now, most of which, Amanda Waller. She did not believe he was out of the game. Not by a long shot, and to be perfectly honest, neither did Lyla. There was just something about this entire situation which made Lyla wonder what is real end game was.

Vertigo laid low for these many years, after the encounter with Sara. He struck hard, and then was captured, perhaps a bit too easily. Then, he was let go. Lyla figured out something, perhaps a bit too late. Vertigo was toying with them. He played those nasty little mind games with the people around him, to try and test their emotions, try and stir them up a little bit.

Now the latest lead, well Lyla did not know what to make of this one. There were rumors Vertigo was using a facility outside of Starling City to develop some kind of brand new weapon. Was it an upgraded version of his Vertigo effect weapon, or was it something else entirely? Lyla did not have the slightest idea to be perfectly honest.

She was not going into this situation alone, thankfully. These missions were a lot easier to deal with when you had a trusted partner to back you up. Most of the time, Lyla trusted Sara, but she wasn't an official ARGUS agent. Her new assigned partner, Beatriz DeCosta was very trustworthy, and Lyla hoped to work with her in due time.

The woman stepped to join Lyla next to the fence outside of the facility. Both of them spent some time looking around, surveying the area in silence.

"He's been very quiet for a few months," Beatriz said. "Do you think he's been lying low because he's gotten caught?"

"I don't know," Lyla responded. "We're going to have to go….

A long pause followed and Lyla listened to the sound of shattering glass. Something else was happening in that facility. She took a second to study the edge of the gate, the most obvious entrance onto the grounds of the facility. The gate already had been tampered with.

"Let's go."

Beatriz frowned and nodded. She had no idea why her older partner was so tense tonight, but she was more than willing to learn. The two of them stepped into the facility and made their way down towards the side entrance. They surveyed the damage and the damage lead to more answers than questions.

Evidence a door had been forced open greeted them the second they reached the side of the facility. That wasn't the most damning piece of evidence though, there was a window which was busted. Lyla took a step forward and removed her side arm from her holster.
Whoever broke into this facility, was after something. The real question was, what they were after. Lyla turned around, locking eyes on the younger agent, who was biting down on her lip very carefully.

"Keep your eyes sharp."

Lyla reached towards the door and opened it up. She stepped inside and navigated around the piles of broken glass. Something was up, to put things bluntly. Lyla looked over her shoulder and then looked forward, frowning when she stepped further into the room.

Beatriz followed Lyla into the center of the room. Something most certainly was up, and neither woman could put their finger on what it was. They made their way into a lab which had been busted open.

"My God."

These words from Beatriz caused Lyla to slowly turned. One scientist laid on the ground, slash marks on the side of his neck. She stepped forward just in time to see one slumped against the wall. A disgusting smear of blood splattered the wall and his back, his shirt, both had been ripped open.

Lyla frowned and stepped back around the corner. A third scientist was lying on a set of stairs, leading down to the basement. More of the same, something ripped into his back and caused him to slam down the steps. Lyla approached the situation with about the most delicate care as she could, standing over the scientist.

"Three of them are dead, but why?" Beatriz asked.

Lyla made her way down the steps and noticed some heavy breathing coming from the other side of a door. She stepped down the steps in an attempt to locate the source of this heavy breathing. Lyla turned her attention a fraction of an inch to the side and then back towards the door.

The door was barricaded shut from the inside. There was a fourth person in this facility, someone who obviously did not want to be grouped in with the rest. Lyla held her hand on the door and shoved it.

"Open up," Lyla said. "I'm not going to hurt you. I just want to ask questions."

"No!" the woman from inside of the room screamed.

Lyla could hear the hysterics coming from the woman on the other side of the room. She did not want to have to break down the door leading to the room, but she might not have much of a choice. She pressed her hand on the other end of the room and started to kick at it.

The door finally opened up, with the desk and other furniture hastily sliding across the room. Lyla stepped into the room, with Beatriz following a half of a step forward behind her. The woman in the corner was unharmed, although her face was very pale, she was shaking like mad, and her heart was beating like a madwoman.

"Please, I don't know.....I don't know what they're after."

"Was it Count Vertigo?" Beatriz asked.

Lyla thought she could have used a bit more tact in her words, but at least she got down to the point. You couldn't argue with that kind of results from a person. The woman's eyes widened and she looked very confused. Her head started to shake.
"No, I don't know any Count," she said. "We're working for the government."

"Which branch of the government?" Lyla asked.

"It's classified," she breathed.

Lyla figured that was coming, and the number of times she had to give that response when she was asked what branch of the government she worked for, well it was obvious it was time to have it thrown in her face. Still, they might not be high up the food chain to know about the man they were working for.

"Do you think you could tell me who came after you?" Lyla asked.

"Terrible, terrible, man!" she said, almost shaking like a leaf. "He came in here, demanding information, and started breaking things when he didn't get it. He was a very terrible man.....awful, he couldn't....he was a monster!"

The woman was distressed, and Lyla stepped down the hallway. She moved into another office area, which had been ripped apart.

"Someone just tore apart some filing cabinets upstairs," Bea called. "They were looking for something."

"Or didn't want some information to come out," Lyla said, half distracted when turning around.

Whatever they were looking for, it was either stolen, shredded, or something. Lyla looked outside of the window and saw some men in black approaching the facility. She had a feeling perhaps the scientist was telling the truth, and these people were working in the government.

She just hoped it was their government because something rotten was going on.

Mari and Sara sat down against each other, both of them smiling, and laughing.

"I guess, I have a tendency to get into trouble way too much," Mari said. "Still, now they're after this vigilante, with the strange amulet....even if it's really a totem. There's a difference....don't ask me to explain it though."

Sara smiled and shook her head. She was pretty sure there was a difference between a totem and an amulet as well. Hell, she could have sworn it had been explained to her at one time, but it was a very long-time ago. They had kicked back in a private booth at a bar, waiting for Laurel to return, with the drinks.

"So, how did you meet my sister?" Sara asked.

"She was in town, interviewing a witness for a case when she stumbled upon me, I had....been at the wrong place at the wrong time," Mari said. "I was looking at some serious prison time if the guys who actually committed the crime had not been locked up. She agreed to help me, even though technically I was a fugitive from the law at the time."

"Things went a bit better for you after that," Sara said.

"Yeah, I have a bad habit of being at the wrong place at the wrong time," Mari said. "But, I'm making up for it now, I think. They would love to unmask the Vixen though, bring her to justice."

Sara could only offer the other woman the benefit of her experience. She stretched across the table
and placed her hand on top of the woman's. Mari looked towards her, the smile deepening.

"Don't worry about the police," Sara said. "Worry about yourself. I've had a lot of problems for the first two years as the Hood. They have to learn that there's a real crime problem, and their efforts are better spent bringing the criminals to justice than the people trying to clean up the streets."

"Cops can be pretty stubborn around here," Mari said.

"Unfortunately, they can be stubborn anywhere," Sara said. "People in general, they can be pretty stubborn. You just got to keep your chin up, never give up hope."

Mari smiled, that was the thing, wasn't it? Never, ever give up hope. Some people have told her not to do that in the past, and perhaps it does work very often. She smiled when leaning closer towards Sara.

"There are people like you who are going to give me hope that things might actually change," Mari said. "And the Arrow, Black Canary, even the Flash over in Central City….and I guess that one weirdo in Gotham City…..they're inspirations in their own ways."

Sara tried not to laugh. She did have a slight amount of respect for the World's Greatest Detective, even if they got off on the wrong foot

"Thank you."

Laurel returned with the drinks.

"Sorry, it took me so long," Laurel said. "Some jackass just wouldn't take the hint."

"Give me five minutes alone with him, and I'll give him a pretty big hint," Sara said.

Laurel gave Sara a smile as if to tell her there was no real problem. She didn't want their trip to Detroit to end in problems, which ended with Sara beating up some jackass. She had dealt with her fair share of jackasses in bars, and just cutting them down was more than enough to get them to back off.

Well, most of the time at least.

"Here's to a successful team up," Laurel said.

"And here's to many more," Sara said.

"I can drink to that," Mari said.

The women all lifted their drinks and toasted each other. They did wish the fourth member of their little group was here.

"And here's to a wonderous woman who helped us," Sara said. "Because, let's face it, without her help, we wouldn't have been in this position."

"I can drink to that," Laurel responded, a big grin crossing her face.

"Yeah, I can too," Mari said. "And here's to a peaceful night….well as peaceful of a night as women like us could ever hope to have."

All of them broke out into laughter, a peaceful night was not something any of them really had the luxury of having that often. Mari was newer to this game than Laurel and Sara, but she learned, there
was always something to do.

Sara, in particular, could rest easily knowing Starling City was in the hands of three great young woman, in Thea, Artemis, and Cassandra, with Felicity playing the role of Oracle-West. She likely needed a unique code name of than that, but Sara thought if Felicity wanted one, then she could come up with the code name herself.

"Well, other than the mysterious totem, the Cheetah woman, and the undead sorcerer, things have been very quiet tonight," Mari said.

"Be careful what you wish for," Laurel said. "Things can always get much weirder. You should take a trip to Gotham City if you want weird."

"Wasn't your last trip to Gotham City relatively normal?" Sara asked.

"Other than the train Barbara and I were on being commandeered by a group of gangsters lead by a guy taking orders from a puppet, then yes, pretty normal for Gotham City," Laurel said. "Maybe not for any other city, but for Gotham City, yes."

Sara smiled and shook her head. That was really tame compared to Gotham City, and that really did show how Starling City really wasn't that bad all things considered. She could have a drink for that.

The government people who arrived clammed up the very second Lyla arrived. It was like dealing with a somewhat more obstructive version of Amanda Waller, and Lyla did not know such a thing could exist. Regardless of this fact though, she stepped into Central City.

"Yeah, I'm pretty sure they have a sister facility here," Felicity said. "There's a lot of places which have an A facility in Starling, or a B facility in Central City. Or is it the other way around? I haven't been any information….other than they develop cough syrup and aspirin."

"There's something beyond that," Lyla said.

"Yeah, but unless Vertigo wants to replicate the Tylenol scare, I can't see what he's going to do," Felicity said. "So, I need to check in on the girls. So if you need me, let me know."

"I will," Lyla said.

She was against Sara bringing civilians into the mission, but Lyla had to admit, Felicity helped point her in the right direction, and she got the information a lot quicker than to go through protocol at ARGUS. So there was that. Lyla now wondered which direction she was going in.

"So, this is the place?" Beatriz asked.

"Yes," Lyla said. "Keep a look out while I go inside. And if I'm not back in fifteen minutes, come inside after me."

No argument from there and Beatrix waved Lyla in. She was the senior agent, while Beatriz was the junior operative. She had to listen to Lyla on all circumstances.

Lyla made her way to the front of the building. She saw a man in a mask standing out the window and he was having a stand off with the Central City Police Department.

"Stand back!" the man bellowed. "We have hostages inside, and we're going to kill them if you don't comply with our demands. We are against what's going on in this facility…..and the general public
would be as well if they knew the truth!"

No time to listen to the man’s platform. Lyla made her way inside and noticed one of the windows had been broken. She gently climbed through the broken glass and entered the facility. Her heart started to race when stepping inside. There was something a bit off about this hostage crisis situation. She could not really put her finger on what, but there was something extremely off.

Lyla turned her head a fraction of an inch to the side and then turned it back around in the facility. She saw a half-open window and hostages were tied up. There was only one man, the man in the mask who gave the declaration. The red flag was in Lyla’s head. She opened the door and turned around, pulling her gun on the man in question.

Two of the hostages broke free, and one of them pulled a gun on Lyla and attacked her. She threw herself behind a heavy piece of lab equipment.

'Not hostages,' Lyla thought. 'They're mercenaries, working for the highest bidder.'

Lyla popped herself out from behind the equipment and fired back. She sent the equipment flying and the masked mercenary went up against the wall with a solid thud. The other hostages drew their weapons, but then they stepped back. Some of them had smiles on their face, and Lyla wondered why they were smiling.

'Something really off.'

One of the "hostages" moved behind Lyla and pulled out a large metal object while she was dealing with the mercenaries. He took aim at the side of the government agent’s head, flinging the boomerang at the back of her head while she engaged in fire with one of the other mercenaries.

A blur came into the lab, rushing towards Lyla and nearly caught her in the back of the head.

The Flash stepped back, and she clutched the metal object in her hand. The figure who flung the Boomerang looked on with a smile and held an automated trigger in his hand. He pressed the button.

Grabbing Lyla under the arm, The Flash bolted out of the other direction. She was no Barry, but she knew enough to know some of these chemicals in this facility were highly explosive. She rushed out of the side entrance, with the ARGUS agent tucked underneath her arm.

The flames shot up to the sky and an immense chemical fire started. The Flash took a deep breath when looking up at the facility. She turned to Lyla who dropped to her knees, a bit winded.

"Are you okay?" Flash asked.

"Yeah, I'm fine," Lyla said. "That just takes some getting used to, being sped around at super speed."

"Yeah, it does, sorry for shaking you up a bit," Flash said. "You're not too hurt, are you?"

"No, just a bit dizzy, it will pass," Lyla said. "I recognized the guy in there though….we're in huge trouble."

"Really, we are?" Iris asked. "Who are we dealing with?"

"His name is Digger Harkness," Lyla said. "He's a very dangerous man, to put things bluntly."

Sara leaned back on the couch in Mari’s apartment. She and Laurel were hanging out, before heading back to Starling City in the morning. Mari currently was in her bathroom, taking a shower. Sara
leaned back a little bit more, with Laurel resting her hand lightly on her sister's upper thigh.

"So, hey, Felicity?" Sara asked.

"There's been nothing too hard to handle tonight," Felicity said. "And no, I'm not being facetious this time, it's just that there have been no real problems out there on the field tonight. You know, nothing that Cass, Thea, and Artemis can't handle tonight."

"That's good," Sara said. "Have, you heard anything about Vertigo? I know Lyla was following up a lead."

"Yeah, she came across a lab, where the guys had been attacked," Felicity said. "They swear it had nothing to do with Vertigo if you can believe that. They claim they worked for the government."

Sara wondered briefly if the Count infiltrated the government, or had spies somewhere, which was feeding him information. Was it possible he had a spy in ARGUS? Sara didn't know who to trust at this point. She tried not to get too paranoid, but at the same time, she found herself thinking there might have been something.

"She made her way over to Central City, and she just went radio silent," Felicity said. "That's really all I know. Nothing here at home base, other than your usual thugs and low lives. Pretty much standard stuff. Stuff I'm sure you can do in your sleep by now."

"Pretty much, yeah," Sara said. "So, stay out of trouble."

"Hey, I don't get into trouble," Felicity protested. "Okay, maybe a little bit here and there, but it's for a good cause, you know."

Sara smiled, oh boy she knew alright. She decided to disconnect from the call and lean back on the couch. Mari still was taking her shower. She thought about joining her, and it wouldn't be the first time.

But, she didn't think she was sweaty enough to justify taking a shower. Maybe, her sister could help her with that. The two leaned forward and met each other lip to lip with a very passionate kiss. Laurel grabbed onto the back of Sara's head and deepened the kiss, their warm lips molding into each other.

A sigh passed through Sara when she kissed her sister. Laurel moved back on the couch to allow Sara to straddle her lap. Laurel lightly brushed her fingers down Sara's back and cupped her sister's nice ass. Sara grabbed Laurel's face in response and kissed her deeply, working her tongue deeper and more feverishly.
She moved in to unbutton the top of Laurel's shirt and then slowly reach down and kiss her.

"You got started without me, didn't you?"

The bathroom door now opened, and Sara turned around. She caught sight of Mari standing in the bathroom door, a towel wrapped around her waist. She sauntered into the room.

"You'd think you would let me join in on the fun, this is my apartment after all," Mari said.

Mari approached Sara across the room, and Sara wasn't about to be intimidated by anyone. The woman swept her into an embrace and Sara went in for the kill, kissing Mari heatedly across the lips. The dark skinned woman pulled at Sara's shirt and slowly pulled it over her head, allowing Sara to wear nothing other than a bra from the waist up.

"You're too overdressed," Laurel said, whispering in Mari's ear.

Mari was about to protest she was wearing nothing but a towel, but there was really no time to protest it. Laurel stepped behind her and slowly slipped the towel off around her waist, dropping it to the ground.

The ebony-skinned crime fighter body herself trapped between two lovely sisters, and that wasn't a bad place to be. Mari always wanted a threesome with sisters.

Sara looked at Mari with a seductive smile and lightly rolled her hands down Mari's round, chocolate orbs. She pulled the woman's nipples and squeezed them, before going down her legs. Mari sighed before Sara slowly rubbed her hands down Mari's hips.

Laurel, meanwhile, was squeezing her ass from behind and giving her a series of kisses planted on the back of her neck. The trio of women edged towards Mari's bedroom, all of them walking over to settle down on the bed. Mari's breathing continued to get more intense.

"Please," Mari said.

Sara had her down on the bed, with Laurel sitting at the edge of the bed. Laurel slowly slipped off her clothes, revealing her toned, tanned body in all of its naked glory. And Sara crawled between Maria's thighs, and spread her pussy lips. Sara slowly sucked on Mari's lips.

A lustful purr came from the crime fighter on the bed. Sara latched her mouth around Mari's nether lips and gave them a suck. Each suck increased intensity. Sara tasted those delicious juices which trickled between Mari's legs.

Laurel decided to lean down and kissed Mari on the lips. She moved down and slowly kissed down the body of the woman. Mari shuddered and gave several moans of pleasure every time Laurel kissed her. Those nipples stuck out with Laurel sucking on them for a moment. She kissed down, touching her navel, licking the sweat trickling down from it. It was a sweet looking taste.

Mari experienced a combination of very amazing feelings. She put her hands on the back of Sara's head. Sara's face buried between her dark thighs made her feel very good.

"And I wouldn't be a good big sister if I left my baby sister neglected."

Laurel rolled her hands over Sara's body, and slowly slipped the rest of her clothes. Sara's thighs parted for Laurel. Laurel slipped a single finger inside of Sara's body and caused her to clamp down onto it. Laurel pushed the finger deeper inside of her.
"I wonder how much my sister would like it if I put another finger inside of her naughty pussy," Laurel said. "Would she like it a lot? I bet she would!"

Laurel slipped a second finger inside of Sara and felt up her tightening insides. Her beautiful pussy oozed juices down onto Laurel's fingers when she pushed them deeper inside of Sara. Sara's pussy was getting nice and wet and ready to go.

Sara closed her eyes, trying to not get overwhelmed by the pleasure. Instead, she locked onto Mari's thighs and went all the way down into her. She pushed the tongue further and caused the woman to growl. Mari's hands grabbed down onto the back of her head.

"Jesus!" Mari yelled.

Sara's talented mouth introduced sensations to Mari she never thought was possible. Her nipples stuck out hard and firm to the point where she wished someone was there to pinch them.

Laurel added a third finger into Sara's pussy. She also placed a hand on Sara's ample ass and gave it a tight squeeze. Laurel leaned down and pushed her tongue into her asshole while fingering her pussy.

'Ooh, Laurel, you kinky, kinky, bitch,' Sara breathed heavily.

Her heart stammered a couple more beats when sucking down Mari's juices. Her hips closed around Sara's head again, and Sara kept sucking her.

That naughty tongue brushed Sara's ass. Laurel could bury her face into her sister's plump ass all day. She licked Sara's ass and pumped the younger blonde's pussy in time. The moans increased every single time Laurel buried her tongue into her.

Sara came, Mari came as well. Laurel kept pleasuring both of her sister's holes and made her feel really intense. Laurel shoved more of her tongue inside of Sara's puckered, taboo hole. Laurel finished fingering her sister all the way to orgasm.

The moment they were done, Laurel was flipped down onto the bed right next to Mari. The two met each other lip to lip, with a kiss. Their hands clutched the back of their heads and deepened the kiss.

"Not to break up this beautiful moment."

Sara already had her toy on and she was ready to penetrate. Mari and Laurel both spread their legs at the same time in anticipation. Sara just smiled, and she decided, with all due respect to her sister, she wanted to explore a brand new pussy. Mari's snatch tasted so delicious, and now, Sara had to fuck it like it was her job. She climbed between Mari's thighs and spread them on the bed.

"Please, Sara," Mari begged.

"Oh, I won't leave you hanging too long," Sara said. "Mmm, I love the taste of chocolate."

The talented assassin slowly ground her knuckle on the underside of Mari's leg. She marveled how smooth it was. Sara decided to also lean forward and push her face between Mari's large, round breasts. The beautiful woman's breasts came up against her face and Sara reached underneath it, sucking them. Those round nipples pushed into her mouth.

"Sara!" Mari yelled. "Please, fuck me!"

"I love when they beg," Laurel said. "Don't you love when they beg, sis?"
Sara couldn't answer on account of having so much of her delicious chocolate-covered nipple to suck on. However, she parted Mari's thighs and obliged her. Sara made one swift movement and plunged her cock inside of Mari's very warm center. It felt really good to be inside of such a nice sheath of womanly flesh. Sara held onto her hips and plunged all the way down inside of her.

Mari closed her eyes and gripped Sara's back, digging her nails inside of it. This was too good to be true, getting a nice, hard, stiff fucking like this. Sara drilled herself as far between Mari's thighs as possible and then pulled completely out of her.

On the edge of the bed, Laurel watched a big smile. Her fingers lightly brushed against her pussy and then Laurel shoved them into her gushing cunt. She got off on her sister roughly fucking another woman, more than she should. More than was morally right.

Then again, it is morally wrong just made things all that much the hotter. Laurel lightly touched her nipples and gave them a squeeze. She pushed her fingers inside her pussy.

The two lovers on the bed indulged in each other. Sara's hands were wherever they needed to be. Her mouth touched several areas at the same time and gave Mari so much excitement. Her orgasm just built before hitting a fever pitch, with Sara driving herself deep inside of her.

"You've never had release like this, have you?" Sara asked.

Mari looked up at her with a lusty gaze and smiled. Sara kept touching all of those right buttons and making her excited. The depths of which Sara would plunge inside of her made Mari rather glad that she was here and she was pushing the length inside of her.

"No, I haven't!" Mari yelled.

Every single tick on the clock brought new pleasures to Mari. Mari pushed her hips up to meet Sara's intruding phallus. The two smacked together, thigh to thigh. Both of them were dripping with sweat, and it was a very amazing feeling to have. Mari pushed her nails on either side of Sara's hips and allowed her to drop all the way down inside of her. Their bodies molded together.

"Right there," Sara told her. "Right there, you know what you want. You want pleasure, don't you?"

"Mmm, hmm!" Mari yelled.

"Cum for me, cum for me, and I'll give you more pleasure," Sara said. "More pleasure than you can ever dream about. Mari, cum for me."

She did cum for Sara and cum very hard. Her slick walls gripped Sara's intruding phallus. Sara pushed deeper inside of Mari and stretched out her womanhood. A couple more drops and Sara had her right where she wanted her.

After putting Mari through the paces, Sara decided to give the dark skinned woman a break. She turned over to her sister, who had her fingers shamelessly jammed into her pussy. Sara didn't want to break up such a beautiful sight, but she had to.

"Having fun?"

Sara grabbed Laurel's cum soaked fingers away from her snatch and lifted them up. Laurel looked towards Sara with a very smoldering expression in those eyes. Sara lightly pushed her fingers inside of Laurel's mouth and slowly, sensually, began to suck on the digits. Laurel gasped with Sara's light sucking which became more than light when she cleaned them.
"You can be so naughty," Sara breathed in Laurel's ear. "But, that's okay, I can be very naughty too."

Sara shoved two fingers inside of Laurel's tight ass. "Do you like it? Do you like it when your little sister is a naughty little minx?"

"Mmm, it's so hot," Laurel said.

"And you're a slut, who likes your ass fucked, don't you?" Sara asked.

Laurel nodded eagerly. Sara's eyes glued on her nipples, and she turned Laurel over onto the bed. Her ass was presented up in the air, firm and tight. Sara pushed her finger into her mouth, sucking on it. Then, she slipped her finger into Laurel's ass.

The older Lance sister felt the sensations of the younger one lubricating her ass and preparing it to be anally pounded. Her heart tensed up and her body was more than ready for what was about to happen next.

"Sara, please!"

Sara leaned closer to Laurel. Her lips latched onto Laurel's ear and she nibbled on it. Laurel gasped and Sara moved her hands all the way up Laurel's body for the next play. She squeezed the round ass, giving her a pleasurable exchange.

"Since you asked so nicely."

The plunge as taken and boy it was a nice plunge as well. Sara jammed her cock inside of Laurel's tightening asshole. She gripped Laurel's hips and plunged into her. Sara hung up and pushed herself into Laurel's tight asshole.

"Your ass feels so good, and it belongs to me," Sara said. "Say it, Laurel. Say how much you like your little sister fucking your ass. Making you hers."

"I don't….like it!" Laurel moaned. "I love it."

Sara rewarded Laurel by shoving two fingers into her gushing slit and pumping her. The favor from earlier had been returned, although in a very intense way. Sara plunged herself inside of Laurel's tightening asshole and then pulled all the way out. She slammed into Laurel.

The dance continued, with Sara working herself into Laurel's tight bum. She squeezed her sister's ass and plunged as far into it as possible. She stretched out Laurel's warm asshole, drilling into her with a couple more plunges. Laurel grabbed onto the edge of the bed.

"Cum for me, sis," Sara said.

Laurel was getting off something fierce by having anal sex with her sister. She reached over and decided to take a taste of Mari's pussy as well because she was there.

"Oh, you've always had a good mouth on you, Laurel!" Mari moaned.

The implications of that statement were not missed by Sara.

"Oh, you two have been having fun without me," Sara said. "It's fine though, I'll just take it out on your ass!"

Sara plunged deeper inside of Laurel's asshole, stretching it out and releasing her. Each time Sara
drove herself deeper inside of Laurel's tightening hole, things got even more intense. Sara grabbed onto her and plunged deep inside of Sara's tightening asshole.

"Mmm, yeah, you will!"

All of the parties involved came and came hard. Sara didn't quite finish her fun yet, she buried inside of Laurel's ass a little bit more while stimulating her pussy. The fun would continue for a little bit longer.

Sara sat up on the bed, both Mari and Laurel laying it with smiles on their face. Sara stepped into the living room area without a stitch of clothing on. She moved towards her bag, where her cell phone was hanging out of it. Sara picked up the cell phone and realized she had received a text message on it.

'Iris,' Sara thought.

**Where are you? Something happened. I could use your help.**

Sara tapped out another message on the cell phone.

**In Detroit. Give me five minutes to get dressed.**

Sara sent back the message and she barely blinked before Iris had a response out.

**Okay. See you in five minutes.**

She turned around and saw Laurel sitting up in the bed. Sara smiled at her sister. "It's Iris, she needs my help…..I trust you can make it back to Starling on your own."

"Yeah, I can manage," Laurel said. "Wonder what it's all about?"

Sara didn't have the slightest idea what Iris wanted, but she intended to find out sooner, rather than later.

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**To Be Continued August 29th, 2017.**
Chapter Seventy-Four: Return to Central City Part One

Star Labs was pretty much just as Sara had remembered it when she visited it almost a year ago. And she had been taken to the lab at the speed of light by Iris, making the trip from Central City to Detroit in a blink of an eye. The urgency of the situation left no time for appearances. Two figures were hunched over, working on something at one of the lab tables.

One of them was a dark skinned woman with curly brown hair. She dressed in a nice button up top and a pair of tight black pants. She had been studying something at the table. Sara got a closer look at it, and it looked like a Boomerang of some sort.

The other woman, a beautiful brunette, dressed in a lab coat, a blouse, and pants, turned towards Sara. She had been taken aback with the mysterious woman in the green hood from Starling City of all places being taken to the lab.

"This is the help you got?" she asked.

"Right, introductions," Iris said. "You know, the Arrow….she's the current vigilante cleaning up Starling City…"

"Yes, we've heard of her, and we might need your help on something."

Sara turned around in time to see Harrison Wells move his way into the room in a wheelchair. From what she heard, the accident left him immobile and unable to walk, at least so it seemed. Sara wasn't certain.

"The Flash seemed to think you would be perfect to work with us, given your knowledge on the matter, and the woman she saved from nearly getting her skull caved in with a Boomerang seems to think so," Wells responded, and he turned his head a fraction to the side.

Lyla turned around the corner. She looked a bit shaken up, but otherwise, she was in good spirits.

"We've met before, on that night when the Court of Owls attacked my lab," Wells said. "It's good to see you again…"

Sara decided to take a calculated risk and remove the hood. If Iris trusted them, then she could trust them with the secret. She could almost hear Nyssa groaning in her mind's eye about sharing the secret idea.

"I thought we met before," the brunette said. "Caitlin Snow, I'm working with….well you know who the Flash, is don't you?"

"I'm Sara Lance, she's Iris West," Sara said. "Yeah, I'm the Flash, and it's good to see you again, Caitlin. It's very good to see you again."

Caitlin looked at Sara then moment she moved forward to shake the woman's hand. She received shivers through her body. These shivers had been happening ever since that night, but they were
rare, and Caitlin thought they were nothing. Still, one look at Sara, and she thought they were more intense.

"And I'm Natasha Irons," the dark-skinned woman responded. "You may have heard of my Uncle."

"Ms. Irons comes to us from Metropolis, highly recommended by Doctor Patricia Swann, from the Star Labs facility run there," Wells said. "I'm surprised, Doctor Swann let you go, but her loss is our gain."

"I'm just glad to help out," Natasha said, with a smile. "And it's a pleasure to meet you, Sara."

"It's a pleasure to meet both of you," Sara said.

Wells turned around and smiled, glad to see everyone was glad to meet each other. It was very unfortunate Cisco had to leave due to the headaches he was developing. He entered a role as an occasional consultant from home. Given what Wells knew about the young man's future, the headaches could be the source of his budding powers, manifesting in a different way, or something else entirely.

Regardless, he regretfully resigned.

"Hey."

"Karen, you're here!" Natasha yelled in an excited voice.

Sara and Iris turned around and noticed Karen Starr of Starrwave in Metropolis. Secretly Kara Zor-El of Krypton, the woman stood in all of her tall, beautiful glory, with her blonde hair clipped back and a bright smile on her face. Her red top had been tastefully buttoned up, with only the top couple of buttons showing. And Iris, Sara, and even Caitlin looked like they appreciated the view. Her long legs could not be overlooked as well.

"Yeah, I'm here," Karen said. "I hope you don't mind, Doctor Wells. Natasha gave me a call and thought I could help out with this case."

Wells nodded in response. "The more, the merrier."

He couldn't really argue with the woman, being a respected scientist and businesswoman. Even though her presence her, caused him to be a light bit nervous. Still, Wells would just have to play it calm.

"Hey, guys."

Everyone turned around and the latest person in the lab showed up. Barry Allen made his way into the room, with the aid of a cane. His walking was a little jagged, but he was in surprisingly good spirits for someone of his handicap.

"Sara, it's good to see you again," Barry said.

"So, how are you holding up?" Sara asked.

"With a cane," Barry said.

"Oh, god, I knew he was going to say it," Iris said. She groaned a couple of times before turning towards Sara "I told you he was going to say it when I told you about it in Central City."

"It's not too soon, is it?" Barry asked.
Iris shook her head. She could have thought it might have been a bit too soon, but if she was honest, she was kind of glad Barry was in pretty good spirits and helping out where he could.

"I can't believe my best friend is a super heroine," Barry said. "And to think, it could have just easily been me out there….but I was not in the right place at the wrong time, and Iris was at the right place at the wrong time, and she got Flash powers….don't think I would have run very fast on this leg though."

"You were very fortunate, Mr. Allen," Lyla said, speaking up for the first time. "The Court of Owls don't leave many alive."

"No, I was fortunate that the Green Arrow, Black Canary, and Batgirl pulled me out of the fire," Barry said.

"We should have got there sooner," Sara said. "You might not be walking with a limp and a cane if we did."

Barry shook his head. He really hoped if he was a hero, he would not relentlessly blame himself for everything that happened. It sounded a bit depressing, actually, it sounded more than a bit depressing.

"This Boomerang, it's made of an interesting alloy," Natasha said. "What do you think, Karen?"

Karen leaned over and looked at the boomerang. "It's light weight, and deadly….and what do we know about the person who threw it? Or is that classified ARGUS information?"

"His name is Digger Harkness," Lyla said without missing a beat. "He's been dubbed Captain Boomerang. He's a former ARGUS agent who went rogue….and he's prime material for Waller's little side project."

"The Suicide Squad," Sara said.

"Who would join something called the Suicide Squad?" Barry asked. "Wouldn't you have to be kind of insane to sign up for something like that?"

"Most of the recruits are not exactly the sanest people," Sara said. "And it's not voluntary."

"He seems to have a mad on for you in particular," Iris asked Lyla. "Any particular reason why?"

Lyla sighed and launched into an explanation. "I stopped him from blowing up an ARGUS base about five years ago. He was locked up, but he got out somehow. I don't know how…..Waller hasn't seen it relevant to share that information."

The most frustrating thing about this was Waller decided not to share the fact Harkness broke out in the first place. The distinct lack of trust going on was extremely frustrating to Lyla. She hoped things would improve pretty soon.

"He poses a threat," Wells confirmed. "Those projectiles he throws is fast, but not as fast as the Flash…..at least not yet. I think he was caught off guard by Iris's presence, so I would be extra cautious."

"Aren't we always?" Iris asked. "Maybe we should investigate the scene of the crime a bit more closely? You know, see if there's anything we missed….one rogue, slightly dented Boomerang, isn't enough to really figure out the motive."
"I'm not sure if there is a motive, other than revenge," Sara said. "But, let's look."

The Flash, the Arrow, and Superwoman all made their way out the door. Barry turned to Caitlin.

"And there go the Superfriends, off on an adventure," Barry said.

"The Superfriends?" Caitlin asked with a raised eyebrow.

"Yeah, that's not the name I would have given them," Natasha said.

Central City Police Department already had been there, and they had been clearing out, the moment the Arrow, the Flash, and Superwoman appeared. Superwoman took things from the air, scanning there, while Flash scanned the edge of the building. The Arrow took a step inside, to look around.

The explosive marks on the walls were very interesting. Sara looked over those scorch marks very carefully. Those weapons were pretty dangerous, as they suspected. And Harkness was a master of firing them off. Lyla didn't really know how lucky she was to avoid them.

Nothing tangible though, but he was a professional government agent at one point. He knew more than enough about covering his tracks.

"I didn't find anything on the outside," Iris said.

"I didn't expect you to find anything," Sara said. "So, you seem to have a pretty good crew at Star Labs."

"Well, you're only as good as the team you have," Iris said.

"Hey, I'll agree with that," Sara said.

She thought about doing this solo and for a little bit did, but having Thea, Artemis, Cassandra, Laurel, Lyla, and even Felicity, always gave Sara the support she needed and she needed a lot of support dealing with some of the problems in Starling City.

"Wells is a bit more humble than the last time I met him," Sara said. "Although, he's still a bit….."

"Harrison Wells is an acquired taste," Iris responded. "I'll be perfectly honest, I don't know what to make of him…but he's trying to atone for his mistakes, and he's helping me out as the Flash, so there's that…and he's also helping me with the investigation with Barry's father."

Sara nodded, she knew Henry Wells had been in prison for a very long time, accused of the murder of his wife. Barry refused to believe his father's guilt, and Sara had a sinking suspicion he might have been right.

"Hey, I found something!"

The conversation between Iris and Sara ended, when Karen dropped down. She pointed towards an area on the wall.

"See that residue sample?"

Sara switched the goggles on underneath her hood and locked onto the wall. She noticed the sample, shining out.

"Let me get a sample," Sara said.
Both Flash and Superwoman leaned back and watched the Arrow get to work, getting a sample of the residue left behind.

"So, which one of us is faster?" Karen asked. "They say you're the fastest woman alive, at least that's what Natasha is telling me. You're clocking at very fast speeds, but…..I'm faster than a speeding bullet."

"Oh, I think I'm at least that fast, if not faster," Iris said.

"Well, that remains to be seen," Karen said.

"Wait, you think you're faster than me?" Iris asked. "You think, Superwoman is faster than the Flash?"

"Well, to be fair, you're pretty good, but I had to slow down for you two to get here," Karen said. "Otherwise, you would be eating my dust."

"Okay, both of you are fast," Sara said. She sounded torn between being very annoyed and being extremely amused. She started to dig through the residue. "But, while the two of you are having this nice little debate about who is the fastest, I've found something…..something interesting."

Karen and Iris both whipped around and saw Sara holding a charred looking appointment book. The pages looked mostly burned, but there had to be something in there.

"Let's take that back to Star Labs," Iris suggested. "We should get a closer look at it, see if there's anything we can find out from the book."

"Right, that would be good," Karen said. "Last one there is the slowest woman with super speed!"

Karen and Iris zoomed back to Star Labs and left Sara standing in the dust. She shook her head. Did those two honestly forget they had super speed, but she was just the girl who shot arrows into people and was just a bad ass ninja who could go at normal speed.

The red blur showed up, picked Sara up and brought her back to Star Labs. The moment they arrived there, Iris turned to Sara with a very sheepish expression on her face, as if to say "sorry about leaving you behind." Sara took the matter in stride, simply shaking her head. She had to ask Iris a very important question though.

"So, how is your father taking you being the Flash?" Sara asked.

Iris smiled. "Not very well, but he's getting used to the idea. He doesn't trust Wells as far as he could throw him though. And I think he wants to throw Wells pretty far, for putting his only daughter in a coma for nine months."

Lyla wanted some answers, but at the same time, she regretted them. She moved outside of Star Labs and into an abandoned building across the street to have a conversation with Amanda Waller.

"Harkness, I want to know what ARGUS is doing about him getting close to classified ARGUS information," Lyla said.

"Agent Michaels, you should know the situation is being dealt with," Waller said, in a very tense voice. "But, if you do come across him, and it becomes necessary, you should do everything in your power to cross him off."
Lyla figured that would be the response from Waller, that was her response for a lot of things, just cross off the person involved. Lyla just inclined her head with the briefest of nods. She had a very strange thought, Harkness was getting help from an outside source. Otherwise, ARGUS would have had him done and dusted by now.

Out of the corner of her eye, Lyla noticed a Boomerang flying at the side of her head, and she dropped down to the ground. The boomerang bounced off of the wall and went back into the hand of the aptly named Captain Boomerang. He looked down at Lyla.

"It's been a long time, hasn't it, Agent Michaels?" Harkness asked. "You thought you saw the last of me when you made me spent the best years of my life rotting away in that cell…well, payback, it's a mother, isn't it?"

Harkness aimed the boomerang and knocked the gun out of Lyla's hand. She dropped down to the ground and then the boomerang twirled back into his hand. One more shot would put the woman down for the count, and then, Harkness would get his revenge on Amanda Waller and the rest of ARGUS.

The boomerang flew through the air, but a blur zipped in front of the Boomerang, catching it in her hand. The Boomerang dropped down to the ground and it did return to its owner.

"Okay, this is getting bloody annoying," Boomerang responded. "Shelia, this is the second time you got in my way. Well, it ends tonight. I'm going to take you down, and you're going to be eating dirt on the ground."

Boomerang withdrew two more of his trademark weapons and hurled them towards the Flash at a rapid fire. She deflected them back at him. Boomerang took a half of a step back, to really survey the situation around him. A brisk smile surrounded his face.

"Oh, you're good, you're really good, Shelia," Boomerang said. "You're pretty fast on your feet, a little light on the head, but fast on your feet. But, can you run on that ground when it goes out from underneath you."

Boomerang hurled a boomerang at the ground and it exploded and sent the ground crumbling out from underneath Iris and Lyla. Both of the women flew backward, and the ground went from underneath him.

Captain Boomerang had to move quickly if the next step of his plan was going to be complete. At least he got rid of a couple of very frustrating and very constant thorns in his side. A beeping on his watch indicated, his partner's man wanted to talk to him. Captain Boomerang thought it would be unwise to leave this particular man waiting around for too long.

Time passed, and Sara was very worried. She thought Iris was going to have checked in by now, and she was going to see if Lyla had been in any danger. She knew she shouldn't jump to the worst conclusions. Sara turned over and saw Caitlin, Natasha, and Karen to work on the appointment book, attempting to reconstruct the pages from the ashen remains. The residue also was being studied by Barry.

"Okay, I'm stumped," Barry said. "I don't think I've ever seen a chemical compound like this. We could try and separate them and break down each chemical individually, but it would take days we don't really have."

He slumped a bit closer to the edge of the chemical and tried to run at least one more test.
"You know, Iris should have really checked in by now," Barry said. "I really hope something didn't happen."

There wasn't that much he could do about it, given the injury he suffered and how cold weather tended to be an utter pain for him. Barry spent some time absent-mindedly clearing on his work space, which he did a lot of the time when he was frustrated or otherwise agitated.

Sara noticed a binder of notes which had a picture of Barry's father on the front of it.

"So, any luck on your father's case?" Sara asked.

"Well, there is one thing," Barry said. "Joe, he saw the man in the Yellow Suit…he threatened him to leave the case alone, so we know he's real and not a figment of my imagination."

"The man in the Yellow Suit?" Sara asked.

"Yeah, he….come to think of it, he's like the Flash…only in reverse," Barry said. "What's weird is…..I'm thinking about to that night, what I remember, and I saw the Flash, and the Flash most certainly wasn't Iris on that night…..but I was scared and terrified."

"Which is understandable," Sara said.

"I just wish there was more I could remember," Barry said. "It's very confusing."

The more Sara thought about it, and she didn't really delve into the Henry Allen murder too closely, but she read a couple of clippings about it, there was so much on the case which didn't make any sense. With any murder, the spouse of the murdered was always the number one suspect. And having the blood of the murder victim on you, that really was a bad look for anyone, even if Henry Allen was a doctor and was trying to do what he could to stabilize his wife's wounds.

"I can have Barbara see what she can find," Sara said. "She's good at digging up the smallest bits of information, and I think she would enjoy the challenge, of years old murder mystery."

"Thank you," Barry said.

"You shouldn't feel bad you couldn't do more," Sara said. "Guilt, holding it all inside, it wasn't good."

"You're right, I shouldn't," Barry said. "But, why do I have the feeling you should be having that same conversation with yourself, you know, with what happened with Oliver Queen."

Sara nodded, he did have a point. She mostly came to terms with what happened after Slade, but there was still residual guilt which popped up at the most time. There was more to do in Starling City. The mission, as a certain Dark Knight detective referred to it, was never truly over.

Was she destined to wear this hood for the rest of her life?

"I think we've found something," Caitlin said. "Most of the book, it was way too damaged to piece together. The pages crumpled into dust….but there were a couple of pages we constructed."

"I'm guessing the page about milk, eggs, bread, and wine isn't going to help us much with the investigation," Barry said.

"No, it's not," Caitlin said. "But, this page is…..the word is very faint, but let me blow it up, and you can see what it says, and it says…"
"Vertigo," Sara said.

Sara could have sighed, Boomerang was having some high caliber help, and as much as she hated to admit it, things were going to get very tough from here. The Count and the Captain were working together, but why, and for what reason? What was the end purpose?

A beeping sound caused them to jump up, and Natasha moved her way to the corner. The monitoring system in the suit was going haywire.

"There's a heat spike in her suit," Natasha said.

"Is the suit designed to withstand such massive spikes of heat?" Caitlin asked.

"I'm still having problems with shielding it against both heat and cold….as the cold gun fiasco proved," Natasha said. "Iris, if you can hear my voice, please pick up?"

"Nat, are you there?" Iris asked. "If you can hear me, we have a bit of a problem."

"Talk to me," Natasha said.

"Okay, Boomerang got the jump on both myself and Lyla, and now we're down underneath the ground, buried in rubble," Iris said. "We're in a very small space, and I hate to say it, but I don't do well in small spaces."

"Just hold tight, and I'll be over to dig you out," Karen said.

She moved around before anyone else could say anything, causing the papers on the table to fly on the floor.

"We really should invest in a really good paper weight," Natasha said, as she crouched down to help Caitlin pick up the papers.

Captain Boomerang checked his watch. He hated being jolted around by someone, especially someone who promised to pay him and had only put a half completed payment in his account. He tapped his foot on the edge of the building and looked out into Starling City.

"You're a bit late, aren't you?" Boomerang asked.

A gentleman with a few scars on his face, and a finger missing on his right hand, dressed in military fatigues, stepped forward.

"You have the information Count Vertigo requested?" the gentleman asked.

"Right here," Boomerang said. "I'm sure your boss will be glad to know of this nasty little cocktail, along with where ARGUS’s armory is being kept. Hope you boys have some fun with that."

"My boss will be pleased," the gentleman said when he took the disc drive from Boomerang. "The rest of the money will be in your account…and as promised, we will shield you from ARGUS. You will gain diplomatic immunity as a ward of Vlatava, and it will just be the beginning of our partnership."

Boomerang checked the off shore bank account he was using and sure enough, everything was in place.

"Before we close the deal, we have one more task to you," Vertigo's man said. "And we know your
services don't come cheap. However, I think we can sweeten the pot with this."

A check slipped into Captain Boomerang's hand. He raised his eyebrow, well this entire night was really full of surprises, wasn't it?

"It's a blank check?" Boomerang asked.

"Consider it an act of good faith," the gentleman said. "We only ask one simple consideration."

The gentleman leaned in closer with a rather cryptic smile on his face. He whispered the following words in the ear of Captain Boomerang.

"Eliminate the Arrow."

Boomerang smiled. "Well, that's interesting. Always wanted to know what would happen, if an arrow met a boomerang. Reckon, we'll find out pretty soon."

He also had some unfinished business to take care of with Waller and the rest of ARGUS before hitting the road. Now that the woman who locked him up was buried under concrete, along with the Flash, he could move forward to bigger fish.

To Be Continued on September 5th, 2017.
Chapter Seventy-Five: Return to Central City Part Two.

The very constricted space Lyla entered in made it very hard to breathe and even harder for her to move. It was lucky the entire building didn't collapse on top of them, which she was certain was Captain Boomerang's intention. Her hands shook, scratched up and dripping in blood when she tried to find her way out of the building. She closed her eyes, taking a deep, heaving breath. Her head tilted back and everything wasn't going exactly as planned.

Iris closed her eyes, shaking her head. The burning dust going through the building made it extremely hard for her to keep her head up above the ground. She tried not to make any sudden movements in the tunnel because one jarring movement could mean the entire tunnel would come crashing down upon their heads, and that would be some unfortunate news. Iris took another deep breath, barely able to hold her head.

"Are you okay?" Iris asked looking over her shoulder towards Lyla.

"Yeah, I'm fine, for now," Lyla responded. "I don't know how much longer we're going to be fine. There's no way out, and we.....I don't know how we can get out of here."

She had fallen right into Boomerang's trap like a rookie on her first day on the field. Lyla couldn't believe how sloppy she was. Had she gotten sloppy the more time had gone on? Her heart started to beat even faster. Lyla found her leg turn when she tried to move. More dust fell to the ground and caused Lyla to cough. Everything was starting to close down on her and in the worst possible way.

Lyla drew in a deep breath, but would it be her final breath? Lyla honestly didn't know, and there was a lot about that which scared her.

"I don't want to throw more bad news on top of this all," Iris said. "But, I can't communicate out. The ear piece in my suit, it's totally fried. I can't reach out to Star Labs.....hopefully, they'll figure that out sooner rather than later and send for help, otherwise....."

One pained breath later and Iris left her thoughts hanging. There were no two ways about it, they were in a situation where they were pretty much completely and utterly screwed. Iris pressed back further against the wall, her head throbbing very hard, harder than she ever thought it would.

"Yeah, we just might be screwed," Lyla said. "But, we're going to have to hope our friends could....they could find out something."

Iris closed her eyes. She thought about trying to run through that very narrow tunnel off to the right. The problem was, it could collapse the rest of this building on top of Lyla. And the tunnel was much too narrow to run through with Lyla, and not suffocate them both.

It was just as Iris feared, there were sometimes great powers were great, and there were other times, where they could be as big of a burden as anything else. The woman tried to keep a steady head, but she didn't think of how they could escape without any trouble.
Suddenly, a ray of sunshine came up, and their space became a little less constricted. Iris took in deep
breath. Dare she hope there was any help on the way? She dared hope. Iris looked up and saw more
of the tunnel being revealed. Her heart was beating a little bit steadier.

Lyla nodded as the tunnel opens up, seeing a flicker of a red cape. The debris had been shifted aside
and gave them a little bit more room to maneuver in the tunnel they had been put in. A very familiar
blonde head of hair stuck her head into the hole.

"Just hold tight," Karen said. "I'll get you out in a second."

Iris smiled, they were finally saved, and just in the nick of time. She thought her heart was about
ready to stop from all of the stress it had gone through.

"Boomerang got the drop on us," Lyla said. "I can't believe we could have been so blind to fall for
his trap…"

"Well, he wasn't exactly complete either," Iris said. "For a dangerous criminal, he sure fell into the
bad guy trap of not making sure the bodies were completely buried before he was done."

The Woman of Steel frowned and pulled both of them out of the hole. Both of them had been shaken
completely up from their ordeal.

"Not that I'm complaining," Lyla responded. "It just seems like Boomerang is always one step ahead
of everyone, and it's just going to get worse."

Karen looked at both of them and both of them noticed by their body language, things had gotten a
little bit worse, and Lyla put a hand on her hip, frowning when locking eyes with Karen.

"Okay, so the situation has gone a bit worse," Lyla responded. "How much worse can it go?"

"Try, working with Vertigo levels of worse," Karen responded.

"Oh, things have gone from bad to worse," Lyla said.

The real question was why would someone like Captain Boomerang work with someone like Count
Vertigo. The answer hit Lyla hard, it was obvious he had access to some information. Information
from ARGUS which Vertigo needed to carry out his plans. Exactly what that information was, well
that was a real problem.

"We have to move," Iris said.

"Sara is already in position," Karen said. "She's heading down a lead to take down Boomerang."

The Arrow stepped into the middle of the center. There was a rumor, Captain Boomerang had been
sighted here and she would have liked to follow up on those reports. The problem was, rumors
tended to be like a puff of smoke. There was absolutely no substance to them whatsoever. Sara bit
down on her lips and turned around.

This time, the rumor, the whispers was true. Captain Boomerang stepped out and stared down the
fabled woman in the green hood. His trademark weapon clutched in his hand.

"My employers now want you dead," Boomerang said.

"I know who you're working for, and I know why they want me dead," the Arrow responded. "But,
that's not going to happen, not tonight, and not ever."
"Yeah, well, you see, we have a bit of a problem here," Captain Boomerang said. "My employers want you dead, and I like to keep them happy."

Boomerang launched one of his trademark weapons at the hooded woman. Seconds only stopped before the Arrow dodged it and dodged it again. The boomerang returned to the hand of its master and they stared each down.

"You must have been really desperate to take this job," The Arrow responded.

"A man has to keep food on the table, beer in the fridge, and money in his pocket."

Both of them stood face to face with each other, neither budging an inch. The Boomerang fired one of his trademark weapons at the Arrow one more time. Again, she managed to be nimble enough to duck the attack. The Arrow launched up of the wall, doing a running start and flipped over the charging Boomerang.

Another boomerang came out and shot towards the Arrow at the speed of light. The Arrow turned around and launched her trademark weapon at the Boomerang and knocked it out of the air.

"Oh, you think you're very clever, don't you?" Boomerang asked. "Let's see if you can dodge two of them at the same time?"

Two boomerangs shot out with an intention of taking their target out. Sara evaded both of them before they connected with her. One of the boomerangs came very close to clipping her on the side. And then, there was a third one which caught the wall behind her and caused an explosion of bricks.

Sara crouched down on the ground and avoided the flying bricks from collapsing on top of her body. Her deep breathing increased when looking up just in time to avoid the bricks from coming directly at her. Her heart started to beat as fast as possible.

She went off to the side and caught Boomerang with a couple of arrows. One of them knocked his boomerang out of his hand before he could fire it off. Boomerang charged his adversary and tried to nail her with a huge punch on the backswing.

Hand to hand, he wasn't as skilled as the Arrow was. The Arrow caught him around the arm and uppercutted him in the side of the face. The Arrow nailed Boomerang with a couple of more uppercut punches. She flipped him down to the ground.

Crash went the Boomerang into the ground. The wind had been knocked completely out of him. Boomerang reached behind his back and was not completely out of tricks. He flung one of those trademark weapons at the top of the light post and caused the lights to explode with a shower of glass.

The sparks and the flying glass allowed Boomerang to get up to his feet, and try and scramble out of the way. The Flash moved in front of Captain Boomerang.

"You, you're supposed to be dead!" Captain Boomerang yelled.

"Hopefully, you didn't send flowers then," the Flash said.

Boomerang hurled his trademark weapon at the fastest woman alive. She dodged the attack, dodged the attack coming back and rushed towards Boomerang, before knocking him onto his back. She turned Boomerang over and pressed him down onto the ground, tying the man's hands behind his back.
"Well, looks like you have me, just as I have all of Central City," Boomerang said with a loud chuckle.

Flash pressed him down on the ground.

"What are you talking about?" Flash asked.

"You see, this city is a haven for freaks, but I'm going to help thin the herd a little bit," Boomerang responded. "My friends, they've put four devices throughout Central City. These devices are going to shake the city apart and will end up destroying most of it. It will make Malcolm Merlyn's plans for the undertaking look like a slight tremor."

"You're...you're bluffing," The Flash said.

"I don't bluff, Shelia," Boomerang said. "You might be the fastest woman alive, but even you can't stop all of those weapons before they break Starling City apart."

Flash nailed Boomerang across the back of the head and knocked him completely unconscious.

"Okay, can you hear me?" Iris asked.

"Yeah, we can hear you," Natasha said. "And it's pretty good to hear your voice in, even if the circumstances are kind of screwed."

Iris hated these words coming out of Natasha's mouth. She put a hand on the side of her head and frowned, shaking her head.

"The devices, they do exist, then?" Iris asked.

"Oh, yeah, you better believe they do exist, and I'm tracking the signatures.....well he put them at the four corners of the city, for lack of a better term," Natasha said. "Two of them are at the city limits to the East and two of them are at the city limits to the west."

"That's where they can cause the most damage," Barry chimed in.

"He forgot about one thing," Iris responded. "We have two people who can go at the speed of light."

"Yeah, but I'm reading the devices need to be all shut down at the same time," Natasha said. "Fortunately, the process is very simple, there are just three wires you need to pull, red, blue, and green, in succession, and in that order. But you're never going to get there in time, even with you and Kara working together."

"Right," Iris said. "Tell, Superwoman to pick up Lyla and go to the West. And then I'll take Sara and go East."

"Okay, whatever you want to do," Natasha said. "I'm not about to stop you, but you know..."

Iris picked up Sara underneath her arm and dropped her off at the one at the far side in the East and then Iris moved all the way across the way. The back had wires leading to some explosive tanks. They most certainly would be a little bit of a problem when they went off. Iris wiped the sweat from her face and responded with a sigh.

"Okay, we're in position, ready to go," Iris said. "Or at least as ready to go as any of us are ever going to be."

"We're in position," Karen agreed over the communicator.
"On the count of three, you pull the wires, all of you, at the same time," Natasha said. "One, Two, Three."

Iris pulled the wires, and for one long, agonizing second, she looked at the bomb. The bomb timer froze for a minute, before going completely off. She responded with a sigh and smiled.

'That was way too close for comfort.'

Still, a smile crossed over her face. Mission had been accomplished, more than accomplished in fact. The city was saved, at least for right now.

Digger Harkness, better known as Captain Boomerang, opened his eyes up and shook his head. He had been put down in a cell, with some of the best security available. He doubted very much, he would be getting out of this particular cell anytime soon and if he was perfectly honest, he wasn't sure whether or not he wanted to stage an escape right now. He leaned back in the cell, waiting for the woman of the hour.

He got paid rather well by Vertigo, but something told the man he wasn't going to reap the rewards for a little bit longer, if not ever. That was a good old kick in the teeth if he was perfectly honest, but a hell of a night. He almost buried Central Cities newest hero and went tow to tow with the legendary Arrow. Talk about a hell of a night, talk about a hell of a night.

Boomerang turned his attention to the woman who stepped towards him. Amanda Waller, and there was a grin crossing over the face of Captain Boomerang when he looked at the woman in question. She stared at him from the other side of the cell. She had a look of smug superiority dancing in her eyes.

"Well, Mr. Harkness, it looks like the game is over for you," Waller responded.

"Maybe it is," Harkness said. "Maybe, my role in this little game is over, but yours is just beginning. I'm sure your agent told you who I was answering to by now. So, there's really no need for me to tell you much more, just know, the world is about to change."

"You're working for a man who would like to see the world burn," Waller said.

"Ah, I've seen men like that before, they are pretty short-sighted, but they never win," Harkness said. "He wanted the Arrow dead, and he was going to pay me a lot of money. Can't imagine why she would ruffle a few feathers, and make some people very upset."

The two parties stared each other down. It was beyond impossible to see what party held the most hate in their eyes.

"I could really use a smoke right about now," Harkness said.

"Well, we're both going to have to be disappointed," Waller said. "Unless you're willing to give me information….."

"Hmm, let me think about that," Harkness said. "ARGUS seems to be on the ball, but they're lost with what Vertigo was planning. Hell, I don't even know everything that was on the drive I stole for that guy. I didn't look, just figured there were some armories here and then. Maybe it's some ARGUS agent's secret wank bank for all I care."

Harkness smiled and leaned back against the wall. He succeeded in digging beneath Amanda Waller's skin.
"You leave next time, and I won't hesitate to put a bullet in your head," Waller said. "Is that clear?"

"I'm not stupid, Waller," Harkness said. "I'm the only one who has information you can use about Vertigo, and what he might be after. You don't even know how much I know yet, and what I can tell you."

Harkness broke out into one of those smiles and leaned across the cell.

"So, play nice."

"Another day," Iris responded with a sigh. "And my suit only got slight damage."

"For a team up, this was pretty successful," Karen said. "And for a while, you didn't seem like you would be the team up type."

Sara raised an eyebrow and just shook her head in response.

"Kara, I've liked to think I've matured," Sara said.

"Well, we've all matured over the years," Karen said. "And I think today proves one thing, and that is, no matter what, I'll always be faster than the Flash."

"I beg your pardon!" Iris jumped up.

"Hey, don't shoot the messenger, but it's true," Karen responded. "I'm faster than you, I had to go a further way to get there, and I believe I reached the bomb first. Therefore, I'm faster than you."

"Oh, that doesn't count," Iris said. "You didn't have a building dropped on you earlier in the day."

"That happens at least three times a week in Metropolis," Karen argued. "I've had plenty of buildings dropped on me, and if you had to be honest, the insurance rates in Metropolis must be through the roof with all of the buildings being dropped on a day to day basis."

"Yeah, but you're really not faster than me," Iris said. "If we actually had a race, I would be that much faster than you."

"Oh, you think you are, don't you?" Karen asked.

"Fastest woman alive," Iris said.

Sara watched the argument in response, it was like a ping pong ball going back and forth, and she couldn't tear herself away from the argument. She didn't really want to encourage them, but at the same time, Sara really didn't want to discourage them.

"Hey, that's just on Earth, from Earth women, I don't there's anyone faster on Earth than you are," Karen said. "But, you know, I'm still the fastest in the entire universe."

"In the air, maybe, but how fast are you on your two feet on the ground?" Iris asked. "I would think your center of gravity would cause problems."

"Hey, given how you've been looking at my center of gravity, I don't think you had any problems with them," Karen responded. She gave a cheeky smile and a grin to match.

"I know of one way to settle this," Sara said. "Queen Industries can sponsor a race for charity, Superwoman against the Flash. What do you two, say about that?"
"I say, you're on, and you're going to be eating my dust," Iris said.

"Please," Karen said. "We should hold it in Starling, neutral ground, it's only fair though."

"Hey, we agree," Iris said. "So, how about it? Are you ready to lose?"

"No, not really, considering I'm not going to," Karen responded.

Both of them leaned in and shook each other's hands. Karen decided to lean forward and catch Iris with a kiss which caught her off guard but only for a minute.

A race of a different kind started, a race to remove each other's clothes. Sara shrugged and figured it would be very rude not to join in on the fun and games.

Iris now had Karen's clothes completely off, and she leaned in to kiss the beautiful blonde on the side of the neck. The kisses grew more intense when covering every inch of Karen's body. Karen guided Iris through the kissing process. The speedster was very quick at kissing Karen, and paying special attention to certain parts of her body.

Those particular parts drove Karen absolutely nuts. Her heart sped up completely when Iris pinching Karen's nipple and causing her to breathe heavily.

"Suck them!" Karen demanded. "Suck them, like your life depends on it."

Iris responded with a cheeky smile and leaned in to capture one of Karen's nipples in her mouth. She sucked the round nipple and pushed the lovely amount of flesh in her mouth. Karen's nipples were very suckable, and there was just so much flesh to grab on to those large warm breasts.

She almost forgot about Sara's presence, a folly if there ever was one. Sara pushed a finger into Iris's pussy and started to work its way into her. The tightening of her loins around Sara's finger made Sara push more of those digits inside of Iris's gushing pussy.

Getting her nipples sucked at super speed was a thrill that Karen never thought she would have. However, Iris switched from one nipple to another and made the thrill get increased with each moment. Karen couldn't really grab onto the back of Iris's head, nor did she want to.

"FUCK YES!" Karen moaned at the top of her lungs.

Iris pressed her face between Karen's heaving cleavage and started to suck those nipples. And they were very suckable, to be perfectly honest. She kept moving from the right to the left, and then back to the right, and then all around those nipples. She kept tasting the flesh and how amazing was this particular taste.

"God," Karen mewled at the top of her lungs. "Keep doing what you're doing."

Speaking of doing well, Sara slipped another finger inside of Iris's clenching snatch. Three of the fingers pushed inside of Iris in succession, working her over. Iris closed her eyes, and Sara pushed her fingers deep inside of her pussy, working it over.

"She's nice and wet, and ready to be fucked," Sara said.

Sara took her free hand and squeezed Iris's round ass while fingerling her pussy. The ebony-skinned beauty writhed underneath her fingers. Despite the pleasure Sara brought her, Iris never once stopped bringing pleasure to Karen.
Regretfully, Iris detached herself from the nipples of the alien survivor. Iris started to kiss down on Karen's body and then moved her way towards the woman's tantalizing belly button. Karen breathed heavily when Iris got even closer to her womanhood.

"Eat my pussy!"

Iris wanted to try out something, and she thought Karen, based on her durability, would be the perfect person to try it with. She shoved her tongue inside of Karen and started to vibrate it into the depths at super speed.

"Rao damn it!" Karen yelled.

The feeling of her pussy getting an amazing tongue lashing made Karen rock those hips up and down against Iris's face. She grabbed onto Iris's dark locks when she gave her pussy a hell of a tongue lashing. And the tongue lashing continued, with Iris rocking herself into the depths of Karen's very sweet, dripping pussy.

"That looks pretty hot," Sara said. "And I'm going to have to taste your pussy now."

First, Sara licked her fingers dry and then she pulled apart Iris's legs. She shoved her tongue instead to taste the juices. Iris eagerly spread her legs so Sara could eat her out from behind. Sara grabbed Iris's rump and dug her tongue into Iris's dripping hot pussy.

"Mmm, yes!" Karen breathed at the top of her lungs. "Whatever, you're doing, keep it up! You better not stop, you better not stop, or I'm going to explode!"

Iris's vibrating tongue made several more passes through Karen's body. All while Sara's equally talented tongue shoved deep inside of her tight body. There were a couple more passes inside of her warm body, and Karen squeezed her hips around Iris's intruding face.

Orgasms hit both Iris and Karen at the same time. Both of them vibrated with the pleasure.

The dust cleared, and Iris turned around. Her lips dripped with Karen's honey, and she grabbed Sara, before pulling the blonde into a kiss. Iris grabbed Sara's thick ass and squeezed it before kissing her. One of Iris's fingers shoved deep into Sara's asshole and started to work itself into her tight rear.

"Jesus, Iris!" Sara moaned.

"You like that, don't you, you naughty girl," Iris breathed.

"Oh, I can be really naughty, you want to see."

Sara slapped Iris on the ass when the two women kissed each other. Their nipples met each other in the center, brushing together. The pure thickness of them touching each other made both women excited for this little exchange of passion and intensity.

They found a place to lie down, and Sara flipped Iris over quicker than she could even imagine. Sara crouched down onto Iris, their hips scissoring to the side.

"Pressure points, they're not just for disabling enemies," Sara said. "Of course, in this case, they would be called pleasure points, wouldn't they?"

Sara pressed herself down onto Iris and caused the woman to thrash underneath her. Sara leaned in and kissed Iris on the side of the neck, their pussies scissored together. Both women squeezed and spanked their respective asses, while their nipples rubbed together.
Karen recovered from the amazing orgasm she had received in time to see Iris and Sara in a very intimate moment. Both of them moaned, with Sara pushing herself down onto Iris.

The force of Sara striking her clit with precision caused Iris to become the fastest woman cumming. Her hips rocked up and down and Sara put more pressure on Iris. This, in turn, added to more pleasure. Sara's hands roamed endlessly.

Sara was well adept in all of the ways of making a woman scream and cream, something which she enjoyed doing beyond everything else. Her hands roamed endlessly over Iris's body and made the sexy woman underneath her thrash in pleasure.

"God, oh god!" Iris moaned. "That feel so good….so fucking good!"

"I know it does, Iris," Sara said. "Mmm, do you want more, do you want to really cum?"

Karen watched the spectacle and decided to move over. Iris's mouth was wide open, and Karen needed even more. She positioned her pussy on top of Iris's mouth.

Warm thighs enclosed around Iris's head and she knew what Karen wanted in an instant. She grabbed Karen's ass and slapped it before eating out the woman's pussy. Iris shifted her tongue as deep inside of Karen as possible, while Sara made her body feel good.

Sara pushed herself up and grabbed hold of Karen's breasts before giving them a squeeze.

"The true Kryptonite of many men and women," Sara joked.

Karen just smiled and shook her head. Sara's talented fingers stimulated all of the pleasure centers of Karen's body. Iris's tongue driving into her at a rapid rate didn't help with Karen holding back.

Both of these women screaming, this debauchery of sex and bodily fluids, it got Sara really hot. And there was no better way to end a successful team up than by having sex. And mind blowing, super powered sex was the best kind of sex in Sara's mind.

And she thought she was pretty good, for a badass normal, keeping up with two divine women with super powers. It helped she had a detailed understanding of what buttons to push to make them feel really good. And running her nail down the side of Iris's right leg really got the beautiful woman purring underneath Karen.

"Damn!" Karen breathed, throwing herself back and cumming all over Iris's face.

Both Karen and Sara dove in and decided to lick the cum off of Iris's face. While doing so, Sara massaged Iris's breasts and gave them a nice squeeze. She pushed her hips back into position and grabbed Iris around the ass when she rose her hips up off of the table.

Karen hovered high above the air, with her legs spread. Sara held the scissor hold around Iris and stimulated her pleasure centers while also eating out the airborne superwoman. Her sweet pussy was like magic.

It was times like this where Sara wished she had an extra set of hands, so she could grab all of the tantalizing female flesh. She came hard at the feelings which were coming on either side of her.

Everything hit a fever pitch when all three women came in succession. The debauchery in Star Labs continued. It was a good thing Karen and Iris were both fast because the mess could be cleaned up fast.
The next thing Sara knew, she was pinned between two super powerful women. One of them worked her fingers inside of Sara's pussy, and the other in her ass.

"Let's make a Sara sandwich," Iris suggested.

"My favorite kind," Karen said, kissing Sara on the back of her neck and then sucking on the beautiful female flesh.

"Mine…too," Sara managed.

Her pleasure centers had been overstimulated, as Sara received a toned down version of what Karen received earlier with Iris's fingers, and then Iris's tongue. It was still quite lovely, and it had Sara cumming in no time.

The dance would continue, round after round, until all three women got the lust they felt for each other out of their systems.

Outside, Caitlin peeked through the door, and she couldn't tear her eyes away from the spectacle involved. Her heart started to race a little quicker, and the stimulation of her body increased. No matter what her best efforts were, Caitlin couldn't turn away.

'Oh, they're done,' she thought.

Caitlin knew she would have hell to pay if they caught her lurking outside of the room when they were in the process of having sex. She took a couple of steps back and almost ran into Natasha, who was around the corner.

"Hey, you look a bit flustered," Natasha said. "Everything alright?"

"Umh, yeah," Caitlin said. "It's just been a really long day, and I think I need to head home, it's been a nice long day, and I think I need a shower. So, I'm just going to check out….I don't think you need me here the rest of the night, do you?"

Natasha could see Caitlin moving away as fast as her legs could carry her. Her attention turned towards the three people who exited the room, Sara, Karen, and Iris. Perhaps she was putting two and two together, and getting all of the wrong answers, but Natasha might have just figured out what had Caitlin so flustered.

'Well, that's interesting,' she thought to herself.

Disappointed she missed out on the Superheroine orgy, Natasha decided to go and get some work done in the lab. Only a couple more things to do, hell Doctor Wells already left for the evening to do whatever he did in his time away from Star Labs, as did Barry, and Caitlin was already on her way out, leaving Natasha the only person still there in the lab to do what she wanted to.

Barry Allen just got done soaking his leg and settled down on the couch after a long day. He wondered if the pain from whatever the Court of Owls did to him would ever go away. They dug in deep when torturing him and he suffered some permanent damage to the nerve endings of his legs.

At least, he wasn't completely useless, he helped Iris. It was adamantly clear to Barry that Iris preferred girls, so that relationship was dead. He would lie if he wasn't disappointed, but life went on, and he would bounce back.
Barry hoped things would be calm tonight. He propped his leg up on the couch and thought about checking out the news, to see what they would make of the latest Flash exploit. Only, a whirling sound followed, a crackle of lightning, and something showed up.

Or rather someone, or maybe it's something. Barry's eyes widened and his heart started to stammer fast. He came face to face with the man in the yellow suit, the same one which he saw briefly the night he watched his mother die, and his father had been sent away from prison.

"You!" Barry yelled.

"Hello, Barry," the man in the yellow suit said.

Barry had been ripped off of the couch and draped over the man's shoulder before he rushed out of the building. He pressed the panic button on the watch all of the people at STAR Labs had gotten.

Everything happened so fast, Barry was off of the couch and going across the city in a blink of an eye. He was severely shaken, more so than ever. The pain of going so fast shot up his bum leg and went into the rest of his body.

Iris blasted down the street after this Reverse-Flash like a bat out of hell. She saw, he had Barry draped over his shoulder.

"This is what happens when you get too close!" the Reverse-Flash yelled.

The creepy and inhuman voice of this psychotic speedster caused the hairs on the back of Iris's head to stand up straight. She rushed towards him, trying to play catch up.

"Hold on!" Iris yelled.

The Flash followed the Reverse Flash in an insane race all throughout Central City. Everything kicked up a couple of notches, insanity wise. She almost caught up, but the Reverse-Flash pulled away from her and got closer. The two of them zipped across the street, and they took a particularly sharp corner.

Iris pushed herself beyond everything she ever did, but she couldn't catch up to him, not yet.

"Not fast enough, Flash!"

The two disappeared into a boom of light. Flash reached through the tunnel in an attempt to grab onto the Reverse-Flash, Barry, and anything else she could grab onto.

Iris West collapsed in a pit of despair when Barry was gone, the Reverse-Flash was gone, and she was absolutely shaken to the core.

Iris collapsed to her knees when the snow fell around her in Central City.

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To Be Continued on October 3rd, 2017.
Under Every Rock

And we're back. And since I've been off, there have been three new blog exclusive chapters posted. One with Felicity and Cassandra, one with Black Canary and Vixen, and one with Caitlin and Iris. Head to the Page of Very Important Links on my profile. Click on the Web of Chaos archives, and then either the Blog Exclusive Chapters or the Under the Hood Archives to find them.

Chapter Seventy-Six: Under Every Rock

Lyla drove Sara back to Starling City. After being around over the past few days, Sara knew it was about time for her to return home. Thea, Artemis, and Laurel did a pretty good job in keeping order in the city, but she wanted to do the very best possible in helping them clean up the city.

It had been the promise she made years ago, and the promise she kept. Now, Sara leaned back against the seat of the limo while they left Central City and made the long drive all the way back to Starling. She noticed the television news coming on and a very attractive blonde woman dressed in a business suit on the other side of the screen. Sara recognized her as Sapphire Stagg, the daughter of the recently deceased Simon Stagg.

Reaching forward, Sara turned up the television to see what the young woman had to say.

"The police department of Central City are not doing enough to look into what Harrison Wells has done," Sapphire said. "We can't deny the facts in the case. Wells was the last person to be seen meeting with my father alive. My father may have found out something about some of his actions. They've done work together in the past."

Sapphire let in a deep breath and let out another breath in response.

"I'm not going to sit here and defend the actions of my father, he's made his own enemies," Sapphire said. "But, if you won't consider what happened to my father as a tragedy, perhaps you should consider the fate of many innocent people in Central City. Perhaps you should consider it, and how Wells had been warned of the dangers of unleashing the Particle Accelerator."

The young heiress took a deep breath, trying not to work herself into too much of a tizzy. She returned back to the conversation at hand.

"There were experts outside of STAR Labs who warned him, people within STAR Labs who warned him, but he's done nothing," Sapphire said. "I, and several other concerned citizens, want Harrison Wells investigated. You might not like some of what you've learned he's done over the past seven or so years, ever since this project had been funded and commissioned."

Sapphire looked intense on the other side. Sara respected the fire coming from her.

"If Wells wasn't responsible for my father's death, he might know something he's not telling," Sapphire said. "And he knows a lot which he was not telling. And he ignored the dangers of launching a Particle Accelerator into a major population center. Constantly, he had been warned, and he refused to listen, out of arrogance, and out of greed perhaps."

A long pause as the members of the press listened in for Sapphire.

"I just hope the Central City Police Department does something, and something soon, because Wells
is a danger to the people of Central City," Sapphire said. "Not just for my sake, but for the sake of every single person out there in Central City."

"Ladies and gentlemen, we have heard from Sapphire Stagg earlier today at a press conference," the news reporter chimed in. "Are these the emotionally charged comments of a distraught young woman who is sadden to lose her father. Or is there some validity to this particular statement?"

Sara frowned, Wells could be considered negligent, if not malicious if you looked at things from certain angles. She didn't know what to make of the man half of the time.

"Wells has yet to comment on the claims Sapphire Stagg has been making over the past couple of months. The public wishes to know the truth and wishes to know how much Wells knew about the consequences of the explosion. Did he turn a deaf ear to any complaints? Or were the complaints simply not credible enough?"

'Very interesting,' Sara thought.

"Sapphire Stagg has spearheaded a campaign, and received several thousand signatures already on a petition to nudge the Central City Police Department into investigating Star Labs, and all of the people involved in building the Particle Accelerator."

Sara shook her head, there were far too many unanswered questions with this entire Wells mess. She doubted very much anyone would like the answers when they were given as well.

A click on her ear piece indicated Barbara was trying to get in. Sara pushed the button on the side of the ear piece.

"Barry's been kidnapped," Barbara said.

Sara let out a breath and shook her head. She took a second to close her eyes. Just when they left Central City, Barry had been snagged.

"What happened?" Sara asked. "By who?"

"The same man in the yellow suit that he swore he saw the night his mother died, the one who framed his father, according to him," Barbara said.

All of the air in the room felt like it had been let out. Sara took a couple of seconds to take a deep breath and realized this was not a coincidence at all.

"Barry was investigating the events of that night more closely," Sara said. "I don't think it's a coincidence he got picked up by the Man in the Yellow Suit."

"I agree," Barbara responded. "I'm not going to give up until I get to the bottom of this."

"I don't suppose it would help to tell you to be careful, would it?" Sara asked Barbara.

"It might help, but I think we both can agree, I'm very bad at listening," Barbara said. "I've faced down the Joker, Scarecrow, Killer Croc, several of the most dangerous and depraved criminals in the world. I don't think my life can be in any more danger than it was before. Trust me, Sara, everything is going to be fine."

Sara really wished she could trust Barbara on everything being fine, but there was something about this entire mess which caused unease to slip into paranoia.
"Please don't be flippant about this, this man is dangerous, he could be a crazed serial killer," Sara said.

"If he was though, why did he kidnap Barry and not just kill on site?" Barbara asked.

A good question, and Sara wished she would have had the answer. She could understand Barbara's curiosity, hell she was more than a little bit curious herself. Every single thing just dropped onto her head and that feeling of unease cramped up the pit of her stomach again.

"Call me back if you find out anything," Sara said.

"Oh, believe me, I'll be in touch," Barbara said.

Lyla stopped the car and pulled over to take a phone call. Sara knew Lyla wouldn't pick up, unless it was something important. She clutched onto the edge of the seat and wondered what was happening now. It just seemed like everything was happening at once and Sara didn't like it at all.

"Let me guess," Sara said the moment Lyla hung up the phone. "It's Waller, isn't it?"

Lyla responded with a nod without missing a beat. Sara's hands threw up and dropped down to her side. Needless to say, when it rained, it poured. Sara really didn't know what to make of it.

"She wants to see both of us now."

Three words pounded into Iris's head for a second.

'Not fast enough.'

Those words echoed through her head like some kind of depraved mantra. She watched in her mind's eyes, the grim situation of the previous night, and Iris watched herself. She followed this Reverse-Flash who burned. Her mind picked up the thoughts of Barry getting faster, faster, faster, until he slipped away.

"Hey, Iris, none of this is your fault."

Iris turned around to see her father. Everything just reflected in her mind like some demented echo. Those words, they kept taunting Iris all night long. Iris moved forward as Joe West steered her away from the scene of the crime. Iris looked up and down the street.

"I wasn't quick enough," Iris muttered underneath her breath.

"No one could have known this was going to happen," Joe said. "If anything…..I should have known….I was helping Barry look into the information about his father's death….this is all on me, it's not on you."

Joe left no room for argument in his voice. Iris shook her head, and managed to straighten up. As much as she appreciated her father wanting to take the blame, it wasn't his fault. Iris was the only one who had the capability of getting fast enough to catch up with the Reverse-Flash.

She was not fast enough, those three words entered her mind one more time. Iris drew in a deep breath and released it with a heaving sigh.

"The new CSI is coming here, to help investigate," Joe said. "She's…she's not Barry, but she's pretty good at what she does."
Iris responded with a very stiff nod. It still flashed in her mind, the Reverse-Flash running away with Barry. Running faster, and faster, until he was a blur Iris couldn't see. She would have a better chance of catching the wind, than catching the Reverse-Flash.

'I'm going to have to get faster,' Iris thought. 'Stop it, stop beating yourself off....no one wants to see you go all emo.'

Normally this would be the type of investigation which Barry could really sink his teeth into. Unfortunately for them, Barry wasn't here, and his work would have cracked open this case. Iris turned and caught sight of the new CSI. She was a tall blonde, with a very nice body, even underneath the professional attire she was wearing.

"Sorry, I didn't get here sooner," she said. "I.....I never thought the first case I investigated would be one of my co-workers, this is...."

She stepped in and moved towards the scene of the crime. To the naked eye, they saw nothing. To the eye of the Crime Scene Investigator, they saw something worthy of investigating.

"I'm really bad at introductions," she said. "You must be Iris.....I'm Patty.....Patty Spivot, I just hired in last week."

"Barry needed the extra help, and I'm sure he would have been glad to have it," Joe said.

"But, I never thought I would have to investigate his disappearance," Patty said.

Patty moved over to do her work. Despite the nervousness in her tone of voice, she was looking around.

"Well, I don't know what to make of this," Patty said. "Other than the scorch marks on the carpet… there's nothing out of the ordinary here…and there are two sets of scorch marks."

"One of them would have been from the Flash," Iris said. "She…she chased whoever took Barry out of here, but, she couldn't catch up with whoever it was."

"You saw them running out of the door when you got home and you called your father?" Patty asked.

"Yes," Joe said.

Both Wests had been happy for some kind of plausible explanation. One of the scorch marks had belonged to the Flash, but the other belonged to a foreign invader. Other than these scorch marks, there was no physical evidence whatsoever.

"It's almost like Barry's been abducted by a phantom," Patty muttered. "Sorry, if it seems a bit off, but anything's possible after the Particle Accelerator went off. And if they're faster than the Flash, then they'll pretty dangerous."

Patty tried to remain professional, not to disrespect the family of the man who had been kidnapped. But she really wanted to meet the Flash. She was an inspiration for Patty, and one of the reasons why she came to Central City. The other reason had been a bit personal.

"I'll keep looking around, maybe there's something that I missed."

She darkened the room and picked up a blue light to shine it about every surface of the room to look out for any evidence. Other than the scorch marks on the carpet, there had been no other physical
evidence which had left.

'Talk about getting your ears wet,' Patty thought.

After passing the check point leading into the main ARGUS headquarters, both Sara and Lyla thought something was wrong. Two things pointed to that, one being Waller's tense call, and the fact the various agents in ARGUS walked around like they were standing on eggshells. They didn't want to be the one to set Waller off, and Sara could hardly blame any of them.

'It's awful,' Sara thought to herself.

Sara took a half of a breath and moved closer. Waller stood in the side entrance to the conference room, waiting for them to arrive. Sara could not help, but think Waller looked a bit surlier than usual, which was really something for her. She took a half of a step towards the center point of the room and stared Waller down from her position.

"Digger talked," Waller said.

"What did he have to say?"

'More like what deal did you have to make with him to get him to cough up information?' Sara thought.

Regardless of her thoughts and feelings, for the moment, Sara deferred all conversation to Waller, to Lyla. She was the best at doing so, and she had the most experience in dealing so.

"Veritgo's agents are after a deadly nerve toxin which the country of Bialya is developing."

Sara's mood darkened several shades when she heard of this country.

"I don't have to tell you what four letter organization backed the overthrown of Bialya," Sara responded. "And put their Queen in place. And Vertigo wants to start a war with them."

"Is this the first you heard of it?" Waller asked.

"First I've heard that Vertigo's making a play at Bialya, yes," Sara said.

"Your source in the League is not cluing you in on everything," Waller said.

Sara wondered what Waller was getting at. She didn't really care for the tone in Waller's voice, and Sara looked down at her. Lyla situated herself between the two high strung women. Their nerves were a powder keg which was about ready to explode.

"I'm aware there's a splinter faction of the League who has ties with Vlatava," Sara said.

"Are you aware of who may be leading this faction?" Waller asked. "Talia al Ghul."

Sara registered very little surprise. She didn't know Talia was behind this rogue League faction, which caused Nyssa and her faction of the League so many problems in the past.

"The League is minor, compared to what HIVE is going to do in retaliation," Sara said. "If Bialya is developing this chemical agent, and Vertigo's agents fail to grab it, they will not hesitate to launch it."

"We're on the same page, for once," Waller responded. "Which is why we need to prevent this from happening, even if this will loosen the grip HIVE has over countries."
Kasnia, Bialya, and Markovia, they had heavy HIVE influence. Damien Darhk and Werner Vertigo made an uneasy agreement, to keep Vlatva in Vertigo's leadership, at least until the Princess had been recovered.

The Princess, Waller didn't know what happened to her. She wondered if HIVE had something to do with her abduction as a leverage chip. Vertigo didn't care about the Princess, but as long as she was alive, there would be a question of his leadership.

And if Darhk or any of his fellow HIVE operatives could subvert Perdita, they would have a fourth strategic location in their plans for the world. Waller could let this happen.

"Tell me what you want me to do about it, and I'll handle it," Sara said.

"What I want, is the White Canary to join up with some old friends," Waller said. "You know who I'm talking about, don't you?"

One stiff nodded followed, Sara knew who Waller was talking about. It was perfectly clear she inferred. Sara couldn't even begin to figure out what Talia's end game was, only she needed to be stopped by any means possible.

Sara didn't doubt Nyssa was conducting her own search for her wayward sister. The two of them didn't have the best parting of the ways the last time they met with each other.

"Find, guess the Suicide Squad is back together again," Sara said.

She wasn't particularly pleased with being drafted into duty again. But, by agreeing to this now, would give her some measure of leverage of Waller to be used later. Despite leaving the League, you never quickly broke all of your ties with the League, and Sara knew it was her responsibility to deal with this.

Necessity ruled every single directive in Talia al Ghul's mind. They would never understand all of what she did.

"Are you certain it is where you said it was?" Talia asked.

"Yes, I know it is," the distorted voice said over the phone. "I want the situation handled with. If this goes wrong, my plans to acquire undisputed control over the throne are going to go up in smoke."

"I understand," Talia responded.

She hoped this weapon of mass destruction Biayla developed was exactly in the place where her benefactor claimed it was. The government of Biayla, they did not take too kindly to outsiders. And given the involvement of HIVE, they did not take too kindly to the members of the League of Assassins.

'Perfectly fine, I don't take too kindly to them.'

"I will contact you," Talia said. "Remain at your location when you do."

"As you wish."

Talia waited for the helicopter to land on the ground and for her to have plenty of room to exit. She located a very subtle, but very easy to exploit blind spot in the defenses around the country's borders. She stepped out of the helicopter and stepped out of it.
The stench in the air caused the Daughter of the Demon to nearly stagger and drop down onto one knee. Talia shook her head in response. She knew there was all kinds of experiments over several biological agents. Even through her gas mask, the stench was almost overpowering.

Talia made sure the air filter was in place before she moved over to the side. She noticed three figures moving about in the dark. Instincts pointed for Talia to reach towards the sword on the sheath connected to her hip. Talia waited for them to venture out of the shadows and move directly towards her.

A trio ninjas stepped towards Talia. They moved closer towards her and bowed down before the Daughter of the Demon. Her eyes locked on them, and without another word, Talia extended her hand up.

"You may rise before me."

All three of them rose. They were three female ninjas, hand picked from her Elite Guard for a very special purpose. They would serve her well on this mission. Numbers were not needed, but rather skill.

"Tonight is the night where I begin to secure the legacy of Ra's al Ghul in my own hands," Talia said. "My father may have faded, but the League of Assassins will move forward, even without his strength."

The three members before Talia bowed before the Daughter of the Demon. A figure stepped in, a fourth fighter, who had been dressed in a black and orange outfit which pulled over her face. She wore a facemask which resembled that of the infamous Slade Wilson, as Deathstroke.

"Here is the latest report, Mistress," the fourth ninja said.

"Thank you, Rose."

Talia took the report and unrolled the scroll. She leaned closer towards the report and began to read the contents of the report. It amused her, somewhat, that she had taken an apprentice much like her sister had, trained her in the arts of the League, and had extended their relationship further than mentoring a new recruit.

'The irony is that while Nyssa trained the woman who saved Starling City, I mentored the daughter of the man who attempted to see it burn. And our relationships have turned similar.'

Rose had been very abrasive, rough around the edges, but Talia helped smooth that out. She managed to utilize a combination of discipline and passion to mold Rose into a fairly skilled fighter. And given who her father was, why wouldn't she be a skilled fighter?

Talia looked at the report and understood what she was after. It wasn't as damning as she caught, although if she had been sighted, or if the people manning the borders in this country got any hint of what she was up to, everything would be all over.

"We slip in the night, and we prevent Biayla from moving forward," Talia said.

She also kept an eye out. Nyssa was very close to catching up with her. Talia didn't have any time to try and sway her sister over to the necessity of what she was doing. The only thing she could do is hope to move forward, and secure the future of the League.

Much more on the line than many saw, but Talia always prided herself on seeing a far bigger picture. Her methods to achieve the bigger picture might have been extreme of those of her infamous father,
but Talia did what she had to do to accomplish what she had to.

'Time to move.' Talia thought.

Sara slipped into the guise of the White Canary, and joined the rest of the Suicide Squad. Huntress had been released from duty, as her duty had been voluntary much like Sara's was. Sara caught three old faces. One of them was Deadshot, the other was Sportsmaster, and the other was Cupid.

Funny how Cupid seemed to be head over heels obsessed with the Arrow, but she seemed to be rather indifferent towards the White Canary. Cordial, well about as cordial as someone with an extreme personality disorder could be.

"So, Waller dragged you back in," Deadshot said. "I guess that's the problem with the Suicide Squad. When you get dragged in, you stay in for the long haul."

"I'm here because I have to be here," White Canary said. "Waller hasn't told you what you're up against this time?"

"No, she doesn't normally volunteer that information until we're out in the field," Sportsmaster said. "Not that it's really that big of a deal, because we aren't going anywhere, not with the failsafes she put on us….but it might be worth the risk, wouldn't you say?"

Another figure made her way in. Sara's eyes locked onto the figure who turned around the corner. She had come face to face with a very familiar face, a beautiful, elegant dark haired Japanese woman. Her name was Tatsu Yamashiro, better known as Katana, and when seeing her in battle, that codename became very obvious.

A second passed, and Katana locked eyes with the other woman. The other members of the Suicide Squad looked at the two women together.

"If the two of you could just kiss already, that would make this trip a bit more interesting," Sportsmaster said. Cupid reached in and punched him in the stomach which doubled him over.

"What, don't you think that would be hot?"

"Yes, but that's not the point," Cupid said.

"Come on, baby girl, I'll make it up to you," Sportsmaster said. He turned to Deadshot. "You know, she really has a thing for me, she just doesn't know it. Deep in denial."

"Well, one of you is anyway."

White Canary and Katana pulled away from each other, with the Samurai exchanging a respectful nod with her. Deadshot fiddled with his weapon of choice in his lap.

"So, are we going to get this show on the road soon, or what?" Deadshot asked.

"We're waiting for one more," Katana said to him.

"One more…you don't mean?" Sportsmaster asked.

White Canary noticed the full body shudder which went through the criminal, and the vindictive smile which passed over the lips of Cupid. She wondered what was going on here.

"Alright, finally, they let me out of this cage! C'mon, let's get this show on the road, people! Brains ain't gonna bash themselves, you know!"
'Oh, Waller must be desperate for someone to blow something up,' Sara thought.

The infamous Harley Quinn stepped into the room, with her blonde hair tied back into ponytails. She wore a tank top, and a pair of cut off jean shorts. She moved closer towards them. Cupid gave her a smile and shoved Sportsmaster off of the seat to give Harley a place to see.

"So, what are your orders?" Sportsmaster asked.

"Your mission is to stop the League of Assassins," Lyla said.

All of the air had been let out of the room.

"Waller really must want to make the Suicide Squad name truthful advertising," Sportsmaster said.

"Buckle it," Lyla ordered them. "It's going to be a bumpy ride. I have more information to brief you on, on the way."

To Be Continued on October 6th, 2017.
Nyssa al Ghul knew something was up in an instant, when she investigated the area. She tracked the
movements of her sister to the country of Bialya. Already, Nyssa had been put on her guard. She
knew this country had a policy against foreigners, where they were not welcomed inside of the
borders. It meant Nyssa would have to be extra careful when stepping around the borders deep inside
of the country.

The Daughter of the Demon had plenty of cover, a couple of buildings, some trees, and a large
fence. The fence had been electrified, and wrapped with barbed wire. She moved closer to a military
area in this country, but much to her surprise, although maybe not, Nyssa was not the only one
getting close to this particular area of the country. Her eyes followed down and saw three faces
cloaked in a familiar garb.

For a country who was not too welcoming to foreigners, there certainly seemed to be a fair many of
them here. Nyssa noticed three members of Count Vertigo's bodyguards. They were after nothing,
but trouble. Nyssa knew not to engage. This was merely a mission to get deep inside of the country
and figure out how deep her sister's influence had gone.

The Daughter of the Demon watched the three men talk to each other. They kept their eyes on a
building on the other side of the fence. One of them moved over to a box and pulled out a pair of bolt
cutters. The lock had been snapped, and the man moved to cut one of the wires thus eliminating the
electricity flowing into the fence.

'This is too good to be true,' Nyssa thought to herself.

They had, unintentionally, allowed Nyssa easy access into the government area. She kept her gaze
forward and kept moving. These three men should not be far hard to take out, but Nyssa knew there
was always more than three men. This was just the advanced squad, the one Vertigo sent ahead to
his bidding.

'Awaiting orders,' Nyssa thought.

Nyssa thought about taking them out, but decided against it. The best thing to do would be to
continue to press forward deeper into the area. The Daughter of the Demon stepped back a couple of
inches and craned her neck for a few seconds before bringing it back forward.

'So far, nothing?'

Swift movement brought Nyssa behind the building. A search light had been crudely fastened
against the post to act as some kind of preliminary security system. Whoever attached it had most
certainly did so an afterthought, and thought the electric fence was more than enough. It was a
tactical area on their part.

Nyssa viewed one of Vertigo's agents coming her way. She stood in the bushes, readying herself for
some kind of attack. No attack came when the man left the area. Nyssa watched them, and they
moved back around the corner, going behind a cluster of trees.

Much to Nyssa's very apparent surprise, they disappeared into the night. Just more suspicion lingered
in the eyes of the Daughter of the Demon when she kept stepping forward. She put her hands on a
sheath which contained a blade. Nyssa was prideful of her abilities to quickly and efficiently draw a blade to take down any adversary.

A flash of light erupted from behind her. Someone set up a flashbang. Nyssa turned around. Whoever did it, either crudely set off that flashback as a mistake, or they had done it to get her attention. Nyssa remained immobile, and looked around the area.

Again, Vertigo's agents didn't come back.

"I can't allow you to move forward."

Nyssa turned around and came face to face with a figure who dressed in the garb which Deathstroke and his minions buried. The Daughter of the Demon knew from experience Deathstroke was currently buried deep in a hole where he would not get out of any time soon. So she had no idea what this particular person was up to.

"Who are you?" Nyssa demanded.

"I can't allow you to intervene on the mission," she responded. "The future of the League depends on it."

"The future of the League...there's no one who has more say than the future of the League of Assassins than I do," she responded. Those eyes flashed. "My name is Nyss al Ghul, and I'm the daughter of Ra's al Ghul...."

No sooner did those words pass through Nyssa's lips, the figure in question flung a dagger. Nyssa turned and deflected the dagger with her sword. The dagger flew up and landed on the ground with a clatter. Nyssa stopped, and looked moderately impressed, or at least as impressed as she was going to get at this particular time and place.

"It appears we have a conflict of interest than."

The woman charged Nyssa with a blade. Nyssa blocked the blade. Both women maneuvered for position, and much to her surprise, the mysterious woman swept Nyssa's legs out from underneath her. The cold hard steel flung close to Nyssa's face. She blocked the attack at the last possible second. Both of them pushed against each other, struggling for position.

"Talia!" Nyssa grunted.

Nyssa pushed back on her attacker and tried to jab her with the sword. The sword came inches away. The woman blocked it, and quick drew a dagger. Nyssa shifted to the side to prevent the dagger from stabbing into her thigh. The two women maneuvered into position.

Talia took on a protégé, and she was well trained. Nyssa drew in her breath and looked at the figure who charged her one more time.

'You want a fight.'

Nyssa used the momentum against the figure, at least for the moment. The figure grabbed Nyssa around the neck and pressed down a pressure point on the neck. Nyssa just barely slipped out of the attack, groggy and disoriented. She always had trouble with that particular hold and Talia knew it better than anyone else.

"My sister has taught you well," Nyssa said, shaking off the cobwebs. "Let's see how well."
The very aptly named Suicide Squad had their mission and they had been dropped off on the ground by their transport, outside of the borders of a country which was very hostile to outsiders. They had no question about it; they were stepping into the lion’s den and they might very well get their hands ripped off if they were not careful.

"We're running a big risk being here," Lyla said.

"Well, Suicide Squad, duh," Harley said. "Besides, what's the fun without a little risk? As long as we get to blow something up."

"Man, that bitch is certifiable," Sportsmaster muttered underneath his breath.

"We should go in there and take these bastards down," Cupid said. "By the way, have I mentioned how amazing it is to finally work with you on the field, on a mission? Because, seriously, it's the most amazing thing in the world, and you're amazing, you're a legend, and beautiful with a....."

"Yeah, yeah, you mentioned it," Harley said.

Harley was really creeped out by this Cupid chick. Who had this type of fixation on a single target? Granted, Harley was a little interested, hot redhead, could be a fun time. Hell, she recalled the fun times she and Pam had...she wondered how she was holding up by the way.

Still, the girl was clingy, and Harley didn't like clingy.

Sara had been surprised Cupid had turned her fixation from the Arrow to Harley Quinn. Of course, the two of them actually getting together made Sara shudder, just the chaos they could cause. It was a good thing they were kept on a very short and very explosive leash.

Lyla moved around to hand the other members of the Suicide Squad their directives.

"And remember, if you go off script, there's a good chance you can't be extracted."

"What are you looking at me for?" Harley asked. "I don't go off the script!"

Katana and White Canary stood back a little bit with each other.

"So, we're working together again," Katana said. "Are you in a lot better place mentally since the last time we worked together?"

"Yes, I am," Sara said. "I've come to terms with a lot of what's happened in the past...the real question is, are you in a lot better place mentally after what happened with your family?"

Tatsu closed her eyes when thinking back through all of the hardship and the adversity she experienced through her life. She could feel the warmth of Sara's hand touch the top of hers.

"One day at a time, I get through it," Tatsu said. "You should know better than anyone else, that there are some scars that never heal. But, I'm focusing my aggressions elsewhere. Where I can help those who need help, and not allowing my bitterness to destroy me."

Sara nodded in response. She perfectly understood where Tatsu was coming from. There had been way too many times where Sara allowed her bitterness to get the better of her in the past. And it caused more than enough problems. Now in her third year underneath the hood and officially back, Sara thought she was in a better place

"You all have your assignments," Lyla said. "You know what to do. With any luck, we're going to
get in here and get out of here without any major conflict."

Sara noticed several armed soldiers moving very close to their locations. They noticed the plane just seconds after it touched down. Frowns passed over the faces of all of them. Deadshot in particular reached into his belt to load up a gun.

"Yeah, tell me how that goes," Deadshot said.

Lyla figured non-aggression would not be the best possible method here. Several of those men were making their way next to them and they were heavily armed. And there would be more to come. They saw the plane, despite it flying in an area where there shouldn't be any monitoring.

"Pick your shots wisely," Lyla said. "We need to distract them, and slip away."

"Remember, they don't take too kindly to foreigners," Katana added.

Harley's eyes widened when she eyed a rocket launcher which was being cocked. Only two words came out of her mouth in a whimpering manner.

"No kidding!"

The rocket launcher blast forced the Suicide Squad to scatter. The scorched ground underneath them made them feel very lucky they didn't get blown all to hell and back. The breath had been driven out of their body something fierce.

"Deadshot, now!"

Several of Vertigo's men made their way in the upper level of the government complex. They heard the stories about how a very dangerous nerve agent was being developed in the lower lab. They would uncover it sooner rather than later, and use it as a means of leverage against the western world.

Given how the United States had an unfortunate history of invading countries which they did not agree with the leadership, the people of Vlatava were on edge. Count Vertigo vowed as long as he lived, this would not happen, and he stirred up the citizens, making them distrustful of Western influence.

The economy in the country suffered, but at least they had their freedom to run the country the ways they wanted. One of the men checked his watch and grunted in surprise.

"She's late."

"No, she's exactly where she wants to be, when she wants to be."

The group of gentlemen turned around. They came face to face with a trio of ninjas. There had been no humor in the eyes of these cold blooded assassins, just casual hostility. The leader of the ninjas turned up, the Daughter of Ra's al Ghul herself, Talia al Ghul. Her eyes locked onto all of the mn in question.

"I wished to have a meeting with Count Vertigo," Talia said. "I didn't wish to have a meeting with his subordinates."

"You have nothing which forces our leader out here," one of the men responded.

"Your leader leads nothing, not as long as the Princess is alive," Talia said. "As long as she's
missing, she will be presumed alive. And there will be many who will question your leader's claims to the throne, for as long as she is missing. Unless you wish for your country to enter a civil war."

All of the men in Vertigo's employ understood what would happen if Vertigo tried to seize complete power. There would be both upheaval and outrage. Vertigo would have produced a body and spun a tail about the people who killed the Princess if he had anything to do with her sudden disappearance.

"And I'm not sure if this meeting is worth my time, if Count Vertigo doesn't see it worth his time to meet with me," Talia answered.

"Do you have the Princess?"

One of the men stepped forward and almost got in Talia's face. He thought better of it when one of Talia's assassins withdrew a dagger and put it underneath his chin. The man backed back, still confrontational, but not up close and personal.

Talia looked almost amused.

"That's a bold accusation to make," Talia said. "And quite the serious one, without any proof. I didn't think you were that dense to alienate a powerful organization. Count Vertigo's diplomatic immunity with the official governments does not protect him to me."

"You can't kill him, he will destroy you."

"That type of loyalty is commendable, therefore I won't kill you," Talia said. "But, you've just wasted a trip as much as I have. The nerve agent you were after, it's no longer here. They've moved it."

The agents of Count Vertigo looked at each other. They could see that look of very smug satisfaction cross over the face of the Daughter of the Demon. She was very amused at their discomfort, because they would have to answer to their boss it's a failed mission.

"You bluff."

Talia raised an eyebrow and her smile grew even more prominent. "Search the basement lab, where they said it would be. I'll even have the door opened for you."

One of Talia's elite guard bust the door open and lead the men down to the basement. The three agents of Vertigo looked on very nervously.

"If I wanted them to kill you, they could do it just as easily to your faces, as they could behind your back," Talia said. "Go ahead."

The three men made their way down into the basement area and searched for what they were looking for. Their frustration hit a fever pitch when they realized it was not down here. There wasn't even a hint of the nerve toxin.

"Count Vertigo isn't going to be pleased," one of the agents responded.

"No," Talia said. "And the Bialya military approaches and they will be just as unleashed as well. I suggest you all disappear. I know I will."

The three men blinked and Talia al Ghul and her three ninjas disappeared. The three men inside found their way to a door off to the side of the basement.
"It leads underground," one of them said. "It might be our way out, providing it doesn't end up burying us alive in the process."

It went without saying all of them might as well have been buried alive, if they didn't locate the nerve agent. Count Vertigo had been in a very hostile mood.

"One of us is going to have to break the news to him that we couldn't find his nerve agent," one of the men stated. The other two looked nervous. "Perhaps we should figure out a way out of here first before we give him that unfortunate news."

Deadshot fired a shot which clipped one of the leaders in the shoulder. Despite the chaos situation, the skilled mercenary never missed a shot and never missed his mark.

"Really, we're out in the middle of the desert and you still have to use your gimmicks?" Deadshot asked.

"You do what works for you, and I'll do what works for you."

Dodgeball didn't seem to be a sport in this country. Sportsmaster launched one of the red balls into the center. It hit two of the military men and blew one of their arms off. Sportsmaster thought it was good for a point, even though there were no points in dodgeball.

"How about we bring some of America's pastime here?"

Deadshot shook his head. He preferred some good old fashioned shooting as opposed to playing with balls. He watched Sportsmaster take out a baseball bat and start to hit a few home runs. The balls connected with the ground and connected with a landmine.

"So much for stealth," White Canary muttered.

Nine times out of ten, the stealth mission was not going to go as planned anyway. She jumped up into the air and came down behind one of the goons. She slammed the point of the wooden staff against the head.

Two arrows flew out and clipped one of the soldiers in the side of the neck. He dropped down to the ground. Cupid smiled and withdrew her arrow and fired it back, clipping it through the neck of one of the goons.

"Harley, look at me, aren't I amazing?" Cupid asked.

Harley shook her head and took a deep breath. This girl would be the death of her, Harley swore.

"Yeah, kiddo, you're special….real special."

One of the men dropped to the ground. Harley decided to drop him with one of Sportsmaster's bowling balls which rolled out of his big sack of balls. Harley snorted at those words, they did some a bit perverted.

"Take some of this!"

Harley smacked one of the goons down onto the back of the head. Another goon tried to nail in the back of the head. Cupid fired an arrow towards the goon and dropped him to one knee. Harley spun around and nailed him in the face with a good old fashioned pair of electrified Brass Knuckles.

"Boom!" Harley yelled.
Lyla fired at the men, and some of them retreated. She noticed three of Count Vertigo's agents making their way from an underground bunker. She frowned, and information came in.

"We have a problem," Lyla said.

"You mean other than the goons I'm fighting right now?" Sara asked.

She swung back the wooden staff and cracked it down on the top of the head of the military man. He said something in a strangled tongue.

"Nyssa's here," Lyla told her. "And she's going against someone who is dressed like Deathstroke."

Any number of things went Sara's mind. She dodged around one of Cupid's wild arrows and it impaled one of the goon's in the chest which doubled him over. Sara leaned back a fraction of an inch.

"Are you sure?" Sara asked.

Sara flipped over one of the goons. Lyla took him down for Sara. Sara got another one of the men off of a back swing and dropped him down.

"One of the ARGUS sources in the country reported it," Lyla said. "And she isn't very prone to exaggeration."

Sara wasn't surprised there had been ARGUS sources in this country. She watched the military men back off.

'Now why are they running now?' Sara thought.

"We also have an unconfirmed report that the nerve agent has been moved out of the country," Lyla said.

Sara's entire body had been let out like someone just punched her in the stomach. If the nerve agent had been moved out of the country, well it made this entire trip into Bailya a waste of time, at least at first. Until Sara thought about who moved in and the implications brought chills down her spine.

"We don't know if the League moved it, or if someone else moved it," Lyla said. "Or if it was even here in the first place?"

The other question hit them, as they all wondered why the military of Bialya backed off. The Suicide Squad chipped away a pretty large number of them.

"You and Katana should go to check it out," Lyla said.

Lyla had to stay behind to make sure the rest of the Suicide Squad followed the script. There was only so much an explosive leash could keep people in line when they had just figured out their lives were pretty meaningless all together.

"Oh, look, it's Mama's little party stopper."

Sara was kind of glad that she wasn't around on two accounts. One, the members of the Bialya military closed in, and Harley Quinn had just got her hands on one of their rocket launchers.

"Hey, you don't like foreigners?" Harley asked. "It's a shame really, I brought you a little gift….but since I'm in such a good mood, I'm going to give you it anyway, okay?"
A damn good thing she and Tatsu were not in the line of fire. They needed to locate Nyssa. She wasn't too far from here, given the coordinates Sara heard in her ear piece of her last known sighting.

It was hoped, from Sara, the Suicide Squad could fall back from this position. Harley offering a distraction showed there was a pretty good chance.

Sweat rolled down the face of the woman underneath the mask, Rose Wilson. Her heart beat even quicker when she felt the cold hard steel slice into her old blade.

"Rose, the mission is down," Talia said. "Fall back."

"Finding it hard, thank you very much…your sister isn't…"

Nyssa almost caught Rose when she was in mid-sentence. Just barely, Rose avoided the cold hard steel from plunging into her chest. She stepped back a couple of inches.

"We're going to have a conversation, whether you like it or not," Nyssa said.

The woman didn't seem too annoyed by the fact Nyssa said something. She just smiled.

Three members of Talia's Elite Guard appeared ,seemingly out of air. Nyssa did not wish to harm these fine warriors, but she would have to do what was necessary.

One of the members of the Elite Guard turned around just in time to see the White Canary come out from behind a set of trees. The Elite Guard tried to nail the White Canary with a jab to the side of the throat. White Canary evaded the jab. Both women engaged in a very tense martial arts battle, going strike for strike with each other. Neither of them backed off or a second.

Elite Guard member number two made her way in. Katana dropped down. Both women exchanged steel.

"You are a fierce warrior, but I'm afraid I have no choice but to take you down," Katana said.

Katana flipped her adversary down onto the ground. The adversary bounced up and went for Katana one more time. Katana blocked the blade, and came behind her adversary one more time. Both exchanged steel in a noble sword fight. Katana's blade proved to be more adept.

Nyssa caught the chain of the third member of Talia's Elite Guard and yanked it forward. She flipped behind the Elite Guard and made an honest attempt to flip behind the woman. The woman turned about three hundred and sixty degrees and ripped the chain apart.

The Elite Guard representative threw three shuriken at Nyssa. The shuriken had been deflected, two of them, while the third caught Nyssa on the shoulder. Her uniform ripped and her shoulder dropped down.

Nyssa blinded the Elite Guard with a flash bang of power. The fierce warrior dropped down and took her down onto the ground. Nyssa knocked her completely unconscious.

The four on one advantage Rose Wilson enjoyed about a moment ago, shifted all the way around to three against one. She moved as far away from the battle, escaping why she could.

The White Canary dropped down and caught her arm. The two struggled in battle briefly until the White Canary grabbed her shoulder and forced her down to a kneeling position. Rose found herself trapped by the three women.
"What are my sister's plans?"

The teenager grew very agitated. "Why ask me, when you ask can ask her?"

Nyssa turned around. Talia's Elite Guard stood around, and Talia joined them. Both locked eyes, neither backing down from their staredown.

It was time for a pair of sisters to have a long overdue chat with each other.

To Be Continued on October 10th, 2017.
Chapter Seventy-Eight: Justifying the Means

The dust cleared and the Suicide Squad triumphed, at least as much as they were going to triumph at this particular point in time. Harley stood over one of the men and she held the rocket launcher. He laid on the ground, groaning before Harley retracted the item away from his face.

"Nah, you're not worth my time," Harley said. "You got lucky, kid. The next time, I'm going to blow you away….well there won't be a next time, because I doubt you'd let us get anywhere near this place. But you know what I mean."

Lyla stood in the middle, and thankfully, this mission had gone off a fair amount better than she expected. Things could have gone much worse, and they have gone much worse due to having to deal with some of the more chaotic elements out there on the planet. Lyla waited for the call from Waller, to wrap this situation up. She turned around and waited to see if White Canary and Katana would return.

One of those things happened, and it was the call from Waller.

"There will be an army on your position soon," Waller informed Lyla. "You need to get them out of there within the next thirty missions. The mission has been compromised, the mission is over."

"No, it's not over," Lyla said. "Two members of my team are hunting down a lead, and I'm not going to pull out without them."

"If this is about the League of Assassins, we have far more pressing matters to worry about," Waller responded. "I know you think the Daughter of the Demon is in the country…"

"Sources verified her to be in the country, as you well know," Lyla said. She kept her voice very calm and very even, even though Waller could set the most calm and rational person off in a blink of an eye. "And I'm going to ensure we follow up on any and all leads. It's a matter of national security, it's a matter of international security. You've told me I need to make some hard choices, and therefore I'm making one."

A long pause followed over the phone. Waller returned to the conversation a second later.

"If they grab her, or determine what the League's association with Vertigo is, it will be more than worth it," Waller said. "But, there are also too much risks involved her for my liking."

"You were the one who told me there are no rewards without taking any risks," Lyla said. "I think we can both agree this is a situation which is out of all of our hands. We're going to have to leave it to White Canary and Katana, and see if they could…."

"I'm not concerned about what could happen," Waller said. "I'm more than concerned about what I've verified, and that's, the Queen authorized a full strike if you're not outside of her borders in a half of an hour."

Lyla took a moment to look around her team. She had four crazed criminals with her. They had their own skill set. The small army they fought was one thing, but they were looking at a full scale attack. Lyla hesitated for a brief moment, and wondered if it was worth the risk for them to stick around.
She reminded herself the reward had to be worth the risk and in this case, Lyla thought the risk was very much worth the reward. They could have information which could bring down a rogue faction of the League of Assassins.

"Is she serious about going through with it though?" Lyla asked.

"She has the backing of people who could shield her from any potential ramifications," Waller said. "I'm concerned whether or not this is worth it. You should tell White Canary and Katana to back off."

"You know how both of them are when they are on a mission," Lyla said. "And there's little we can do to get them to back off. Remember, they volunteered for the mission."

Waller remembered they joined on their own accord, and they had not been drafted, unlike the likes of Harley Quinn, Sportsmaster, Deadshot, Cupid, or any other of the hapless victims who were waiting in the wings, and ready for a small amount of freedom.

"It's not over yet," Lyla said. "We can divert their attention elsewhere, delay them, for as long as possible. It wouldn't be the first time we had to do something like that."

Waller sighed and had to concede this point. "No, it isn't the first time you had to do something like that. And I didn't like it then, any more than I like it now."

Lyla nodded, she understood all of Waller's concerns, but she could not let them cloud her judgment from what needed to be done. The ARGUS agent pinched the bridge of her nose.

"High risk, but high reward," Lyla said.

"A half of an hour, you might not be able to stretch that out for much longer, if the Queen wants to get to you," Waller said. "Extraction happens at ten thirty, my time on the dot....less than thirty minutes. Be there, or not....and it's been an honor."

Lyla answered with a nod. She did not intend to go out yet. She turned to the other members of the Suicide Squad, who waited for any kind of order. None of them tried to go into business for themselves and run away this time, which was an encouraging sign.

"So, what's up?" Harley asked.

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Tension in the air could be sliced with a knife. And both of the women looking at each other looked as if they wanted to slice each other. Talia's Elite Guard rejoined her, and Rose took a spot of prominence in front of the other Daughter of Ra's al Ghul.

On Nyssa's side, Sara and Tatsu stood. Neither side wanted to back down. Nyssa leaned a step closer. The Elite Guard further closed ranks on Talia. Talia motioned for them to step back.

"It's fine, she won't attack," Talia said. "Not if she wants to know what I want to say."

"No, I won't attack," Nyssa answered. "Talia, if you want to talk, it's time for us to talk. No more games, no more deception, no more smoke and mirrors. I want to know what you intend to accomplish, by making a deal with Count Vertigo of all people."

Both daughters of Ra's al Ghul locked into a mile long stare between the two of them. Sara sensed it wasn't the physical distance which was the barrier between the two of them speaking. It was just the emotional distance. Thankfully, her and Laurel came to an understanding.
The problems between Talia and Nyssa ran a whole lot deeper than Laurel and Sara did, and made Sara feel glad the relationship between the two of them was on such good terms with each other.

"The League of Assassins has been shattered since my father's failed campaign to fine an heir in Gotham City," Talia answered. "He has risen before, but this time it is different. There is no sign of him."

"I would have thought you would have found a way from Ra's al Ghul to rise again," Nyssa said. "You are the more devoted one to his cause after all, you always have been. You are the favored child."

"You have a funny way of defining favor," Talia said. "Regardless though, the opportunity to bring our father back has not presented itself, for his body disappeared in the wreckage. Someone else must have grabbed it."

"Do you have any idea who?" Nyssa asked.

"Ra's al Ghul has many loyalists and many enemies as you well know," Talia said. "And both would have their own uses for his body. Some would want the favor of bringing him back. And others will want the glory of being the one to bring about a more permanent end."

"I don't think he lives," Nyssa said. "For all that he is, Ra's al Ghul would have never allowed the League to fall in such a state, should he live."

"One matter of the two of us can finally agree upon," Talia said. "Count Vertigo is going to strike soon…and your failure with haunt the rest of the world."

Sara felt Talia's gaze directly on her. Nyssa stepped in to defend her beloved, but Sara stepped in front of her, and decided to jump in to talk to her.

"My failure?" Sara asked. "You're the one who is working with Vertigo. You're the one who is met agents of his inside his country, to acquire a nerve agent."

"A nerve agent which has been moved, therefore there's no harm," Talia answered. "If you read between the lines, you can understand what's going on. But, I can't expect too much nuance from a woman who takes up the crusade of a dead man, out of guilt for killing him. Especially when it's a failing crusade."

"There's really nothing to read between the lines," Sara said. She ignored the jab made by her sister-in-law at her. "Accounts made from the League have been traced back to Vlatava, and…"

"Precisely," Talia said. "Accounts from the League have been traced back to Vlatava….I do not wish to discuss the business from a client with you."

"We're to bring you in, you're a dangerous fugitive," Tatsu said.

"You're very fortunate I don't kill you where you stand," Talia said. "Both you and Sara. The only reason why is……"

A loud explosion resounded out in the distance which jarred them all. Sara remembered looking at the information, there had been a civil war in Bialya, with rebel forces trying to attack. They did not care for foreigners as much as the government did.

A helicopter appeared, and Talia took advantage, along her Elite Guard and Rose moved away. Nyssa made her way to follow on foot, even if the helicopter had moved away. Sara reached over
and grabbed Nyssa by the wrist to pull her back into position.

"It's not worth it," Sara said.

"She's insulted your honor," Nyssa said.

"Only because she's jealous," Sara said. "She's trying to get underneath your skin, and don't let her….do you have any idea what she means by reading between the lines?"

Nyssa took a moment to consider. She had some very interesting theories stirring up in the back of her mind, and she wondered if any of them were true. Perhaps she would have to look into the papertrail.

"Sara, there's going to be major aggression in five minutes," Lyla said. "Where are you?"

"I'll meet you half way," Sara said.

Despite Talia's caustic words, Sara had more than a lot to think about tonight. She wondered, boy did she ever wonder what was going on tonight.

The head of the Bialya military stepped in towards a beautiful dark skinned woman who wore a gown which covered her amazing features. Everyone was nervous when facing her, as they should be. She was a tall woman, and one who could crush many men, if she chose to.

"They escaped, and Vertigo's agents slipped away before we could question them."

"We're going to have to tighten up our borders, and double down against the rebels," Queen Bee said. "We can't let this go unchallenged, not again. Do you understand?"

The head of the military bowed his head. He was like a puppy dog, waiting for a biscuit. Unfortunately for him, Queen Bee had nothing to spare for him, she never had anything to spare for someone who failed her like this. She turned on her heal and made her way to her bed chambers.

The bad news just kept rolling in. She was not happy with many things, ARGUS being in her country, the League, Vertigo's men, and the action of the rebels. When you combined it all with the fact Queen Bee was not getting the support she wanted from HIVE, it lead to a very combustible situation.

The next day would bring more of the same, unfortunately, it was always more of the same. Queen Bee slipped out of her upper garment and dropped it down onto the ground. She still wore the under part of her ceremonial garb. The woman stepped into her room and opened the door before noticing something.

One of her maids laid on the ground. Queen Bee knew this to be peculiar, given her maids had a strong work ethic, and lived to serve her. They would sooner drop dead, and not lie down on the job.

She was still alive, wasn't she? Queen Bee bent down and checked the woman for a pulse. She still had one. A slight bruise raised on the woman's neck pointed to someone handling her very roughly to take her out. Queen Bee turned her attention around and came face to face with Talia al Ghul sitting on the bed.

"This isn't the first time I've seen you in these bed chambers," Queen Bee responded. "But, this is the first time I've seen you in here without any kind of invitation."
Talia just remained calm and sat at the foot of the bed. Queen Bee put her eyes down on the downed maid.

"She'll wake up in about six hours," Talia said. "I think you would be pleased. Given how she has a nice tight ass, and you would have a chance to punish her."

Queen Bee just shifted into a smile in response. She could not deny Talia had a point her. Still, the monarch kept her eyes locked onto the heiress to the League. Well, by blood, there was still some stumbling blocks for her to gain that position, most importantly her father's values.

"But, you're not here for a more personal nature, this time."

"No," Talia said. "We have a deal, and I'm concerned you're not honoring it. You were to give me information on Damien Darhk's plans, and when Darhk had been dealt with, you would have leadership of HIVE. Do you not recall that bargain we made?"

Queen Bee looked at her business partner, for lack of a better term. A small smile twitched on her lips.

"It almost as if you're making a deal with Count Vertigo, for insurance behind my back," Queen Bee responded.

"You are the second person to accuse me of dealing with him," Talia said. "There are some things which people do not understand."

"I'm not surprised," Queen Bee said. "I would have expected this amount of treachery from the Daughter of Ra's al Ghul. I just hoped, perhaps foolishly, that we would be further along in our arrangement before you sharpened the blade."

Talia remained very calm, especially for someone who had been accused. She knew Queen Bee was more trying to rile her up more than anything. The very last person who should accuse another for treachery was Queen Bee.

"I've honored my deal with you to the exact letter," Talia reminded Queen Bee. "There are many unfortunate questions to my leadership of the League. And as long as those questions exist, my ability to assist you is limited. But Darhk's disposal should allow me to acquire allies, and you will be the strong leader HIVE needs, unless of course, you don't have the ambition to lead such a vast organization."

Both women stared down each other for a very long and anxious moment. Neither of them were willing to black down. Talia attacked one part of Queen Bee which could be more easily damaged, that beign her ego.

"I do have one thing of value that I have not passed to you," Queen Bee said. "But, now the opportunity has presented itself. So, out of good faith, I'll share you one of the operations HIVE is undertaking."

Talia raised her eyebrow and motioned for Queen Bee to continue.

"HIVE may have located the urn containing the ashes of Joseph Blackfire," Queen Bee said. "You do recall him?"

"Yes I do, hard to forget."

The demented preacher had a cult following which made Jonestown look like a sane operation. He
made claims he would bring the rapture, to cleanse all of Gotham City. He burned children alive at the stake, saying the innocent needed to be sacrificed to burden the sins of the guilty. He was completely and utterly out of his mind, and people followed him.

The night he was burned by his own fire, he vowed to return, and haunt the loved ones of those who led to his demise. He may have been guided by some demonic force, but regardless, his ashes had been sealed away.

"Do you have an exact location where it might be?" Talia asked.

"No one quite knows," Queen Bee admitted. "Darhk doesn't trust me these days, even after all I've done for him. The information I have his third hand…and there are those even higher up than Darhk, who trust me to be less. They still see me as nothing more of a pawn."

Queen Bee paused and looked Talia dead on in the eye.

"Something you can relate to."

Sara, Nyssa, and Lyla just left ARGUS headquarters after checking in. The members of the Suicide Squad had been returned, and in one piece, after this mission.

"I better return and see if I can get a hint of what Talia is up to," Nyssa said. "I had her, and I let her get away…even after all of that, after all she's done. If she's working with Vertigo, she has betrayed the ideals of the League."

Unfortunately, and Nyssa hated admitting at times, the ideals of the League were whatever those who ran the League wanted it to be. There were times where her father had been in transition where the League went to war. They only fell back into line when her father returned. Even at his weakest state, those feared Ra's al Ghul and most importantly his loyalists.

"I'm still thinking about what Talia said, about reading between the lines," Sara said. "Is she playing head games or something….or maybe telling us something without really telling us something?"

"I don't know," Nyssa responded. "I really don't know…and that's what scares me. Talia has changed, since the last time I saw her."

Five years, five long years, and Nyssa wished she had a clearer idea why Talia just vanished into the night. Sara and Nyssa walked out of the facility. Lyla had to stand behind to help with the post mission wrap up and report.

"People aren't what you expect," Sara said. "Just one second."

She got a call on the phone and one quick look showed it was Laurel who was calling.

"So, you finally back in town?" Laurel asked.

"Yeah, I think I am at least," Sara said. "It seems like I've been away from Starling City forever…but I'm back, and that's a good thing, isn't it?"

"Yeah," Laurel said. "We wouldn't want you to miss your birthday."

There was a long pause over the other end of the phone. Sara had almost forgot about her birthday. Hell, the past couple of years, she really had been busy doing other things. And the five years before that, celebrating her birthday had not been a huge priority.
"You did remember your birthday is next week, don't you?" Laurel asked.

"Well, yes, now that you brought it up, I did," Sara said. "It's just that, I have so much on my mind….."

"Mom's gotten time off, and she's flying in from Central City," Laurel said. "The four of us are going to be there…it will be just like the old days."

"I've never been one for nostalgia," Sara admitted. "But, it will be good to see Mom…last couple of times I was in Central City, I really didn't get too much of a chance to visit her."

"Oh, she understands," Laurel said. "So, I'll talk to you later…..and don't forget to show up to your own party."

"Unless I'm an inch from death, I'll be there," Sara said. She could hear an exasperated sigh over the phone. "I know, I know, don't tempt fate."

Sara was almost ready to head home, when suddenly another figure made her way there. Tatsu had changed out into a silky black shirt and a pair of pants which fit her very nicely. She stepped closer towards Sara and smiled at her.

"It was good to fight alongside you once again," Tatsu said. "And my offer from five years ago stands…..if you need anything, don't hesitate to ask."

"I remember your offer," Sara told her. "And thank you."

"After all you've done for me, I should be the one thanking you," Tatsu said. "You gave me support when I needed it the most…..and I can never repay you enough."

Tatsu smiled and turned around to see Lyla make her way out. She dropped her report on Waller's next.

"Until the next time," Tatsu said.

"Right," Sara said. "I'll see you around."

Rose Wilson climbed out of a helicopter and made her way to the rest of the way up a snowy mountain top leading to a cottage. She had only forty five minutes, or she would be left alone for two weeks. She carried a heavy bag over her back and lugged it over the mountain.

She put the large package down on the ground and shuffled through her pocket to pull out a key. She pushed the key into the hole and opened up.

The house had very little clutter, which was amazing given the occupant was a teenager, who always had servants who picked up after her. By the time she had returned from the morning bathroom trip, her bed already had been made.

A blonde girl of fourteen years old sat on the couch, dressed in a pink night shirt. A half-eaten bowl of cereal had been laid on the table in front of her, along with some orange juice, and she walked past the television, to see images of a certain yellow sponge who lived in a pineapple under the sea moving across the screen.

"As promised, I'm back," Rose said.

"Thank you," Princess Perdita responded and she looked Rose in the eye.
"How are you holding up?" Rose asked.

"I've found the X-Box to be rather fascinating, and this SpongeBob, he's very amusing," Perdita answered with a bright smile "I have nothing like this back home….I miss the view of my old room, but unfortunately, it's impossible to come home."

Rose sat down and moved her way to the refrigerator to restock it of supplies. She had enough groceries to last her for a month, and hopefully she would not be out there much longer.

"Kid, just hold on in here, you won't be here for much longer," Rose said.

"I know," she said. "I trust you're getting closer to grabbing him, you have to be getting close…..my Uncle needs to get taken care of. I hired the League…I just never thought things would have been so bad that I would have to go into hiding."

She had a moment of hope that the White Canary would have finished off her Uncle all of those years ago. Unfortunately, the fire only injured him, it did not kill him. Perdita gave a sad little sigh of frustration. Those hopes would be put on hold, at least for right now.

'And to think, it's come to this, the fact I've had to hire assassins to kill my uncle,' Perdita thought. 'Not that he hadn't done the same thing to me.'

It was almost a right of passage in her country. His own sister, her mother, was killed under mysterious circumstances, when Perdita was very young. And it didn't take Perdita much effort.

"So, are you staying for long?" Perdita asked.

"Sorry, kid, I'm out of here in about thirty minutes," Rose said. "I understand how you're feeling you, but keep your head up. It will all be over soon."

"I understand," Perdita said.

"I'll be back this weekend, I promise," Rose said. "And remember, if you see anything other than me or Talia around….."

"I know, panic button, safe room," Perdita said. "Thank you."

Rose smiled. She did wish she could stick around. It must be lonely sitting up here all day, no one to talk to. She felt for the kid, but Talia gave her orders, and she owed Talia a lot, so she had to obey them.

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To Be Continued on October 13th, 2017.
All investigations eventually came back to the place where it all began. For Barbara Gordon, she thought it would have been prudent to head to Central City, under the guise of Barbara Gordon and take a look at the childhood home of Barry Allen. That's where it all began, at least from her perspective. It was the location of that night where everything changed. Barry's mother killed, Barry's father sent to prison.

Officially, the police evidence stated there was no one that night, other than Barry, his mother, and his father. Barbara frowned, strongly disagreeing with this assessment. It was not the first time Barbara Gordon and an official police investigation disagreed, as many times, the evidence did not add up. Police overlooked certain things, and it was not their fault. They were just used to picking out some very conventional patterns.

Nothing about this case seemed conventional, from the Man to the Yellow Suit, to the fact a man who had no violent history was accused by murdering his life. In police investigations, the significant other always had become suspect number one, when someone had gotten murdered. It was the unfortunate, and often times very likely, conclusion people jumped to a lot of the time.

Regardless of this fact, Barbara took a moment to take in her breath and look around the area. She knew there was nothing conventional about this investigation. All she had to do was take a look around and try and locate any evidence. She would find it, if they were there.

'The official police investigation may disagree with what I dig up,' Barbara thought. 'But, there's a bridge I'm going to have to cross whenever I get to it.'

No one was home, the current occupant of the house was out. Barbara hoped she remained gone for a long enough, at least until Barbara had a good look around. And she did so as Batgirl, due to needing a couple of special pieces of equipment. If there was the tiniest bit of physical evidence still lingering after all of these years, even after the house had not been occupied, Barbara would find it.

Barbara stepped into the middle of the house and pressed a switch on the side of her cowl. Detective Mode had been activated, and she scanned around the area. Nothing other than years of coming and going, at least at first glance. Barbara recalled Iris's words about this Reverse-Flash being like a phantom, disappearing instantly, and reappearing in a blink of an eye.

Phantoms would not leave any evidence behind, and it just very much frustrated Barbara to think there was no evidence left behind, at all. She clutched the side of her face and kept frantically scanning the area. Anything, anything at all, she needed to pick it up, and locate the information. Barbara drew in her breath and drew it out about as suddenly, in a blink of an eye.

'Okay, not with the basic mode, but let's see what advanced mode picks up.'

Barbara increased the frequency of the searching, searching for certain patterns. She located something at the side of the room. She followed from the most obvious entry point, the back door, to this weird image which flashed inside of the eye lids of her cowl.

"Increase frequency," Batgirl whispered.

The image appeared in the midst of the cowl, and Barbara frowned. It could not be seen by the
naked eye, but apparently speedsters always left some kind of residue where they went. Barbara had to enhance the image and bring it up. She could see a figure come in with the blur in this speed refraction image, for lack of a better term.

'God bless Wayne Tech for coming through and doing a pretty good job,' Barbara thought. 'And I have to say, Lucius Fox really outdid himself with this one….it's unbelievable how much this is picking up.'

Barbara would have to take some time to reconstruct the image and hopefully it could be a potential clue. She would have to keep going down the rabbit hole. The detective pressed another button in the side of her cowl.

"I might have found something," Barbara said. "It isn't much, but it's a start….any luck on your side of the fence?"

"Sadly, no," Iris responded with a very regretful sigh. "Wells is offering to help me, and Caitlin and Natasha are supporting me as always, but it's almost like Barry dropped off of the face of the Erath. And I can't help, but think there's something I'm missing."

"What do you mean?" Barbara asked.

"Well, it's almost like Barry's underneath all of our noses, but I just can't….I don't know, it's very hard to grab him," Iris said. "I think that's what the Reverse Flash wants us to think."

Barbara could not really argue with Iris's theory. She just nodded in response and offered a sigh.

"I'll let you know if I find anything else," Barbara said. "I know it's not much, but hey, at least it's a start….hang on, I've got a call on the other line…talk to you later."

"You too," Iris said.

Barbara switched over to communication links. "Hey, Laurel."

"I know you're busy," Laurel said. "But, I was wondering if you were still on for Sara's birthday party."

"I'll try to be there," Barbara said with a smile. "Of course, I think the real question is, is the Birthday girl still on? You know how Sara gets tied up in things these days, and….."

"Well, she'll try and make it," Laurel said.

"And I'll try and be there, unless something comes up," Barbara said. "So, keep your fingers crossed. And if something does come up, well, I'm just going to have to make it up to her eventually, won't I?"

Elsewhere in Central City, Dinah Lance prepared to leave the city, to attend her daughter's birthday party. It would be nice to have some time off. Central City, wow, she thought she was moving away from all of the chaos, given how she lived in both Starling and Gotham for most of her life. Then, everything started to change, when the Particle Accelerator went off and the Flash came to life.

That was the double problem, as Dinah remembered it from back in the day. There were heroes, but there were villains. The age old chicken and the egg argument had been going on since before her day. Would there be as many villains if there were not heroes around to put a stop to their antics? Dinah actually thought some of those people would have been around, causing trouble. The
gimmicks might not have been colorful, but they would be there.

Dinah stopped at the edge of the dresser, at a drawer which had been chalked full of memories. She shifted the picture into her hand, faded at the side. She stood in the middle of the picture, the lineup of the JSA in some happier times. There was John Zatara, Wildcat, then there was Stargirl, Hawkwoman, and also standing with them was their official corporate sponsor, Thomas Wayne. This must have been an older picture, just taken before that fateful night in the alley.

They all looked so young back then, and there were a couple of faces missing from the picture as well. Some had already left, some had been yet to join. There had most certainly been a mixture of faces in that picture. Dinah stared the picture down and lightly set it on the counter, frowning. Boy, had times changed since then, and boy would times change even more in the future.

Dinah shook her head to clear the cobwebs.

'It's not your life anymore, and you can't really go back to that,' Dinah thought.

Dinah took a moment to look around, and saw a picture of her, her daughters, and her ex-husband, taken maybe just a few months before that trip. That was another life which had been left behind as well. Dinah closed her eyes, thinking about everything which happened.

If she could have turned the clock back, she might have prevented her daughter from going on that trip with Oliver Queen. Maybe things would have changed, or maybe it would have only delayed the inevitable. Dinah had no really clear idea.

Dinah decided to once again pick up the picture, but this time it was a different picture. It was a news clipping, regarding the fire at the Church of Deacon Blackfire, which wiped out many members of his sadistic cult, along with the good Deacon himself. Dinah's hand quivered when she held onto the newspaper clipping.

She kept it as a reminder of the night the Black Canary was retired. How bitter she was in the months following that. She had not been able to save all of those children who had been sacrificed. Many misguided souls had been brought to that Church for Blackfire, for him to sacrifice them as well.

She stopped him, at a horrible price. The images flashed through Dinah's mind, of the Church, and despite the flames surrounding Blackfire, the sadistic grin on the man's face. Dinah allowed the newspaper clipping to flutter on the bed. She just barely managed to drag herself out of the rubble.

Thankfully, it was James Gordon who found her, and not someone else, who might have taken advantage of having a known vigilante at her weakest. She called Quintin, and Leslie Thompkins over in Gotham City, and they were able to resolve everything quietly, even though that was the end of the Black Canary.

'Memories,' she thought. 'Stay in the present.'

A ringing of the phone brought Dinah out. She moved over, leaving her half packed case and the clutter on her bed, to go and answer the phone. She stepped closer towards the phone and picked it up very easily.

"Hello?" Dinah asked.

She had been hit by a musical laugh when the phone had been picked up. "Does the Black Canary live here?"

It had shown how composed she was, how Dinah was able to keep things mostly cool by the woman
who called her on the phone. "There's no one who lives here by that name."

More laughter hit over the phone. Dinah clutched onto the edge of the phone and drew in her breath. This person, whoever she was, lived to bait her.

"Dinah Drake, once Dinah Drake-Lance, the original Black Canary," she said with more laughter. "September 30th, 1980? Does that date ring a bell?"

The date she met Quentin because of…oh she remembered it. Right before the stunning siren song caught her over the phone. Dinah tried to fight it, but it relaxed her and put her in a very docile state of mind. Her eyes glazed over.

"Do you hear my voice and only my voice?" she asked.

"Yes," Dinah said.

"And you are compelled to obey me, no matter your objections, correct?" she asked.

"Yes," Dinah said in a robotic tone.

"Excellent, you're going to help me with a couple of things," the woman over the phone commented. "Do you understand me?"

"Yes," she replied. "What do you need my help for?"

Sara had only been gone for a couple of weeks after returning to Starling City with her many trips outside. Yet, it just felt like it was much longer. The moment she entered the office building, Felicity made her way down the steps, and almost slid down into a wall. Sara reached out and grabbed Felicity before she ended up face-planting herself on the down.

"Slow down," Sara said.

"Oh, I'm glad you're here, I don't know how it could have slipped through the cracks," Felicity said, speaking in an almost breathless voice. "We only have about nine million things on our plate right now, but that's not an excuse for forgetting this, forgetting her, forgetting….Sapphire Stagg, she's here, and she wants to meet with you."

Sara took a moment and she almost forgot about the meeting.

"Good thing I'm here then," Sara said. "She's not a woman who is to be kept waiting, you know."

"No, I gathered that much, yeah," Felicity said. "So, you're not going to….."

Sara made her way to the elevator and made her way to the conference room which they were doing business. The elevator door opened, and Sara and Felicity stepped out. They came face to face with a very attractive looking blonde woman, with a smile who sat at the edge of the table.

"Ms. Stagg….."

"Please, Sapphire," she said with a smile and she bounced up to her feet. She reached over and shook hands with Sara. "It's an honor to meet you, and I've actually wanted this meeting for some time. But, we both have our busy schedules."

"Yes," Sara said. "I'm curious to….."
"Of course," Sapphire said. "After my father's death, I've been looking over the books. The Board swears they'll take care of all that, but unfortunately, I couldn't trust them as far as I could throw them."

Sara nodded, fair enough, and Sapphire continued to go through her spiel.

"The relationship between Queen Industries and Stagg Industries was strong, and my father, and Robert Queen were able to do a lot of very important business together," Sapphire said.

There were a lot of interesting questions in that statement, and Sara had to just cut to the chase.

"Why did your father break off the deal if the relationship was so strong?" Sara asked her.

"He didn't like how close Malcolm Merlyn was to Queen Industries, especially after Robert's demise," Sapphire responded.

"You know, there weren't a lot of people who would have been comfortable with working with your father, either," Sara said. "No offense but....."

"Hey, that's the most tactful way anyone has told me my father was an asshole," Sapphire said. "And I'll be the first to admit he has his faults...but he did have his brilliant ideas, even though some of them had gotten set to the side....by greed, and the fact it's a lot easier to use a quick fix, then it is to do things the right way."

Sara responded with a very obvious sigh. That much was true, unfortunately. She ran into that problem in business more times.

"I was going through some of my father's old notes, one of his air ships which he shelved," Sapphire said. "I think it's doable...and I was hoping for Queen Industries to partner up with me. I understand the clean energy thing is a bit of a hard sell as well."

Sara looked over the designs. She was very intrigued, she would give Sapphire there.

"But, I'm hoping you agree that the rewards outweigh the risks by a significant margin," Sapphire responded. "So, what do you say?"

Sara took a moment to look over the designs, and she thought they looked pretty much doable, at least from her angle. Sapphire leaned across the table and waited for the answer from the beautiful woman across the table from her.

"I'm willing to do whatever it takes to keep my father's business solvent," Sapphire responded. "But, I want to ask you a question, if you don't mind."

"Well, I don't know if I would mind or not, until you ask the question," Sara responded.

"Right," Sapphire said. "You've been taking a few trips to Central City, and you've been working close with STAR Labs."

The girl did her homework, and was more than your average run of the mill, spoiled rich heiress. There was something going on upstairs, but the question was how much.

'Oh, there's more to you than meets the eye, isn't there, Ms. Stagg?'

"A couple of friends work there," Sara said. "And we were doing business with STAR Labs, although after what happened, no one is doing business."
"Harrison Wells is not a stupid man and what happened wasn't an accident, it was deliberate," Sapphire said very bluntly. "And the police still think he isn't worthy to investigate for my father's death. Wells was the last person who saw my father, and the security footage twenty-four hours prior just randomly shown up missing. It's very suspicious, wouldn't you think?"

Sara responded with a nod, yeah, that did seem a bit suspicious. Wells had been a tough one for Sara to figure out, even at the best of times. She normally could read a person quite well, but he was cloaking something, she just didn't know what it was.

"What can I do about it, though?"

"I don't…I don't really know," Sapphire said. "I know your father, he supports Starling City's resident vigilante, and you…obviously must know her as well."

Something about Sapphire's tone seemed very interesting, in a way Sara could not place. It was almost like she implied something, but Sara could not have been going down with paranoid theories.

"I want the Arrow to investigate Wells," Sapphire said. "Whatever her price is, I don't care. He needs to be brought to justice."

"Sapphire, I think you've read the Arrow all wrong," Sara said. "She doesn't do what she does for the money, or the glory. And she isn't some assassin for hire either."

"Sorry, I didn't…I guess I overstepped there," Sapphire said. "But, you do know about her, don't you?"

Sara had to love those questions which sounded less like questions, and more like a statement of fact. She had to do her best to steer the conversation back to the mundane details of doing business, and less towards the more exciting details of the Arrow.

Overall, after her business meeting, Sara had been pretty pleased with the state of Starling City. She feared there was some big messes to come back to, but those fears could have been easily dismissed. She was able to return to the Clocktower for the first time in a couple of weeks.

Thankfully, there were enough people who could cover for her responsibilities, both as Sara Lance and as the Arrow. She shifted her lips into a smile, and saw two people waiting for her at the edge of the clocktower. Artemis and Thea looked like they just stripped out of their costumes, and had been dressed in their bra and panties. Artemis dressed in lacy black panties and a bra, and Thea dressed in a nice red set as well which just clung to her body in a very enticing manner.

Given the morning Sara had, she was very much glad they had been unraveled.

"Oh, hey," Artemis said. "So, we didn't screw up too badly, did we?"

"No, you didn't," Sara said.

Both of the girls sat down on the other side of the couch in the middle of the rest area of the Clocktower. Neither were bothered they were in their bra and panties, just causally walking around. Hell, Sara had seen them in a whole lot mess.

"So, how did your meeting go with Sapphire?" Thea asked. "And more importantly did it end with a bang?"

Sara looked at both of the girls and shook her head, a very obvious smile popping over her face.
"No, unfortunately, it was just business," Sara said. "And also, we talked a little bit about her obsession with Harrison Wells, and she has some pretty good point."

"Well, given what happened to her father, she was a little bit emotional," Thea said.

"Regardless of that, she has a pretty good head on her shoulders," Sara said. "She's not what you would think she is, from someone of her status."

"Hmm, very interesting," Thea remarked.

"Well, I'm interesting in doing business with her," Sara said.

"Oh, I bet that's not all you're interested in doing with her," Artemis said, with a nice little smile crossing her face and not so subtle wink following.

"Yeah, I would have hit that ass when I had the chance," Thea said. "The poor girl, she could get laid, she has been making the media rounds…and it's got to be a lot of stress on her, bouncing around from place to place like that. Someone needs to take her in hand."

"Like, I took the two of you in hand."

Sara slowly unbuttoned her blouse and dropped it to the ground. She stood wearing nothing but a bra from the waist up. She slowly undid her skirt and kicked off her shoes, dressed in black, panties, a garter belt, and a pair of elegant stockings. She motioned for Thea to get to her feet.

She pulled Thea into a sensual kiss, right in front of her girlfriend. Thea closed her eyes, and felt Sara's hands comb over her body, teasing her for a few minutes.

"Oh, that's so hot," Artemis said.

"I think the two of you deserve a nice reward for keeping the city intact, until I got back," Sara said. "Take your panties off and get on the couch."

Both girls complied with Sara's request. Sara walked over and cupped Artemis's wet pussy, rubbing her fingers down the folds. She did the same to Thea, and stroked the inside of her lips. Both of the girls reacted to Sara's actions when she slowly, but surely teased them.

A finger slipped into each pussy on the side. Thea clutched onto the couch as she could feel Sara’s fingers manipulate her inner corer, yes, a second finger slipped in before Thea could recover from the pleasure of the first finger entering her body. She slipped a third finger inside of her body as well.

Artemis closed her eyes, rocking her hips to the motions, feeling more of the same. Her nipples grew hardened underneath her top. She reached over and pulled her bra off, dropping it down. Thea leaned over and started to suck on Artemis's exposed right nipple, bringing pleasure to the girl.

"Oh god, Thea!" Artemis moaned. "Damn, Sara, oh, I don't think I've cum this hard in….."

"Since the last time I've made to cum," Sara said.

Thea closed her eyes and she would have to concur with her girlfriend. Everything felt wonderful. The increased warmth spilling over her body increased, along with a well-earned orgasm. Three fingers pumped her pussy and made Thea push herself off of the bed. She sucked her girlfriend's hard nipple while her sister-in-law pumped her pussy.

"Fuck, damn, ohhhhh!" Thea screamed at the top of her lungs.
Pleasure released from Thea and she slumped back on the couch. Sara pulled her fingers from the pussies of both of the girls and slid them into her mouth. The taste of arousal coming from both of them caused Sara to smile. She reached over and pulled Artemis off of the couch by her ponytail.

"Now, you're going to have to return the favor."

Artemis wasted little time crawling over between Sara's thighs to worship her goddess. Her knees dug into the carpet with Sara holding onto the back of her head. She opened her mouth and sucked in those delicious pussy juices. Sara kept scrapping her fingernails.

A couple of minutes of pussy eating followed, and Thea stood on her knees, she eagerly moved behind Sara.

"While she's worshiping you, I'm going to worship something else."

Sara closed her eyes, and could feel Thea's tongue slowly work its way into her ass. One hot young nubile girl licked her pussy, and the other rimmed her ass. It felt so good, especially how Thea kneaded Sara's thick cheeks in her hand before slapping her on the ass.

"Time for you too to stop…and get up and kiss each other."

Pulling herself away from the very forbidden taste of Sara's asshole, Thea got up. Artemis rose up to, her face dripping with Sara's juices. Thea smiled when walking over towards her and she grabbed Artemis around the face, cupping it. She leaned in and kissed Artemis, sucking the juices off of her face.

Sara dropped the last bit of her clothing, her bra. She slipped something on around her waist. Sara motioned for both of the girls to pull apart.

"Damn, that's bigger than the last one," Thea murmured.

"Upgraded model, Karen wanted me to test it out," Sara said. "So, why don't you two get face down on the couch and stick your asses in the air, so I can take them?"

Sara moved over behind Thea and Artemis. Both of their asses tempted Sara so very much, how they looked ready to fuck, right now and then. Sara squeezed Artemis's ass and gave it a spank. She did the same to Thea, and her moan was even louder.

"Kinky girl, you're getting off on me playing with your ass," Sara said. "Turns out….I don't have to choose right now….I have more options."

Sara adjusted the slider and a second cock jutted out from the other side. She could fuck two pussies at once, a girl's pussy and her ass, two asses, or some combination of the two. The possibilities were endless, and she thanked her lucky stars.

"Why does this look like something out a hentai?" Artemis asked.

"Only if I dress you up as school girls," Sara said. "And there needs to be a few more tentacles involved."

Sara knew their pussies were ready for the fucking. She moved in and hoped this worked. Karen warned her the sensations might be overwhelming at first, and she might be blinded by her lust.

Two pussies, one toy, and Sara could not have been happier. She slid into Thea's pussy at first, and Artemis's pussy at the same time. The nerve sensors shot pleasure up through Sara's loins when she
pushed her way into them from behind. Slowly, but surely, she rocked her hips back, gaining a steady amount of momentum.

"I love to fuck your tight pussies," Sara breathed in both of their ears. "Do you like it? Do you like having your tight pussies stuffed with cock at the same time?"

"Yes!" Thea moaned.

She caught one at Artemis's face and could see she had pleasure. Sara gave them equal time, pushing herself deep inside of both of the girls at the same time. Thea could feel her pussy stretched out, and that was not the only thing she could feel stretch out. Sara's finger slid in a very naughty hole and finger banged Thea's ass while fucking her pussy with the toy.

"Damn," Artemis moaned. "That feels so fucking good!"

"I know, it does, both of your pussies feel so nice wrapped around my cocks," Sara breathed.

"Line…taken…out of context," Thea mewled.

They exploded in pleasure when Sara increased the friction between the two of them. Their orgasms spread through their body, getting their pussies nice and wet, along with the toy. Sara pushed herself deeper inside of Artemis's tightening cunt and Sara's as well.

"Soon, I will have these asses," Sara said. "I bet you can't wait to feel this big strap on shoved in both of your asses at the same time….look at each other….."

Both of the girls looked at each other and very obvious lust burned through their eyes. Their bodies felt like they were being bombarded, and over stimulated by some kind of pheromones. They could barely hold on to the bed, and Sara kept just plowing away.

The latest orgasm which passed through Thea felt better than anything else. Sara knew how to bury herself in all of the areas which gave Thea pleasure.

"No, we're not done yet," Sara whispered. "I still want this."

She pushed her finger so deep into Thea's asshole, it caused her pussy to clench around the toy. It released the toy and it slid out. The dripping toy, pushed against the edge of Thea's back entrance hole. Slowly, edged its way inside of her, and stretched her asshole out for it.

"Please, fuck my ass," Thea said.

"You're nothing, but my personal anal slut, my dear sister-in-law," Sara said. "You live to have your ass plowed until you can't stick straight, don't you?"

Thea submitted to Sara's anal invasion. Sara pushed her rod into Thea's ass and spread her cheeks out. She pulled almost all the way out of Thea and shoved herself deeper inside of her.

"Yes, yes, oh god!" Thea breathed.

"I bet you want this tight little ass fucked too," Sara breathed to Artemis. "Well, consider it your lucky day….I told you before your ass belongs to me."

The second rod stuck Artemis in the back. Her pussy still throbbed and dripped from the pounding Sara gave her. Sara slowly pushed her rod into Artemis's asshole. The tight back chamber stretched to accommodate her puckered hole. Sara's fingers made their way down every inch of both of those
bodies.

So much supple young flesh at her disposal, Sara could hardly wait to indulge herself in all of it. She pumped herself deep into Artemis's griping asshole. It tightened around her, and Sara pulled back. She made sure to give Thea about as much attention.

"You two are cumming from getting your asses fucked," Sara said. "Nothing, but a pair of kinky little bitches who enjoy being plowed up their ass."

She spanked both of the younger girls before continuing her fucking inside of them. Their tight asses stretched, and Sara moved her hands up to start rubbing their pussies. The moans continuing from both of them got Sara off, and she was going to soon get off all over their asses.

"Oh, god, I'm cumming again!" Thea yelled.

"Goddess, actually," Sara breathed, biting down on Thea's neck which caused her to further squirm.

So much pleasure, and it felt so good. The look of lust on Artemis's face only got her off even more. Constant orgasms bombarded Thea, so much so, she thought she would be a drooling wreck.

Artemis closed her eyes and could feel Thea cupping her breasts, while pushing into her body. Those round tits pushed deep into Sara's grips.

"Cum for me again."

Both girls didn't need any more prompting. They came and they came extremely hard, for Sara. Sara pushed both of her cocks into the smoldering depths of both of these sexy women underneath her. That tight anal pounding ensured they would both succumb to her for a long time to come.

"My turn."

Sara was curious what this load would do. It appeared to drain the juices from her pussy and store them, ready for explosion, ready to bury her juices into the tight asses of both of the girls underneath her.

The combined moans through the air made Sara double slam both of the girls. Their asses clenched her harder, almost knowing what was to come. Sara rocked back and began to fill both girls with her reward, draining herself into their bowls.

Both Thea and Artemis slumped onto the couch, with a few more farewell pumps before she pulled out of them.

Sara stepped back to survey her handiwork, asses and pussies completely and utterly fucked.

Prison would make anyone stir crazy, especially someone who had not committed a crime, and had been in there for around twenty years. And when you coupled that in with the fact the man's son had gotten kidnapped, then it was just much worse.

Iris and Barbara stood, having been escorted in by Joe, with a prison visit.

"My son has been missing for over a week now," Henry told them. "And you don't have any leads."

"We're doing all we can," Joe said. "The problem is... we're not dealing with some kidnapper. There was no ransom note left, no fingerprints, not even a taunting message that he has Barry."
"It was the Man in the Yellow Suit," Iris said. "The one Barry saw....."

"Damn it, I told them!" Henry yelled. "I was trying to stabilize my wife's wounds, not that it did much good after that demon butchered her....they didn't.....they didn't believe me."

The man looked very tired. The toll prison took him on was very obvious, alongside the toll his son being kidnapped took on him as well. A deep breath spread through the body of Henry Allen.

"I have a friend who is working on a couple of leads, to see if we can't trace this Reverse-Flash," Barbara responded. "Hopefully we can learn about it....."

"Yeah, that's all well and good, but by the time you piece all this together.....Barry could be dead," Henry said. "He might already be dead.....what did my family do to deserve this?"

"Barry....I think he's still alive," Iris said, and she took a deep breath. Henry's eyes snapped towards the woman and almost tried to will her to explain. "I can't really explain it, but the Reverse-Flash, if he wanted Barry dead, he would have killed him right there."

'And he could have killed him,' Iris thought. 'Why though, why does he want Barry to be alive? None of this makes any sense. Not at all, I don't understand....maybe I never was meant to understand any of this?'

"I've got to take this," Joe said.

Joe walked off, and Iris could see by the shifting of the guard's shoulders, it was almost time for them to go. She turned back towards Barry's father, hoping to convey without words what she wanted to do.

"Look, I promise, I'll do everything in my power to bring Barry home safely," Iris said. "I swear, I will."

"I know you will," Henry said. "But, I'm not sure if even you can do anything. There are powers that are far greater than your motivation to do the right thing. You might be able to help my son, maybe, I don't know, but....I just think whatever this Reverse-Flash wants with Barry, it isn't good."

Iris would have to agree. Joe made his way back in.

"There's been a break in another case, but not the Barry case, unfortunately," Joe said. He turned his attention to Henry inside of the cell. "The minute I find out something about your son, you'll be the first to know."

"Good," Henry said. "Well, I guess my moment of visiting is up."

Barbara and Iris walked out of Iron Heights. Both women wore very solemn expressions on their face when leaving the cell area.

"Well, I might be able to get back to Starling in time for Sara's birthday."

"Oh, I almost forgot," Iris said. "I can give you a lift, if you want me to do. Least I can do, after all of the times you can help me."

When she was certain no one spied on them, Iris grabbed Barbara around the waist and sped them back to Starling City in a flash.
To Be Continued on October 17th, 2017.
Chapter Eighty: Night of the Siren Part One

The scene of the crime looked rather grisly. The blood splatters on the sidewalk, the broken glass on the ground, and just the general uneasy nature painted a very gruesome picture of something happened. By the time Sara arrived on the scene, under the guise of the Arrow, to check everything out, the man had already been taken off of the ground, practically peeled off of the ground and wheeled onto a stretcher. He was dead before he hit the ground, due to the shock of such a high jump.

Sara peered up and noticed the window busted out in such a way where it looked very horrifying. Sara could not even begin to comprehend what this man could have done to jump out of such a high window like this. All she could do was look up, with her eyes narrowed for a moment. She took a deep breath and looked around. The members of the Starlig City Police Department crowded around.

"I don't understand, he had no enemies, no criminal charges," one of the younger officers said. "He didn't….he didn't have any reason, any motive to jump out of the window."

"The maid saw him jump though," another one of the officers said. "The moment she opened his door, he was at the wind sill and he jumped through the window."

"He's not on drugs, is he?" one of the officers asked.

The oldest of the officers, who had been around for a very long time, and seen it all, responded by shaking his head. "No, there were no syringes, no pills in the room, just luggage with a few changes of clothes. He wasn't on anything, he just upped and decided to jump out of the window. There were no marks on his arm either."

Sara took a second to frown. She knew, figured, that ordinary men who had no reason to jump out of a top story window did not simply jump out of a stop story window. And without opening the window as well, that was the most galling thing Sara could not understand.

"This is just wrong, all of it is just wrong," Sara said.

"The guy jumping out the window like that?" Felicity asked. "Yeah, it's wrong, especially given the guy just had been at his granddaughter's engagement party a few days ago and had been in a pretty good mood. There was no indication nothing was wrong with him. He's happy….he's very happy, and now he's gone."

Sara looked out the window. No sane, rational man would throw themselves through the window. He was dead before falling due to the simple fact the glass would have sliced through his neck. There had to be some kind of sane explanation to all of this.

"I tell you, there's no sane explanation for this," Quentin said to his men. "Take another look around his room, see if you can find out anything….find anything that could point to the fact why someone who had everything to live for, would off himself in such a matter."

In all of his years as an officer of the law, Captain Quentin Lance had been more than baffled. Sara stepped a few steps out, and her father turned towards her.

"You….you don't have any ideas, do you?" Quentin asked.
"No, and that's what worries me," The Arrow responded. "Edward Carson, he was a family man, never heard a cross word about him, not even a whisper. He attended his Granddaughter's engagement party, and just denoted a significant amount to open up a free clinic here in Starling City. And now he hurls himself through a window and kills himself. I don't like this."

"You pretty much summed it up, kiddo," Quentin said.

"It's almost like someone else took over his mind and made him do it," the Arrow said.

"Demonic possession or something?" Quentin asked. "Boy, that's a bit out of my jurisdiction."

Not to mention a lot further out of his comfort zone than he would have liked to admit. A businessman throwing himself out of the window, dropping dead like that, it just did not make sense.

Regardless, Sara's words got the wheels turning around in the back of his mind. He did not say anything right now, because anything he could say at this present moment would be baseless speculation and that was something he did not want to entertain, at least not right now.

"Captain Lance, we found a suicide note….and we also found something else…"

Quentin's eyes snapped and he noticed the Arrow made herself scarce. His daughter was pretty good at doing that.

"What did the note say, first?" Quentin asked.

"He says he's lost everything, he doesn't have anything to live for, and he's going to end it, so his family doesn't have to live with his disgrace," he responded.

"Why would he kill himself in such an obvious way?" Quentin asked. "Even if he had life insurance, that gets cancelled out with something like this. What was he thinking?"

Sara's thoughts about someone else doing the thinking for him came back into Quentin's mind. He had no idea what to make of this, and he waited for the officer to say something, anything which would allieve his concerns, even though they mounted with each passing moment.

"There's a bank slip, which indicates he withdrew a lot of money," the officer said.

"Call the bank, ask them if they noticed anything particular," Quentin said. "If he was with someone, I need to know…if he made eye contact with anyone, I have to know….anything…because none of this makes sense at all."

Quentin spent the next minute putting his hand on the top of his head. The members of the police department moved off into the shadows and conducted their investigation. He turned around just in time to see the Arrow standing back there.

"Is there something wrong?" she asked.

"No, just this mysterious desks reminded me of a case I had to deal with years ago…..back then, I was a fresh rookie out of the academy….had a full head of hair, wide eyed, and pretty naïve,' Quentin said. "But, it was a long time ago….it's just a coincidence."

"A coincidence?" Sara asked.

"We'll figure this out," Quentin said. "It's the SCPD's job to worry about these things…maybe he did commit suicide. I don't know why, but….people crack."
Both Lances knew Quentin did not believe what he was saying, but he was trying to say it to maintain some kind of façade of normality regarding this particular situation.

Several eyes turned as they often did when a beautiful woman made her way down the street. This woman, tall and leggy, stepped her way into a penthouse. She dressed in the finest clothes, a nice silk blouse buttoned up and a sequined skirt which came down. She wore a pair of designer sunglasses and designer boots. Her hair came down to her shoulders and flowed, shining in the darkness. Her olive skin was without any blemish.

The beautiful women captivated many men who gazed upon her, but she could do much more to them, much more than that, if she ever chose to. She had the finest jewelry on, convincing the previous owner of it to give it to her. Men and many women just showered her with gifts and affection, which was no more than she deserved.

"Hello, darling," she commented in a voice which had a slight hint of a British accent. "My name is Lori….Lori Leigh…and I have a reservation for the luxury suite."

She gave him a winning smile. The man at a front desk looked over the information in front of him and his frown deepened.

"I'm sorry, but there's no reservation for anyone called Lori Leigh."

The woman frowned ad slid her glasses down. Her exotic looking violet eyes sparkled in the room.

"Are you certain, sweetie?" she asked him. "Maybe you should check again….I think my name is signed up….right about there."

She squeezed the man's hand which distracted. Her voice came out in a very subtle, and very sensual relaxing note. The man's mind had been overtaken by her beauty and just the wonderful siren song coming from her voice. The super-sonic cry left him with no thoughts.

'You wish to obey her. She is the only thing in the world that matters to you. You will go to the ends of the Earth for her….and push yourself beyond all physical limits.'

"If could check again, it would be great, sweetie," she said in a breathy voice.

The captivated gentleman's hands started to shake when he placed them down upon the table. He peered down to look at the register, his eyes shifting over when reading it. Seconds, several long seconds, passed before he looked up towards the woman. He had been caught up in her beauty and was completely stunned.

"Did you check again?"

Tingle went down his spine, and he realized making this woman satisfied would make sure he was happy. And happiness was the most important thing.

"Ms. Leigh, I'm sorry, there has been an oversight, you have the Luxury Suite, compliments of the people working the management at this hotel," the man said, voice quivering nervously.

"Yes, I know, I have," Lori said. "Do you think you can join me upstairs and get me settled in? I've come a long way and these bags won't just carry themselves."

Lori smiled and pushed the luggage into the man's hand. The man at the front desk, despite it not being his job, complied, and made his way to the special luxury elevator, which was only supposed
to be for staff at the hotel. He pressed a button and it slid open.

"Well, this is nice and cozy," Lori responded with a smile. She leaned against the padded walls, smooth as velvet, and offered a sigh.

The two of them made their way up to the main suite and exited. Lori made her way to the room, towards the luxury suite. It was no less than what she deserved. Men were so easy, and while women were a challenge, they could be tamed as well.

Lori caught her eyes on a perky little redhead who made her way down hallway. She dressed in an all too short-micro mini skirt and a halter top, with legs and an ass which caused Lori to stare. She would have enticed the woman, if she did not have far more devious plans.

She stepped down the hallway, and knocked the girl in the side, causing both of them to stumble onto the ground.

"I'm sorry, oh, I'm so sorry, I didn't watch where I was going," the redhead said in a very apologetic tone of voice.

"No, it was my fault, these boots aren't really made for walking," she said. "Stand up and tell me your name….please."

"Lindsey," she said, with flush on her cheeks.

The redhead had physical attraction to her, which made getting into her mind so much the more easier. Lori placed a hand on Lindsey's shoulder and gave it a very firm squeeze.

"Just relax, Lindsey, and look at…Phil," Lori said. "You desire him, and he desires you…..I want the both of you to desire each other, is that clear?"

"Yes mistress," both of the affected parties responded.

"Phil, I want you to take Lindsey to the nearest bed, and engage in sexual acts with her until you can no longer perform," Lori said. "Lindsey, I want you to let Phil do with you whatever he pleases."

"Including anal?" the girl asked.

"Especially, anal," Lori said. "Please, leave me."

"Yes, mistress," both of them chanted in unison.

Phil put his hand around Lindsey's waist and steered her into the room. He was socially awkward, the type of guy who would never get a hot piece of ass, because he didn't have the ability to get in there and take it. Lori saw knew his type, disgusted by them, beta-males, who allowed themselves to be doormats to abusive women. They were also the easiest to put under her spell and get what she wanted.

Lori made her way into the luxury suite and settled down. She reached over towards the phone and dialed the number.

"Hello?"

"Are you in Starling City?" Lori asked.

"Yes, I am," the voice on the other end of the phone responded.
"Excellent, I'm glad you're here," Lori said. "I'll be with you later, to give you further instructions. Act normally around your family, and when I call you, tell them your student aide needs your help. Tell them how hopeless she is.

Lori laughed when she hung up the phone. She took the newspaper which talked about the suicide of the foolish old man who she grabbed and made him drain his bank account for her. It was way too easy. She was this poor innocent girl who needed a hand out, but she got what she wanted.

Any innocence had been lost the moment the so called crusaders of justice stole her mother from her. Lori's mood darkened when she saw Sara Lance's latest work with the community.

"Married for forty years, no criminal record, not even an overdue library book, he went to Church every Sunday," Felicity said. "He's helped out of the community, donated a lot of his profits to several charities, had children, grandchildren….saved his money smartly, invested wisely….up until the point where he cashed out his stocks and withdrew money from his bank account two days ago."

"Yeah, that's what I don't get," Sara said.

"Security footage shows him coming into the bank and committing the transaction face to face," Felicity said. "Now, I'm no doctor, but there doesn't seem to be any wrong with him. The bankers didn't ask questions why he did that, maybe they should have."

Sara didn't know. Demonic possession or just a man just waking up one day, deciding to take out all of his money, and then kill himself two days later. That fact galled Sara, because where in the hell was the money if he took it out.

"I've been following various paper trails, but so far, no luck," Felicity said. "I don't know what happened here, other than we're just back to square one."

Felicity had a very important job to do right now and that was make sure the birthday girl attended her birthday party. Iris and Barbara stood in the background, with Cassandra sitting around. She had a look on her face when she was staring at one package in particular. Thea, Laurel, and Artemis showed up, and naturally, both of her parents were there.

"You know, for a minute, I was worried the guest of honor wouldn't show up," Laurel said with a smile. "Happy birthday, sis."

Laurel leaned in to hug Sara and moved over to whisper in her ear. "I…didn't put out a present… mine is not fit for our parent's eyes."

"I see," Sara said, with a smile. She turned away. "Iris, I'm glad you can make it. I wouldn't have blamed you if you….."

Iris held up her hand for a moment and stopped Sara full off from saying what she was going to say. "Hey, your birthday only comes once a year. I need to take a few hours off to clear my head, relax a little bit. And Caitlin and Natasha can handle anything when I'm gone, and if I need anything…"

Iris was going to say she was going to be there in a Flash, but that was Barry's line, and she didn't really want to think about what happened. No leads on him.

"Cass, is there something wrong?" Barbara asked.

"Mother left this," Cass said.
"Sandra sends her regards," Dinah said. "But, she can't attend….she said you would appreciate this gift though and understand the significance of it."

Sara could only imagine what the fabled Lady Shiva would give her on her birthday. Already, Barbara made her way over to it, and listened in.

"It doesn't appear to be trapped in any way," Barbara said. "I think you're good."

"You always think the worst, don't you?" Artemis asked.

"For good reason," Laurel said with a frown. "So, Lady Shiva couldn't show up, but she manages to drop off some mystery gift for Sara."

"You know, it's a real shame she couldn't make it," Quentin said.

Sarcasm in his voice was well noted. Quentin did not have any problems with the fact his ex-wife moved on in her dating life. Their marriage was over, what she did afterwards, was her business. They actually communicated a bit better now. The fact it was Lady Shiva, and she mentored both of his daughters, well as a father, that worried Quentin a fair bit.

'Woman is pretty good and she's also out of her mind,' Quentin thought.

"So now we know it's not going to explode in your face, maybe you should open that one first?" Thea asked. "Because, I'm really interested to see what the World's Most Dangerous Woman gets someone from their birthday."

The package had been opened up and Sara allowed a dagger to slide out. She frowned when looking at it.

"It's the dagger she wounded me with during our first training session," Sara said. "She says it's just a reminder of how long I've come."

"She kept the dagger she wounded you with…..oh Jesus Christ, "Quentin said.

He had to duck in the room for a minute to calm himself down, and for good reason. That dagger looked pretty sharp and the fact that psychopath Shiva was using his little girl as a cutting board during their practice sessions really did not set too well for him, even though he knew Sara could handle herself then.

"Yeah, that's…wow," Thea said.

"Wow indeed," Artemis said. "She actually sent you that."

"No surprised she kept it," Laurel said. "I'm very surprised she gave it to Sara."

Quentin retreated from the other room now he had a chance to regain his bearings. He looked at his daughters, his ex-wife, and all of their friends, and took a deep breath.

"Maybe we should have gone for cake first," Laurel said. "That way, Sara could have make a wish."

"You know what my wish is, it's the same wish I've had for several years," Sara said. "I hoped for a better future for Starling City."

Sentiments everyone around the table shared, without a shadow of a doubt. No sooner did those words come out of Sara's mouth, the phone Dinah had rang. Her eyes widened and she turned around to answer it.
She talked to someone briefly on the phone and turned around, an apologetic look on her face.

"My student aide, she needs help with something, she's hopeless without my help," Dinah said. "I love both of you girls, and I'm proud to see how far you've come...everything is going to be okay with people like you in this city."

Sara and Laurel looked at each other and their mother left in a blink of an eye. Both of them could agree with one thing, their mother had been acting kind of weird, and she looked a bit off.

Felicity got ahold of Dinah's GPS in her phone and allowed Sara and Laurel to go on the hunt, under the guises of the Arrow and the Black Canary especially. Both of them moved around and saw Dinah's rental car parked in the middle of a parking lot.

"The signal stops at her car," Felicity said. "She must have ditched her phone."

"Maybe she's gotten wise onto what we're doing," Laurel said. "She was doing this for a long time before we were alive, and....."

Sara took a second to look around the area. She could concur with Laurel's point, her mother might have ended up giving her the slip. Why did she give them the slip?

Laurel and Sara made their way around the corner and saw a glimpse of their both. Both of the crime fighters stuck to the shadows and waited for Dinah to walk into the middle of the unfinished building she stopped at. The woman's eyes flickered when she moved over.

An enchanting dark haired woman stepped out of the shadows. She dressed in all silver, with a certain walk and a certain look, which showed the entire world how she was beautiful and very dangerous as well. Sara kept her eyes on the woman.

"I thought it was time for us to meet face to face," she responded. "Dinah, no one has followed you?"

"No, they haven't," Dinah said.

The dark haired woman raised her eyebrow for a second and looked around. Everything about Dinah's story passed muster as far as she was concerned. She turned her attention towards Dinah.

"So, have you found out when it's happening?" Lori asked her captive audience.

"It's happening tomorrow," Dinah said. "I found out from my ex-husband...here's all I've been able to get, information wise, maybe that will help you."

Dinah held out the information towards her. The enchanting dark-haired woman took the information from her and looked very bored look.

"You've done well," she responded. "Very well...now you can go home, get some sleep, and when it's time for you to wake up, you will remember nothing of this."

Dinah slipped out of the area. The dark-haired woman flipped over the information a second or two later. An arrow shot the folder of papers out of her hand and caused them to flutter on the ground.

Black Canary and the Arrow dropped down onto the ground in front of the enchanting dark-haired woman. She locked eyes with the Black Canary in surprise.

"Well, a new little pretty bird for me to play with," she responded. "And her trusty archer sidekick as
well, this is going to be delightful."

"Sidekick?" Arrow asked.

"Just who are you?" Black Canary asked.

"You may call me the Siren," she responded.

Laurel took a moment to look at the woman. The name sounded very familiar to her, and it sounded very familiar to Sara as well. Her mother's old stories about the JSA, and the Siren was a name that popped up. Yet, she looked young, maybe even slightly younger than Laurel, around Sara's age.

"You were behind the murder," the Arrow said.

"Which one?" the Siren asked.

"Edward Carson," the Arrow said through gritted teeth.

"Oooh, him," the Siren said with a dramatic sigh. "Well, he was a bore….wasting money on his grandchildren…the money could be used for more extravagant things in life….just like you would be better served on your knees, worshipping me."

A stunning siren song came through the area. The Arrow responded by snapping off an arrow and almost nailing the Siren flesh on in the face. She just avoided it and directed her Siren song towards a pillar in the building which caused some of the concrete and steel to go flying and threaten to squash the Black Canary and the Arrow in one flesh move.

They scattered, and the Siren made her way up a set of stairs. She did not know how this worked. Exposure to the dark matter in Central City increased her abilities and caused her charms to be enhanced, working just as well on women as they do on men, even if there were the slightest amount of attraction.

And she caught those two staring at her, obviously not immune to her charms.

An arrow came inches away from clipping the Siren's shoulder. The Siren showed graceful reflexes for someone who was running in boots. She made her way up to the highest level, where this room was mostly finished. There was an elegant floor beneath them, made out of marble.

"There's nowhere to run," the Arrow said.

The Siren opened her mouth and screamed, which caused the floor to rattle underneath the Arrow. The Arrow had to shoot an arrow with propelled her up several feet.

Several large chunks of concrete fell through the floor. The dust settled, and Sara dropped down. She took a deep breath when her sister made her way down the steps.

"Are you okay?" Laurel asked.

"I'll live, but she's gone," Sara said.

The Siren disappeared into Starling City, her devious plan unknown. The documents Dinah handed her had either been buried or taken in the confusion.

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To Be Continued on October 20th, 2017.
Sara and Laurel parted ways for Laurel to check on her mother, after she had gone home. Meanwhile, Sara decided to head off and see what she could do to track down any tangible information regarding the Siren. Anything they might know which could help them, Sara had to fight out, and find it out fast.

"Well, what have we dug up on the Siren?" Sara asked Felicity.

"So, far, nothing other than the basics," Felicity said. "Most of her old associates are long gone, some have died in prison, while others have dropped so far off of the face of the map, there's a pretty good chance they're dead, long dead."

Sara made her way outside of a very nice Assisted Living Facility which just happened to be a short drive outside of Starling City. It was very odd someone would choose a place like this, especially given the man in question spent most of his time on his criminal rampage solely in Gotham City.

"Only one of them….well you're on your way to see him, aren't you?"

"Yeah, keep digging up everything you can, and I'll keep you posted on how this goes."

Sara made her way to check in at the front desk. The woman at the front desk looked like someone who had to work a couple of good shifts and only had been running off of the power of coffee. She took a second to clear her throat and the woman at the front desk's hand slipped off of her chin. The woman looked towards Sara, through a very bleary eye stare.

"May I help you, hon?" she asked.

"I'm here to see Edgar Prince," Sara responded.

"Oh, you are?" the woman at the front desk asked. "Can't believe he's still hanging on. No one has come to see him in years….I'll see if he's in the mood to receive company."

The woman at the front desk left it and turned around the corner towards a recreational room. Off in the corner of the room sat a bald man in a wheel chair with a very prominent egg shaped head. He hunched over and started to do a crossword puzzle. The woman at the front desk stepped across the room and put her hand on the man's shoulder.

"What can I do for you?" the man asked. "Or are you just checking to see if I've finally Eggspired."

Those egg puns still were sharp as ever, and no less corny, the woman said. She barely surpassed the notion to roll her eyes at the man in question.

"Mr. Prince, you have a visitor," she responded.

"You don't say?" Edgar asked. "Well, color me intrigued. Guess you better send them in."

The worker walked over where Sara waited. She moved towards the girl.

"Well, he's ready to see you, so you better go in before he changes his mind."
Sara stepped into the room, and came face to face with one Edgar Prince, he used to be known as Egghead, self-proclaimed as Gotham City's Greatest Criminal mastermind. He was also a sword enemy of the Justice Society of America, but these days, he had been confined to a wheelchair.

"My name is Sara Lance, and I'm working on a research paper for....."

"Ms. Lance, just because my age is advanced, does not mean my mind has regressed," Prince responded. "So, why don't you do us a favor and cut the charade. We both know the real reason why you're here."

Sara had been stopped very short. The man might have been physically battered, in a wheelchair, and on oxygen, but it did not mean he was no less sharp. Which was both good in some ways and very bad in other ways. Sara just had to take things very calmly.

"Sara Lance, the daughter of the original Black Canary, well one of them anyway," Prince said. "Of course, did you take up your mother's mantle? Or are you currently gallivanting over in Starling City, dressed in a hood, I wonder?"

Trying not to betray her obvious frustrations had been more than difficult. Sara went back to the lessons she learned as a member of the League of Assassins, and kept her face calm and stony faced.

"I'm certain you're wondering how I've figured it out," Edgar said. "Well, I've had nothing to do here, but other than think. I could tell you every single secret identity from both generations of the JSA, but that's not why you're here, isn't it....."

Sara shook her head.

"You worked with the Siren."

"Merely a few times, your mother and her friends had the ability to rub people the wrong way," Edgar said. "I remember her back in the day though...she was quite easy on the eyes. Dressed up in a costume which made her look like a Playboy bunny, I can tell you, it gave us something to appreciate before she ruthlessly assaulted us. It empathsized all of the right curves."

Sara cleared her throat.

"I eggspect you think I should know something about the Siren.....but it's a shock to me as much as anyone else that she's popped up," Prince said. "I'm not sure if you heard, but Lorelei Circe died while on the run in around the early 1990s...it was a few years after your mother got benched, but I take it she doesn't talk about that. It was awful business, all of those Blackfire murders."

Prince took the time to take in the oxygen and another deep breath before he continued to speak with Sara.

"She escaped prison, spent her last few days on the run, and died of cancer, caused by your mother spilling a chemical on her during one of their scuffles," Prince responded. "Of course, not many know about this, only a few old friends really."

A long enough paused followed before Prince decided to drop another big bombshell on her.

"There were rumors Lorelei had a daughter, she would be a few years older than yourself and your stunning siren of a sister," Edgar responded. "And believe me, she would have hated what happened to her mother. She must have bounced around from foster home to foster home. She must have received her mother's gift....and also her ability to hold a grudge."
Another intake of oxygen, which Sara suspected was more for dramatic effect than actual usage now.

"The Siren is after the person who robbed her of a children, at least she thinks," Edgar responded. "And no, Ms. Lance, I won't spell out to you who she's after. If you put the clues together, you may able to figure it out. Hopefully, you're not stupid, at least not entirely."

Edgar might have told Sara that, if he did not enjoy watching heroes sir.

"Oh, nurse, I believe it's time for my sponge bath!" Edgar sang at the top of his lungs. "I expect the water to be just right."

Sara knew she was not going to get any more information out of this. She thought this interview was interesting in some ways, and also very frustrating in many other ways.

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Thea walked outside, clearing her thoughts. Sara and Laurel made their way out as quickly as possible from that party, she noted. Then again, their mother was acting a little bit weird, so Thea could not help, but be concerned as well. If her mother was acting in such a way, Thea would not hesitate to walk out of the door as well.

It was just as well, Barbara and Iris had been called for their respective cities. Artemis currently went off to visit her mother, who was now in a more secure location.

'Now, it's time for me to visit mine.'

Thea made her way towards City Hall, where her mother was working very late. There were a lot of guards working around her, as there should have been. The recent attacks on her mother died down, but that was no excuse to relax their vigilance around the area.

A car pulled up, and Thea did not think any of it at first. There were a few businesses very close to City Hall, therefore she did not think all that much about a businesswoman popping out of a car and walking her way with a purpose towards her.

The woman was stunning, Thea would admit that. One could even see that in the very conservative business assemble when walking over towards Thea. The skirt rode up a slight amount though the closer she looked and Thea caught sight of those dazzling legs, which looked like they could stop traffic, if given the right motivation.

Stopping at the edge of the street, the woman tripped and caused her briefcase to be dropped to the ground. Quick reflexes prompted Thea to reach out and catch it right before it would have hit the ground. She pulled back with a very anxious smile.

"Sorry about that," the woman said.

"It's fine, accidents happen, and besides, it didn't get damaged or anything," Thea said. "Are you okay? You didn't twist your ankle or anything, did you?"

"No, I'm fine, just….I've been running around all day, high level business meetings, and I still have some work to do," she said. "So, this is City Hall?"

"Yes," Thea said.

"Good, that means I'm in the right place," the woman said. A slight accent came through in her voice. "They told me to be at the hotel right across the street.....my business partners. They aren't the
type who should be kept waiting, you know."

"Hey, I won't keep you waiting, if you're okay," Thea responded.

"Just one question, if you don't mind me for asking, and I have to go off," the woman responded.
"Do you know anything about Moira Queen?"

Thea had been caught completely off guard by this line of question. A slight smile popped over her face.

"Well, of course I know about her. She's my mother."

"Perfect."

Thea felt very light headed suddenly. Some wavy sound came through her mind when something relaxed her. She felt like she was floating on air.

"Kiss me," the woman whispered.

Her very loyal servant leaned over and kissed her on the lips. The Siren smiled when feeling the girl and spending some time caressing the body of the younger girl.

"Perfect," the Siren said. "Thea, darling, listen to me. I need you to do something for me, tomorrow night at the Charity Ball your mother is putting on. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Mistress," Thea whispered. "I only live to please you."

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Dinah turned over and felt surprisingly refreshed. She looked up to see her oldest daughter, Laurel, sitting at the edge of the bed. It took a moment for Dinah to process a few thoughts in her mind. She rose up, groaning ever so slightly when sliding off of the bed.

"Are you okay, Mom?" Laurel asked.

"I think so," Dinah responded a moment later. "I must have had a little bit too much to drink at Sara's party last night."

Laurel tried to figure out the best way to break it to her mother that no one was drinking at that party. Hell, did her mother even drink? Laurel could not remember a time where her mother drank, at least since herself and Sara had been born. It would have been a very long time ago.

"Do you remember anything from last night?" Laurel asked. "Anything at all?"

Dinah frowned and looked at her daughter. What happened last night? Dinah retraced her steps and was getting a slight headache in doing so. She most certainly remember going into Starling City.

"Well, I was at your sister's party, and I received a phone call from my student aide," Dinah said. "And I think I left the party, and I guess, I came back later, and laid down, and that's all I can remember, when I woke up."

Laurel already had called Caroline, her student aide, and Caroline claimed she did not call or talk to Dinah ever since she had left Central City. She seemed very professional and on the ball, not the hopeless girl Dinah claimed her to be, at least at first.

"Mom, last night, something happened, and she made you forget it," Laurel said. "You met with the Siren."
"The Siren?" Dinah asked. "That's an old name from the past….I haven't thought about her for a very long time…she escaped prison a long time ago….I thought she was…"

The door opened up and Sara made her way inside. Sara turned towards her sister and mother who was on the bed. Laurel bounced up to grab Sara by the shoulder.

"I've visited Edgar Prince, you know Egghead," Sara said.

"Oh, he still isn't using those egg puns, is he?" Dinah asked.

"Unfortunately," Sara said.

"Why did you…why would you visit him?" Dinah asked, her mind clicking and becoming more sober, the longer she had been awake. The fog on her brain was starting to lift.

"The Siren died in the 1990s, on the run, from cancer," Sara responded a moment later. "And Felicity dug up something interesting, there was a girl, Lori Leigh, who was living in Central City."

"Lori Leigh?" Laurel asked. "Oh, right, Lorelei, she's the daughter of…"

"You're going to have to get me up to speed," Dinah said. "Because, I'm lost."

She would have hated to see her daughters get in trouble for something she did so many years ago. Both of them looked at each other.

"Well, we think, well we know, you've been put underneath the spell of the Siren last night, and she…she had you get some information," Sara said.

"That's impossible," Dinah said. "I'm not accusing you of lying, but, the Siren's thrall only works on men, it doesn't work on women…unless this new Siren…"

All three women looked at each other. The fact this woman was in Central City caused a very obvious theory to enter their minds in a blink of an eye. They all looked at each other.

"The New Siren's thrall works on women as long with men," Sara said. "Well, some women, it didn't work on either of us. It's Laurel's meta-gene, but I'm not sure what it is for me."

"The Particle Accelerator explosion, it amplified her abilities, like it unlocked my powers," Laurel said. "Especially if she was in the blast radius like I was."

Dinah just nodded in response. Her sisters had to pay for her past sins. The original Siren caper was how she met Quentin, and now things were going around full circle, in some twisted way. She did not know what to make of this entire situation.

Sara's phone went off. She hastened to answer it.

"Okay, I know there's a lot to go along, but remember, when you're doing your Arrow duties, Sara Lance has her duties as well," Felicity said. "And one of those big duties is you have to attend Moira Queen's charity ball tonight."

Sara almost forgot. It was one of those morale booster events which was necessary to keep the peace. Gotham seemed to hold them about every other week because Gotham needed a morale boost ever other week.

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The last few months had been a very anxious one for the people of Starling City and Moira Queen in
particular. She had avoided at least eight confirmed assassination attempts. Which, if she was honest, happened to be business as usual. She was a businesswoman after all and she ruffled numerous failures.

The debt in the city had gone down slightly during her time as Mayor, as temporarily as it might have been. Jobs were being brought back to Starling City, and the unemployment rate had gone slightly down. She made some deals, and ruffled a few heads. This new urban development project which they tried to push through would help further clean up Starling City.

Moira spent a moment bemused about the fact that the very area she tried to take down only two short years ago, was going to be rebuild to be better than ever. That was her final act of defiance to Merlyn and his scheme. She had been spared from the stroke of death by Deathstroke, by some divine intervention, and she tried to make the most of it.

"A city is only strong as its people," Moira said. "You've all been through a lot, haven't you? But, as you know, what does not kill you will make you much stronger. And I'm confident the people of Starling City are far stronger these days as they were five years ago or even ten years ago?"

The people cheered in response. Moira had her share of detractors and no doubt they would pick apart everything she did in a blink of an eye. Moira's fingers closed together and she drew in a very obvious deep breath. Everyone around her waited for the next word.

"Next year, I'm up for election, and I do hope you will give me a chance to continue to build along the work I've done as a Mayor," Moira said. "I'm living proof that you can come back from the bottom, come back from a dark place. I hope to give many of the other people in Starling City a chance to come back from similar dark places. We all know it won't be easy."

Everyone shifted around the area. Moira's bodyguards looked up and so far, no threat on her life. A supposed plot to bomb the area had been stopped earlier this evening, with the terrorist in question having been caught planting the bomb. The event was able to go on as planned.

"I know all of you will do your part to make Starling City what it once was, better than what it once was," Moira said.

In a blink of an eye, an object shot out and caught one of the bodyguards in the shoulder. The bodyguard dropped off the stage in pain. The second bodyguard dropped down off of the stage. Everyone watched the stage for a few seconds and they started to scream their heads off.

Moira looked up and had been surprised to see the vigilante heroine known as Speedy standing. It just happened to be her own daughter underneath that hood. Moira had no idea what was going on.

A pair of hands grabbed Moira and shoved her down onto the podium. An arrow ripped through the curtains and tore them down.

Everyone screamed in horror the second Speedy stepped forward. Cass pulled Moira off of the stage, and ran her out of the way.

Black Canary and the Arrow both dropped down onto the ground. The hooded vigilante pulled back the arrow and fired it at Speedy. Speedy deflected the arrow away and caused it to fly upwards and hit the light.

Speedy rushed towards the Arrow and almost nailed her with a kick. The Arrow blocked it and Speedy flipped up. She lived up to her name, being rather quick and nibble. Rapid fire arrows came through and Sara had to deflect them to the best of her abilities.
"You're under the Siren's spell!"

"Have to kill her!" Thea yelled.

Her voice sounded garbled. Her mind slipped underneath the Siren's thrall. Sara blocked the arrow, but another arrow just hit the armor plate on her shoulder. It caused her to buckle and Thea to slam her fist into Sara's chest. Thea pushed Sara down onto the ground and curb stomped the woman face first into the ground.

"Thea, fight," Sara groaned.

Laurel stepped over and figured out what to do. She knew Thea wasn't going to like it, hell if Laurel was honest with herself, she did not like it either. She took a deep breath.

"I'm really sorry."

Speedy's eyes snapped over towards the Black Canary. The Starling City Police Department moved in, but Quentin stood forward.

"Hold your fire for a minute, and cover your ears!"

The Black Canary bombarded Speedy with a Canary Cry. She screamed in agony and dropped down onto the ground. Her ears rang something fierce when being bombarded by this attack. Thea's body kept shaking in response and everything faded.

Thea Queen dropped down to the ground, feeling like she had just been taken off a very bad trip. She took in a deep breath and groaned.

"Mayor Queen, are you….."

"I'm fine," Moira said. "You might want to get my bodyguards some medical attention though, they look like they can use it more than I do."

The bodyguards looked like they had been hit with something lethal. Speedy only had orders to kill Moira Queen, after all.

Thea closed her eyes, and the ringing in her ears just did not want to fade. She recalled talking with that businesswoman who pulled up, and then the next thing she knew, she was on the ground, dressed in her full outfit. The thrall had been removed from her.

"What happened?" Speedy asked.

The next thing she knew, the Arrow scooped Thea up in her arms and sprinted her out of there. They were halfway across the city to one of the safe locations.

"Seriously, what….ouch….happened?"

"The Siren put you under her spell," The Arrow said. "And the Black Canary, well, she had to snap you out of it, in the only way she could."

"Yeah, no kidding," Thea said.

She could still feel the ringing in her ears. It was very obvious something happened, and she was sure once she got patched up, they would have to explain more to her.
Quentin Lance had been through this song and dance before. The hero acts all out of character because they were hypnotized, brain-washed, or otherwise manipulated by some villain, boy he saw that more than enough times to make his head spin. When you added shape-shifters into the mix, a very big problem had been created from the standpoint of an investigator. Lance shook his head.

'Nightmare doesn't even begin to cover this,' Quentin thought a few minutes later. 'I wonder if there's people in other jurisdictions that laugh in the face of people from Starling or Gotham, when we have to deal with this.'

Obviously, Quentin figured out what happened. The Captain of the Starling City Police Department watched as the Charity Ball had got cleared out. They did not even get past the grand-standing speech stage, which was really something.

"Captain Lance?"

Quentin turned around and saw a woman standing at the end of the alleyway. She dressed in a sequined grey dress which sparkled, along with several expensive pieces of jewelry. Quentin stepped back into the alleyway.

"I have to say, I've been waiting to meet you for a very long time," the woman responded. "You've already met my mother years ago."

Quentin noticed the outfit the woman was wearing for the first time in life. It was the outfit that Lorelei Circe, the Siren, wore all of those years ago, when she put him underneath her thrall.

"You….."

"I'm the daughter of the Siren," she commented with a smile on her face. "And I've been waiting to meet you for a very long time."

"Don't move!"

Lori smiled and released her stunning siren song on Quentin Lance. The older man froze completely and the Siren smiled when looking at him.

"I could order you to blow your brains out very easily," she commented. "But, no, I have a much better idea in mind."

She stopped and two more police officers moved in. In a quick and efficient manner, Siren slipped them underneath her spell.

"See those people over there?" she asked. "They're getting a bit unruly. Why don't you use tear gas to stop them?"

The two officers moved over to do as requested. Lori motioned for Quentin to walk over towards his car. He opened the door for her and she got in.

"I want you to drive and to keep driving until I tell you to stop," Lori said.

This man stole her mother away from her, and caused her to bounce around as an orphan who no one wanted. He would suffer.

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To Be Continued on October 24th, 2017.
Thea Queen tried to piece together the events of the night that were. The last thing prior to waking up with a ringing in her ears Thea remembered was meeting that woman, after going to see her mother. Than everything else was a blur, and it hurt to concentrate due to the constant and never ending ringing in her ears.

Now, with ears packed with cotton, Thea only had a very bad ear ache from Laurel screaming in her ear to snap out of it. Well, at least that's what Thea thought Laurel screamed. The Queen Heiress had to admit, she didn't speak Canary Cry fluently to be perfectly honest. The girl cupped an ear and took in a deep breath when watching Felicity, who was hard at work.

Thea moved over to send a text message to Artemis who was out visiting her mother, to explain what happened, and also try not to worry. Jade was with Artemis, so Thea hoped, perhaps foolishly, Jade would be able to keep Artemis in line.

'I can't believe it, you fell under the influence that easily,' Thea thought. Thea rubbed her ear and it still hurt a little bit. 'It's like being under some drug. I guess that's one thing you can't really escape.'

The only bright spot Thea figured was the Siren's allure was not much worse than being underneath Vertigo. It took weeks for Thea to recover from the dizzy spells, the sickness, with every little blasted thing which went along with it. Thea really hoped to recover sooner rather than later.

And she should have been out on the field, helping Sara and Laurel track down the Siren. Unfortunately, all things considered, Thea didn't think she would be in commission for a while yet. One of the best senses to use out there was the sense of hearing, and that had been out of commission. At least Thea could hear some things, outside of a ringing.

'You know, it's very fortunate Laurel did not have to scream louder,' Thea thought.

The small sounds of Felicity working away at mission support could be heard. The scenes on the television screen from earlier tonight flashed back with Speedy attempting to attack Moira Queen, then the Arrow intervening, and then Black Canary. Thea watched the scenes before her, that was certainly what happened, but she did not remember it. It was like watching a movie about her life where someone took some creative liberties and not anything based off of reality.

'Still off balance, and still not worse than Vertigo, if you can imagine...that,' Thea thought a moment later.

The poor girl tried to sit up straight and only slumped back against the wall. A very prominent and frustrated breath came through Thea, and it would only be a matter of time before things improved.

"We have a serious problem," Felicity said.

"Yeah, we're tracking down the Siren...she gave us the slip again," Sara said. "She's depressingly good at doing that...makes me think she got some special training from someone."

"It didn't help when the police randomly released tear gas into the street for no real reason," Laurel said.
"No, I'm sure that doesn't help at all," Felicity agreed. "However, I got some bad news… and I know sitting down isn't going to help you now but… Captain Lance… he's been taken."

"Of course," Sara said. "Of course… are you…"

"Yes, I'm tracking the GPS in his car, and he's going West at this point, far away from City Hall in fact… past the Glades even… towards that part of town," Felicity said. "There's nothing over there, but some very high buildings."

Felicity stopped and everything hit the computer tech in a blink of an eye.

"Keep up with the GPS," Sara said. "And let us know if the car stops."

The two vigilantes had to be there as fast as they could. Felicity kept typing in, trying to get a look at the security cameras. The Siren had been a very devious woman, giving anyone the slip who had gotten close enough to her. And now, she kidnapped Captain Lance.

"Quentin Lance was the arresting officer who put Lorelei Circe away in the 1980s," Felicity said. "Oh, of course, it would have to be a revenge scheme. Why wouldn't it be anything else?"

"I figured about as much," Sara responded.

Everyone involved remembered what happened to the old man, and that wasn't personal. This was, and they all feared a similar fate for Quentin if they did not get there in time. Felicity kept tracking the GPS on the car, and it stopped.

"420 Westberry Street, that's where it stopped," Felicity said. "Figured those douchebags would have a street named after them… it stopped… there's a high skyscraper very close by, even though it's a block away."

"Thanks Felicity, we'll check it out," Sara said. "Let us know if you can find out any other information."

The urgency in Sara's voice showed Felicity how tense this situation was for all of them and Felicity could not blame Sara and Laurel for both being tense, given how the Siren already caused one man to jump to his doom.

Captain Quentin Lance lead the way up a set of stairs, followed by the Siren. The Siren's lips curled into a smile when leading Lance up the stairs. She could make him do anything she wanted, and all it took was one simple word. The man struggled, and that's how Lori liked it. The more people struggled, the more of a thrill she received by putting them underneath the Siren's spell.

Several muscled goons stepped up. Siren decided to take the first group of tough looking men, a group of local bikers, and put them underneath her spell.

"Okay, you have your orders, right?" Siren asked.

"Yes, we do, Siren," the man said. "We would do anything to serve you."

"Yes, I know, darling," the Siren responded with a bright smile. "But, do remind me again, what have I recruited you for? What are you supposed to do for me?"

"We're supposed to stop the Black Canary, the Arrow, and any other vigilantes who are going to get in your way, from getting your rightful and righteous vengeance," the man said in a very calm and
"Excellent, very good," the Siren answered a moment later. "Make sure to keep your eyes opened. Both of them can step into the shadows….don't be afraid to shoot first, and ask questions later."

Slowly turning, Lori caught sight of the true prize, Quentin Lance, who looked to be straining against something. Lori put a hand on the veteran police chief's arm and squeezed the shoulder a moment later.

"It's futile to struggle, Quentin, "Lori said. "You could barely ward off my mother's spell, and what she did was mere parlor tricks. I can bring this city to its knees with my stunning siren…but I'll never be truly at peace until I gain revenge on the man who ruined my life."

"I…why?" Quentin asked.

Those blue eyes snapped open and pure unrestrained fury went through them. "You want to know why? I've never knew my mother. I spent my whole life hearing about how Lorelei Circe was a monster, a killer, a rapist…but she was just a single mother with a special gift, trying to provide the best life possible for her young daughter…after the man she had one night with, decided to ditch her for some hooker…my mother was a woman of class and dignity."

Lori took a second and considered her options. It would have been so easy to get Quentin Lance to strangle himself, to shoot himself, or any other nasty deaths. The man's resolve melted away like butter every single second Lori had him underneath her thrall.

"You've already experienced some loss, your daughter disappeared for five years, and your life was in ruin," Lori said. "You couldn't even keep your wife, the mother of your children. She sought solace in the arms of a deadly assassin, instead of the man she married….because she realized what a pathetic useless drunk you are. How you must be a disappoint to Laurel, to Sara, and to all of Starling City. You robbed me of my mother, and now I'm going to show you the meaning of loss, Quentin. I'm going to make your daughters feel the same things I felt."

Quentin's body was not his own. Lori manipulated him like a puppet. A small part of his mind was conscious of everything she forced him to do, and knew with despair it could not be stopped.

"Step to the edge of the roof," Lori whispered. "You're going to pay for your crimes against my mother. Do you hear me?"

Two of the goons dropped from arrows being shot in their arms. Another goon turned around and received an arrow to the shoulder blade as well. A green hooded vigilante flipped down from the heavens and nailed the goon directly in the face.

The Black Canary dropped down and pulled out a pair of twin batons. The goon swung a baseball bat at the Black Canary. The Black Canary dodged the attack and started to kick away at the goon. She swept the leg out from underneath the goon and planted him head first into the ground with the boot.

One of the larger goons grabbed the Arrow. The Arrow nailed him in the ribs with a quiver and knocked him back a few inches. These henchmen were under the Siren's thrall.

Lori stopped and watched the battle. The Black Canary wrapped around the head of the enchanted biker and flipped the much larger man onto the ground with a thud. Black Canary grabbed onto the biker's head and kept hammering away at the side of the neck. The points of those elbows sunk into the man's neck until he had been put on a one way trip to dream street.
"Stop," Lori said. "Quentin Lance, you've been chosen to serve and protect the interests of Starling City. The Black Canary is a known vigilante, and thus breaking the law. You must do your job!"

Quentin took in a very deep breath, struggling not to break underneath the Siren's spell. It became increasingly hard to fight off the attack. The hand reached into the side of his outfit and the gun pointed towards the Black Canary. Quentin tried to prevent it.

"Do, it, blow the Black Canary away!" The Siren yelled, re-doubling her thrall.

"Dad, you can fight it," Laurel murmured underneath her breath. "I'm really sorry I have to do this… but it's the only way."

Sara shot the gun out of Quentin's hand, the moment of hesitation, which left him open for an attack from his own daughter. Laurel bombarded Quentin with one very clear Canary Cry attack which knocked Quentin out.

"You!" the Siren yelled. "You, I'm going to make you bow before me."

The Siren's cry met the Black Canary's cry. Both of them increased the frequency, as they matched each other cry for cry.

Sheer determination pushed the Black Canary forward and forced the Siren to redouble her efforts to a level. Several pieces of broken glass shattered in nearby buildings, raining glass down on the city streets. The Siren breathed heavily and pushed down the Black Canary, trying to hit a higher note than possible.

The strain of hitting such a high note forced the Siren down onto her knees. A burning sensation erupted through her vocal cords and she started to scream, only no sound came out. The Siren made the next move to get up, only nothing happened other than a high impact arrow to the shoulder which wrapped up the Siren.

One vicious punch to the side of the neck rendered her completely unconscious.

"Are you….?"

"I'll be fine," Laurel said in a raspy voice. "Guess all of that singing in the shower paid off after all."

"Maybe, but you could have spared us the trauma," Sara said. "Let's get her and Dad, and these guys out of here… and we'll figure out what we have to do next."

Laurel nodded in agreement, that sounded like the best possible plan, at least as far as she was concerned. A little honey and lemon would do wonders in clearing her sore throat up. By the looks of the Siren, she got far much more than that.

Quentin Lance experienced one of the worst cases of Deja-Vu. Being knocked out by the Black Canary after the Siren put him underneath her thrall, it happened almost thirty years ago, and boy, did Quentin's head hurt like something fierce after the battle.

'So, that's a thing that happened,' Quentin thought.

His ears had been patched up, and would be as good as new. Quentin didn't remember a second of what happened after the riot, and before waking up in the hospital. The fact he had a hand wound from an arrow going into his head, and the Canary cry ringing in his ear gave Quentin a pretty good idea what was going to happen.
Laurel and Sara stepped into the room, nervously. The nurse walked out after a few seconds.

"So, how are you feeling?" Sara asked.

"Well, could be better," Quentin said. "But, I've had much worse….and…at least I can hear the sound of your voice without pain, so that's a good thing."

Quentin just reflected on the time that was, boy he could tell you about all of the worse things he had. The veteran cop stretched back on the bed and wished for an early release. Given what happened, and the fact the Siren had him under control, yet again, Quentin suspected that there would more tests. And if there was something that Quentin Lance just loved to be under, was multiple medical tests.

"We brought you something, so hopefully this doesn't happen again," Laurel said.

Laurel handed her father a box and he opened it up.

"It's a hearing aide," Quentin said. "Trying to tell me something here?"

Sara just responded with a smile. "It's a way to block the Siren's attack….she'll be back eventually. It will be a while before her vocal cords will heal."

"Yeah, but they'll get better," Quentin said. "That's the problem with criminals, always coming back for more. That's why you really appreciate it when the system works and someone gets fixed….speaking of which, where did they put up that messed up kid anyway?"

Despite being put into the Siren's spell, Quentin could help, but feel slightly bad. He did the right thing by arresting Lorelei Circe after all she did, but still, the kid had to grow up without a mother, and that warped a person. And God only knows what happened to her mother.

"She's at Belle Reve," Laurel said.

"Makes sense, they're about the only place which has the facilities to hold the super powered," Quentin said.

Sara and Laurel both nodded in agreement. Belle Reve had the facilities to hold meteor mutants, so it stood to reason they would also have the facilities to hold meta-humans. Both sisters just smiled, and really hoped things would improve for the better.

A knock on the door could be heard, and Dinah stepped into the room, to look at her ex-husband and daughters.

"So, I'm not the only one getting a sense of Deja-Vu here, right?" Quentin asked.

"Well, no," Dinah said. "Lori will hopefully get the help she needs….and maybe things will be a lot better for her."

Belle Reve did have a slightly checkered past for many reasons, but it could be worse. Lori could have ended up in Arkham, which seemed to only increase the mental instabilities of the criminals. Half of the doctors in Arkham ended up future patients, which showed just how messed up the place.

Then again, building Arkham on an ancient Indian burial ground might not have been the best way to get things started.

"Well, I'm heading back to Central City," Dinah said. She looked at both of her daughters and
former husband. "Hopefully, you two can stay out of trouble."

Both Laurel and Sara exchanged knowing smiles with each other. Before either of them could react, Quentin just snorted in response.

"Yeah right, look whose daughters they are."

It was hard to tell whether that was a slight towards Dinah, or Quentin was making a slight towards himself. Both of them could have been well.

"Just making sure everything is okay, and I'll be off," Dinah said.

Thea felt a little bit better with some rest and relaxation. She stepped into the room still a bit wobbled. The cotton still stuck in her right ear, even though the left ear healed.

"It's really amazing what a little bit of herbal assistance could do," Thea said. Just that minute, Felicity walked by and gave Thea a strange look. "Not that kind of herbal assistance."

Felicity just shook her head. When the night job ended, the day job was about ready to begin, and there was a lot in the way of paperwork to file at Queen Industries. There was some very important meetings to keep as well, and Felicity would be damned if she slacked off of those very important things.

"Hey."

Thea turned around and almost pointed the bow and arrow at Sara. The bow lowered and Sara smiled when walking over to the younger girl with a box in hand.

"Sorry, I didn't hear you coming," Thea said.

"Perfectly understandable," Sara said. "It's nice to see your left ear has healed, even though the right ear has been giving you some fits so far."

"No, it won't be….it will be fine, trust me," Thea said. "I think those herbs you use, they really help, I guess natural healing remedies are the best. Even though I was very lucky to not have my ear drums melted."

"Well, they would have exploded first," Sara said.

Thea shook her head in response and Sara just patted the younger girl on the shoulder in reassurance, at least what she hoped was reassurance. "Thanks for the pep talk, you're really doing a great job in making me feel a whole lot better, you know."

"I try," Sara said a few seconds later. "Oh, and here's something that will prevent any future accidents."

Thea took the box and opened it up to reveal the ear piece.

"Pretty quick turnover to get these things whipped up, isn't it?" Thea asked.

"Well, I had some help," Sara admitted. "Team Flash had their own sound based criminal just a couple of days ago. They're calling him Pied Piper, and he's a disgruntled former employee of Star Labs. I know, imagine that right?"

"I can hardly believe someone like Harrison Wells would have disgruntled former employees," Thea
said a few seconds later. "Still, they work pretty fast, and they got it calibrated to the Siren's song and everything, don't they?"

Thea still did recall anything a couple of days later to be honest. She could not really tell whether the lack of recall was a good thing necessarily, or if it was a bad thing. Regardless, Thea just hoped to roll with the punches. The new ear piece was unconstructive, and Thea slipped it into her ear.

"Very nice," Thea said. "Guess it's true, it helps to have STAR Labs on speed dial whenever you need their help, doesn't it?"

"It also helps to have the fastest woman alive on speed dial," Sara responded a few seconds later. "She was able to get them out, by the time my father woke up."

"Right," Thea said. "So, thanks....Artemis is swinging by here, and both of us are going to breakfast, so I'll be catching you a bit later, I guess."

Sara smiled and Thea kissed her before heading off to meet Artemis. It had been a very long last couple of days and while Sara hoped there would be some downtime, common sense told the vigilante heroine downtime could be measured in hours. There would be something else to be done, there always was. The looming threat of Vertigo still hung over Sara's head.

The man had been oddly quiet, almost biding his time for his next move.

Laurel stepped around the corner, dressed in a bathrobe, having just gotten out of the shower. The robe clung to every inch of Laurel's frame, and Sara found her eyes drinking in the body of her older sister as usual.

"So, I wonder about something," Laurel said.

"What's on your mind?" Sara asked Laurel.

"Just thinking, and wondering whether or not our mother's past demons are going to come back and haunt us in a big way later on," Laurel said. "Granted, the Siren was both of our parents, but still, there's a lot about Mom's past we don't know about. It took us years to figure out the entire Black Canary connection. Should have known there were more to those stories than met the eye."

Laurel looked at Sara, who wore a light smile on her face. A long sigh followed and Laurel leaned in closer towards Sara, the frown deepening even more.

"Fine, it took me a lot longer than it took you," Laurel said.

"Yes, it did," Sara said. "And whatever we have to deal with, we're just going to have to wait and deal with it when it comes. It's going to come, whether or not we like it."

Laurel nodded, Sara's tone made a lot of sense. Smiling, Laurel leaned over towards Sara.

"So, we got sidetracked on your birthday, and it kind of got ruined by all of the drama," Laurel said. She undid the front of her robe. "Why don't we make it up to you right about now?"

"Well, I'm not going to stop you."

Laurel leaned in and kissed Sara on the lips, slowly relieving her of the tank top and shorts her younger sister wore, until Sara stood wearing nothing but a lacy black bra and a thong.

"Maybe I should be the one to unwrap my present," Sara whispered in Laurel's ear.
"I won't stop you," Laurel said, reflecting her sister's words with the widest smile possible.

Sara swooped in for another kiss, and started to undo the robe the rest of the way.

The beautiful vision of Laurel dressed in a black corset top, a thong, and black stockings appeared in front of Sara. Sara moved over and embraced her older sister, while feeling of the beautiful blonde's amazing body. Sara and Laurel met together in a very passion kiss.

Laurel reached behind and cupped Sara's ass. What man or woman could resist such a vision of beautiful? Sara deepened the kiss with more fury, nibbling down on Sara's lips, and demanding entry into the younger sister's mouth. Sara overwhelmed Laurel with a deep and furious young kiss, both of them working against each other. Sara's hands clamped Laurel's face and slowly pushed deep into that wonderful mouth, to see the pleasures inside.

Sara worked deep into Laurel's very willing mouth. The kiss continued, and Sara lightly pushed down the straps of the corset to slowly unveil Laurel's breasts. Sara teased the older sister, with a barrage of very passionate kisses, slowly moving down Laurel's body.

"Oh, Sara!" Laurel moaned.

The sound of her name proved to be music to Sara's ears. The passionate girl continued to kiss Laurel, working down, and feeling a lot of pleasure.

"It's my birthday, and you're going to eat me out," Sara said.

Laurel wasn't about to argue. Sara teased her sister with a few caresses to Laurel's sensitive nether lips and worked the older girl up. Laurel's breathing and very hardened nipples increased, the more Sara started to play with Laurel.

'I have her right where you want it."

"Make me finish, and I'll let you finish," Sara whispered.

One more passionate kiss from Sara and Laurel slowly lowered back onto the bed. Those light fingers pushed against Laurel's legs and Sara felt them up. Laurel's legs were so amazing wrapped in stockings. Sara imagined Laurel in fishnets and nothing else, and the thought excited the younger sister like nothing else.

A series of light kisses before Sara's panties flew off and revealed the willing sex of the late celebrating birthday girl. Sara moved over and moved on top of Laurel. Those thighs closed into Laurel's face, when Sara's pussy had been presented. The sweet nectar teased Laurel's lips, and Laurel worked tongue first into Sara's moist womanhood in an attempt to really make things right.

Those thighs, oh those thighs, could Laurel ever be buried between them for legs. Not to mention, this was the perfect spot for Laurel to grab hold of Sara's world class ass and squeeze it before eating her sister out. And Laurel really ate Sara out something fierce.

"Really work that tongue, Laurel!" Sara breathed. "Oh, you're doing so good, you're going to make me cum all over your pretty face!"

Laurel grabbed onto Sara's ass and made sure to have a firm grip when going down on her younger sister. Sara's juices started to trickle out and gave Laurel a test, a tease of what was to come next. Laurel would not back off, not when she had Sara's juices flowing out in such a way.
"Oh, Laurel, fuck, I'm cumming!"

Sara smiled, Laurel showing her devotion by worshipping Sara's cunt happened to be one of the best feelings in the world. The younger sister pushed deep down onto Laurel's tongue. Each tongue made Sara quiver and shake, the deeper Laurel eased inside. Sara's eyes closed shut and the most wonderful feeling in the world spread through the girl's thighs.

Juices coated Laurel's face the very second Sara came down thigh first down onto the woman. Laurel grabbed onto Sara and pushed the beautiful woman down even further, eating her completely out. Sara flicked tongue first into Laurel's dripping womanhood and drank as much as the juices as humanly possible from her sensual sister.

"Fuck, that's so good," Sara said.

Without another word, Sara pulled away from Laurel and positioned on top of her sister. Laurel's face coated in Sara's juice's excited the younger sister. Sara leaned in and lightly nibbled on the side of Laurel's face, moving around the edge of the girl's jaw. A deep breath continued when Laurel lifted up to meet Sara's actions.

"Turn over."

Laurel obeyed Sara's orders. Sara caught the very excellent view of Laurel's tight ass in a pair of panties. Sara leaned in and slowly rubbed Laurel through the panties. Without another word, Sara took them off and exposed Laurel's very willing cunt into the air.

With a quick slight of hand, something rubbed against Laurel's willing slit. Laurel closed her eyes and enjoyed the feeling of Sara grinding up and down against the slit. Sara's playing, teasing, and just general pleasuring of Laurel made her feel so good.

"I can't wait to fuck your pussy," Sara whispered in Laurel's ear.

Sara roamed freely, touching and tempting every single last inch of Laurel's body possible. The whimpers coming from underneath Sara's touch showed how much Laurel wanted it. The younger sister wanted the fun and the pleasure just as much as the older sister did as well. Laurel's thighs parted for Sara's fingers to enter her pussy and get her warmed up.

"How much do you want this, baby?" Sara asked.

"Now, I want it now."

The tool pushed into Laurel's pussy. Sara grabbed onto Laurel's ass to gain leverage and slowly slipped deep in between Laurel's thighs. Slowly, Sara pushed deep inside of Laurel's womanly body, those thighs tempting Sara. Sara took the temptation and pushed deep inside of Laurel's body, stretching her out. Several inches of Sara's tool parted Laurel.

"Harder, please, harder."

"Oh, in a minute," Sara said. "I want to get you warmed up, and then I'll have my fun with you. I'm going to really make you scream. Every time I fuck this wet pussy, I want to hear you moan just a little bit longer, until you scream out, until you completely lose it."

Laurel was in the process of losing it. Sara's hands grabbed onto Laurel's thighs and pushed deep inside. Each movement pushed more of a shove deeper inside of Laurel. The sound of ample, female flesh slapping together continued to increase the deeper Sara pushed inside.
"YES!"

"Go ahead, and cum for me, Laurel," Sara breathed. "Cum for me nice and good, and I'll treat you very good. You know you want to cum, don't you?"

Laurel nodded eagerly the second Sara pushed deep inside. The woman's phallus buried deep inside of Laurel and kept working against her. The pleasure of their loins smacking together was amazing. Laurel squeezed Sara the deeper the younger sister moved inside of the older sister.

"Just let yourself go, feel the pleasure," Sara whispered.

The pleasure came through Laurel's loins as did Sara when she spiked deep inside of Laurel. The feeling of being pushed deep inside of her sister's tight pussy, Sara enjoyed that immensely. The reactions, the moans, the shuddering coming from Laurel's body, it felt really good.

"Cum for me, Laurel, really show me how much of a screamer you are."

Laurel tried to remained more resolved than before, but her pleasure betrayed the beautiful vixen. Sara slowly jammed as far into Laurel as possible, working the beautiful woman over. Sara held onto Laurel's waist and pushed deep inside to ride out the series of cascading orgasms. Each of them were more amazing than the last one.

A whimpering pleasure came through Laurel's body, and Sara could feel the tightening against her. Laurel's pussy clamped down hard and the nerve sensors just made everything even better. Sara rocked further into Laurel and rode out the orgasm.

"And now time to take what I've really wanted this entire time."

Sara pushed a finger into Laurel's waiting backside and slid the finger out. One more push into her and one more orgasm, before Sara pulled completely out of Laurel.

"Do you want me to take your ass again, sis?"

The dragging of Sara's talented tongue over her asshole made Laurel's body shiver in anticipation. Sara slowly, but surely prepared the asshole for intrusion, creating the right amount of moisture. Sara lightly caressed the dripping lips as much as possible.

"Do you want it?"

"YES!" Laurel yelled.

"Well, good things come to those who wait," Sara said. "I wouldn't want to disappoint my sister, when she wants her ass fucked properly."

Sara pushed deep into Laurel's hole. The perfect fit, as far as Sara could say. Laurel's tight ass obeyed Sara's intrusion. The younger Lance sister pushed inch by inch into the backside of the older one, feeling it against her hands. Sara moved around Laurel's body, mapping out a path to worship every single inch of glorious flesh.

So good, Laurel thought it felt so good to have something big and hard ramming into her tightening hole. Sara reached all around and caressed Laurel's nipples, playing with them something fierce. That brought even more whimper-s of pleasure from Laurel the deeper she pushed into Sara.

"I'm feeling it, are you feeling it, Laurel?" Sara asked.
"Yes…yes….I'm feeling it," Laurel breathed hungrily. "I want more, please, give me more."

"Well, why do I want to deny my sister of what she wants?" Sara asked. "Why should I try and deny my sister with what she needs? Why would I even want to deny my sister of what she deserves?"

Each push brought Sara as deep into Laurel as possible. Each time Sara shoved inside of Laurel, it felt very good to be inside of that tight ass. Sara gave Laurel's firm ass a couple of spanks and continued to ride out to the edge.

Laurel clutched onto the couch with Sara's pounding continuing a few seconds later. Sara clutched onto the edge of the bed and took a deep breath.

"I'm going to take this ass, and I'm going to make it my own!" Sara called. "Do you hear me? Do you want me to cum all over your ass?"

"Yes," Laurel said.

"First, I want you to show me how much you want this by cumming for me."

Sara's talented fingers proved to be very dangerous for Laurel's abilities to keep restrained. The breathing continued, with Sara pumping into Sara.

Release found, with Sara riding out her own orgasm onto Laurel's ass. Fingers jammed into Laurel's waiting pussy made Sara pretty excited as well. Those juices soaked Sara's digits when she kept riding Laurel's ass.

"Taste how excited you are."

Laurel didn't waste any time tasting her own juices from Sara's fingers. The next round of debauchery was nearly at hand.

Dinah needed to make one last stop before heading back to Central City, morbid curiosity would not allow her to leave without stepping inside. It was on Dinah's way to the airport, so surely there could be no real harm in stopping by and taking one quick peak.

The Siren entering Dinah's head and playing mind games with the woman caused Dinah to want to revisit other elements of her past. One of the biggest elements was the Church of Deacon Blackfire, or to be more particular, the Blackfire Cult Murders of the 1980s.

Someone built a chapter in Starling City, and Dinah did not know why it was not torn down. No one could be quite sure where this very awful establishment had been allowed to remain standing after all of these years. Dinah took a very deep breath when peering into the windows of the church.

The woman stood frozen, and some echoes entered her mind. In the words of Joseph Blackfire, the madman's voice penetrated the mind of all who would listen, like razor blades. And Dinah's eyes closed for a few seconds, when the night of the Black Canary's last mission played into her head.

Flashes of screaming children entered Dinah's mind and forced her to stare inside of the Church. Dinah's heart beat very fast at the sounds, the screams, the flashes, and pretty much everything. The faces of those helpless children who have been sacrificed by the Deacon, to purge the world of evil entered.

The fight with Deacon Blackfire flashed in Dinah's mind. Her hands shook, through the destruction of the Church, when the walls came tumbling down, suffering the back injury. The Deacon's last
haunting words sent shockwaves through Dinah's body, and caused the former vigilante to freeze.

'You will pay with the blood of your children, harpy.'

One fluid step brought Dinah into the church, the doors having swung open on its own accord. Dinah turned around and saw what appeared to an image of an unkempt man in the mirror with wild eyes and a wilder beard, dressed as a preacher. The moment Dinah turned around, there had been nothing.

Buzzards who nested in the old church flew in the air. Dinah kept looking around and one word appeared on the wall, in dripping blood, which was not there before.

The word "Obsolete" flashed in Dinah's mind and further chills came down the poor woman's spine.

To Be Continued on October 27th, 2017.
"And in news from Central City, disenchanted former Star Labs employee, Hartley Rathaway, or the Pied Piper as he wants to be known, has been arrested for an attack on the controversial Doctor Harrison Wells. Rathaway went up against Central City's hero, the Flash, and was defeated, and locked up."

Sara heard the news when being driven over to Queen Industries for another important business meeting. There had been a lot going on, and Sara hated to admit it, but she neglected the day to day operations. Thankfully, the company had been set up well enough, even after Moira had went to prison, and then had the task of running Starling City as the Mayor.

"So, you heard the news from Central City, right?" Felicity asked.

"Oh, I heard alright," Sara said a moment later. "And there are more people questioning what intentions Wells had truly, and I'll be honest, I always had my doubts. But now….there are a lot of information out on the table. I wonder how many ex-employees will come forward to tell information about what Wells has done in the past. I don't know about you, but I'm looking forward to seeing what might come out."

"Yeah, well….you know I just hope they do it with a less hostile approach than the Pied Piper did," Felicity said a few seconds later. "That's not going to make Wells look bad if you attack him. It might make him look like some kind of victim. He lost his reputation already, so it can't get much worse."

Sara struggled to think why Wells would have taken a risk. Iris said Wells had been very supportive after Barry had been kidnapped by the Reverse-Flash. Perhaps it had been years of paranoia rooted in years of being an assassin, but Sara always got the impression Wells was keeping things.

Whether or not it was anything he may or may not have known about the Reverse-Flash, Sara did not really know to be honest. She stepped out of the limo and walked into the executive entrance of Queen Industries. It always felt weird to go in that particular door and have her own private elevator. Thea helped a little bit with the day to day operations, but she had business interests to take care of.

"So, another meeting with the lovely Sapphire Stagg?" Felicity asked. "I'm sure she must have heard the news about Wells by now, and Rathaway, and she might have something to say. She still thinks Wells has something to do with the death of her father."

Sara just responded with a nod. Wells being the last person to see Simon Stagg alive was very shifty, but Sara was not one hundred percent convinced because of the fact Stagg had many enemies. He was not a good little boy who played by the rules, oh no, far from it. He was a schemer.

The moment the elevator opened, Sapphire made her way down the hallway. Sapphire stopped and smiled when looking at Sara.

"Well, I was about ready to apologize about running late," Sapphire said. "But, it turns out I'm not the only one who is running late….so I guess we're both at fault for this meeting getting off on the wrong foot."

"Hey, it's fine," Sara said. "Busy morning?"
Sapphire smiled. "Yeah, the Board of Directors is driving me nuts.....it's almost like they think I'm not able to run the company, but…"

"Hey, it's a tough sell when you're just falling into the company," Sara said. "You don't think I didn't have my fair share of problems? I was just this girl Oliver left the company to, who had to struggle to keep the company afloat."

And Sara would not have been even close to keeping the company afloat had it not been for Karen bailing her ass out at the right possible time. Even after Isabel had been subverted, back then, she worked for a far less noble cause them Sara.

Sara and Nyssa straightened that out.

"So, it's been a hectic past couple of weeks for me," Sapphire said. "I'm sure you've seen the news… about Rathaway, and….about Wells."

Sapphire's tone remained a bit neutral. Sara sensed some danger coming in the girl's voice. She took a deep breath and locked onto Sapphire's eyes a few seconds later. Sapphire just responded with a nod.

"There's proof, isn't there?" Sapphire asked. "I mean it, Rathaway claims he warned Wells about the potential dangers, and Wells brushed him off, and then let him go from the company. And now…..well Rathaway is not very happy about that."

"He has good reason not to be happy if that was the case," Sara said. "But, the way he conducted himself by attacking Wells…it just makes him look very bad."

Sapphire conceded with the point and nodded in response. The two of them stepped around the corner into the conference room where Isabel waited for them, folders and documents were set in in place on the table.

"So, everything's in order?" Sara asked.

"Yes, everything, and there…there might be a couple of concerns, but the two of you should…"

No sooner did everyone get settled in, the door opened up, and Felicity made her way into the room. The blonde looked very nervous and walked over towards Sara before leaning over, and whispering something in Sara's ears. Sapphire looked on with a raised eyebrow. Whatever Felicity told Sara, it was not completely to her liking. The sour expression on Sara's face grew before pulling away from Felicity.

"Something has come up, I'm sorry," Sara said. "Felicity and Isabel, both of you can take care of Sapphire's concerns…and I'll come back when I can to sign off…..I'm really sorry about this."

Sapphire rose up to her feet. "Hey, if something came up, I understand."

Sara was glad and she had to be out the door very quickly because time was of the essence. Vertigo was about to make his move.

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Deep underneath Central City, directly underneath the former Particle Accelerator in Star Labs, one unkempt young man's eyes opened up. The past several weeks, he felt hopeless, felt like there was nothing which could help with this situation.

The prisoner had been well fed, only because his captor needed to keep him alive. Barry Allen
looked around and could hear the rattling. For several of the first few days, Barry yelled for help until his voice went raw. Over time, no one could hear the man's screams, and hopelessness filled him. Despair soon followed, and Barry wondered if Iris had been tearing up the entire city, looking for him.

The most interesting fact was Barry was lingering right underneath their noses.

A flash of light came in front of Barry, and the Reverse-Flash leaned down to look Barry directly in the eye. The man spent several moments each day just staring at Barry. The man's face flickered, so Barry could not exactly see what kind expression would be on the man's face. Not that Barry could given the fact the Reverse-Flash wore a mask. Barry leaned closer towards the haunting figure, who kept staring at him.

"What? What?" Barry asked. "What do you want with me?"

"Let me give you one piece of advice," The Reverse-Flash said. "Never meet your heroes, they always end up being a disappointment."

Those words rang out in a very creepy manner. Barry's hand slapped against the wall, and it was very hard for him to maneuver in this situation.

"You're the one who killed my mother....."

"No, I intended to kill you, a mistake in hindsight, but you had been particularly bothersome in the future," Reverse-Flash said.

"What did I do to you?"

"It's not what you did, it's what you will do," the Reverse-Flash corrected. "Nora was in the way, and she fell....then the Flash got involved. The Flash saved your life on that night, and everything went wrong. There was something odd....multiple time travelers.....I can't....I can't even wrap my head around it."

Barry's hand rattled one more time. No give in these chains. He would have given anything for the Flash's speed right about now so he could vibrate out of it.

"There's a part of you who knows things are wrong, aren't they, Barry Allen?" The Reverse-Flash asked. "Everything went wrong....the time line sighted....in ways which even Harrison Wells could not explain. And now, I'm trapped in a world where Barry Allen never became the Flash. And if they catch me, my existence ceases. Because I know now, my existence hinges upon yours....you becoming the Flash!"

The man talked a lot of madness and a fair bit of nonsense as well, but Barry could not help, but wonder how much truth there was to his words. The rattling of the chains only could be only matched by the heaving breathing.

"Just who are you?" Barry asked.

"My name is Eobard Thawne, I'm the Reverse-Flash," he growled. "It's a name you will learn to dread when your future is fixed, because I will take everything with you. And yet, the one thing I can't take from you....is being the Flash."

"And yet....I'm not the Flash," Barry said.

"Yes," Thawne agreed. "I should have seen the signs, when Oliver Queen didn't come back after the
five years away on the island. The changes had been too immense. You…are a fool Barry Allen!"

"Me, what did I do?" Barry asked.

"I've told you, it's not what you did do, it's what you would do…but at the same time, it's what you did do, in an alternate timestream," Thawne said. "Time has not rippled, but it's ruptured….and if I return home, or if they catch me, I will cease to exist. Because you destroyed the time stream enough where you caused circumstances where you did not become the Flash."

Barry's head spun from all of Thawne's words. Time travel gave the most reasoned people headaches and Barry seemed to be blamed for something he technically did not do, but at the same time, he technically did do.

"You're going to help me fix what's gone wrong," Thawne said. "You are going to make sure my future is secured, by fixing your past."

"What?" Barry asked.

Thawne didn't say any more and left. This madman only would exist because of Barry becoming the Flash, but Iris was the Flash. Yet, in some kind of alternate time stream, Barry was the Flash, and Iris, actually Barry felt a small amount of sickness trying to wrap his head around what happened.

'Something tells me this is going to get more insane before it gets better,' Barry thought.

Talia Al Ghul detested being forced to keep waiting. Count Vertigo requested a meeting with Talia in person, and the skilled warrior, knowing Vertigo would not meet with someone unless having a very good reason, agreed to attend. Now, the arrogant man forced Talia to wait for him to arrive.

'He tries my patience,' Talia thought.

Talia drew in a very prominent breath and drew it out with a couple of seconds. It was all part of the plan, the League would need to flourish.

The arrivals did not improve Talia's mood any. Instead of Count Vertigo turning out, it was some of Count Vertigo's men. The skilled warrior looked on and commented on it.

"I was under the assumption that Vertigo was going to meet me," Talia said.

"You are playing a very interesting game, but we can expect no less from the Daughter of Ra's al Ghul," the agent of Vertigo said. He looked very smug and Talia would have loved nothing better than to wind up and smack the smug look off of the man's face. "But, I'm afraid to tell you, the game is up."

Talia reached for the blade. They did not attack, but the moment they did, Talia was going to attack and bring the fight to all of these goons. Those green eyes locked on the men, waiting for weapons.

"The Count doesn't like being duped."

Now, Talia watched as more mercenaries crowded around the Daughter of the Demon, forming a very tight circle around the woman. Several of Vertigo's best and most dangerous men formed a circle around Talia. Talia reached in and pulled out a blade.

"What's going on?" Talia demanded.

"It's quite simple," one of Vertigo's men said. "While you're here, thinking that you're meeting with
Count Vertigo, some of the Count's men will be returning with the Princess."

Talia's heart sank somewhere into the pit of her stomach. That meant, they found out where Princess Perdita is….Talia knew she could not keep up the charade for long. The skilled assassin just hoped the charade would go on long enough for Vertigo to be killed and buried.

"So, what do you intend to accomplish?" Talia asked.

'Have to keep them talking, to figure out what I have to work against,' Talia said.

"We will bring the Princess back as a slain victim of the League of Assassins," one of the mercenaries responded. "And with her dead, and the League having been hired by the United States Government and several other governments in the West being in on the conspiracy, our Count will rally the company and go to war. They will succeed and destroy all who stand in their way."

"Sound plan," Talia said. "But, I don't think you were get away with this."

Talia spun around and impaled the man who had informed her of this plan with a blade. The blade cut through the man's guts and splattered the blood all across the floor. The Daughter of the Demon pulled back with a smile and turned around.

Suddenly, a sickening sound wave caught Talia and dropped the woman down knees first onto the ground. A splitting headache followed, when several of Vertigo's men surrounded the woman. Talia shifted, to try and pick up the sword, only it dropped down onto the ground.

"And you were the woman who killed the princess," one of the men stated. "Therefore, no one would miss you when you're gone because you are the assassin who killed a child, for your own bloodlust."

Talia's quivering fingers tried to reach for the blade. The man's quick draw of the weapon was much faster and put on the back of Talia's head. No question about it, Talia would be killed instantly, but she would do so, standing upright and not kneeling like a coward before this person.

An arrow nailed the offending goon in the wrist. A green hooded woman dropped down onto the ground. One of the mercenaries turned around in shock at the fact the woman did not appear to be affected in any way whatsoever by the sound blast. The woman nailed the mercenary in the ribs, doubling the man over. The figure flipped over the charging mercenary and nailed him with a repeated series of attacks to the back of the head, along with the risk.

Another figure dropped down beside Talia, and impaled one of the guards next to Talia. Nyssa went behind the figure, tore the ear piece out, and dropped it down by Talia. Talia, with gratitude dancing in her eyes, took the ear piece and slipped it in.

One of the goons rushed Talia in an attempt to take her down. Now Talia stood upright, the fight was more even. The deadly assassin slashed down onto the shoulder of the attacker, causing blood to splatter on the man's shoulder. The man dropped to the ground and Talia twisted the arm around before causing it to crack back.

"Thanks," Talia said.

Nyssa and Talia stood side by side. One of the mercenaries looked a bit less convinced. A larger one pushed the uncertain mercenary out of the way and charged Talia with a large bellow. The Daughter of Ra's al Ghul dodged the brass knuckles and came up from behind the goon. A few rapid fire punches rocked the goon, catching him in the back with a fluid attack.
The mercenary dropped down to the ground, the breathing increasing. Nyssa took the man down from the front side, while Talia took the mercenary down from the backside. Both of them dropped the man to the ground in one quick move.

The Arrow pointed an arrow towards a canister and fired. The backlash caused an explosion which rocked several of the mercenaries. One of them rushed from the side, holding a jagged piece of wood. Sara avoided the attack, and nailed the man in the throat with a punch. Sara grabbed the man around the arm, twisting said arm and flipping him down onto the ground.

Sara popped back up with multiple elbow strikes to the side of the neck. She turned around for the goon to rush again. Sara dodged the attack and nailed the man with an arrow right to the knee doubling him over. Sara jumped up and flipped in the air. A vicious flipping Curb Stomp drove the goon down into the ground hard.

"So, you knew I was here," Talia said.

"I've been tracking you, and it's a good thing I have," Nyssa said. "You were inches away from being blown away."

"Yes, but I was about ready to handle it myself," Talia said.

Nyssa just allowed her sister's bravado to be delivered. Talia's pride had gotten wounded about being tricked. The woman walked over and leaned down to rip a radio off of the man's chest. Talia frowned and realized they would have to see where the signal had been transmitting. It should not have been too difficult, at least in theory.

"It must have been Queen Bee," Talia said after a second. "She betrayed me…"

"I don't think it was Queen Bee, although she is deceiving you somehow," Nyssa said, the hint of warning in the woman's tone.

Talia figured just about as much. The moment the assassin regained some level of concentration, she turned to look at Nyssa and Sara.

"They're after the Princess," Talia said.

"Well, we better find a way to get there fast," Sara said.

Perhaps it was Talia, but there was just something about Sara's tone when she said fast, that made Talia think she was not going to like what the girl had in mind. And was it just Talia's imagination, or did Sara just press a button in a watch when saying this?

Count Werner Vertigo's moment of ultimate and unrealized triumph was very nearly at hand. The information Captain Boomerang acquired for them was going to pay off in spades. The Count could not hide his excitement, gushing as it might be over what he just acquired.

There were snags, there would always be snags in something like this. ARGUS managed to secure some of the armories, but not all of them. Vertigo's smile increased when several of his men hauled crates of weapons. The world would just get a taste of his might.

Something else waited for Vertigo. Something waited much better than money, better than weapons, better than anything else in the world awaited Vertigo, when the dictator stepped over several technicians who dropped from the ground. They had been victims of the Vertigo effect, having been taken out in a blink of an eye. A couple more technically minded people to walk over.
"You can gain access to their systems?" Vertigo asked.

"Of course," the hacker said. "Although, not all of the countries in the world are connected, there are some which don't have the technology for this to work."

"Yes, unfortunately, not everyone can be brought to their knees before me," Vertigo said in a very sour tone of voice. "But, enough people can be brought to their knees, and we have the capabilities to expand the reach of these satellites just enough where a good section of the world will be enveloped in my Vertigo effect. How much would you have to say?"

The technician made a couple of very swift calculations, and looked on with a smile. Vertigo waited for the answer.

"I would say no less than seventy eight percent of the world, but there is a very slight margin of error, Count," the man said. "But, you can....."

"You do what is necessary," Vertigo said. "All of the strongest countries in the world, from the United States to the United Kingdom from Russia to China and to everyone in between, they will be brought to their knees."

Crazed madness entered the eyes of Count Vertigo and those who knew the man the best, really knew not to stir up the man when he was in the middle of one of those very manic rants he favored in the best of the time.

"And to think, I could not have accomplished this without the help of Amanda Waller," Vertigo said. "The woman who would do anything to ruin me, she's handed me the very key to begin to secure my thrown. And the American Government's need to obsessively monitor anything like they are entitled to own the world will come back and bite them in a big way."

"We are almost into the system," the hacker said. "And I am in the process of keeping ARGUS out. It will take a miracle for them to get back in the system."

"Careful to not be too cocky," Vertigo warned the hacker. "Miracles happen, at the worst possible time. Do not get too arrogant."

Vertigo would not have even considered his darling niece to be dead, until the body had been brought before him. He would play the part of a tragic uncle, with Talia al Ghul being the best person to accuse of the crime. Given the fact she was the Daughter of Ra's al Ghul.

His reach might not have enveloped the entire world, but enough the world would be enveloped for the Count to move forward. There were several goals in mind, and the Count would achieve them all. The only thing he wanted more than control was the Green Arrow to be on her knees before him, broken and humbled.

The scars of Vertigo's face showed how much of a score he had to settle.

"On my signal, it begins."

Rose and Princess Perdita sat in the middle of the living room at the safe house playing Monopoly. Rose picked up a card from the deck and frowned.

"Second prize in the Beauty Contest?" Rose asked. "I'm always insulted by that card for some reason."
"Be careful for rolling another double," Perdita said. "You will end up in jail…although it is nowhere near as scary as jail is back in my home country."

Rose could only imagine. She politely nodded and was about ready to roll her third double.

"So, this game…"

"It's supposed to be a warning about the dangers of capitalistic greed gone wrong," Rose said. "Or gone to their worst possible extremes."

"Any kind of greed could go very wrong," Perdita said. "It doesn't have to be from a Capitalist country like America."

Rose smiled in response, the girl was wise beyond her years. To be honest, the game was a good way to kill a few hours on a rainy day. She didn't get doubles, but landed a chance space.

"Advance to Boardwalk?" Rose asked. "You've got to be kidding me!"

Rose cringed at the fact there was a hotel on Boardwalk, and she made a quick mental calculation. Even mortgaging all of her properties, and leaving her with nothing to recoup her losses would leave her with nothing.

"That would about wipe you out," Perdita said.

"Yes, game over, congratulations," Rose said. "I'm reminded why I hate this game."

"Well, you gave it a noble run," Perdita said. "And perhaps next time, you could make smarter investment decisions?"

Rose could not believe she had been lectured about her board game playing skills from a fourteen year old girl. Unfortunately, there was a sound and Rose grabbed Perdita and threw her behind the couch.

A rocket launcher destroyed the table and the board game. It sent ashened Monopoly bucks flying into the air.

'Shit!' Rose thought.

Several footsteps came. Perdita already slipped towards the panic room, well-reasoned, and Rose hit her own panic button for Talia to come.

If they were here, Rose just had to fear the worst. Vertigo's men climbed in through the windows which had been destroyed, and Rose realized she could not hide forever.
Chapter Eighty-Four: Off Balance Part One

Rose Wilson held her back against the wall against several of Vertigo's mercenary forces. The skilled fighter took a second to take a couple of deep breaths and show a fair amount of obvious frustration. Rose closed her eyes a few seconds later and let out one of the most frustrated breaths the poor woman ever let out ever. Another deep breath, and Rose tried to calm down about as much as possible.

The three mercenaries stepped inside, about three feet away from Rose. Rose reached over to a busted lamp on the table, and took it into a very shaky hand. The woman drew in a deep breath, realizing the jagged points from the light bulb could be used as a very evident weapon.

Rose swung around and impaled the nearest man she could find with the lamp's lightbulb. The man dropped to the ground, and Rose pulled back to nail him with a kick to the ribs. Another kick to the ribs rocked the man and Rose jumped up.

One of them shot at Rose, attempting to bring her down in cold blood. The woman drew in a very obvious breath, clinging onto the wall a moment or so later. Further bullets came close into connecting with Rose. Rose picked up a broken piece of the mantle and hurled it, knocking the gun out of the hand.

Rose dropped down to the ground, blade in hand, and ripped the blade deep inside of the back of the goon, dropping him down to his knees. Rose pulled back and smashed the blade deep into the shoulder blades of the goon, dropping him down onto the ground with one more obvious attack.

Blood spurted out of the back of the neck of the attack, and Rose pulled up, very focused for the attack. One of the other mercenaries charged Rose and engaged the woman in a hand to hand battle. Rose dipped underneath and caught him with a blow to the inner thigh. Another attack dropped the goon down to the ground, and Rose flipped the attacker down onto the ground.

A miniature rocket launcher broke the other set of windows near the front. Rose viewed the figure on the edge, who fired.

"This is your final warning, surrender the Princess, or we're going to blow this entire place up, with you inside."

Surrender the Princess, well that wasn't going to be happening. Rose's indignation reached a fever pitch when taking in a deep breath.

"Why don't you come and fight me, unless you're bigger cowards than your master," Rose said. "Oh, wait, that's what you are, aren't you? You can't do anything. You are nothing, but fools, and Vertigo is the king of fools."

One of the mercenaries in the sitting room of the safe house tried to reach for the gun. Rose did an about face and curb stomped the man's arm, shattering several bones. Rose hooked onto the arm and drove him down into the ground as hard as possible.

'I'm going to have to deal with the man with the rocket launcher next,' Rose thought, breathing in and breathing out a moment or so later.
Almost on cue, an arrow flew out of nowhere and pierced the man with the rocket launcher directly between the shoulder blades, dropping him down to the ground. A figure jumped up and kicked the goon directly in the back of the head.

Relief struck Rose a second or so later.

'Okay, maybe not.'

Rose took a moment to breath in and breath out. She saw a very familiar figure in black. Talia dodged the attacks and came back with a series of rapid fire blows. The fists and feet, smashed into the pressure points of the mercenary, and dropped him down to the ground.

One of the goons looked towards Nyssa, and received an arrow to the stomach, doubling him over. The Daughter of the Demon flipped high into the air and came down onto the back of the head. She ripped the dagger out of the sheath, turned around, and flung it into the stomach of one of the mercenaries.

The Arrow stood eye to eye with one of the larger men. The men cranked up a dial on a gauntlet and sent a vibration towards the Arrow. The skilled archer flipped into the air to avoid the attack. The Arrow dropped down a few feet behind the attacker and rushed forward, the vibrating gauntlet hand moving towards the attacker. The Arrow fired off multiple shots.

The powered up man had been forced to rip the gauntlet off before it blew it. This put him into perfect position for a Talia take down. Talia beat the ever living hell out of the man with repeated punches to the back of the head. The Daughter of Ra's al Ghul planted the man down onto the ground.

"We might want to leave one of them breathing," Nyssa said.

Talia grabbed one of the mercenaries who attacked, turned him around by the arm.

"You can still breath with a broken arm," Talia said. A loud crack echoed when Talia shattered several bones with one armbreaker style takedown. "You have one arm left….for now….I suggest you talk."

The mercenary struggled, and succumbed to the logic. The Daughter of the Demon had him in a position where she made a very compelling sounded argument.

Amanda Waller's mood could turn pretty sour in a heartbeat, and one of the things turned the woman's mood sour like nothing else was when she lost control. The woman paced around the ARGUs headquarters, resembling a bat out of hell, or something along those lines. Waller took in a deep breath, and turned the people who had been working hard to try and find a solution here at ARGUS.

"Are you trying to tell me there is no way you can regain control of the system?" Waller asked.

One of the resident tech people responded by shaking his head furiously.

"We've tried….I don't know how they did it…but they've found a way to shut us out. We can do a hard reboot…"

"Not an option right now," Waller said.

Waller had her back against the wall, and not in a good way. The fact was, doing a hard reboot could
potentially damage the ARGUS system beyond repair. There were several backdoors, and failsafes, and Waller realized it was what Vertigo was after this entire time.

He could use the ARGUS satellites to broadcast his Vertigo effect to most of the free world. Well, most of the free world, there were always a couple of places which were out of reach.

Unless, Vertigo positioned the satellites at just the right angle.

"Get me, Oracle on the line," Waller said.

"We can't communicate out, Commander," the technician responded a moment later. "It's trapped… we can't get…"

"Well, then get a team ready to leave the base, and to grab her."

Waller's desperation would be such that she would enlist the help of Barbara Gordon of all people. Not that she did not think highly of the woman's capabilities or the woman as a person in general. No, Waller, thought owing a favor to anyone who worked for the Bat, it was a rather distasteful thought.

'Harkness, what have you done you son of a bitch?'

Waller just waited for the other shoe to drop. The throbbing headache she received from the tension would be nothing compared to what would happen when Count Vertigo broadcasted his wave all over the system. The commander of ARGUS turned around in the hallway, and marched down to the high security cells to have a chat with one of their most infamous prisoners.

Digger Harkness, Captain Boomerang, just casually reclined against the worn cot in the cell of ARGUS. The man looked rather bored, but almost amused. Slowly, fingers drummed, a ritual which caused Waller to get more and more on edge until she looked into the cell at the man in question.

"Oh, I believe you need my help now, don't you?" Harkness asked.

"Werner Vertigo could kill countless people thanks to your greed," Waller said.

"Shelia, I'm pretty sure Vertigo has counted the amount of people he wants to kill, and it must be….well, yes it's a lot of people," Captain Boomerang said. "You should have taken him out when you had the chance. If you would have slipped me a little money under the table, I would have done the job nicely. But, I guess, even the great Amanda Waller has her masters in the government. You know, I worked with your mother, and she would have been disappointed with how soft her baby girl is."

"Oh, you want to see soft, Harkness, just wait until I get my hands on you," Waller said.

"Well, when a woman gets their hands on me, normally, it's anything but soft, Shelia."

Waller took a moment to calm down, even though it took every fiber of her being, every bit of self control imaginable not to reach through the bars of the cage and wrap her hands around the neck of Harkness. It just came with the territory, dealing with arrogant assholes like this.

"He's going to use that Vertigo whammy thing on most of the populated countries of the world, until his demands are met," Harkness said. "He doesn't strike me as a very reasonable guy for some reason. So, that's a bit of a bad break for you, now isn't it?"

It became very apparent Harkness enjoyed making Amanda Waller squirm, and took great pleasure
in pissing the woman off.

"You know something else."

"Well, best I can tell is, he can blanket about seventy percent of the world if he positions your little satellites up there just right," Harkness said. "Just think, ARGUS's Big Brother Network is going to lead to the destruction of the world. Not sure what to make of that, but that's certainly something isn't…"

A dull ringing entered Harkness's head and suddenly, the ringing caused him to fall back on the cell.

"Oh, you son of a bitch!" Harkness yelled.

The ringing hit pretty much everyone in ARGUS headquarters at once. Waller clutched onto the wall, nails digging in. Waller took a few seconds to try and pull free from the wall. It was very hard for her to stand up straight and not drop down onto the ground.

"Agent DeCosta!" Waller yelled.

Beatriz DeCosta tried to block out the sounds. The Vertigo wave bombarded the side of the agent's head and the desire to throw up became pretty much overwhelming. She slid to her knees, with several of the other government agents following.

Waller crawled over, they needed to find a way to block this out, call for help. Thankfully, they had one emergency failsafe, if Waller could reach it.

The pounding of her head, it had become too much. Amanda Waller had been weighed down onto the ground, groaning in response. Her eyes watered when it became overwhelming.

'No, no, it's not going to end…not like this.'

Waller dragged herself on the ground, before blacking out from the agony. The Vertigo wave was much stronger than the last one, and every time Waller opened her eyes, the light burned something fierce, and the ringing of her head did not stopped.

If the frequency got increased even more, then they could kiss their lives, and perhaps the rest of the world goodbye. Vertigo's terrorist actions were on a global scale.

"ARGUS has already fallen," Felicity said. "The base has been locked down, emergency protocol, which mean Lyla has to find an alternate way to get inside, to try and establish a connection for Barbara and I to hopefully, hopefully, hopefully shut this down."

The distress in Felicity's voice could be obvious. Sara, Talia, Nyssa, Rose, and Perdita stood outside of the damaged terror. Talia managed to get some information out of the mercenary, even though it just reinforced everything they knew before. Count Vertigo planned to assassinate the princess, and plant the rap on Talia. Talia figured about as much, although she was not one hundred percent of the situation to be perfectly honest.

"You're going to need these, if the waves reach here," Sara said.

Rose, the Elite Guard, and Perdita all took ear pieces and slipped them inside.

"Thank you," Perdita said a second or so later. "It is time to end this charade, and bring my uncle down once and for all."
"We could not agree with you more," Talia said. "My guard will take both you and Rose to a safe space, so you can….."

"No," Perdita said. "If we are going to take down my uncle, then I must see this through to the very end. For too long, I've lived in fear of him killing me, and now, just disappearing has caused more harm than good. I can't let this happen anymore, especially when the entire world is in danger because of him...because of...because of me."

The Princess let out her breath in a very defeated matter.

"You were just the excuse," Nyssa said. "Your Uncle....."

"Maybe if I had still be a factor, maybe if I would have still been around, he would not have been brazen enough to try anything," Perdita said, offering a very slight shrug. "Leaving to avoid assassination though did the exact opposite of what I intended to. It didn't remove power from the hands of my Uncle...no, it put more power in his hands, and now, we have to fix this...we have to fix this right now."

Perdita leaned in and placed a hand on Talia's shoulder.

"I appreciate all of what the League has done for me," Perdita said. "But, I can't hide for the rest of my life in some safe space, isolated from the harsh realities of the world. If I show up, my uncle will cease his aggression. I'm confident of that."

"If you show up, he could kill you," Sara said.

"He will make the attempt," Perdita said. "But, I'm more...resistant than you might think."

Sara did not know what to make of that. She turned a few seconds later and both Nyssa and Talia looked at each other. They had not looked at each other properly, despite fighting side by side to take down a common enemy.

"We have been at odds for too long, for petty reasons," Talia said.

"Yes, I agree," Nyssa said. "The League of Assassins must unite against a common threat, and we must take them down....Vertigo will destroy all we've accomplished if we let him."

"We won't let him win though," Talia said. "We can't let him win...so, we're in this together, to the bitter end."

"Tonight won't be our end though," Nyssa said.

The two sisters shook hands with each other, it was a foundation they would build on in the future. They pulled away from each other.

"I've got what I think is good news," Chloe said. "The attacks, well, there's no delicate way to put this, but the attacks, they've suddenly stopped. And Vertigo....well, I'm not sure what he's doing."

"It was one last warning shot," Perdita said. "This is why I have to return home now, to prevent future aggression."

"We're not going to give him a chance," Sara said. "Oracle, are you there?"

"Yeah, I'm there," Barbara said. "ARGUS is still locked down, so it's going to be difficult, but I'm with Lyla now, and we're going to find a way inside, sooner or later."
Sara half suspected Vertigo locked down ARGUS to prevent anyone from getting inside. And now that he stopped the attack, it became perfectly clear that some kind of droning rant was coming, about how Vertigo was going to bring everyone to their knees. There was one constant with anyone who took out the mantle of Count Vertigo, and that was they enjoyed the sound of their own voices.

"Karen?" Sara asked.

"Yeah," Karen said.

"Starrwave has the second most advanced satellites in the world, other than the ones used by ARGUS to spy on people," Sara said. "Do you think….."

"Well, I'll give it an effort," Karen said. "I think you're going to need all the help you can though, so I'll get Chloe on it….providing she isn't already on it, because you know how she is."

"Actually, I'm in position, and ready to do what I can to help," Chloe said.

The ringing suddenly and abruptly stopped. Amanda Waller pulled herself off of the floor, still feeling dizzy, and she was not the only one. Some of the agents laid out on the floor, the Vertigo effect affecting them worse than others. Other agents started to return to getting up. Some still laid on the ground.

Waller stepped over, and leaned down to check on one of the agents of ARGUS who had been taken down. She felt a pulse, it was very faint, but it was there.

"I know you can hear me now."

One of the last voices Amanda Waller wanted to hear as long as she lived broadcasted over the ARGUS network. Waller took a deep breath, despite the distaste of the voice, she really wanted to hear this.

"Maybe we should cut the power?" one of the agents suggested.

"No, we shouldn't," Waller said. "You learn nothing from ignoring what an enemy has to say."

"Not only can the people at ARGUS hear me, but every radio station can hear me, every television station in the civilized world can see my face."

The screens at ARGUS popped up to reveal the hooded form of Count Vertigo, popping up over. Those beady little eyes shined out with so much malice in them.

"I've been more than patient with ARGUS, but my patience is running rapidly out," Vertigo said. "ARGUS has eight hours to surrender Princess Perdita to the custody of my honor guard, so she can be safely escorted back to the palace. If eight hours pass, and the Princess is not within our country's borders, then the next shot I fire, won't be a warning attack. It will be the real deal."

Waller gritted her teeth. She did not have the slightest idea where the Princess was and the more Vertigo persistanted, the more angry Waller became.

"Remember, you have eight hours…and the clock is ticking. I will launch an attack. ARGUS won't be able to stop it because I hold their system. Their best hackers won't be able to even try."

Waller knew that much. The doors finally slid open, and Lyla stepped inside. She slid a package into Waller's hand.
"I would have brought these over sooner."

"Well, better later than never."

STAR Labs had gone above and beyond the call of duty creating these sound dampeners. Waller had questions about how they would hold out if the frequency had been increased. Those questions would have to wait until later was Waller turned to face one of the top agents of ARGUS.

"I've brought Barbara Gordon."

A small crossed over the face of Amanda Waller. No question about it, being brought one of the premier hackers in the world was a lot better news that being brought an ear piece which would cancel out any Vertigo effects, at least in her mind it was.

"Just move aside, please."

"Of course," the technician at the desk said. "And I have to say, it's an honor to be working alongside the legendary Oracle....I mean seriously.....it's just..."

"Hey, I'm just a concerned citizen, doing what I can do to help," Barbara said. "And once I get inside the network, and establish a link, hopefully Felicity can work her magic, and help me purge the nasty effects of Vertigo from the system....of course, it's going to have to be one hundred percent lock out."

"Do what you have to do," Waller said.

"Hey, am I?"

"Yes, Felicity, you're in, for the moment, but...this program is working very hard to purge anything that shouldn't be in," Barbara said. "The real trick is not to trigger any of the fail safe protocols Vertigo might have put into the system....because there's a very clear chance that he activated some auto-trigger for the Vertigo."

"Right, there are several blind spots in the coding...the guy who worked on this was very good," Felicity said. "Well, not as good as you, real amateur hour stuff compared to you, but as far as evil bad guy hackers go, he's pretty good, you know."

"And we're live."

Chloe popped in to the communication.

"So, do you think you're up for this?" Barbara asked.

"Please, I've been hacking government systems since I was a teenager," Chloe said.

"I'll overlook the fact you've admitted to committing several felonies, if it means you can get your way back into the system," Waller said.

Lyla motioned for Waller to follow her. Despite the ear piece being in, Waller felt like each step was on uneven ground. She looked a lot better than Digger Harkness who leaned face down in the cell, with a very evident moan coming from his body.

"So, I received information from the usual sources of where Vertigo might be holed up," Lyla said.

"We have an eight hour window," Waller said. "We can grab Vertigo, and it will be over."
"Unless of course the Vertigo effect is rigged to go off automatically."

Waller understood where Lyla was going for on that particular front. They were working through a very dangerous and treacherous bit of navigation. Waller could only begin to figure out what kind of frustration they were going to feel by the end of the night.

Half of her agents would spend some time recovering, and the other half, well they were fortunate enough to be able to withstand the worst of the blast. It was no picnic.

"So, are we going out?"

Beatriz looked across the hallway, a nervous expression on the agent's face. Lyla leaned in and put a hand on Beatriz's shoulder, staring them.

"Well, that's not my call."

"It is tonight," Waller said. "I'm putting you in charge of a strike team who is going to take down Count Vertigo. Get as many agents as you think are going to be able to handle the heat."

Meanwhile, Waller hoped that these hackers would work their magic. They had gotten further than expected, but with eight hours running down, they were on the clock.

Felicity never thought the entire weight of the world rested on her shoulders, and yet, it did. She typed away at the keyboard, trying to retake the ARGUS system. There were several layers of the system, and Felicity learned much more about the extent of how the government was spying on them, then she really wanted to do.

Laurel, Artemis, and Thea stood in the Clocktower, all of them suited up and ready to go.

"So, what's the chance that Vertigo decides to strike tonight of all nights in Starling City?" Artemis asked.

"Given that he still has a hard-on for getting revenge on Sara, pretty good," Laurel said.

"Oh, I'm so glad we have the ear pieces," Thea said. "I never want to be struck down by Vertigo again as long as I live."

Artemis drew in a deep breath and a very real fear entered the mind of the young archer which could not be squashed down no matter how hard the young woman tried.

"We do...we do think they'll still work if Vertigo amplifies the frequency, right?" Artemis asked.

"Natasha claimed they would when we talked to her," Laurel said. "Guess, we're going to have to put that to the test, won't we?"

"Good news," Barbara chimed in through the headset. "I've found a back entrance...well a side entrance...it's going to take some getting around but you should be able to retake at least a third of the sentence by the next two hours."

"Which leaves us with four hours to take two thirds of the system," Chloe said. "Which I guess it could work in theory."

"It has to work," Felicity said.

"Six hours left, and we're on the move," Sara said. "And so is Lyla...we'll keep you posted."
"And I'll be here, navigating through the very sophisticated and multi-layered security system, without triggering Vertigo into killing us all for messing up his plans," Felicity said.

"Felicity, I'm confident you'll be fine," Sara said.

"Yeah, good, I'm glad," Felicity said.

"It's only the entire weight of the free world on your shoulders," Barbara said. "No pressure or anything."

To Be Continued on November 7th, 2017.
Chapter Eighty-Five: Off Balance Part Two

Time ticked by as Vertigo had not heard any news from ARGUS about the Princess. He had a feeling they had her in a safe house, and several of his men were currently looking in several potential locations. So far, Vertigo did not hear back from them, which did not make him upset. It just caused a brief smile to pass over the face of the dangerous criminal when he waited.

'Time will pass, and my destiny to take control of the world and crush all of my enemies will take fold,' Vertigo thought a moment or so later.

He also gave ARGUS time to confess the fact they had the Princess because Vertigo wanted to enhanced the security network, and the reach of the Vertigo effect. Several countries did not have the technology, unfortunately, to be brought to their knees. Vertigo wanted everyone to bow before him, from the mightiest of world powers to the most petulant of third-world backwaters.

"Make sure to increase the scope," Vertigo said. "Get as much of the world as possible. What are your latest calculations?"

"By burning through the full power of the satellites, I calculate we can have nearly eighty percent of the world underneath the Vertigo effect," one of the hacker said. "I'm going to try and stretch the capacity beyond that point. It's been an honor working with you."

Vertigo smiled. Those hackers had been some of the most brilliant and devious minds in the world. He promised them power and respect beyond their wildest dreams, a chance to make everyone who ever spurned them pay. Vertigo's fingers clutched together, with hood draping down.

'Soon, she will pay too.'

As much as Vertigo wished to see the Arrow be destroyed, Vertigo wanted to draw out the agony, and make sure she suffered like nothing before. Vertigo clutched his fingers together for a few seconds and took a deep breath. Patience, slow and steady won the race and accomplished greatness.

"Sir, we have a problem."

Count Vertigo turned towards the hacker who had spoken this sentence. Vertigo did not like having problems. He did not like the unforeseen to get in his way. The Count's lips curled into a snarl when gazing upon the hacker who had dared spoken up.

"What is the problem?" Vertigo asked a moment later.

"Someone is trying to hack into our system," the hacker said.

Vertigo mentally checked himself before taking a deep breath. It was very impossible to be perfectly honest, and Vertigo closed his eyes. The man's head started to throb. Every time tension rose through his mind, there was a headache coming on very prominently.

"How is it even possible?" Vertigo asked. "Tell me!"

A hard grip on the back of the man's chair caused the computer hacker to stand up straight. Flying fingers accessed the system, someone who was trying to get inside, and not only get inside, but undo
what was done. Only a skilled eye would be able to pick up this subtle attempt to get inside.

"They've found a way inside of ARGUS's backdoor and is trying to retake control of the system," the hacker said. "I can delay them, until the rest of my team gets the second layer of my security up."

"Do it," Vertigo said. "They will pay for their insolence."

The door opened up and one of Vertigo's aides stepped on through. The man stepped forward and almost dropped to a knee. Wordlessly, Vertigo reached forward and grabbed the aide by the neck before slowly pulling him up to a standing position.

"I'm in the middle of a very delicate operation," Vertigo said. "I trust you haven't wasted my time."

"No, your majesty," the aide said in a very shaky and very breathless voice. "News has come from Vlatva, and it's her…she's returned….the Princess."

To be honest, this was one of the last things Vertigo expected to hear at this particular moment. For once, something had gone according to plan. The Count's grip released the aide and caused him to slide back a fraction of an inch to the ground. A wicked smile crossed over the face of the callous count when looking down at the man in question.

"She has returned," Vertigo said. "Why now of all times?"

Vertigo would have put even odds on the fact the Princess had been killed in custody, or ARGUS would not let her out. Immediately, Vertigo understood what this was, and understood this was a very last-ditch effort to ensure that they would have some leverage over Vertigo.

"I will have my cake and eat it too," Vertigo said.

"Your majesty?" the aide asked in an uncertain voice.

"Ready the plane, I'll be on it, and we'll return to the royal palace," Vertigo said. "As any devoted Uncle would be, I'm concerned about the Princess. She could have been compromised by being in the custody of ARGUS for so long….I will join you in ten minutes. Be ready then."

The aide responded with a brisk nod, understanding precisely what Count Vertigo wanted from him. Vertigo turned towards the hacker who had been at work trying to find a solution to break through the network and stop the Hood completely and one hundred percent cold.

"Make sure you gain control," Vertigo told the hacker a second later. "Do everything you can to get back into the system, as soon as possible."

"Right," the hacker responded, nodding in response.

Vertigo turned around and departed from the area. He long suspected the Hood had a hacker in her employ. Now, putting two and two together could have figured out who it was. Vertigo was not concerned with the identity of some bit player. There were bigger fish to pry and a Princess to take care of.

One more step and the throne would be secured. The Princess would be distressed, and would have to be locked away for her own protection, naturally. And her devoted uncle would take control of the country, and ensure that everyone would stand up to the people from the west who oppressed them.

Princess Perdita took in a deep breath and sighed. The young girl looked very nervous, but she had
to step into the middle of the dragon's den. She stepped inside of the palace, and turned around. The guards moved over, and one of them stepped back.

"Princess Perdita….we all feared you….."

"You thought I was dead," Perdita said. "Allow me to pass into the palace."

The guards looked on anxiously. Perdita folded her arms and gave them a side long stare before coughing a moment later.

"That wasn't a suggestion, that was an order!"

The commanding tone the teenager gave made the guards move away. The Princess stepped forward into the picture. Everyone around the palace, servants, advisors, guards, everyone looked in. The people of her country would soon hear the word that the Princess would have returned as well.

"I'm here and I have returned," Perdita said. "I know many of you feared I was dead. And there were more than a few of you who hoped I was gone, deceased. For, you have been promised a spot in the new ruling council by my Uncle, Count Werner Vertigo."

The people in the room started to look at each other, and some of them looked very anxious. Perhaps there was guilt coming in to their expressions. Perdita did not know, so she pressed on.

"Regardless of your feelings, I'm still the rightful successor to this throne!" she cried out in the most prominent voice possible. "I am the person who will come here, and I will take control of the country, my parents lost control."

The Princess gained a good head of steam, breathing in and breathing out. Passion rang through the voice of the teenager, wise beyond her years, unfortunately because it was the only way she could survive.

"I did not spend the past two years of my life fearing that I would be taken out in a political hit," Perdita said. "Rather, I spent some time doing my homework, and gathering the proof I needed. I gathered evidence about the type of man that Werner Vertigo is, and the depths my uncle would take to secure this country."

The statement went off about as controversial as Perdita would have expected. The people inside the room started to murmur and some of them looked at the Princess. Some of them looked at her like a confused child, but some of them were willing to listen. And all of them wanted to hear what the Princess had to say. Even the people who are skeptical at best and outright supporters of the Count at first.

"I've gathered evidence about his deception!" Perdita cried at the top of her lungs. "I've got concrete proof who was behind the assassination plot when I was five, which killed my parents. And left me in constant care for most of my childhood. He was behind it and beyond several other plans. You can't deny evidence."

Perdita pulled out a folder of documents. It was merely just a copy, several others had been in a secure location. She was no fool, knowing how evidence tended to disappear. Once this was all over, Perdita intended to get the evidence to all of the relevant government agents and nail her Uncle to the wall in the worst possible way.

"He plans to sell the country out for a profit," Perdita said. "He's not for the citizens who toll every day, working to make an honest living, living to put bread on their family's table. No, he's out for something else. He's out to make himself a dictator, and I know the people of Vlatva are far better
than that. They are not puppets. We are a proud and noble people who can be great. We make the
most of what we have, even if we don't have many advantages, many things others take for granted."

"Princess, I know you're distressed," one of the members of the council said. "Where have you been
for the past two years?"

"I'm in a safe place, Councilman," Perdita said, dragging in a deep breath. "But, that safe place was
not so safe, and you can't spend your entire life hiding in a space place. You can't spend your entire
life just waiting for someone to hold your hand and to give you a medal just for living. You need to
go out and do something, and tonight, I'm doing something."

"Princess, your distressed," the councilman said. "Perhaps you should go the medical bay."

"No," Perdita said. "My mind is clearer than it has ever been before. I see everything clearly, I see
what my uncle is."

"It's obvious the Princess has been compromised by Western Influences," the Councilman said.

"I don't know," another Councilman said. "Never really trusted Werner Vertigo…always seemed to
be….odd."

"He had the best intentions of this country in mind!" the Councilman yelled, pounding his fist upon
the table. "Can't you see what he's accomplished? Are you going to let some distressed child ruin
everything?"

"I'm no child, I'm your Queen," Perdita said a moment later. "And I order you to tell me how much
he paid you, Councilman. How much did he give you to betray your principles? You might be
talking about Western Influence, but you like their money just as much as the next corrupt man."

The Councilman looked nervous. Another man made his way downstairs and looked surprised the
Princess had been there, but recovered.

"Everyone, Count Vertigo is returning."

Perdita just smiled, she knew the rat would come out from the sewers eventually. And she would
have the perfect opening to trap him.

Sara tracked the hackers to the location and made her way very carefully through the vents. These
vents were a tight fit, so Sara had be careful not to back herself into the counter.

"You're going to have to get some kind of connection when you get inside," Barbara said. "The
hacker, he's not too bad, but he's cracking under pressure. He's making a lot of sloppy mistakes."

"Given when someone like Vertigo is your boss, would you expect any different?" Felicity asked.

"The North Vent leads you the easiest way inside," Chloe chimed in. "I've disabled the security
sensors, but I'm not sure how long it's going to take before they pop back on. So, you're going to have
to hurry and get in."

"Hey, I wanted to disable the security sensors," Felicity said.

Sara mentally tried to figure out a good reason why having three hackers chattering away in her ear
was a good thing. Thankfully, her iron focus was able to block out most of the techno-babble. It
would have given Sara a headache regardless.
The girl dropped down to the ground and knocked one of Vertigo's men. He had one of the gauntlets on, and Sara recalled the problems. Those vibrating shock gauntlets were a bit of a problem, but thankfully, Sara noticed a weak spot.

'All I have to do is drop the guard without drawing any attention,' Sara thought. 'Real peace of cake, really.'

Sara steadied the grip of her bow and shot it to the wrist of the man. The man gave an agonizing groan, and Sara jumped down on the back of the man's head. The henchmen dropped to the ground with Sara planting him head first into the ground. The archer stepped back to leave the man face first down on the ground. A smile popped over Sara's face when she realized what was going on.

'Okay, one down, about three more to go.'

The hooded vigilante stepped closer to the other end of the room. Two of them were shielding the hacker, and Barbara's comments were spot on. The hacker felt a bit of the heat.

"Damn it, you're good," the hacker said.

"Yeah, damn right I'm good," Barbara whispered in the ear piece, the sensitivity picking up everything the hacker said.

"Don't pat yourself on the back just yet," Chloe said.

"Yeah, I don't know if any of you are seeing this from your end, but he's trying to prepare something nasty to block us out," Felicity said. "Fortunately, I've dealt with hackers with these kind of techniques back in the day."

"Yeah, well I dealt with them before you," Chloe said. "Just let me at him, and I'll take him down."

"Oh, really, you're having problems with this amateur," Barbara said. "Girls, either your slipping, or I'm just that damn good."

Needless to say, Sara blocked those thoughts out of her mind and moved in close. The man turned his head to the side which opened up this particular Vertigo mercenary from an attack from Sara. The arrow connected the side of the man's neck and dropped him down.

The other goon turned around, and Sara nailed him with an arrow to the side of the neck.

"Okay, I give up!"

The hacker threw his hands up to the air and rose to his feet. The other hackers followed suit, some of them trying to put some of their fellow hackers in front to avoid getting an arrow.

"Don't put an arrow in our knee or anything," one of the hackers said.

Sara just smiled underneath the hood. She was not going to shoot these hackers, but leaving them squirm amused the girl to no end.

"I don't think his plan would have worked anyway," the hacker said. "It's a pretty dumb plan when you really think about it, there's really nothing to do with it."

"Okay, do you think this will get you in the system?" Sara asked.

"Yeah, no problem, piece of cake," Felicity said. "Although, maybe not a good flavor of cake, because someone triggered some kind of internal failsafe device. I hate it when the bad guys are
bitches when they get beaten."

"How much time do you have to shut it down?" Sara asked.

Her ride was right outside the door, and Sara needed to make sure everything had been in place. Felicity mentally made a calculation.

"Nine minutes, thirty three seconds," Felicity said. "Okay, I can do this….I can so do this, I mean, I've done stuff like this before, only not on a grand scale."

One could almost hear Felicity cracking her knuckles from the other end of the communication. She took a deep breath and responded with a sigh.

"Actually, we don't need to shut it down, just block the signals to buy us some more time," Barbara said. "Three relay points, three hackers….you take the first one, I'll take the second, and Chloe can take the third."

Felicity thought that made sense. They could be bought an hour or more, at least by her calculations. Providing of course nothing went wrong, and Felicity would put even odds on the fact something could wrong. Still, despite the nerves ending the body of the hacker, she would have to think positive. Not thinking positive could mean doom for everyone involved.

'Okay, we can do this,' Felicity said. 'Oh, yes, we can do this, oh yes we can, and yes we will...do this, I mean.'

Felicity took in another deep breath in response and a smile popped over the face of the hacker. They could most certainly do this.

Sara moved over, and the next stop was the royal palace of Vlatva. And thanks to some help, she could be there in a Flash.

Vertigo stepped to the palace, but some of the royal guards made their way in front of them.

"I am Count Werner Vertigo," he said. "And I demand you all let me through at once."

"You are to come to us, for investigation," one of the guards said. "You are wanted for treason against the country."

"How dare you accuse me of treason?" Vertigo asked, his eyes flaring very nastily. "I run this country. Without me, none of you would be standing there, having the nerve to order me. I demand you step outside and let me inside of the palace."

Several of Vertigo's men leaned in and prepared to do something to bully the guards over. To the credit of all of the guards involved, they all stood their ground, and refused to budge. Vertigo looked at the guards, and all of them disgusted the Count.

"We are under orders to bring you in by any means necessary."

"I am the only one to give the orders around here," Vertigo said. "For ten years, I've kept this country from falling into disrepair. Without me ruling with a firm hand, you would have fallen deep into a civil war by now. So, I ask you, who dares disregard my authority? I demand you let me know at once."

"They are on my orders."
Vertigo looked at Perdita. He would not have completely believed she had returned.

"My darling niece," Vertigo said. "I am pleased to see you are well, and you have grown up so much. I was concerned ARGUS would have killed you."

"ARGUS did not hold me, and I left on my own accord," Perdita said. "I know what you've did, Uncle. You have been making deals with HIVE, and with anyone else, to use the country's resources to put money in your pocket, while the rest of us starved."

"Child, you must understand, all I've done is for the good fo the country," Vertigo said.

"I'm not an ignorant little girl, Uncle," Perdita said. "You were the one who killed them, killed my parents."

"My darling sister and her husband?" Vertigo asked. "You've been brainwashed to think of such a thing. I can't believe they would ruin your mind….well, I'll make everything right. She's obviously not in her right mind, and not fit to rule the country. It's sad, but I will honor you well, Perdita, by taking control of the country."

"I've seen the evidence," Perdita said. "You are nothing, but a lying treasonous snake, and I have pictures of you speaking with the assassin. And he mysteriously died before he could given evidence of your deception."

Vertigo look one look at the Princess, and there was a look of sadness, almost sorrow on the face of the man. The hen smiled.

"Fall," Vertigo said.

The troops surrounding Perdita fell to the ground, and the Vertigo effect affected them. Perdita stepped back instantly, looking at her uncle.

"Our princess has been unfortunately brainwashed, and these misguided fools have believed her delusion," Vertigo said. "She's been in the custody of the United States government, and she will be detained…to make sure the affects of the brain washing have been undone. And anyone who supports her, you will be locked up as well. This country needs to be united against its real enemy, the hated United States of America and their enemies."

Perdita slumped down onto the ground. Vertigo smiled.

"And she's distressed as well, she feels like she's done wrong."

Vertigo reached down, and Perdita looked about ready to throw up on the ground. The Count hoisted the poor defenseless girl up off of the ground.

Suddenly, in a flash, Perdita stabbed Vertigo in the stomach with a concealed knife. Talia prepared her for this moment, the right moment to get in close enough. She only wounded Vertigo partially, but it was enough for her to rise up. The ear piece Sara gave her did the job in blocking out the Vertigo effect.

"Do you think I'm stupid?"

In an instant, Vertigo grabbed Perdita around the head and pushed her down onto the ground. The Count stood face first over his knees, his hand vibrating very slightly against the back of her head. The manic look on his face, coupled with grimaces of pain, showed how much Count Vertigo had lost all sense of himself.
"Tell me what you think!" Vertigo yelled.

No one could save the Princess, due to the entire guard being struck down from the Vertigo effect.

"You're beyond rescue," Vertigo said. "You will need to be put down like a mad dog. I'm sorry, child, I'm really sorry, but it's for the good of this country."

Seconds passed, when Vertigo started to slowly split Perdita's skull in half with a well placed Vertigo effect. Fortunately, an arrow struck him in the back and knocked him down against the wall.

Two blurs shot in and took out Vertigo's mercenaries before anyone else in the chamber could react.

Felicity was almost done disrupting the signal, as was Chloe and Barbara on their respective ends. Slowly, Felicity bit down on her lip, and took a deep breath.

"You know something about this ARGUS system?" Felicity asked. "I can't think of a practical use for it, other than coming back to bite us on the ass, big time later on."

"No kidding," Chloe said.

"Well, good news is, we almost have the signals blocked, and things should be…well at least we have more time," Barbara said.

Barbara knew more than enough about getting into the system. The last couple of minutes until the countdown made Barbara take in a deep breath.

"Okay, and now I think once this is disabled, we should get in and reenable ARGUS's access," Felicity said. "And I'm sure Waller is getting a strike team ready, but there's a chance Vertigo is going to try something nasty on his end. So you might want to be ready for that."

"We are ready, Ms. Smoak," Waller chimed okay.

"Okay, got it," Felicity said.

Felicity would have pumped her fist in the air. Laurel, Thea, and Artemis hung around the background, and waited for an attack which never came, at least not yet.

"So, can we breathe easily?" Thea asked.

"I was hoping for something a bit more exciting," Artemis said. "Guess, we wrong and I guess this city wasn't the….."

"Deployment codes accepted."

Felicity stopped and she took a deep breath.

"Waller, what's that?" Felicity asked in a tone of forced calmness.

"It's one of ARGUS's final failsafe in case of a crisis level situation," Waller said. "It's an EMP device which is designed to take out a rebel country."

"And Vertigo's amplifying the range, or at least someone in his employ is," Felicity said. "WHY DO YOU HAVE SOMETHING LIKE THAT ON A NETWORK?"

Felicity didn't want to scream, but she was about ready to rage.
To Be Continued on November 10th, 2017.
Chapter Eighty-Six: Off Balance Part Three

The two Daughters of the Demon stuck to the shadows outside of the walls of the royal castle. Nyssa had her share of misgivings of Talia allowing the Princess to go in unattended to deal with Count Vertigo. However, Talia seemed to think it was going to go according to plan. When her sister had an idea in her head, Nyssa most certainly was not going to argue with it, because the very nature of trying to argue with Talia seemed a bit foolhardy all things considered. The Daughter of the Demon took in a deep breath and sighed.

"You know what you're doing."

"I've been planning it for several months," Talia said. "And yes, I know what they say about plans going wrong. But we better….."

Two blurs came off from either direction next to them. The mercenaries had been distracted by the sudden and unexpected arrival of the pair of blurs entering the main area of the royal castle. Talia grabbed one of the mercenaries from behind and dropped him down to the ground. One pinch to the side of the neck, in one of the few areas which not had been armored put the mercenary down for the ten count. Talia reared back and smacked an elbow down onto the back of the head of the mercenary, further causing him to slump down onto the gorund.

'Perfect,' Talia mentally cheered.

A second passed and one of the mercenaries moved in to stab Talia with the blade. Nyssa came out from the other side and blocked the attack. Nyssa caught the mercenary with a cracking attack and dropped the man down to a kneeling position. Nyssa wound up and caught the mercenary with a vicious kick right across the back of the head.

Two of them moved in to take down Nyssa with shock sticks. A blur from either side disarmed two of the mercenaries, and caused Nyssa to just smile. Nyssa came up and nailed one of them with an uppercut punch to the side of the head. The mercenary slumped down onto the ground form Nyssa's attack.

Talia engaged one of the mercenaries in a back and forth battle. Vertigo's elite guard was not too bad in the hand to hand department. She would have to give the man his just due. Talia trained her entire life to be able to take down opponents far larger than her.

The Daughter of the Demon came out from underneath the man and sank an uppercut directly in the midsection, doubling the enemy over. Talia popped back with a succession of punches, and one huge kick to the ribs. The man dropped down to the ground and the daughter of the Demon came up before crashing down across the man as hard as possible, knocking as much of the wind as possible out from underneath him.

"Behind you!"

Talia spun around and came inches away from having a dagger tossed into the back of her neck. The skilled assassin caught the dagger and returned fire just as quickly. The dagger plunged into the ribs of one of them, and Talia rushed in.

"You're slipping."
Talia reached behind her and pulled out a crossbow before firing an arrow at rapid fire on the henchman who came inches away from clubbing Nyssa in the back of the head. Talia just smiled at her sister, very wickedly and very obviously.

"Look who's talking."

The Daughter of the Demon avoided being punched in the back of the head. The blow had been grabbed and Talia flipped the man down onto the ground. She hung onto the wrist and popped up, nailing the enemy in the side of the shoulder. Talia pulled a glowing purple knife out of the man's sheath and turned around. Talia plunged the knife into the stomach.

"You're in position?"

Nyssa turned around and without any hesitation, knocked the sniper from the perch point off of the edge of the tower. The sniper landed hard onto the ground. The fall would not quite kill him, but it was one of those falls which would make a person wish for death.

A mercenary scrambled up to a standing position. Nyssa followed through by viciously and violently stomping the mercenary down onto the ground.

"She's in position."

One of Vertigo's chosen men pulled out a sword, and Talia evaded the inevitable stabbing. She withdrew a sword of her own and seconds later, metal met metal. The sparks flew with Talia bending off at her knees and forcing back with the attack. The attack brought the man back a few inches. Talia wished to get inside.

"Clear me a path."

One of the blurs flew up from the air and lifted the mercenaries off of the ground. Talia smiled, not exactly what she had in mind, but she would have taken it.

The assassin always finished her job, no matter how difficult it was. And what was difficult was the fact Vertigo still lived and breathed as she spoke. The Daughter of the Demon endeavored to correct that as soon as humanly possible, and fulfill the promise and the contract.

Sara thought much of this could have been avoided if she finished off Vertigo the first time, five years ago. Unfortunately, for Sara, there were some things which could not have been avoided. And one of them was Vertigo slipping away like a snake.

Iris got Perdita to get medical attention, and Karen assisted Nyssa and Talia on the outside. The path had been mostly cleared.

Perdita stabbed Vertigo, and Sara put an arrow through him. In theory, that should have been more than enough to take this monster down and keep him down, at least Sara assumed it would be. Unfortunately, assumptions tended to go off the rails at the best possible times.

The pitter-patter of footsteps showed that Vertigo was very close. Sara was a few inches away from getting onto them.

Count Werner Vertigo saw his beautiful plan go up in smoke. The throne, the respect of the entire world, it would have been his. The Count's heartbeat increased the moment he made his way up the set of stairs. There was transportation waiting for him on the roof.
An arrow fired and caused the steps underneath him to explode. The Count flipped off the steps and landed on the ground to come face to face with the Hooded archer. The Count's fist clutched together.

"It's you, it's always you."

No humor in the face of the Arrow, just an attempt to take down one of the most pressing enemies ever. The arrow fired and narrowly missed connecting with Count Vertigo. Vertigo reached into his cloak and threw a miniature orb device which mimicked the Vertigo effect. The Arrow rapid fired the arrow out of the way and caused the orb to drop down onto the ground.

Vertigo gritted his teeth and charged into the battle. Sara avoided being punched by Vertigo. Only seconds passed before Sara jumped up and caught Vertigo in the face with a huge punch. Another huge punch rocked Vertigo and dropped him down onto the ground.

The Count tried to increase the frequency of the Vertigo effect. One arrow shot into the side of the head disrupted it and caused a splitting headache to come through the Count's head.

"ARGH!" the Count yelled.

Sara knocked him over the banister and both of them fell down onto the ground. The splitting coming from Count Vertigo's head continued. Vertigo waved his hand, and tried to signal for some of his security to come in. Unfortunately for the Count, they did not come.

"Finally, we finish what we started."

Count Vertigo's head started to split, and the Arrow knocked him back against the wall. The two of them struggled with battle. It had been a long time since Vertigo engaged in hand to hand combat with anyone, but his abilities were still on point.

"You're not going to stop me!"

Vertigo grabbed the Arrow around the top of the head and tried to force the Vertigo effect on the top of the archer's head. The Arrow fought out of the attack and sent Vertigo flying through the window and caused him to land in another area of the palace.

The Arrow dropped down from the ground and fired an arrow at Vertigo. Vertigo dodged the attack and pulled out a glass ball from his cloak. The ball flicked and released gas which forced the Arrow to drop down to avoid being temporary blinded.

Seconds passed with the Count taking in a deep breath. The Arrow came very close to nailing the Count, without any problem. The Hooded Archer moved around the corner and caught the Count with a well-placed arrow to the side of the head which dropped him down onto the ground.

"It's over."

"No, it's not over," the Count said. "It's never over…"

The Count pulled out a detonator. There was a bomb placed in the palace. He didn't care how many would die, if it meant that the Arrow was going down with them. And Count Vertigo did not fear death, he had been pulled out of death's sweet embrace before.

The detonator flew out of his hand with one well placed Arrow. Vertigo rushed up the steps, making his way up. The Count held his hand up and turned the dial on the slightly damaged Vertigo effect eye piece. Everything around them started to change. Sara tried to push herself up of the steps.
Gunshots echoed from elsewhere, and Vertigo received a barrage of bullets which knocked him over the railing and caused him to fall to his doom. The Count landed hard on the ground.

The Count tried to get to his knees, the armor underneath him blocking most of the shots. The Count looked up and saw some of the guards pointing the weapons at him, on the order of the Princess.

"TREASON!"

Something stabbed the Count in the back of the neck and cut him from ear to each. The man's neck was not protected from a close up attack, from getting himself sliced from ear to ear.

Talia ripped the blood stained knife out of Count Vertigo's neck. She kicked him off to the side like he was garbage.

"Are you okay, Princess?" Talia asked.

"Yes," Perdita said. "Thank you."

"I've told you, I always do my job, no matter what," Talia said.

Vertigo had been taken down, in a few swift seconds. If Talia had her way, his reputation would be destroyed when going into the afterlife, and all of his supporters would either have to quickly switch allegiances, or get hunted down. Either way, Perdita's path to the throne would be clear.

Felicity was glad to receive the news that Count Vertigo had been taken down, well this Count Vertigo. One of his legions of pretenders could always pop up, like the one who peddled the drug of the same name. Unfortunately for her, Felicity had far pressing matters to attend to. The hacker took a deep breath and looked at the computer screen and got straight to work.

'Okay, dangerous EMP device, just enough to wipe out an entire small country, or a city the size of Starling or Central City or Metropolis or Gotham City….or hell, it could be pointed at Washington DC for all I know,' Felicity thought.

Felicity got in and she had to find the access code to shut it down.

"Okay, listen to me very carefully," Barbara said "We're going to have to direct this device and unload its attack on a place where they can't be any damage."

"So, I suppose you just want me to unleash the blasted thing in the first Amish village I come across, don't you?" Felicity asked.

Barbara just laughed at Felicity's sarcasm, because that was just exactly what she had in mind.

"We just need one place where there isn't technology which can be crippled," Barbara said. "You can't shut it down. The access codes would take far longer to implement than the time you had."

Felicity responded with a very defeated shrug, she figured about as much. They had to maneuver the EMP device to a point where it would not cause any damage. And Felicity still wondered why the accursed thing had been put on the network to begin with. There were so many questions Felicity had, and there was not a sufficient amount of time to answer them all. She took in a deep breath.

"Okay, please tell me you've found something I can use," Felicity said.

"Nearly," Barbara said.
Felicity never had been this nervous before. The device could have gone off at any minute. Thankfully, they were able to delay the inevitable for just a little bit.

"Unleash it there," Waller responded over the communication network.

"Are you sure?" Barbara asked a moment later.

"Yes, there is no technology there, the area is pretty much unhabitated, and it's large enough to make sure there isn't any fallout in the surrounding areas," Waller said.

"Okay, Felicity, it's your time," Barbara said. "I'm feeding you the coordinates, best of luck in getting it to work. We have a very narrow window of time, but don't worry, there's no pressure or anything."

Felicity bit back a fairly sarcastic retort about Barbara's comment about there being no pressure. She went to work, trying to isolate it into one area. She saw where the bomb was aimed before, and there were a few questions about why the bomb would be sent there of all places.

'Guess there's no time to worry about that right now.'

The bomb had been deployed and the longest next few seconds passed. Felicity waited for the bomb to either be deployed, or fail, and end up likely dropping onto her head right in the middle of Starling City. Knowing the kind of luck they had as of late, it was highly possible.

"Successfully deployed, EMP device has been burned out for a period of three weeks, six days, nineteen hours, twenty four minutes, and thirteen seconds."

Felicity thought that was an oddly specific time to come out, but never the less, Felicity allowed herself to breathe easily. They did it, oh thankfully, they did it. Felicity would have pumped her fist in the air if it did not look so undignified.

"So, world's saved?" Thea asked. "It's okay if we talk now, right?"

"Yeah, sorry about snapping earlier," Felicity said.

"Hey, you were under a lot of pressure, it happens," Laurel said.

"I just wish to know why we keep cutting it so close," Felicity said. "Both things tonight, we just came down, right under the wire. One wrong move, and boom, it all goes."

Felicity empathized those words by slamming a fist down on the desk. The cup of coffee on the desk shook, and Felicity reached over to prevent the coffee from sliding off of the desk and falling down onto the floor. She took a deep breath and nodded in response.

"Right, okay, I've just got to calm down," Felicity said. "But, seriously, do either of you know why or how we end up cutting this so close?"

"I'll be honest, I don't know," Barbara said, responding with a shrug in response.

"I've been at this for a long time, and I never really quite wrapped my hand around the close call thing," Chloe admitted. "Still, good job. I guess when hackers work together, we can have some real magic happen."

Felicity just responded with a smile, and would have to concur with Chloe's statement about real magic happening. They came close to the world ending, closer than Felicity would like to admit. The world had been saved, until the next big crisis event came on through the pike. And they would be
ready for that one as well, and ready for the next one and the next one and the next one and the next one, until the villains got the hint.

'Somehow I doubt they will.'

Sara thought everything considered, things could have gotten much worse. Talia finished off Count Vertigo and resulted in his bleeding corpse being left at Sara's feet. The Princess had been saved.

"Vertigo was intent of starting World War III if he got away with it," Sara said.

"He was mad," Nyssa agreed. "But, you played your part in stopping him. I know you think letting him get away was one of your greatest failures. But you were still training. You will still learning as member of the League."

"In many ways, we are all still learning," Sara said.

Nyssa smiled and leaned in to give Sara a brief kiss on the lips. The two parted ways, all too soon. It did seem like they were parting ways. Nyssa needed to know where she stood with Talia, after everything. This mission proved the two Daughters of Ra's al Ghul could work together, no matter what the circumstances. And there were some pretty extreme circumstances which lead to them working together with each other.

The Arrow turned around and came face to face with Superwoman and the Flash.

"Thanks for the help," Sara said.

"No problem," Karen said. "You pull our ass out of the fire more than enough times, and do it without super human abilities….well for the most part. Did the cure for the serum that Slade injected you keep?"

"No, only for a few months," Sara said. "Which is why we're keeping Slade locked up tight, where he can't do any harm. The bloodtests indicated that the serum is gone from him, but there's a chance it might come back, like it cane back for me."

Karen had a bit of a theory where it might not have been the serum, it might have been something else within Sara.

"Well, I'm glad we could help," Iris said.

A few seconds passed, and Superwoman, the Arrow, and Flash all stepped outside. The adoring public exploded into cheers the moment the trio of Superheroines stepped outside. The explosion of cheers, very loud, caused all three of them to be taken aback.

Even the Flash and Superwoman, who had been used to the support because of their very public superheroics, had been taken completely surprise by this round of cheers. Perdita stood amongst the guards. She refused medical attention to stand with her people, even though she looked to be in a slight amount of pain.

'Kid has a lot of guts,' Sara thought to herself.

"Well, this is a great feeling," Iris said.

"No matter how many times it happens, I can never get used to it," Karen said.

"I'm used to having people run in fear from me," Sara said.
"That's because you pull the scary hooded avenger act," Iris said. "Bask in it for a little bit, Hoodie Girl. Enjoy the cheers, you helped save the day."

"I found the bomb by the way, "Karen said. "That could have wiped out everyone in the palace and in the surrounding village."

There was something about that which made Sara less than surprised. Count Vertigo was the very opposite of a graceful loser in Sara's mind. The cheers finally calmed down.

"The country is being secured, "Lyla said in Sara's ear piece. "The ARGUs occupation is going to happen, under the full cooperation of Queen Perdita….although we'll try not to overstay our welcome."

Sara was going to take Lyla's word for it. They needed to deal with Count Vertigo's remaining followers. Despite being a raving loon, Vertigo did have a certain amount of twisted charisma which drew followers to him, like bees to a honeycomb. Sara smirked at the very thought.

"ARGUS is here, the League is still around, I think the country is in good hands," Sara said.

"Yes, for now," Karen said. She listened. "Well, duty calls, I'm going to have to return back to Metropolis."

"Yeah, I better get back to Central City," Iris said. "Need a lift back to Starling on the way over?"

"I better be getting back," Sara said. "You know what they say, crime never sleeps."

"Hey, that's trademark infringement," Barbara said.

Iris just smiled and hooked Sara around the shoulder. She had been getting much better at this entire running with other people thing.

"I learned something very interesting today," Iris said.

"Oh?" Sara asked, sounding very curious at what Iris had to say.

"Well, I learned that if I run fast enough, I can walk on water….which makes a lot of sense."

Sara returned back into Starling City. After Sara waved Iris goodbye on her return to Central City, she met Laurel and Thea when they headed out of the Clocktower, on patrol for the evening.

"Sorry, I really thought they were going to attack the Clocktower," Sara said.

Laurel just shrugged off her sister's apology with a very obvious smile and put a hand on Sara's shoulder. "It's better to be safe than sorry. We were ready for a fight, but there was more than enough excitement. Felicity really held it together the best she could."

There were times where Felicity got a little bit overexcited. Sara knew that one hundred percent, but she was pretty good at what she did.

"Where's Artemis?" Sara asked.

"Well, you know how she is," Thea said. "She's overly anxious, she wanted to get out on patrol and stretch her legs. We let her go ahead, what's the big problem anyway, in letting her go ahead? You know what I mean?"
Thea knew Artemis could get a bit feisty, and that was when she had to break out the handcuffs. Naturally, it was for Artemis's own good.

"We better go out," Laurel said. "We'll call you if we need anything. You've earned a night to yourself…and I'm sure Felicity wouldn't mind if you thanked her on a job well done."

"Actually, I just might," Sara said.

Felicity, despite having the best intentions, did interrupt a very important business meeting. Sara figured she could thank her, and punish the girl at the same time. Although, it did result in Sara saving the world, even though she unfortunately was not the one to pull the trigger on Vertigo.

'Not going to be picky about that one.'

Sitting at the computer in the Clocktower, Felicity took a long drink of coffee. She moved away from the computer.

"So," Felicity said. "You'll be happy to know everything is back under the control of ARGUS."

"Not particularly happy Waller has access to that kind of information. Compared to Vertigo, ARGUS is the lesser of two evils though."

"It's funny," Felicity said. "Starling City was one of the least exciting places in the world to be tonight. Unless you were here in the Clocktower, and you witnessed me spazzing out, then it was pretty exciting. Well, if you think train wrecks are exciting and there are a lot of people who think train wrecks are very exciting."

"You did well. And you saved the world. But you also interrupted a very important meeting."

Sara had one of those looks in her eyes, and Felicity practically melted underneath Sara's simmering gaze. Sara moved closer towards the desk, and smiled.

"You've balanced it out a little bit by preventing Vertigo from destroying the world," Sara said. "But, unfortunately, I was going to seal the deal with a certain Ms. Stagg, and now, I'm not certain where another opportunity might present itself. And I'm frustrated, Felicity. You know what it's like to be frustrated?"

One single hand ran up against Felicity's stocking clad leg. Slowly, Felicity closed her eyes and could feel Sara's fingers dance up her legs.

"I'm going to take out my frustration on you," Sara said. "You've done a good job, so this won't be as much of a punishment as it could be. But, remember….what belongs to me."

Sara squeezed Felicity's ass and the tech's thighs squeezed together. The thought of Sara taking out her frustrations on Felicity's ass excited the brainy blonde. Anal sex always thrilled her, given how some people regarded it as a disturbing taboo. It was just so naughty to have something stuck in her back passage.

"Turn around and assume the position."

Slowly, Sara stripped off her attire until she stood behind Felicity wearing nothing other than a see through black bra, and a thong. She slowly slipped on a strap on, the latest model from Starrwave with a phallus sticking at the end.
Sara moved in behind Felicity and slowly rubbed her ass from behind. The panties covering Felicity's shapely bum caused Sara to smile. She flipped up Felicity's skirt and gave her a smack on the ass.

"Every time I smack your ass, you are to thank me," Sara said. "Do you understand?"

Sara smacked Felicity on the ass.

"Thank you Mistress Sara," Felicity breathed in and out.

Another couple of spanks and every time Sara smacked Felicity on her panty clad ass, Felicity thanked Sara for the effort. Each smack rang out, with Sara keeping her eye on the floor.

Felicity's thighs dripped with arousal every time Sara smacked her on the ass. The panties only just barely shielded her ass from Sara's firm strikes. She knew the exact spot to hit Felicity on the ass.

"Thank you, Mistress Sara!" Felicity yelled at the top of her lungs.

"You're welcome, pet."

Sara exposed Felicity's bare ass to the entire world and kept spanking it. Each spank left a small mark on Felicity's ass. Sara rubbed Felicity's ass and squeezed it hard. Felicity's legs twitched with Sara rearing back and spanking Felicity on the ample posterior she boasted on. Each smack resulted in Felicity's heart rate increasing, with Sara spanking her something fierce.

"Mistress….Sara…thank you!" Felicity breathed.

Every few spanks, Sara teased Felicity's rosebud with a finger inside of her. Felicity closed her eyes and felt Sara's intrusion to be one of the most pleasurable things of the world. Sara spanked Felicity's ass even harder, and then slipped a finger inside of her pussy.

Steadily, Sara worked a finger into Felicity's gushing womanhood. The beautiful tech girl's clenching thighs accepted Sara's fingers deep inside of her pussy. The fingers had been lubricated very nicely, and Sara pulled her fingers out, sliding them against Felicity's asshole.

"I bet you can't wait for me to fuck your kinky little ass, can you?"

"No, Mistress," Felicity begged Sara. "I can't wait for you to fuck my tight little asshole."

Sara finger fucked Felicity, and slightly brushed the fake phallus at the back of Felicity's leg.

"Please, take your cock and fuck me until I can't sit down!"

"Not yet, pet," Sara said.

Sara undid Felicity's top and pulled it off, revealing her bare back. The bra came off next, and Felicity's perky breasts smashed against the table. A series of kisses followed to really get her lit up. The travels started at the back of Felicity's neck and came down to her back. Sara stopped short of slipping her tongue against Felicity's asshole. She moved to the back of Felicity's legs, feeling them up.

"Your body is mind, "Sara said. "Your tits are mind. Your legs are mine. Your clit, your pussy, and most importantly of all, your ass, your juicy ass, it all belongs to me."

Sara squeezed Felicity's rear and slowly teased an entry. She kissed down the back of Felicity. Her free hand shifted and rubbed Felicity between her legs. The dual sensations got the blonde hacker
"You were made to be fucked," Sara said. "You're a kinky little bitch who likes getting her ass plowed by her boss. But you do such a good job, and have such a good ass, I can't wait to fuck it."

Another smack, and Sara got in close to see how wet Felicity was. Her right hand spanked Felicity's tight ass while three fingers of Sara's left hand rooted around. She knew all of the ways to stimulate a woman into an orgasm, and also drag out the pleasure until she had Felicity whimpering like a scared little puppy dog. Sara had Felicity right where she wanted her.

"You were born to be fucked," Sara breathed in Felicity's ear. "Weren't you, Ms. Smoak?"

Felicity's breathing continued.

"You've earned my tongue."

The very talented and very flexible tongue of Sara Lance slipped into Felicity's back passage. Slowly, Felicity closed her eyes, feeling even more pleasure deep inside of her. Felicity took a few seconds to breathe in and breath out, to really enjoy the tongue.

Sara's tongue worked Felicity's asshole, and those very skilled fingers worked between Felicity's dripping thighs. The sexy hacker pushed her hips into Sara's hands, those fingers worked their way into Felicity.

"Oh, Mistress, please lick my ass, until it's nice and wet for you to fuck!"

The tongue dipped deeper inside of Felicity's warm hole. The hole stretched, and allowed Sara to slowly delve her way deeper inside of the waiting asshole. Felicity pushed her nails into the desk and breathed hungrily the more Sara worked into her asshole.

"Fuck!" Felicity moaned.

Sara finished working Felicity's asshole over. She tasted Felicity, and smiled, pulling out of her. Sara put her cock in hand and rubbed it down Felicity's spine which caused the beautiful hacker to shudder in response. Every single touch put Felicity on a trigger, and it really caused her to crave Sara's touch, Sara's cock even more.

"I'm going to take your ass," Sara said.

The ass belonged to Sara after all, so why wouldn't she take it? Sara used Felicity's juices to lubricate the cock. It had a natural lubrication feature on it, but Sara personally felt lubricating her cock with the juices of the girl who was about to get ass fucked was more personal.

Sara slowly worked the cock deep inside of Felicity's ass. The most token of restraint had been offered. These days, Felicity took her anal pounding like a good girl, the submissive bottom to Sara's actions. Sara pushed deeper inside of Felicity and worked into her ass from behind. Sara pushed deep inside of Felicity, closing in the grip around Felicity's nipples and squeezing them, which caused her to moan.

"Fuck!" Felicity yelled.

"Yes, pet, that's what we're doing," Sara said. "I'm taking your ass. It's really built for fucking, and built for me to plow. You can't hold back, can you? You want to be fucked. You want to be fucked harder, faster, than ever before. You want my big cock buried in your slutty ass, don't you?"
"Mmm, hmmm!" Felicity moaned in response, grabbing onto the edge of the desk.

Sara was not going to deny Felicity what she wanted. Slowly, Sara reached between Felicity's legs, and felt the stickiness growing between her thighs. The wetness made Sara very excited, and made her want to slam herself deeper inside of Felicity. That asshole tightened around Sara's cock.

Time passed, and Sara really went to work on making sure Felicity's ass became hers in a blink of an eye. Sara squeezed Felicity's ass and pushed inside of her. Every time Sara buried herself into Felicity, it was like pure magic. Felicity tightened around Sara's intrusion.

"Cum for me, pet."

Felicity came for her Mistress. The good office slut would always cum for when asked. Felicity's body quivered underneath Sara's affections. Fast and hard, or as slow and gentle as Sara preferred, and they would all happen in different ways. Sara plunged herself as deep into Felicity's tightening asshole as possible and pulled almost all the way back before slamming inside of her.

Sara got excited the more she pushed inside of Felicity. The willing partner underneath her received an anal pounding like a champion. Sara held onto Felicity's hips and plunged deep inside of the woman's tightening asshole. Each grip made Sara grow more excited.

"I'm getting close."

Felicity's legs clutched together.

"The question is, do I cum in your ass, or do I cum all over your ass?"

The grip around Sara's intruding fingers followed. She thought about operating the dual penetration feature to really blow Felicity's mind. Sara decided against it, for now, not wanting her personal assistant to be left in a drooling coma.

"You're my bitch, aren't you?"

"Yes, I am," Felicity begged. "Please, let me cum again, Mistress, and then cum in my ass!"

Sara pumped deeper inside of Felicity's gripping asshole. The woman really wanted to be rewarded for being Sara's very devoted pet. Sara intended to reward Felicity for being such a cooperative pet by cumming deep inside of Felicity's ass.

"You're getting closer," Sara said. "One more time, cum harder than you've ever cum before."

The woman's tightening grip around the phallus inside of her made Sara push into her. Sara pulled her own fingers out of Felicity's mouth and force-fed Felicity the cum drenched digits. Felicity greedily sucked off the juices staining Sara's finger.

One more deep thrust, and Sara impacted Felicity's asshole. Felicity tightened around Sara and Sara impacted Felicity's very willing asshole with an explosion of cum. The inside of her asshole had been coated, and Sara filled her completely up with cum.

"Yes, very good," Sara breathed in Felicity's ear. "Very good indeed!"

Felicity nodded, she served her mistress very well, and enjoyed the feeling of cum being drained inside of her very willing asshole. She had been allowed three more orgasms before blacking out completely.
Sara smiled, and pulled out of Felicity before gently guiding her back into the chair. Felicity jumped up from her state of half sleep the moment her reddened ass dropped into the chair.

"You're not done yet."

To Be Continued on November 14th, 2017.
Chapter Eighty-Seven: Symbol

Talia knew all about having to flush out traitors. It was a very simple practice to be honest. Those who were the most nervous, and those who appeared to be making plans to get out of the country as soon as possible, they would be among the worst traitors possible. Even after death, Count Vertigo still had his supporters inside of this country, and as much as it galled Talia, she would have to admit the man had a way with words.

Several members of Talia's Elite Guard stood up behind her. She made her way to the palace, which had several trusted guards inside. These guards took the Princess at her word, well the soon to be Queen at her word, and now they had been rewarded with a position of honor inside of Perdita's honor guard. It was amazing what a little bit of loyalty could do for a person.

"Talia, welcome," Perdita said. "Sit down, please."

The Princess looked in far better spirits. She dressed in an elegant green gown which came down to the floor and nice shoes which cost a significant amount of money. Her hair had been pinned back.

"I'm glad to see you're on the mend, Princess," Talia said.

Perdita just smiled and made sure one of her aides pulled up a chair for Talia to sit on. Talia took the seat. She would have to stay as long as necessary, to make sure Perdita ascended to the throne of Vlatva. She received a surprising amount of respect due to one action, and that was stabbing her uncle in the stomach. Despite the fact the blow did not kill Werner Vertigo, it still wounded him, and showed Perdita was not going to be bullied just because of the fact she's a child.

"I'm a survivor," Perdita said. "My parents would hopefully be proud of the steps I took to secure a better future for me and my people."

Talia leaned in and placed a hand on the shoulder of the Princess before responding with a very warm smile. The two of them exchanged the warm smile with one another, before Talia lightly pulled away.

"Don't worry, Princess," Talia responded. "They are both very proud of you, and they are currently smiling down from above."

"I'm glad I can please them," Perdita said, a smile crossing over her face one more time. She looked bubbling with excitement, and for good reason. "And you might want to know that my guards caught certain parties of interest. And I'm sure your guards are going to catch many more."

"We already have, yes," Talia said. "The League is tracking down the men who conspired to kill you, well those who ended up surviving."

Perdita just smiled.

"We have a lot to be thankful for, and I'm very thankful for the fact I'm alive," Perdita said. "It wasn't going to be easy though, when I was out there. Had the Arrow now been there for me, saving me, my skull would have been crushed."

"Thankfully, that has been avoided," Talia responded a moment or so later, softly placing a hand
upon Perdita's hand.

"I want to honor her, and I hope she will accept my invitation," Perdita said. "She should be
celebrated as someone who helped save this company. And I hope you accept your accolades as
well, but I can understand there being political reasons why you would not."

Talia responded with a nod. The League, had been best suited from remaining in the shadows. That
was how it was, and how it would always be. There was nothing personal about Perdita, or anyone
else for that matter.

"It's time to change this country for the better," Perdita said. "I have no delusions of it being a world
power any time soon, but hopefully, other countries can learn to trust us."

It was the hope for any country, because trust and transparency made a better world for all, and the
leadership involved.

"Queen Perdita, she's arrived."

Perdita still could not get used to that, and it was almost wrong. Yet, it was the crown she would
have to wield given the fact her parents were died.

"Please, sent her in."

A stunning raven-haired woman stepped into the room, dressed in regal attire. Perdita looked in awe
when the woman passed the room and there was only one thing for the Queen to say.

"Princess Diana, I'm glad you can make it."

The Amazon Princess made her way over against the room and moved over. Perdita offered her a
seat in a place of honor. Diana slipped in and came face to face with Talia.

"Talia," Diana said.

"Hello, Diana," Talia said. "It's been a very long time since we've met."

The Amazon nodded, their last meeting had not been the most pleasant of encounters. In fact, there
had been a very slight misunderstanding involved between the two of them. "How are you doing?"

"I'm much better than I was before, thanks for asking."

"Nyssa always spoke highly of you," Diana said.

"Yes, there's no need to humor me," Talia said. "But it is not about our past difficulties with each, we
are here for another reason, as you're well aware of."

Diana responded with a nod, she was more than well aware the reasons why she was here.

"I'm interested in hearing your proposal, Perdita, as is my mother," Diana said. "Do, you think you
can run it by me?"

The Queen nodded in response. She was looking forward to aligning with the Amazons. It might
make certain people think twice of trying something, if she had a group of very skilled warrior
women watching her back and helping her out.

A couple of days had passed, and Lyla, Sara, and Nyssa made their way back to Vlatva, where they
touched down in one of the only airports. It wasn't exactly the most accommodating place in the world. Although, they arrived her invited, as opposed to the first times they showed up in the country where they were not invited.

"Things have changed," Sara said.

Perdita turned up, along with several members of their royal guard, and some Amazons as well. Already, the new Queen was making deals. The moment Sara, Lyla, and Nyssa got off of the plane, they had been greeted by the smiling Princess.

"You must be Lyla," Perdita said. "It's a pleasure to meet you, and I hope we can work together with ARGUS. I understand my country has not been the most transparent."

"ARGUS should shoulder some of the blame of not taking the threat of your uncle more seriously until it was too late," Lyla said in a very honest and very somber voice.

Perdita smiled and shook her head before leaning towards the ARGUS agent in question. "It's quite alright. There's no way you could have known the consequences of what might have happened, when you didn't take my uncle seriously. And you had other problems. ARGUS doesn't keep an eye on one country, it has to deal with threats from the entire world, at least, that's my understanding?"

"Our occupation of the country should only last a few months," Lyla said. "All we have to do is find a few fugitives who are working for Vertigo, who he harbored in safe houses in this country, in exchange for his help."

"Yes, that's a problem," Perdita agreed. "Let me know what I'm going to do to help."

Lyla felt back someone who should have been enjoying the most carefree years of her life had been shouldered with so much sudden responsibility. It was a very frustrating sight to lay her eyes down onto. Perdita took the matter in stride though.

"ARGUS wants an open and honest dialogue, I'm willing to give them that," Perdita said. "The only thing I want is for them to be as open and honest with me as possible. It's a street which runs both ways."

"Here's the first piece of information you might want to know. One of your councilmen was caught fleeing the country, and going towards another enemy country. We apprehended him, and are waiting for your say so on what to do with him."

Perdita put her hands on her hips and sighed. "He should be given a fair trial, but treason is a crime which should be taken seriously. And if he was part of the plot to kill both myself and my parents, then he is guilty of treason, and should hang for it."

Sara stepped over and caught Diana's eye. Diana smiled and walked over, closing the distance between herself and Sara. Diana hugged Sara. Sara smiled, only coming up to Diana's chest area when she did so, which wasn't exactly a bad spot for her head to come up to.

"So, how has everything been?" Sara asked.

"Barbara's back on the island, hopefully we can get her the help she needs," Diana said. "The totem, it did a number on her mind, and Faust, he did an even bigger number on her mind."

Sara responded with a nod, she could tell Diana had been broken up about what happened to Cheetah, given the close bond the two of them shared. It was unfortunate to see someone go down that particular road. Sara had a few regrets herself in the past, and there were just some people who
"You helped save the world yet again," Diana said.

"It's just what I have to do," Sara said. "It's going to be very hard for me to save my city, when the world is destroyed around it."

Diana smiled, she thought Sara should have been celebrated for her actions more often. Unfortunately, a lot of people looked at the green hood as a symbol of fear, and not a symbol of hope. Criminals should fear it, for good reason. Normal ordinary people who just went about their lives should smile upon the Arrow when she showed up, and she helped them out.

"Sara, it's good to see you!" Perdita said with a smile. She moved over towards her and whispered. "I have a surprise for you...and you might like it. Don't worry, I didn't tell anyone your secret...but could you make an apperance in costume...tonight, at the palace?"

Perdita pulled away from Sara and moved over to go over a few more things with Lyla.

"She's overexcited," Nyssa said. "That will be interesting in a few years."

Sara responded with a nod, and could barely keep the smile off of her face. That would be interesting in a few years, indeed. Perdita had a big surprise for her, and a stolen look at Diana showed the Amazon Princess new what the newly anointed Queen had in mind.

'I can't help, but be both nervous and excited,' Sara thought. 'I've felt that combination of emotions way too often.'

The most important thing police asked when they were looking at a suspect is what was the motive for the crime. Unfortunately, there were many times where there was a very loose motive for the crime, or at least not a motive which made sense in the first step.

Iris sent over Barbara as much information as possible, and Barbara had been pouring over several records in an attempt to find a clue about the man in the yellow suit. The Reverse-Flash had been basically a phantom, moving around in the shadows, keeping about one step ahead of the people who pursued him, in a blink of an eye.

The one thing she could tell, is on that night, Nora Allen had been killed, and her husband had gone for murder, despite Henry Allen claiming that he had been trying to stabilize the wounds. Nora died and it was all for nothing. The police did not seem to believe Henry's claims a demonic blur attacked and killed his wife.

Barbara believed anything. Living in Gotham City for the most prominent portion of her life, it made Barbara less likely to shove a theory into the wastebasket due to it being absurd. There were a lot of ideas, and there had to be a very obvious idea behind what was going on.

The redhead frowned, and looked over the documents in front of her. The paper clippings, the police reports, everyone pointed to Nora Allen's murderer being her husband. Assuming this was the case, Henry didn't really have a motive either. They had a happy marriage, and there had been not even a hint of hostility on either party.

The problem was the physical evidence, the blood on Henry's hands, and no foreign DNA, made it very hard to pinpoint something. Barbara knew it wasn't him, but damn, she could see why they would put him away. This defied all logic. Central City was to Starling City what Metropolis was to Gotham City. Both Metropolis and Central City were the bright and shining day, to Gotham City and
Starling City, and their night, their dark night, where the insane was order of the day.

'Just who are you, Reverse-Flash.'

Barbara rapped on the side of the table and let out a very frustrated sigh. She had been going around in circles like a mice on a wheel.

It was time to take a look another angle, and Barbara knew she either had been jumping to the world's greatest conclusion, or something. Harrison Wells, he had been a man of mystery, and had been doing everything possible to help the Flash. He knew Barry was heading home.

No one thought much of it. Barbara, being both the daughter of a cop and the protégé of the world's most paranoid detective, could not leave any rock overturned. She brought up the information on Wells in the computer. Nothing out of the ordinary, just accolades, awards, and also criticism, and there was a lot of criticism thrown his way after the Particle Accelerator explosion happened.

'Okay, anything odd.'

Barbara received reports of a car accident which happened sometime after Nora Allen's death. Wells had been amazingly unharmed in the accident, but his wife had been killed upon impact. The reports talked about how Harris Wells had been shaken up, but was fine. And after burying his wife, it was then he decided to go to work on the Particle Accelerator.

This incident happened just years after Barry's mother was killed. Barbara lived in Gotham City.

The crash site had been a very remote area, a bit off to the country side. There was roads going through it, but the traffic had been few and far between. Barbara kept bringing up every bit of information possible to try and pin point something.

Close enough to Starling City, for Barbara to take a close look. Barbara picked up the telephone and dialed the number.

"Hey, Laurel. Can you meet me outside of Starling City in about an hour?"

"Where about outside of Starling City?" Laurel asked.

Barbara sent Laurel an address and a few seconds passed before Laurel responded. "Odd place to meet…but fine, what did you find out? Is it something about the Reverse-Flash?"

"Maybe," Barbara said. "We'll know if we find it."

Perdita stepped up to the podium with a smile on her face. The Princess looked very proud and most importantly extremely healthy. It had been a very long time since she had been in a mood this great, and everyone flourished underneath the gaze of the Princess when she moved around.

She had been well protected by any attempts. Amazons, Assassins, and ARGUS agents were amongst the people, just ready to shoot. Two councilmen had been dragged off tonight, in addition to the one that ARGUS nabbed. They would be held captive until their trial date, and they would get an honest attempt to defend themselves. Perdita was no monster, she wanted to give everyone a chance to defend themselves and their actions.

"Thank you all for coming here, and I understand the entire world will be watching this speech," Perdita said. "I hope today marks the beginning of the first day of the rest of our lives. My uncle has caused the people of this country to have a less than noble name. His actions are not noble, no they
are far from it. He has the actions of someone who is little more than a terrorist, and of an extremist."

The people around Perdita listened to her words. She had them sitting in the palm of her hand for this particular speech. The Queen responded with a smile.

"My uncle died trying to bring the world down to its knees to satisfy his own ego," Perdita said. "I hope you do not think low of myself, or my people for his actions. I can assure you, he does not represent the very best of our country. He represents a dying establishment of those who were mistrustful to outside influence. We all need to work together, for it we don't, we will surely fall apart."

Perdita took a deep breath. Her nerves of giving a speech with some many judging eyes.

"There are heroes who should be honored, and even more people who I unfortunately cannot begin to give the proper acknowledgement to," Perdita said. "One heroine goes above and beyond the call of duty, no matter where she needs to be. Some people have called her a vigilante, but she's a heroine, pure and simple. She protects those who can't protect herself. She has turned herself into someone else, she's turned herself into something else over the years, constantly reinventing herself into something the world could be proud of."

Perdita finally got over her nerves, which were abundant the moment she showed up and took a very deep breath. The Princess grew in unrestrained excitement when looking forward.

"I'd like to introduce the heroine of Starling City, the Green Arrow!"

Sara stepped out of the shadows. The Green Arrow moniker kind of caught her off guard. Nyssa and Diana looked very amused at the reaction which Sara quickly very recovered from.

"Thank you, Green Arrow, for your part in saving the world, and saving me," Perdita said. "Such noble actions should be rewarded by our highest honor."

Sara stepped to the top of the stage, and one of Perdita's aides handed a medal for the Princess to personally put on the Green Arrow.

"Our medal of valor is our country's highest honor, and it's an honor to give it to you," Perdita said. "Thank you for everything, and thank you for giving me a second chance to live."

Starling City's archer turned around. She had been the first person outside of the country to receive that medal. Most of the time, as much as Perdita hated to admit it, the people who put those medals on, often had done so through political favors. It was a disgusting circle which the Princess intended to close over time.

"I hope you wear it pride," Perdita said. "Your actions speak much louder than words. And we have one more thing to unveil."

Several of the guards pulled a tarp off of a statue and revealed it. Sara turned around for a brief second, taking a deep breath. She was rather touched by the gesture. Sara didn't do this for the gratification, but still, she would be damned if it didn't feel good.

"You have a city to protect, and I have a country to run," Perdita said. "And I would like to thank you one more time."

Sara extended a hand to shake, but the Queen lightly grabbed her hand and kissed Sara on the top of it. She pulled back.
"It's an honor working alongside you," the Green Arrow responded.

"No, the honor is all mine," Perdita said. "And I hope we will meet again, and when we do, it will be under less tense circumstances."

The Green Arrow parted ways with the Princess, and she turned around.

"I would like to thank the delegates of Themyscira for being the first to extend their hands, and help out. And while I know my uncle's cruelty can never be fully made up from, the very least, we will lead to a better future."

Sara looked at the statue depicting her as the newly dubbed Green Arrow, and the medal pinned to her. The archer might have been going out on a limb, but she thought this country would be in good hands once more.

A couple of figures, one dressed in green, and the other dressed in red, made their way into Starling City. They patrolled the night, and the younger one, the one dressed in red, looked very amused.

"So, where do we go now, Green Arrow?" Speedy asked.

The newly dubbed Green Arrow gave her partner a look which would make Batman blush. The partner pulled away, frowning in response.

"Come on, you can't deny it rolls off the tongue pretty good," Speedy responded. "And besides, you wear green, you shoot arrows, is there anything really to complain about."

Sara thought about it, and unfortunately, or maybe fortunately, Thea had a point. She had been known as the White Canary, the Hood, the Vigilante, the Arrow, and now the Green Arrow, and likely a few other names as well, which could not have been said in public. Still, the more Sara thought about it, the more the entire Green Arrow name would be slowly growing on her.

"Don't look down, because we trouble."

Felicity's voice broke up the banter between the two of them. Three goons tried to break into the store, but they triggered the alarm. One of them bashed into window with a crowbar, and just caused even more of a ruckus. Speedy and the Green Arrow jumped down to engage them.

"Ah shit!"

"Well put."

Speedy punctuated her quip by nailing one of them with an arrow to the side. The shot took him down and Speedy rushed the attacker. The attacker swung the pipe and almost knocked the head of the archer off with a violent swing, which missed her head by several inches. Speedy flipped up high into the air and came down onto the shoulder of her attacker, taking him down to the ground with one violent attack.

One of the adversaries charged Speedy. The Green Arrow caught the attacker with a well placed arrow to the back of the leg. The Green Arrow flipped up and dropped down on the attacker.

"We've got a runner," Speedy said.

"Take the left, I'll go down from the right, on top," the Green Arrow said.

Speedy rushed off, and the Green Arrow moved over. She climbed to the rooftop, only to be nailed
by a running kick and knocked off of the rooftop.

The Green Arrow just barely braced her fall and dropped down onto the ground. She looked when
the dust cleared and came face to face with a figure dressed in the garb of the White Canary all the
way from the other side.

'What the hell?'

This White Canary rapid fire shot an arrow at the Green Arrow and knocked the bow out of her
hand with one attack. Whoever was underneath that mask was skilled with a bow. The dark haired
woman looked down at Sara, and Sara rushed her, going underneath the other arrow swing. Sara
nailed the attacker in the chest.

Both the Green Arrow and the White Canary went hand to hand with each other. The White Canary
flipped and landed on the ladder on the rooftop. The Green Arrow reclaimed her bow and stepped
over to look face to face with the White Canary.

"What's the meaning of this?"

The White Canary evaded an arrow coming close to connecting with her head. The Green Arrow
fired another shot with the arrow, and the White Canary avoided the attack one more time. The
White Canary turned her head slightly, and smiled.

"I am what you left behind."

One arrow shot had been deflected in a blink of an eye. Another arrow shot at the White Canary.

Speedy rejoined the battle, standing side by side with the Green Arrow. The White Canary dropped
a canister and a blinding cloud of smoke appeared in the alleyway.

The moment the dust cleared, the woman was gone. Both Green Arrow and Speedy stood,
gobsmacked.

"Who was that?" Speedy asked.

"The White Canary."

"Weren't you the White Canary?" Speedy asked.

Sara slowly nodded. Someone was trying to fuck with her head, but why. That was the question.

To Be Continued on November 17th, 2017.
Chapter Eighty-Eight: A Shining Light

Patrol that evening turned out very differently than anyone could have guessed at the time. Sara and Thea made their way back to the Clocktower, and Sara in particular was looking over her shoulder a bit more. It had been a very long time since Sara had looked over her shoulder like that. Each step back into the Clocktower made Sara hope she was not being followed.

Tonight, she had been taken off guard by an enemy, the White Canary, someone dressing up as the moniker she used a couple of times in the past. Sara didn't know what to make of it, other than the fact this was an extremely dangerous enemy, who knew many of her moves. There were some words which haunted her, the words spoken by the White Canary. No matter how much Sara tried to jar them from her head, she could not even begin to try.

'I am what you left behind.'

Those words taunted Sara something fierce. She looked towards Thea as they made their way to the elevator in the Clocktower, and made their way up. Sara was looking around, and Thea reached over to put a hand on Sara's shoulder.

"Hey, are you going to be okay?" Thea asked.

"No," Sara said. "Sorry, Thea, it's just tonight, it really caught me off guard."

Thea nodded, she understood things perfectly. To be honest, Thea was a little weirded out as well, because she had never seen Sara this weirded out. Sara normally was calm and composed, and steady when she put that hood on. Now, something shook her tonight. It was almost like she saw a ghost.

'There's still so much about what happened in those five years away that I don't know,' Thea thought to herself a moment or so later. 'And this person, could it be someone who Sara knew during those five years away? I don't know. I doubt she's going to give any answers. Mostly because she isn't sure herself. And I can't blame her for not wanting to jump the gun. I wouldn't want to jump the gun either, in this particular situation.'

Thea let out her next breath, obviously a very frustrated one. She leaned over as they exited the elevator. Cass, Artemis, and Felicity were waiting. Sara dropped the hood, and moved over to put the bow and arrow down. She looked out the window, overlooking Starling City, frowning deeply in response.

"Okay, I'll bite," Felicity said. "What's up with her?"

Thea decided to answer, given how Sara did look too keen on answering right about now. "She was attacked out there tonight."

"There's more to it than that," Felicity said. "There are a lot of people out there, who would like nothing better other than to make their name of being the person who would knock off the Green Arrow. Which I should note, has a pretty catchy ring to it, not the name I might have chosen, but maybe I would have considered it. You know because she has the entire green thing going on, and the arrow thing, and then…..owww!"
Cass pinched Felicity to keep her from going completely off top. Felicity took a couple of seconds to breath in and breath out in response.

"Right, I'm getting off target," Felicity said.

"Felicity's right," Artemis said. "There was something else happening tonight…and you were attacked by someone who obviously has you spooked. The question is, who would attack you and who would spook you….."

"White Canary."

Sara moved over the punching bag. She started to hammer away at it, but it was very half-hearted and more to give herself something to do than anything. The images flashing through her mind from the island, of Anthony Ivo holding up a gun and threatening her, threatening Oliver, and threatening…..

A lump in Sara's throat appeared, and she saw the gunshot fire in her minds eye. At that image, Sara pounded the bag very hard.

'You killed her, just as much as you killed Oliver,' Sara thought. 'You might as well have put that gun into the hand of Anthony Ivo. And he didn't even know her name.'

Sara could not even begin to speculate whether or not this was who she thought it was. It could be someone pulling a ruse and playing some very sick mind-games with her. Sara did not know, and that fact spooked her even more. Sara leaned back and hammered away at the bag, with multiple punches.

"You're the White Canary, though," Artemis said.

"Thank you," Sara said. "Someone has taken on my moniker, and attacked me."

Cass looked at Sara for a long moment.

"Her?" Cass asked. "Mother?"

"I know it's not Lady Shiva, at least not this time," Sara said. "I would know if it was her, or someone who was trained by her. It might be someone else that I crossed paths with a long time ago."

Sara wondered if it was at all possible. She had no proof to whether or not it was, only her theories. And theories were not good enough when they could not be backed off by evidence. She recalled the fighting style, the way this White Canary was very adept with a Bow and Arrow. Sara pushed a few locks of hair away from her eyes and responded with a sigh. There was no proof, Sara could not help, but go back to that well constantly, in her mind, until it was run dry.

"There has been a woman in white, attacking some people," Felicity said. "Here, over the last week or so…but the sightings come from some witnesses that are not too credible. The police think they're chasing a phantom of some sort."

Phantom might not have been the best word to use, but Sara would be lying if she didn't think the word phantom was entirely accurate. Only speculation, and Sara would have to go deeper, and find the White Canary, find out some answers. She had a good idea on the who, and a good idea on the why as well, but there was some tangible piece of evidence missing which made Sara very agitated.
Laurel joined Barbara in a desolate country road, and the two of them wondered if they were even going to find anything. Barbara held up a portable piece of equipment in her hand, which scanned for anything irregular on the road. There was a field and a ditch off to the side, and the ditch looked to have some markings in the ground, which were completely irregular.

"So, what are we looking for?" Laurel asked.

"We'll know if we find it," Barbara said.

"And how is this going to help us find Barry?"

"I said, we'll know when we find it."

Laurel backed off, knowing what happened when Barbara got in one of those moods. She was like a dog after a bone, trying to uncover information. The beeping of the piece of equipment when she swept it across the ground could be heard. Laurel looked up the road nervously. There was no one around here for miles, even though there were populated cities on either side, down this road. They were pretty much in the middle of nowhere.

"And I think we found something….get the shovel."

What has their life come to? Laurel reached up and picked the shovel off of the ground. Barbara had one of her own, and they started to dig something up.

"I don't know if it's still done here, but there is most certainly something here," Barbara said.

Laurel hit something, and she pulled back the clump of dirt to reveal a blackened looking skull. She saw pictures of decayed bodies in the past, and she had never seen anything decay quite like this. It was just how everything was set up, which caused a twist and a turn to go across her stomach.

"Something here, yes, I agree," Laurel said.

A very decomposed body was buried in the ditch on the side of the road. Barbara looked it over, and pulled out another portable scanner from her pocket.

"Okay, this has been down here for how long?"

"Since the accident," Barbara said. "Most of the bones have been badly damaged, and whoever died, well I don't think they had a good time. It was almost like something was extracted from their body."

She located one of the few bones which was mostly intact, a tooth, and lightly picked it up with a pair of tweezers. Most of the bones looked too fragile to pick up, but this one remained intact, at least for the most part. She used the portable scanner.

"So, now we wait for the Batcomputer to find a DNA match," Barbara explained. "And if anyone can, trust me, it's the Batcomputer."

"Match detected, Harrison Wells," the computer droned.

Laurel's eyes widened in response, and she almost dropped the shovel onto the ground. This entire day is full of surprises, and Laurel could not think this could get any weirder. And things were getting extremely weird to be honest. She looked towards Barbara.

"I shouldn't really surprised you're not surprised, "Laurel said.
"No, you shouldn't," Barbara said. "I knew something was wrong, something was off by Wells. All of the accounts at the drastic changes of personality after the car crash which killed his wife, and him, and now, the way he's been acting, it's just....well there's only a one percent chance the Batcomputer can register a false positive. There's a chance we're wrong."

"You don't think there's a chance though."

"No, not really," Barbara said.

The answer had been so blatantly obvious. Barbara pieced together a timeline in her mind. The Reverse Flash, whoever he really was, must have stolen the life of Harrison Wells, and posed as him, for this long. To think, he lived in someone else's skin and was comfortable in living his own life.

"We better get back," Barbara said. "Figure out what the hell we're going to do next."

Laurel had no idea what they were going to do, hell this was a situation which was beyond all sanity for her. And she had seen some really weird things as the Black Canary, and during her short trips into Gotham City, but this just seemed beyond strange.

Sara took in a deep breath and hammered away at a punching bag. The bag had been left with a series of punches, swinging back and forth on a chain. Sara reared back and hammered the back with multiple punches. She took a deep breath and kept hammering away at it. The bag remained stationary every time Sara pulled her hand back and punched into it.

The doors slid open, and she saw Barbara and Laurel step in. Sara stepped away from the bag and moved over to take a swig of water. He could see both of them looked severely disturbed about something. Laurel looked into Sara, and was the first one to say something.

"You look like you've seen a ghost."

"Maybe," Sara said. "But, you don't look much better."

"The three of us should sit down," Barbara said. "Trust me, you're going to need to sit down, when you hear all about this."

Sara could hardly wait, that sounded like a very auspicious start to this fun and games. The three of them sat down around the table. Laurel and Barbara did look like they had seen something very disturbing, and given how much Sara knew they could take, it was very concerning that they saw.

"We've been investigating Barry," Laurel said.

"And we've investigated Wells, as well," Barbara said.

Sara could not blame Barbara for thinking that Wells was the number one suspect for Barry's sudden disappearance, or at least knew a lot more than what he was letting on. There were times where Sara got a sense Wells kept secrets, and as an assassin, Sara knew all of the tell-tale tricks about how deception could occur.

"We uncovered a body, at the crash site," Laurel continued. "And the body belonged to Harrison Wells."

Sara let out the breath she had been holding in, and she felt like something blunt stabbed her directly in the stomach. They found a body, belonging to the man who they had been investigating, who had been alive all of this time. None of this made any sense.
"He's the Reverse-Flash, or rather, the Reverse-Flash has been posing as Wells this entire time," Sara said. "And he has Barry… why, Barry though?"

"Well, he did target Barry all those years ago, and killed his mother, and framed his father," Barbara suggested. "Maybe, he wants to finish the job he started."

"No, that doesn't make any sense," Sara said. "Why take Barry? Why not just kill him? It wasn't like anyone was fast enough to stop him."

"Fast enough," Laurel murmured. "Didn't you mention something about how Wells is training Iris on ways to go faster, so she could catch up with the Reverse-Flash?"

Sara recalled it instantly as well. Her paranoid mind was able to stitch several possibilities together. Perhaps she had been putting together two and two and getting six, but at this moment, Sara didn't think it was too far out of the realm of possibility she could deduce what was going on.

"He wants her to go faster, because he needs her to go faster," Sara said.

"There might be some kind of Speester, ying-yang thing," Barbara said. "The Reverse-Flash can't live without the Flash, that sort of thing."

"That makes perfect sense."

The only problem Sara could see was trying to break this to Iris, without blowing the fact they knew. If they cornered Wells, there was a chance, a very real chance, he could lash out, and cause more problems. Sara had a very clear idea what might happen if Wells had been backed up in a corner. Barry could have been severely injured, and that was the last thing they all wanted.

"So, are you okay?" Laurel asked. "You look severely messed up when we came in here."

"I'm fine," Sara said. "Well, not really, but I was attacked by the White Canary."

The phrase "I am what you left behind", continue to haunt Sara. It served as an ominous signal that Sara's past was once again going to come back and bite her, just like it had with Deathstroke.

Iris West made her way out on patrol, thinking this would be the best way to calm her nerves, as they had been very fragile over the past couple of months since Barry's disappearance. Wells had been putting her through the ringer, trying to get her speed up to par, which meant tests upon tests upon tests.

She just outran a bank robbers' getaway car, and took them down. The Flash moved to the next location.

"We've got trouble," Natasha said over the network. "There's... well there's someone who just released a bunch of balloons up into the air."

"Balloons?" Iris asked. "Are you sure that's just the sort of thing that I should worry about?"

Iris looked up into the sky, and there were several balloons rising up into the air. They looked particularly harmless, even though Iris knew better than anyone else how looks could be very deceiving. She waited to see what would happen when those balloons reached the highest height.

Suddenly, the balloons split open and burst. Iris realized that there was acid about ready to fall down onto the city and burn several innocent people. Iris zoomed in as fast as possible, scooping up as
many civilians as possible, and pulling them out of harm's way.

The acid splashed on the streets, and Iris zipped back.

"Okay, you're right, that was the sort of thing I could worry about," Iris said. "What kind of nutcase releases a bunch of balloons filled with acid into the air?"

It was only a small miracle she had been able to get everyone in time. Iris had been taken off guard by some kind of feedback loop. The signal grew even more in prominence, and Iris doubled over, clutching the side of her ear. The humming increased elsewhere in the city.

"Hey, is this thing on?"

A figure dressed in a gaudy looking costume that looked like something a rainbow vomited appeared on one of the big screens. He looked towards everyone, with a bright smile on his face.

"Ladies and gentlemen, welcome, Central City, welcome, you see, some of you might remember the Trickster, and his crimewave of terror which gripped Central City about thirty years ago," the young man said. "Well, Hollywood is in the business of doing reboots, so how about a classic criminal act gets a reboot? I'm the new and improved Trickster, fresh for the new millennium."

His signal echoed and he chuckled in response. The laughter was not very inspired, and Iris found it more grating than anything.

"Trace his signal," Iris said.

"Already on that."

Iris received the signal from Natasha and sped off into the opposite direction. This new and improved Trickster was not going to get the drop on her, not if Iris could help it anyway.

She made her way into a warehouse. Iris quickly looked around and only found a package in the center of the room. The package read "To: Flash From: Trickster" on it, and on the bag of the tag, it read "boom."

"It was a dummy signal," Iris said.

The package started to tick and Iris pulled it off of the ground. She flew out of the door at the speed of light, going as fast as she can. Iris blew up an incline to gain forward momentum, before running up the side of the building. Iris whipped the package back and hurled it as high into the air as possible. The package broke open revealing the bomb as it flew as high above Central City as possible.

An explosion echoed, with the bomb causing confetti to rain down on Central City. Iris returned to the ground leaving, taking a deep breath.

"He must have a transmitter hidden in that building, it could be a while before we find him," Natasha said. "When he makes his next grand message, we should be able to find him."

"I'll see if I can find him myself. Keep in touch."

Iris sped away as fast as she could. The Fastest Woman Alive bounced from building to building, but there was no sign of the Trickster. She would think, and perhaps foolishly, someone who was wearing a costume like the Trickster, would stick out like a little bit of a sore thumb.
'Then again, you can't find Barry any easier than you can find the Trickster.'

Ten more minutes of searching, Iris received a buzzing in her ear. She stepped back a moment and made her way up to a rooftop so she could get the signal better.

"Natasha, did you find anything?" Iris asked.

"Actually, it's me."

The voice of Felicity Smoak came over the communication network, the supposed secret communication network, which had been safe guarded with about eighty different security protocols which prevented just anyone from entering the system.

"I'd ask how you got in, but then I remembered who I was talking to," Iris aid. "I've been running ragged trying to find the Trickster….but what can I do for you? Is Sara in trouble?"

"No, but you might be," Felicity said. "It's really hard to explain, especially if the people at Star Labs regain control of the city. I don't know what else to say, other than, Sara, Laurel, and Barbara are coming over to Central City, and they need to talk to you, about something, something important. And they need to talk to you away from Star Labs."

Iris blinked a couple of times. She wondered why they would want to meet her away from Star Labs. She had so many questions, many of them unanswered, if she was perfectly honest, and most of the time.

"Okay, I can do that," Iris said.

"And remember, it's important you don't tell anyone you're meeting us, from Star Labs, not even Harrison Wells."

"You do realize they could be hearing this as we speak, right?"

"Not a chance, not a chance they could be getting around what I was doing," Felicity said. "But, I better not try my luck because Natasha's frantically rebooting the system in an attempt to get back in. Remember, tell no one, and the others will be over as they can. Barbara's taking her boss's jet."

Iris could have only smiled at that thought for some reason.

"And….I guess I'll let Natasha back in now."

There was a buzzing on the other end.

"Natasha, can you hear me?" Iris asked. "We must have had a very bad connection."

"Yeah, I'm thinking there's something which interfered," Natasha said. "I'll try and keep it open as long as I can, but if the Trickster's messing with our communications somehow…..you should come back, so I can make sure your ear piece wasn't damaged in the explosion."

"Good idea," Iris responded.

She sped off, once again, there was no clue where the Trickster had been. The Fastest Woman Alive found herself very curious as to why Sara, Laurel, and Barbara wanted to meet her, away from Star Labs.

'I guess I'll find that out sooner rather than later.'
The White Canary returned from the trip of Starling City. She was very pleased to see how much she entered the head of the one who wore the green hood. Sara, she had shown herself, to be a failure, and a criminal, and most importantly, a murderer. She would be punished for the sins committed soon enough.

Several guards looked upon the White Canary with a weary, beady eyes. The White Canary looked at the guards and they knew enough to step aside, and let her pass through the doorway.

The White Canary stepped into the dim light of the temple. There had been an eerie chanting inside. This was not as extravagant as the main temple of Nanda Parbat, but it would have to do. A figure appeared on the throne, dressed in ragged red robes. His face looked rather worn, and age had not been too kind to him. The treatments only made sure he lived long enough to achieve a couple of goals.

Ra's al Ghul commanded a lot of loyalty in the League, even though the man had seen better days. Each resurrection resulted in the time necessity between the trips of the Lazarus Pit, being less and less. His latest demise left him in a far worse state than ever before, even though some of Ra's trusted allies brought him back.

He did strengthen slightly, no longer needing a constant infusion of the waters into his blood stream. And soon, he would be strong enough to return back to Nanda Parbat, where he would seize control of the League of Assassins once more. Both of his daughters had allowed the League to go to war in his absence, and that was a disappointment.

His eyesight had been far less, but the aged assassin's instincts still had been on par. He saw the White Canary just moments before she came around the corner. She dropped down to a kneeling position before Ra's al Ghul.

"Rise, White Canary."

Ra's spoke in a raspy, weakened voice. Only a trusted few had been allowed to see him, those who had their loyalties ensured.

"I've sent a message to her," the White Canary said. "But, you told me not to kill her, so I didn't. Even if I could have easily cut her from ear to ear."

"No, her execution will be by only one hand alone, and that is mine," Ra's said. "Sara Lance has dishonored the League by her failures, and also caused my daughter, Nyssa, to betray the traditional values which the League has bee built upon."

Ra's put a sword blade underneath the chin of the White Canary. She understood the warning.

"Remember though, no harm will come to her, until I decree it," Ra's said. "You know your mission, and know, no harm will come to my daughter-in-law."

Those last three words had been said with such contempt, the acid coming off of Ra's tongue almost burned the White Canary. She nodded in response, understanding perfectly what was at stake.

"We renew our focus on Damien Darhk," Ra's said. "He's taken up too much precious oxygen. And if he acquires the Urn of Deacon Blackfire, doom will be brought, which will destroy the order that the League works so hard to protect."

To be Continued on November 21st, 2017.
Iris West changed out of the attire she wore as the Flash, into her normal attire. The urgency of what Felicity said made Iris really curious what the hell they uncovered. She crossed her fingers it would be something tangible. Hell, even something minor could lead to something which they could find Barry.

Unfortunately, ever since the Reverse-Flash kidnapped Barry right underneath Iris's nose, she felt a lot of frustration and had been running around in circles. She pushed herself beyond all conventional thought and pushed herself to the furthest point in her abilities. Wells helped her with going faster, and Iris got about as fast as possible.

'Guess that's the price I have to pay for not being fast enough.'

Iris waited at the airport for Laurel, Sara, and Barbara to arrive. The very familiar Wayne Industries jet dropped down onto the ground. Barbara, Sara, and Laurel exited the jet, and Iris walked over to smile. She wished there could be times where they could all get together under less dire circumstances. The somber looks on the face of the other three girls told Iris all she needed to go.

"So, what's up?" Iris asked.

"Thanks for meeting us here, first of all," Barbara said.

Her father mentioned how witnesses teetered on the edge of revealing forbidden information which could get them in trouble, get them killed, or was just so unbelievable, they feared no one would believe them, without telling the truth. Iris noticed some of these telltale signs within Barbara's eyes. Iris reached over to put a hand on Barbara's shoulder.

"Whatever you have to say, I'll listen and hear it out," Iris said. "You know, I've heard some really weird things during my career as the Flash. So, I don't think anything you can tell me is weirder than a lot of things I've heard in the past. Although I am curious why you wanted to have this meeting away from STAR Labs. Why all the cloak and dagger?"

Iris understood why these three people of all people would go the entire cloak and dagger route.

"Someone at STAR Labs might have been involved in Barry's kidnapping," Sara said.

"Sara, there's no maybe about it, I'm convinced he is," Barbara said. "Harrison Wells isn't who we think he is."

Iris hitched in a breath and to be honest, it took her a long time to learn to trust Wells at face value. Hell, her father always looked at Wells with suspicion, but Iris brushed that off as him thinking like both a cop and a father at various times. Barry thought the world of the man, and Caitlin and Natasha vouched for him at various times.

"Perhaps you should tell me how you jumped to this conclusion," Iris said.

"Yes, maybe I should," Barbara agreed. "I looked into Wells and his past, the car accident, and the fact many of his colleagues said he changed after it. Which is understandable, but he was an entirely different person, more cold and ruthlessly efficient, obsessed about building his Particle Accelerator
at all costs."

Iris nodded, Hartley Rathaway claimed Wells ignored several key concerns, obsessed about getting it ready, by the end of the projected date he made. Something frantic about him, but Iris just shoved the words of Rathaway to the side, considering him to be a jaded former employee, who thought Wells did him wrong.

Maybe, Iris should have taken him more seriously.

"There was a second person killed in the car crash, with the body buried," Barbara said. "And take a look at the information yourself."

Barbara handed Iris the portable scanner. A few seconds passed with Iris looking over the results of the scanner and frowning deeply in response.

"It says here the body belongs to Harrison Wells," Iris answered, looking very shocked, and for good reason.

"The Batcomputer seldom makes mistakes, and someone has taken on the identity and life of Harrison Wells," Barbara said. "I don't know who it is, but he's been living that life, and wanted to create the Particle Accelerator for something."

"Wells, or whoever wearing his face is the Man in the Yellow Suit," Iris said. "We have to make him tell us where he has Barry, right now."

"No," Sara said firmly.

"What do you mean no?" Iris sked.

"I mean, if you corner Wells now, you'll never see Barry again," Sara said. "You can't let him know you're onto him, and what he's doing."

"He's been training me to increase my powers," Iris said. "Training me to go faster, running all sorts of tests over the past couple of weeks. Why would he do this if he was the reverse Flash?"

"Maybe he wants you to be faster," Laurel said.

"I agree," Barbara said. "He wants you to increase your powers, maybe he needs you to be faster for something."

Iris cringed, feeling very used, like some kind of pawn. It would be hard to look Wells in the face, but she had to, she had to, until they found Barry. The problem was, if Wells, or whoever, was the Reverse-Flash, Iris might not have been any closer. She still struggled with any kind of clear reasoning why Wells would want Iris to increase her powers, in any substantial way whatsoever.

"What does Barry have to do with all of this though?" Iris asked. "He just can't be a hostage. There's something missing there."

All three girls looked at each other.

"I think Wells intended Barry to be one to become the Flash," Barbara said. "If the Man in the Yellow Suit targeted Barry's mother, and Barry obviously, then....."

"I was just in the wrong place at the wrong time," Iris concluded. Her watch started beeping. "Looks like he's been sighted again."
"Who?" Laurel asked.

Iris took a moment to verify the sighting. "The Trickster."

"I thought the Trickster was supposed to be locked up in Iron Heights, in a high security prison wing, after the crime wave he conducted years ago," Barbara said.

"New and improved model, no less dangerous than the original one though," Iris said. "I better go take care of this."

Iris's mind settled not on the Trickster, but this entire mess involving Wells, the Reverse-Flash, and Barry. She received her powers because of the Court of the Owls taking Barry out of the equation. Iris had been in Barry's lab the night the Particle Accelerator went off, and their sabotage caused it to launch prematurely. A random custodian at the CCPD could have been the Flash, if they had been in the right place at the right time.

'What is your game, whoever you are.'

The Trickster's latest sighting had been a non-starter, and Iris found herself beating her head against the wall. Sara took Iris to an apartment.

"Why are we going here?" Iris asked.

"To talk to someone who fought the original Trickster," Sara said. "We might be able to get some insight on how the new one thinks."

"We could just run up to Iron Height Prison and talk to the original Trickster himself," Iris suggested.

A second passed, and Sara took in a sigh. She knocked on the door and waited. The door opened, and Dinah opened the door.

"Sara, it's good to see you, how have you been?" Dinah asked.

Dinah reached over and wrapped her daughter up in a warm hug, which Iris felt a ping of jealousy by. She never quite had the relationship with her mother, that Sara had with Dinah. Iris pushed those old, dark feelings of abandonment in the back of her head.

"Mrs. Lance, it's good to meet you again," Iris said. "I don't know if you remember me, but I'm Iris West....."

"Yes, the girl who was in a coma for nine months, and woke up just around the time the Flash showed up," Dinah said. "And you know, I haven't been Mrs. Lance for around seven years. Please, call me Dinah."

"Right," Iris said. "Does she know..."

"Yes, she knows," Sara responded.

"I've been playing that game since before the two of you were born," Dinah said. "You remember the Justice Society of America, don't you?"

Dinah invited two of the girls in. Iris looked on in awe for a moment when two and two clicked together in the mind of Iris West.

"You're the Black Canary," Iris said. "Well, the original Black Canary."
"Yes, I was," Dinah said. "A long time ago, and why don't you girls sit down for a little bit?"

Sara and Iris sat down, and Dinah moved in to join them on the arm chair right across from them. The three women settled in for what Dinah knew was not a social visit, unfortunately.

"So, are you holding up after the Siren?" Sara asked.

"I'm fine, my boss wanted to give me time off work after that happened," Dinah said. "I disagreed, obviously, I would dwell on what happened if I sat around the couch, watching daytime television all day. More important for me to deal with it, by keeping myself busy."

Her mother seemed find, but Sara could tell there had been some residual frustration with the entire mess. Dinah had been very stubborn like her daughters, something Sara admitted as a quality she had. Still, Sara took a moment to sigh and look at her mother.

"Iris, well you've heard that the Trickster has returned," Sara said.

"And you figured since the Black Canary and the rest of the JSA dealt with the original Trickster, I would have some idea about him," Dinah said. "Well, I can tell you what I knew. The man is completely insane, I think he inspired that nutcase clown over in Gotham City. There's rumors he's the Trickster's bastard son, but no one can prove it."

Sara heard many rumors about the origin story about Joker. She doubted any of them were true, and some of them were rather insane. Deranged half-brother of Batman been one of her favorites, and it did have a Cain and Abel story vibe. Likely, he was just some random guy who went completely insane.

"Anyway, the Trickster, or James Jesse as his real name was, and yes, that's his real name," Dinah said. "Like the outlaw, only backwards, and more twisted…I know him well, and encountered him as part of the JSA. And if someone has followed in his footsteps, that's bad news."

"He called himself the new and improved Trickster," Iris said.

"Yes, if I know Jesse, and I've encountered him more than enough to do, he won't like it, at all," Dinah answered. "I've seen the attacks in the news, three attacks, all stopped by the Flash. The Trickster's not going to stop, if he's following in the footsteps of the original. He's not going to stop, he's going to escalate more than anything. And he's going to be more obsessed with the Flash."

That particular warning struck Iris as very personal. She answered with a nod.

"He drove the Detective who had him arrested during his first crimewave to insanity," Dinah said. "The Trickster is very dangerous, and anyone who copies his past crimewave is just about as dangerous."

The moment Joe West heard about the Trickster returning, a new version of the Trickster, he had a very bad feeling. Trickster had been the most colorful criminal ever to hit Central City, before that faithful day when the Particle Accelerator blew up. He seemed displaced at times, belonging more in Gotham City, than Starling. Hell, there had been whispers one of Gotham's notorious criminals was the bastard son of the Trickster.

Joe didn't put much stock in the rumors, all he could have done was look at the cold hard facts of the situation and the cold hard facts of the situation pointed to the fact someone donned the moniker of the Trickster. And talking to the old one would have been important.
"I appreciate you coming along, Ms. Spivot," Joe said.

"I might be able to help," Patty said.

"Maybe," Joe said. "I'm going to warn you right now, this man has driven hardened detectives, with years of experience around the twist. He's not exactly someone who you should take lightly. Even if he's locked up, he's still gotten into the minds of people."

Hearsay pointed to the fact some people upheld the Trickster as some kind of folk hero of Central City. The very thought of this caused Joe to shudder, for very obvious reasons. He stepped down the hallway, past the guards at the hallway.

They moved to the high security wing at Iron Heights, which had been built just to house James Jesse, which was quite a feat to be honest.

"Detective West," one of the guards said. "This can't be right, you're here to see James Jesse?"

"Yes, I know," Joe responded. "He doesn't get many visitors, does he?"

"Only the occasional groupie," the guard said. "Same kind of freaks who get off on that Fifty Shades of Grey filth."

"This is Patty Spivot, she works as a CSI, and she...she is acting as a witness here for my conversation with the Trickster," Joe said.

"Ms. Spivot, I hope you understand what you're getting yourself into," the guard responded. "If you want to come and see him, it's your funeral."

The two stepped forward. Joe had a very bad feeling about this, just this entire meeting. He pushed these thoughts to the back of his head. He looked in the cell and saw James Jesse. The man aged since his glory days, but still had the same manic energy dancing through his eyes.

"Oh, you silly boy, of course he's your father," Jesse said. "I love this twist, best movie series ever. Until they added that Jar-Jar clown!"

Jesse turned slightly and caught the glimpse of two people.

"Well, did you take a wrong turn and end up in the bad part of Iron Heights?" Jesse asked, turning away from the television. "And you are....."

"Detective Joe West," Joe said.

"Well, Detective, I don't get many visitors, so how you been?" Jesse asked. "Family good, wife okay, kids doing great...are you happy with your job?"

The look of discomfort spreading over Joe's face had not been missed by Jesse. The man's grin just increased when looking at Patty who looked defiant, if not a little bit nervous.

"Hello, nurse," Jesse said. "I'm afraid you haven't introduced me to your little blonde friend....showing the little lady the ropes, are we, Detective? Or are you looking to score after work?"

"My name is Patty....."

"Ah, you're the type of girl, I took home to Mom, before smothering her in her sleep," Jesse said. "Good times, really good times...but, where are my manners? You came here for a reason. Could it
be because of that cheap imitation who is currently calling himself the Trickster?"

The jovial mood Jesse had been in, turned very sour.

"You see, that's the problem with anything, no one has any creativity anymore," Jesse said. "Everyone wants to do sequels or spin offs, or a freaking uninspired reboot….or just a plain cheap imitation of the original. Criminals are really no different than Hollywood, you know. These criminals these days, I swear, no sense of originality these days. No pizzazz, no spark."

The Trickster responded with a wide smile.

"Millennials, what can I say?" the Trickster asked. "Well, there's that one kid in Gotham City, big smile, green hair, white face, bright purple suit….now that guy, he's got potential, he's got that zing, that zeal, that pizzazz!"

The Trickster put his finger to his face and popped his tongue.

"To answer your question, I don't know anything about the new kid," the Trickster said. "But, I can tell you something, there's only one thing that gets underneath my jock more than an enemy. And that's a fan….and that's all I have to say about that. Now if you excuse me, I have to catch up on my stories."

Jesse turned and blew Patty a kiss in response before turning his attention back to the television screen.

"We had more questions," Patty said. "Didn't we?"

"You read the old reports, he hasn't mellowed any with age, we're not going to get much more out of him," Joe responded.

Iris stepped into the lab. She tried to adopt a very serious poker face, not betraying the fact she knew what was going on. Caitlin and Natasha worked in the lab. They were Iris's friends, at least she thought they were, but she didn't know what would happen. Would they be loyal to her, or be loyal to Wells?

"Hey," Iris said.

"Hey," Caitlin said. "Is there something wrong."

"Oh, no, there's nothing wrong, well other than the fact I'm running around ragged trying to find the Trickster," Iris said. "The new guy, he's persistant, I don't know what his game is."

"Oh, well, you'll find him," Caitlin said.

"Did the results of my last tests come back yet?" Iris asked. "You know, the battery of tests that Doctor Wells ran me through on Thursday?"

"No, they haven't," Caitlin said. "At least, Doctor Wells hadn't told me they came back yet. I don't know….it's just like you're being run through a lot of tests. I know why you want to do this, but do you think you're getting pushed too far, maybe?"

"I need to get faster," Iris said. "The Reverse-Flash said I was too slow, and I need to catch him. Barry…"

Caitlin nodded in understanding, she understood perfectly what Iris was trying to go through. She
felt frustration and that frustration was bubbling over. She felt like a runaway train which was about ready to spiral off of the tracks, and get out of control.

In a blink of an eye, Natasha moved in. "So, do you feel any faster?"

"A little bit, but I need to do more," Iris said.

The doors opened, and Barbara, Sara, and Laurel joined them.

"So, anything on the Trickster on your end?" Iris asked.

"No, he's slipped underground," Sara said. "I don't know what his next move is, but it has to be something daring, something to get the attention of all of the people in Central City. We know he's attacking highly populated targets though."

"So, Barbara and I have created a map of the most probable locations where the Trickster might have popped up," Laurel said. "I don't know where he's going to strike."

"That matches up pretty nicely what Caitlin and I thought," Natasha said. "There's a couple of locations you have on your end of things, which we don't have, so the overlap isn't as strong, but at the same time…"

"We need to analyze all possibilities."

Wells rolled into the area in his wheelchair, and Iris tensed up for a moment. She adopted a smile when looking at Wells who made his way to the lab.

"I apologize for not being here sooner," Wells said. "If you wanted to know, your tests have come back, showing a marked improvement in your speed levels, but I think you have the potential to get faster, much faster."

Iris just nodded. "Yeah, I need to get fast enough so I can beat the Reverse-Flash down. Without his speed, he's nothing, isn't he?"

"I wouldn't underestimate the Reverse-Flash," Wells said calmly. "Just like I wouldn't underestimate the Trickster, and we need our minds to outwit him. This isn't a problem which speed can defeat, no it's a problem we need to tackle with our minds, and to figure out how he thinks. And Ms. Gordon, I believe you can help, as you have special insight in dealing with some of the more chaotic minds….give who your father is."

"I'll help," Barbara answered.

"I'll talk to Patty," Iris said. "She might have found out something. At least, she'll be more helpful than Dad is, he's been very closed up lately, ever since….ever since Barry had been abducted."

"I wouldn't be too hard on him, Iris," Wells said. "We've all been affected by what happened to Barry. And I hope we can find him soon as much as anyone else. We are family here at Star Labs, and Barry's like a son to me."

Iris turned around, under the pretext of talking to Sara, and also to hide the "oh, you motherfucker" look that she struggled not to direct at Wells.

"Maybe, you should talk to your girlfriend," Sara said.

"Yeah, I'll run over to CCPD," Iris said.
She needed to get away from Wells for a little bit to calm down after the last statement. Iris moved off in a flash, and left the group there.

"I'm going to see what I can do to track down the New Coke Version of the Trickster," Barbara said.

Barbara took a moment to find her way into the STAR Labs. She slipped a drive into the port when no one was looking. It subtly installed code which she could monitor all activity in the labs, which included security cameras. She looked up, and noticed Sara slipping out of the entrance.

"We'll find the Trickster," Barbara said. "He can't hide forever, eventually he's going to slip up, and then we'll going to have him."

Wells wouldn't hide either for very long, after the backdoor. Caitlin, Natasha, and Laurel hung around, waiting for any information to come through.

The Original Trickster calmly read a book in his cell, and tapped his finger to the opera music which he had been allowed while in Iron Heights. The Trickster licked his fingertip and turned the page of the book, tapping his finger against the edge of the book. He dangled his foot over the bed.

The seconds on the clock grinded down, and the Trickster looked at the television screen, watching the latest images of the new Trickster's latest assault on Central City. Trickster tried not to throw up at the entire amateur hour act playing on the television screen.

"Kids these days, no respect for the classics," Jesse remarked. "Always have to muddle them with their progressive mumbo jumbo."

A loud explosion caused Jesse to perk up, his eyebrows raising. The sound of a guard screaming and then being mutilated piqued his interest. Jesse calmly put his book back onto the dresser and walked to the front of the door of the cell. He saw the original Trickster wheeling a car through the door. He stopped in front of the cell.

"Well, stop staring at me like you're a lead in a teenage vampire novel," Jesse said, looking at young man in front of him. "And for the record, I never would have been caught dead in that particular combination of colors. I wonder, does your mother dress you in the dark. Oh, yeah, and it took you long enough."

"Oh, this is going to be so great," the new Trickster said.

The Trickster picked up one of the guards and smeared his blood soaked palm against the keypad. The original Trickster's cell door opened and the man in question popped out. He stepped on the hand of one of the guards, and reached into his belt, before pulling out a stun gun.

"Simple, yet effective."

One of the guards struggle to get up. Jesse reared back and shocked the hell out of the man's testicles with a stun gun. He smiled from ear to ear.

"I told you to stop staring at me, unless you don't like your eyes," Jesse said.

"Sorry, it's just that, you're a legend, you're so amazing, if I can only....."

"Hands off, junior," Jesse said. "Your mother didn't teach you any manners, obviously. Now, keep your pants clean, and follow the master. Let the Farce be with you!"
Both Tricksters made their way to the hole in the wall, where a hot air balloon had been tied to the ground. The Tricksters entered, with the original cutting the rope. They sailed far away and away from Blackgate prison.

To Be Continued on November 24th, 2017.
Iris felt relief getting away from Harrison Wells, or the Reverse-Flash now. Everything about him, made it very hard to work with the man, given what Iris learned. And the reasons why he increased her powers, they settled in. Iris stopped by at the station and made her way to Barry's old lab, which had been kept pretty much the way he left it, after he had been kidnapped.

Patty moved over, looking over something at the table. Iris moved over and snapped her fingers, which caused Patty to turn around, eyes almost widening in surprise.

"Sorry, I've been off all day," Patty said. "So, how have you been?"

"You know, just dealing with everything the best we can," Iris said. "There still hasn't been anything on Barry, and he's been missing for a while now. You would think something would come up."

Patty nodded in response and put a gentle hand on Iris's. "We've been trying to track down every single lead, on him, but they've all come up cold. I don't know what to tell you. None of the bodies that have come in….well, I'll keep checking them."

"None of them are his, which is a good thing," Iris said.

Patty looked very apologetic when staring at Iris. "Look Iris, I didn't mean it like that. I didn't want to be morbid, but we have to consider all possibilities."

The speedster nodded in response, she understood. Patty moved over to look over some reports on her desk, and some of them dated back a little bit. She saw the image of a much younger James Jesse pop up over them, and Iris frowned.

"Sorry, I'm just looking at the files of the Trickster," Patty said. "Your father and I, we went to Iron Heights….I shouldn't have come along. I don't know what I was thinking. He's messed up, and he didn't really tell us anything and now…."

Patty read something which came over the news feed. She frowned, and there had been a prison break at Iron Heights. The woman's blood ran completely frigid at the thought of some very dangerous people breaking it out and a couple of moments confirmed her worst suspicions.

"Jesse broke out?" Iris asked.

"Yeah, that's…the New Trickster broke him out," Patty said. "I don't understand, when your father talked to Jesse, he seemed to hate the new version of the Trickster. And now the new version of the Trickster broke him out of prison…broke him out of a high security wing of the prison."

"Well, the old Trickster might hate the new Trickster, but the new Trickster must not hate the old one," Iris said.

Patty answered with a nod, it would have had to be the case. She had a few ideas what might happen next. Now all of Central City stood on pins and needles. She had a feeling all of their work would double, maybe triple, with both of these lunatics on the loose.

"Turn on the television," Iris said suddenly which jerked Patty out of her thoughts.
"What?"

"I just have a hunch," Iris said. She pointed to the remote and Patty turned on the television. The news played on the station, and Iris watched. Perhaps she could have been wrong, but James Jesse liked to make his presence known in one of the most spectacular ways possible.

'Wait for it.'

The television screen in front of them started to go very fuzzy. The picture contorted for a minute, turning from the images of the escape from the Tricksters in a hot air balloon from Iron Heights prison and turned into something else. It turned into a room, with several men and women cuffed to the table, in front of some telephones. A figure dressed in a suit turned to the wall, reading a clipboard, and shaking his head. He turned around and revealed the grinning face of the Trickster.

"My name is James Jesse, and I come to you with a very serious problem," the man said in a somber and serious voice. "There's an epidemic which is overtaking Central City…..and that epidemic runs around in a red suit with a lightning bolt on it, at the speed of light. We call it the Flash. What kind of person calls themselves the Flash anyway? I mean, seriously, I expect a trenchcoat to be her uniform…not that we'd all mind that, wouldn't we boys?"

Jesse grew a little bit more animated, and then grew suddenly more serious, and very somber.

"I'm holding this telethon today, to rid Central City of this problem, this epidemic," the Trickster said. "I've been away for a very long time, and I've seen how Central City got their new golden child. Well, this child isn't so golden, and I can enlighten you and all the city why you shouldn't put your hearts behind the Flash. And I have word now, there's a bomb in the city."

Iris looked on, in agitation. Not again.

"And it will blow up in about fifteen minutes, give or take," The Trickster said. "If we reach our goal of one hundred million dollars in the next fifteen or so minutes, then I will deactivate the bomb. Or you can put all your faith in the Flash. That's up to you. Operators are standing by. They're dying to take your donations."

Iris took advantage of the chaos to slip out the back door and move off at the speed of light to find the bomb and disable it.

While the old Trickster showed up on television, the new Trickster stepped his way into the jewelry store. He held a long gun in his hand and pointed it to the floor. The foaming green substance splattered from the gun and caused the carpet to be eaten up.

"You can take anything you want, the money, the jewels, anything," the cashier said, nervously quivering underneath the Trickster's gaze.

The new Trickster smiled and looked at one of the women in front of him. The woman stood in a very nervous matter, quivering underneath the gaze of the new and improved Trickster.

"You don't have any sense of fashion," the new Trickster responded. "But, lucky for you, I'm here to impart the newest fashions on you. And you don't need to thank me for what I'm going to do. I'm going to deliver you the one thing you need, the one thing you desire. And that is a fresh, home-made bomb."

The Trickster grabbed the woman's arm while holding a gun to the neck. The woman squirmed in terror with the Trickster's gun pushed into the side of her neck. In a blink of an eye, a bracelet came
onto her neck. The bracelet blinked.

"There's enough explosive in there to make a new fashion statement," the Trickster said. 
"Unfortunately, that fashion statement is having your warm guns plastered all over that wall right there."

"Please, don't….."

"Oh, don't worry, you'll be the talk of the town with your unique style," The Trickster said. "Well, not unique when all of you ladies will be wearing these fashionable explosive bracelets by the time I get out of here. But, we'll get to that, when we get to that."

The Trickster turned the weapon to the display case and shot the acid. The display case burned and caused the expensive jewelry underneath the case to melt. The Trickster's smile increased.

"So, which one of your ladies are next?" the Trickster asked. "Come on, don't be shy! There's plenty for all. Come one, come all, put on this latest fashion statement. It's the latest, killer fashion."

Trickster pointed the gun and a second later, an arrow flew through the door and caught him in the hand. The gun dropped down to the ground and the Trickster recoiled.

He turned around to see a figure dressed in a green hood. The Trickster threw himself to the ground to avoid another arrow which had been directed at the side of his head. The Trickster looked up to face the woman who fired on him.

"I expected the Flash!" The Trickster yelled. "Not some genderbent Robin Hood cosplayer."

The Trickster pulled out a bag, but he had no time to release the contents from the bag before the Green Arrow put a arrow into the side of his shoulder. The Trickster grimaced and fell down onto the ground, riding in absolute pain and agony.

"Please, please, please, help," the woman said. "Oh, my god, I think it's beeping."

The Green Arrow leaned in and grabbed the woman by the arm. She slowly began to work with the bracelet. The explosives were used as a suicide device for mercenaries who failed on missions. The trigger would be an accelerated heart rate, and the woman had been terrified to death.

"You need to calm down," The Green Arrow replied.

"I can't calm down, he's going to blow me up….."

The Green Arrow shocked the woman to render her unconscious. It was not exactly the most ideal thing in the world, but the more she freaked out, the more it would trigger the explosive and kill them all. Fortunately, Nyssa taught Sara how to work with these things, although the Trickster made a few handy modifications.

'Okey, easy does it.'

Sara unclicked the bracelet and pulled it off. The moment the bracelet left its intended target, Sara only had seconds to go. She jumped out of the window and threw the bracelet high into the air as possible. The bracelet exploded in mid-air, causing a sickening bang.

Back inside of the Jewelry store, the Trickster unzipped the bag and rolled several marbles onto the ground. The marbles broke open, revealing a cloud of gas, which blinded the Green Arrow's line of sight. The Green Arrow ducked her head, slipping on a gas mask, and grabbing the remaining
hostages, including the woman who she knocked out. She escorted them one by one out of the building, bent over and coughing.

The moment the smoke cleared, the New Trickster got away.

"Not to add to the problems, but there's another one," Barbara said. "There's a bomb the Trickster planted in the city, but Iris is looking for it."

"Is it another trick?" Sara asked.

The new Trickster managed to escape, and Sara followed before the trail went cold.

The throbbing feeling going through the head of Barry Allen increased, and the delirious lack of hope Barry felt, increased along with it. Barry rolled his shoulders back, a very obvious groan following him, with a deep breath. Barry held his head up, and looked very flushed.

The images on the television screen, detailing the criminal activities of the Trickster, were about the only thing Barry could see. His head shot with agony. Suddenly, a sound of a whoosh brought Barry's attention off of the television screen and back to the man who killed his mother.

"The Trickster, one of the most colorful enemies of the Flash," The Reverse-Flash said. "And he will rock Central City, but I'm sure, the Flash will save the day, even if it isn't you, Barry. Even though it should have been."

Barry rose his hand up and wished nothing better than to smack the Reverse-Flash directly in that smug face. Unfortunately, as Barry found out, it was much to do about nothing. He couldn't break out, no matter if he wanted to. The Reverse-Flash had him restrained, and Barry did not know what to do.

"Struggle as you must, Flash," the Reverse-Flash commented. "Futile attempts to break out."

"I don't think it's futile," Barry whispered "And I'm not the Flash."

The Reverse-Flash ignored this correction. The revelation several plans went wrong, it drove them mad. There had not been much time left.

"Iris grows faster each day. I've been speeding her up, so it isn't obvious when I siphon off the energy she creates into the power cells I need," the Reverse-Flash said in a low tone of voice. "I've been pushing Iris to her limits...the Faux Flash grows stronger each and every day, but it's not enough. I'll just keep finding ways to make her accelerate, bring her to what I want. I'm closer, each day."

Barry hated the criminal speeches most of all of his captivity. They gave him a splitting headache and a very clear sense of agitation. Barry's fingers twitched when trying to take a deep breath. No matter what Barry did, he could not break free.

"They're going to figure out who you are," Barry said.

"Doubtful, not until it's too late for them to matter," Reverse-Flash stated. "I've been fortunate enough to acquire some nano-bots from an old colleague of Harrison's, and coupled with the speed I've been siphoning off of Iris, I've been getting stronger. And each day, I get closer, and they can't catch me. They will not catch me."

"She'll figure it out," Barry said.
Reverse-Flash chortled at the hope coming from this very naïve fool he had captured. Barry Allen always represented hope and optimism, whether or not he had those powers. He always was a fool, before the speed force granted him those gifts, in Thawne's timeline.

"Her reserves are always at least one hundred and ten percent when I siphon them off," The Reverse-Flash explained. "I can drag them out of her, and no one will know, not until it is too late.....I leave her always one hundred percent of her powers. For only a true speed glutton would suck her completely of her powers, leaving nothing left."

The Reverse-Flash drew in a very deep sigh and looked towards the captive prisoner one more time.

"It's taking much too long, but no matter how much time draws short, I need to be patient," the Reverse-Flash said. "Once I've achieved my goals, there's nothing we can do. You won't remember this conversation."

The Reverse-Flash shuddered and pulled back from Barry, looking over his shoulder.

"I feel them catching up to me;" Reverse-Flash said. "If they find me, this will be the end.....I need Iris to speed up, so I can fix it all. Fix everything, before it consumes me, consumes all of us. He's.....his cage has been rattled."

Barry looked completely confused with what the Reverse-Flash said, and had no idea what the hell he went on about. Then again, he could not make heads or tails of whatever the Reverse-Flash said. Nothing the man did made sense, and the fact he sounded certifiable during the best of times did not install a lot of confidence within Barry.

The young man returned to the very futile attempts of breaking free of this particular containment. Time ticked down, and Barry tried to figure out a way to alert someone. He realized very soon, Thawne kept him close at hand, underneath Star Labs, where he played Harrison Wells.

Any second, if Barry could not find a way out, he would disappear in a blink of an eye. The man who killed his mother, framed his father, in grasp, and nothing Barry could do about it.

'I have to get out of here, somehow.'

Iris moved all over town in a frantic search for the Trickster's bomb. Barbara worked on mission support and scanned the city. Iris looked for the bomb, and Laurel left to join Sara in the hunt for the new Trickster. Barbara thought everything came unraveled, although she managed to find some information.

"Well, I found out who is playing the new Trickster," Barbara said. "His name is Axel Walker, he's a common street thug, a low level-punk, really no one important in the great scheme of things."

"So, just another guy who cracked one day, and decided to put on a colorful costume," Laurel said over the headset.

"Maybe, or maybe he has aspirations of being something far better," Barbara responded. "It looks like Jesse, despite all of his bravado to the contrary, has taken Walker in as a protégé. Likely, he wants one last great run on the top.....or he could be trying to screw the kid over, because that's how he gets his jollies."

Barbara looked anxiously at the clock, less than five minutes left before the bomb was going to go off. Barbara hated when her nerves entered this level of frustration. Unfortunately, it had just been something Barbara would have to deal with, at least at the present moment.
"And the Central City charity function will have some of the most prominent names of the city, to raise money for the orphans who lost their parents in the accident at STAR Labs all of those months ago."

Barbara closed her eyes.

"Sara, Laurel, there's a big charity function coming up tonight," Barbara replied a few seconds later. "I think that Jesse and Walker, they might make a bang there, if you catch my drift."

"Yeah, I hear you," Sara said. "Well, I guess I'm going to have to show up. I actually was invited, and a plus one, and guess what, Laurel, you're it."

The Green Arrow and Black Canary would keep a close eye on the function, although they wondered if there would be a function, if the bomb did not get disarmed in a quick amount of time. Barbara's anxious face looked over the city. She really hoped Iris had a lot better luck in finding the bomb, than she did. Barbara's fingers clenched over the edge of the desk and she took in a very deep breath in response.

"Iris?" Barbara asked, checking in with the fastest woman alive.

"I think I have something," Iris replied a couple of minutes later. "I'll let you know in a minute."

Barbara did not mean to rush Iris. She followed the progress of the Flash.

"Congratulations, Flash, you found the bomb," Jesse's jeering voice came over. "Unfortunately, sometimes a bomb is just an old box with a bunch of wires in there. You see, I figured you would be running over the city, for about fifteen minutes, instead of going after me. I hope you have a nice day!"

"I really hate him," Iris grumbled. "I mean should I be happy about the fact there's not a bomb in the city? Or should I be nervous that he's planning something far worse?"

Caitlin moved her way into the lab and stopped, looking at Barbara.

"Do you think I can ask you something?" Caitlin asked.

"Yes, what can I do for you?" Barbara asked.

"Is it just me, or do you think that Wells is a little bit off today?" Caitlin asked. "I don't know how to explain it, it's just something about his demeanor. He seems more distance. He's been pushing Iris more lately as well, and she hasn't argued, but I'm worried he might be pushing her too far."

"Wells….I can't say I know him enough to have an opinion about how he's acting," Barbara said. "You need to think about how he's acted in the past, and if this attitude is different than the past. Is he more obsessive or something?"

"I don't know," Caitlin admitted. "Everything's changed, and at first, I thought he was worried about Barry, we all are, but, it's just something else. And I can't help, but think there's just a part of him who needs the Flash to run faster."

Barbara didn't say anything.

"The bomb was a dud, by the way," Barbara said. "There's going to be a function, a charity function at Central City....."
"Oh, the orphan one," Caitlin said. "Yeah, yeah, Wells already made his donation, and a generous one as well. He said he was going to match it."

Caitlin's look indicated to Barbara she suspected something. Could Barbara trust Caitlin enough to let her in on the true nature of Wells? There was a very long jump from being suspicious about what Wells did, and what Wells was, who he was.

'She could be catching onto something.'

Sara stepped into the body, wearing a nice green dress which hugged her curves very nicely. Laurel stepped into the picture, wearing a black dress. Both of them stepped into the room, with smiles on their face, after Sara showed the invitation. Several of Central City's finest and several dignitaries from out of town showed up as well.

"Sara!"

Turning around, Sara came face to face with the lovely Sapphire Stagg, who dressed in a sequined blue dress, which cut off at the hip, showing a hint of her lovely legs. Sara smiled, the dress fit her very nicely, and Sara entertained some very impure thoughts about the young heiress.

"Sapphire, I should have figured you would be in the middle of this," Sara said.

"Well, this benefit helps the victims and those lives who were lost thanks to the negligence of Harrison Wells," Sapphire said. "I don't think he's been held accountable enough….at least he's respectable enough, to give a sizable donation."

Sapphire understood, working in business, a donation like the one Wells gave, only had been done for public relations purposes. Still, the fact people were being helped, who needed it, eased Sapphire's thoughts.

"You're still going after him?" Sara asked.

"I want answers, I think we all deserve answers, and not the wishy-washy nonsense Wells has been given," Sapphire said. "He ignored several experts, and caused some lives to be effected….but I'm not here for my vendetta. I'm here to support by the lives lost, and also support the Central City Police Department for stepping up their game."

"The CCPD really does a great job," Sara said.

"Yes, they could have just sat on their hands and let the Flash do the heavy lifting," Sapphire said. "But, instead, they do what they can, even if they are outmatched."

Several members of Central City's finest showed up tonight, and this was about them, and how they helped make Central City a better place. Laurel's eyes darted around and caught a very familiar face, who had been delivering drinks to some of the dignitaries at the party.

"Jesse," Laurel murmured to Sara.

James Jesse turned up at the party with a smile on his face, and Jesse's sidekick, the new Trickster, followed. Both of them wore shit eating grins on their face. Laurel and Sara prepared to have to make a quick change to deal with this, but the crowd made it a little bit more difficult to get out of here.

The classic Trickster cleared his throat loudly, and everyone had their eyes on him.
"I've got some good news! Only some of you are going to die tonight!"

The members of the CCPD looked around and some of them pointed their weapons at the Trickster. The Trickster casually broke a bottle of wine over the table and released a noxious gas, which brought tears to the eyes of the CCPD.

"Tonight's going to be a good nice, well for me, I'm not sure about you," Jesse said. "You see, none of you wanted to contribute to my telethon about the Flash….therefore, if you don't want to pay, then you're really going to pay. Some of you got six hours to live….some of you anyway."

Jesse smiled wildly, and his sidekick giggled before Jesse wacked Walker across the back of the head to shut him up.

"You see, it's like a scavenger hunt," Jesse said. "And glorified game of whack a mole, and only some of you are going to get wacked."

The Flash zoomed into the ballroom and spun her arms around, causing the gas to disappear in a blink of an eye. It allowed Sara and Laurel to slip out the side entrance in the confusion, as all eyes were on the Flash.

"Your game's up, Trickster."

"Oh, I disagree, it's only begun."

The Trickster snapped one of the bracelets onto the Flash's arm. Jesse smiled.

"I'll make this quick and to the point, because you don't much time before that bomb starts ticking," Jesse said. "You ever see the movie Speed? Ah, maybe you haven't, but there was a bomb on the bus. Well, you're the bus, there's the bomb, you better start running, kiddo, because if you slow down for a second, then the bomb will go off and take you, along with half of Central City or whatever city you stop in, with it. You will keep running until you can't run anymore. And then when you burn out, you will go boom. So you better go right about now because that bomb is arming."

The Trickster's lips curled into a sickening grin.

"Go, go, go, run, run run!"

The Flash zipped off and the Trickster did a merry little jig.

"Delightful, who knew it would take a slight of hand trick to bring down the Fastest woman alive," the Trickster said.

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To Be Continue on November 28th, 2017.
Under Our Noses

So, it's been a while, but there's another blog exclusive lemon. Iris and Laurel are the two ladies involved this time. Head to my Page of Important Links, the Web of Chaos Archives, and either the Under the Hood Archives or the Web of Chaos Archives. It's titled Distractions, if you need extra help in finding it. And while you're on my blog, feel free to vote for your favorite story of 2017 in the story of the year poll.

Chapter Ninety-One: Under Our Noses

Bat out of hell described Iris West perfectly when she bolted out of the plaza. James Jesse, despite having no super powers to speak of whatsoever, most certainly could be considered a very slick man. The woman needed to slowly gain momentum. Iris did not know what her exact hard limits were. Adrenaline caused someone to run faster, work harder, in any circumstances. Iris pumped her legs as fast as possible, breathing as heavily as possible. She tried not to speed up too fast, but she could not under any circumstances slow down.

If her speed slowed down even a little bit, Iris would have taken Central City, or whatever city she was in, with her. The loud boom echoed when Iris passed through several moving calls, vibrating madly. She went so fast, it was very hard to keep up.

"Iris, Iris."

Natasha's voice sounded like it was at the end of a very long tunnel. The communication headset might have been danger of frying out. Iris tried to focus on Natasha's voice, while at the same time, not stop running. Hard as it might be to not stop, Iris had to do so. Her life depended on it, the life of several people around her depended on it. Iris blasted around the corner.

"Okay, Iris, you should be able to hear me, I hope, "Natasha said. "Just keep running, and I'm working on finding the signal for the bomb."

Iris did not trust herself to speak. Energy cycled off of her body when moving around the same corner for a third time. Iris did not want to make too many turns, running straight seemed to be the best bet. If Iris slowed down, everything had been done.

A dire, dark thought entered the mind of the young woman. Natasha might not have been able to find the bomb due to the fact the signal had been zipping off. Iris quickened the pace, going a little bit faster. She could feel the burn of everything.

Eventually, Iris would run out of fuel, because of the rate her body burned energy. Iris breathed as heavily as possible, thinking about how it could all end like this. Not because of one of the metas, but because of a crafty old man who was one step ahead of her, not because of her speed.

"Iris, it's going to fine," Natasha said. "Once, I disable the bomb, you'll be able to slow down."

Iris hit the air because she went so fast, running across several buildings. She raced down the side of another building, running across the city. Heart pumped, palms dripped with sweat, and Iris West found herself terrified to do anything other than running. She thought about everything which happened to her. Barry, still trapped, and now her father would have to go through this, if she failed to stop running.
She couldn't run forever. Iris felt the friction burning through the air. The scream passed through her. Iris vibrated through a brick wall and ran through the building. Heart racing, Iris raced out the other side. She saw out of the corner of her eye, a freshly done sidewalk with still wet cement. That could slow her down, and Iris had to throw everything beyond clearing that sidewalk to the other end.

Iris flew over the sidewalk as fast as she could. The moment Iris hit the ground, she had to keep running.

"Iris, you're coming up a bridge which is out," Natasha said urgently.

Iris had to speed up to clear the chasm, not knowing if she could keep out the pace. Iris did a running jump and just cleared the bridge. The pace caused her to leave burning scorch marks on the ground. Iris kept up the frantic pace, running, running, running, running.

She was going to burn out, if she didn't blow up first.

"Iris, Iris, listen to me."

The last voice Iris wanted to hear right now, because she was going to blow up came through. Wells, and Iris sucked in several breaths, trying not to slow down. She brought up the ground when running around the city. Iris's increased heart beat made in very hard for her not to focus on what was going on.

"Iris, you need to focus," Wells said. "You need to run backwards."

Iris took a few seconds. Her head rang and it was getting too hard.

"You need to reverse course and not slow down," Wells said. "You need to run backwards, so you can create enough friction to rip the bomb off of you. Get ready, once you reach the building, you need to start running backwards."

'Backwards,' Iris thought.

"You need to trust me, Iris," Wells said. "You need to trust me this is going to work. Remember, think of Barry, he wouldn't want you to die. He wouldn't want you to."

Iris's blood boiled, but Wells knew what he was talking about, despite the differences with the man. The Fastest Woman alive stopped short at the edge of the building and reversed courses. She sped backwards, as insane as it might sounded. Iris had to rely on her instincts.

Thankfully, she ran through Central City so many times, Iris knew it like the back of her hand. The bomb started to vibrate, being pulled one way, while Iris launched herself the other way.

The chain of the bomb ripped off and flew into the air. Iris jumped up, grabbed the bomb, and hurled it harmlessly into the sky. The explosion rained down bits of metal.

Iris crashed down onto the ground, costume smoldering the second she dropped down onto the ground. The woman's ears started to ring when she was on the ground.

"Iris?" Natasha asked. "Can you hear me?"

"Yes," Iris breathed. "I thought for sure I was gone.....I need to stop him, the Trickster...both of them."

Every single inch of Iris felt like someone jabbed flaming needles into it. The Fastest Woman Alive
disappeared around the corner. She was as far away as possible from where the Trickster was, and her agonizing muscles made it feel like torment to run.

James Jesse felt pretty good. They all watched the Flash go out the door. Jesse checked his watch, and listened for it. A loud boom echoed outside deep inside of Central City.

"Oh, no, looks like the Flash finally gave out," Jesse said. "Well, if you're going to have to go, you're going to have to go with a bang."

The police, who had been restrained, looked at Jesse, and then hung their hands in sorrow. Joe West gritted his teeth in particular, and he would get his hands on Jesse for what he did.

"Central City, you wouldn't know what's underneath your nose if there's a big neon sign pointing to it," Jesse said. He did a merry little jig and grew very serious, suddenly. "But, we've had a lot of fun and games, and tonight, let's enjoy some more. Let's play my very favorite party game. Pin the dagger on the pig!"

Jesse gave a laugh and withdrew a knife, walking over towards one of the officers.

"Too bad that cute little blonde who visited me earlier couldn't be here," Jesse said. "But, oh well….Detective West, I'm glad to see you've shown up tonight."

"Rot in hell, you son of a bitch," Joe said.

"Now, Detective, is that any way to treat a guest?" Jesse asked. "Oh, well, I guess you can be a little miffed. I just caused a woman to explode. Not the first time I've done that."

The younger Trickster started to giggle, and Jesse slapped him across the back of the head.

"Mind out of the gutter, junior," Jesse said. "Millennials, I tell you."

An arrow fired in the directly of the Trickster, who threw himself down on the ground. He saw the Green Arrow pop up and nail the younger Trickster right in the knee.

"Oooh, an arrow to the knee," Jesse said. "I get it, that's so great….but….."

Jesse picked up one of the bottles of wine and hurled it at the Green Arrow. She dodged and the wine burst open to cause the curtains to explode into a ball of fire. The Green Arrow grabbed the fire extinguisher to put it out, as more people panicked.

The Trickster turned around and saw the Black Canary standing there.

"Oh, I've just experienced the strangest case of Deja-Vu," Jesse said. "And this is the part, where you're going to be all like…it's over Jesse, and I'm going to tell you not by a long shot, and we're going to fight. Yeah, let's just skin to the fun part."

Jesse reached into his pocket to pull out a drawstring bang. Suddenly, a blur came in, grabbed Jesse and slammed him into the wall.

"Hey, these old bones are…" Jesse said. "Wait, wait, I thought you were dead."

"It's over," The Flash said.

"Well, if you weren't dead before, you're going to be," Jesse said. "Every single poor unfortunate soul, in pain, in need…..they're going to be blown to smithereens. Bah, bah, bah, boom!"
The Trickster cackled madly, when the Flash picked him up off of the ground. The Black Canary and Green Arrow watched the younger Trickster, who still looked agonized from receiving the Arrow.

"What are you talking about?" Flash asked.

"Well, do I have to spell it out for you," Trickster said. "You see, I planted a bomb in the ballroom, and when the clock strikes midnight, well that's the end for everyone inside this ball room. And, what do you know, there's about two minutes until midnight?"

"You've pulled this trick before," Flash said.

"Nah, that was Junior over there," Trickster said. "It was funny though, you falling for the gag. And that's really more funny, when someone actually does plant a bomb in the city, and they pull the old, boy who cried bomb gang. I mean, how many times can you fall for that one?"

Trickster looked Flash in the eye, beyond dead serious.

"I could be bluffing though, you could be right," Trickster said. "Or, I could be as serious as a YouTube comment section…actually that's full of trolls and miscreants, so never mind."

Trickster took a moment to look the Flash further in the eye. His smile grew very demented when locking eye to eye with the Flash.

"If I'm telling the truth," the Trickster said. "Then the Survival Rate of everyone in this building has gone down to a good zero percent."

The chandelier from above them blew up and caused a shower of glass to come down. The Flash pulled everyone underneath the glass out of harm's way, before they could be sliced to death by the falling glass. The fastest woman alive watched when the Black Canary flipped over the table.

"There it is," Black Canary said.

"So, there actually is a bomb, and less than a minute to disable it," Iris said.

She took a deep breath and opened up the bomb.

"Red, green, blue, and purple, in that order," Laurel quickly told Iris.

Iris looked at Laurel a few seconds, and nodded. She disabled the wires in that particular order, and disabled the bomb in the process. The Fastest Woman Alive breathed a sigh of relief, as the clock just struck midnight.

Both Tricksters were gone, and come to think of it, so was the Green Arrow.

James Jesse took his youthful ward to a helicopter which he stored on the rooftop just in case of a quick exit. They made their way to the helicopter, going up and high to the sky.

"Thanks for saving me," the new Trickster said.

"Don't flatter yourself, kiddo," the original Trickster said. "I'm going to need a shield just in case there's a police shootout. So just hold tight, bucko."

Axel Walker looked more excited to be in the middle of a shootout with the Trickster, he was almost gushing in excitement.
"That better be a pencil in your pocket, kid," Jesse said. He waited for the explosion, only nothing came. "Well, she might have found the bomb, good for her.....let's go."

The Tricksters were ready to cut their loss after having some amusement. They would return and screw with the Flash and Central City on another day. Now, it was time for them to cut their losses and head off. Unfortunately for them, one person in particular was not going to make it that easy. Something fired into the side of the helicopter.

"The Green Arrow!" Trickster yelled. "No, you won't get the drop on me, Hoodie Girl."

"Boss, we can't really fly that well," the new Trickster yelled.

"Then, we're going to have to lighten some of the load."

Casually, James Jesse put a foot underneath the chest of his young protégé, and kicked him out of the helicopter high off of the ground. The loud screaming of the young man echoed when he smashed into the ground with a solid impact. Jesse frowned for a second, and just picked up a pack, before casually throwing the parachute down on top of his broken body.

"It's the thought that counts really," Jesse said.

He still had one annoying little Arrow on his ass, and not in the good way either. The Trickster looked over his shoulder, and noticed the Green Arrow dangling on the outside of the helicopter.

"Alright, you want to get crazy," The Trickster said, mouth widening with the most wicked grin. "You want to hitch an unfair ride. Okay, Hoodie Girl, you're going down!"

Trickster pulled out a knife and flung it towards the rope. The Hooded heroine swung like a very demented pendulum when trying to hang onto the Trickster. The Trickster refused to give this up without a fight. He pulled out another knife and hurled it.

"Okay, you want to go crazy!" The Trickster yelled. "Let's see how much air turbulence you can handle!"

The Trickster prepared to veer the helicopter up. He looked over and saw the Flash running up the building. The Trickster watched when the Flash came through the windows and punched Jesse in the face. Jesse rocked back and the helicopter was about to go down.

The Green Arrow flew in mid-air, flipping. The Flash came out of the other side of the helicopter, practically running on air, and catching the Green Arrow before she dropped down onto the ground.

"You can now run on air," Sara said.

"Earlier today, I ran backwards," Iris said. "So, I can do a lot of things now."

Sara took her word for it. The helicopter landed down on the CCPD rooftop. The Trickster pulled himself out of the helicopter, scurrying away.

"So, do you want to take this one?"

The Trickster pulled out an obnoxiously long gun and pointed it at the two crime fighters. Sara drew her bow back and connected to the side of the knee of the Trickster, doubling him over. James Jesse dropped down to the ground, and the Flash picked up the Trickster by the scruff of the neck, racing him down the building.
Suddenly, the Trickster found himself in handcuffs, at the feet of the Central City Police Department. None of them looked too happy about being trapped earlier.

"Well, looks like you got me," Trickster said. "Back to the stony lonesome for me!"

The people Trickster randomly infected, had been cured thanks to some quick work from STAR Labs. The Flash got a sample of the tainted wine back. Anyone who took the antidote would be cured. It had been distributed to all of the members of the party.

Less than a dozen people it turned out had been infected, but the fewer deaths, the better. The Trickster caused a lot of chaos tonight. James Jesse returned to Iron Heights, where more security would have been put on him. Axel Walker currently laid up, in traction. The Tricksters ended their crime spree in a very bad positon, and no one could say they were too particularly surprised.

Caitlin listened to the reports coming in through the other side of the door. Half paying attention, as it were, the woman frowned when moving. She walked down the hallway, and came across a partially opened door.

Curiosity got the better of most scientists. Recently, Harrison Wells made his way to this particular area of the building a lot. No one asked, as Wells did a lot of things he could not share with the crew. Still, the secretive nature of what Wells did, coupled with some suspicions, caused Caitlin to step forward.

The woman gasped, and she saw a flash of lightning. A figure dressed in yellow quickly made his way up the steps. Caitlin pressed against the wall, breathing deeply. The Reverse-Flash, here at Star Labs, and Caitlin could not believe what she had come across.

The scientist took another half of a step forward, and stepped into the room. She saw the Reverse-Flash standing with his back against the wall. He slipped off of the mask, and Caitlin caught the reflection of the man in the mirror. Harrison Wells, perfectly walking and not in a wheelchair, unmasked himself to reveal the Reverse-Flash.

'No,' Caitlin thought. 'No.'

Caitlin's entire world view came crashing down. She respected Wells, and all of his accomplishments, and now, to see him here as the Reverse-Flash, slapped Caitlin directly in the face. Caitlin could barely even stomach the sight of this particular man. Looking forward, Caitlin took another deep breath, once again trying to reconcile something, anything, there had to be an explanation which did not point to her mentor and friend being this monster who killed Barry's mother.

The obvious explanation, was the most likely. No one knew the true Harrison Wells. Caitlin took half of a step back and prepared to get in touch with Iris, she had to do.

"Hello, Caitlin."

Suddenly, the Reverse-Flash, Wells, stood in front of her. Blocking the door, and closing it shut behind him.

"You're him," Caitlin managed.

"You're a smart girl, Doctor Snow," Wells said. "But, if you were a bit smarter, you wouldn't have indulged in your curiosity. You have too much potential, and I would hate for it go away."
"Why would you…how… I don't understand," Caitlin said.

Her shaky voice brought some amusement to Wells, even though he felt a little sorrow. He did grow fond of them all, in some way. Even of Barry, as much as the man behind the face of Harrison Wells hated to think of it.

"I have to, to survive," Wells said. "I've worn the face of Harrison Wells, lived his life, ever since the car accident which claimed the life of his wife. My real name is Eobard Thawne, or at least it was."

Merely a phantom, outrunning reality, who he was, did not really matter.

"It doesn't matter, not until I fix it," Thawne said. "Not until I change things for the better….I made a huge mistake going back in time. It set off a domino effect which I've been trying to fix, through several different timelines. This one….it went wrong. But, I won't shoulder the blame, it's Barry's fault. Barry caused all of this to happen."

"You kidnapped Barry, and are….is he….."

"I've been trying to save Barry, not that he's been ever grateful!" Thawne yelled. "I can't exist without him being the Flash, and I give him the motivation, an enemy to keep fighting. A hero is only as great as his greatest villain. Batman has the Joker. The Green Arrow has the Dark Archer, or had, rather. Superwoman has Alexis Luthor. I can go on and on for all, but the Flash has the Reverse-Flash. It's the way it has been, throughout time. Time and time again, we've done this dance, and time and time again, it has been Barry Allen, but not this time."

Thawne took a deep breath.

"I returned back in time, to kill Barry Allen, because in a moment of insanity, I thought that killing him would free me from my demons," Thawne said. "I killed his mother instead, framing his father. Henry Allen rots in prison because of me, and Barry got the motivation, he needs. Tragedy motivates all, but something went wrong. Oliver Queen died on Lian Yu, and there were other changes. Barry was not where he should have been, and this….Flash who has these powers, is not my Flash. SHE'S NOT MY FLASH!"

Thawne reached in and calmed down.

"You should never meet your heroes," Thawne said. "You're always disappointed."

"Funny, I agree with you," Caitlin said.

"I'm sorry, Doctor Snow, I love you like a daughter, but you know too much," Thawne said. "And you can't stop me, not when I'm so close of fixing all of this. I don't feel sorry for killing you, because you won't remember this anyway, not when I fix anything. You'll be happy for a few years, at least, until it happens."

Thawne grabbed Caitlin by the shoulder, when she instinctively reached up. A cool blast rose from Caitlin's hand when she grabbed Thawne by the arm. His arm became frost-bitten before pulling back, in surprised agony.

"It's already happening!" Thawne yelled. "Caitlin, you shouldn't….."

The door opened, and the Flash rushed into the room. The Reverse-Flash disappeared around the corner, leaving a very disturbed looking Caitlin on the ground. The camera's in the building caught Wells on tape, in costume, unmasked, at least Iris hoped so.
"Caitlin, he didn't hurt you, did he?" Iris asked.

Caitlin wordlessly held up her hand, too shocked beyond all words to say anything. White mist rose from her hand.

"Meta," Caitlin breathed.

Iris pulled Caitlin up to her feet, and wrapped her arms around Caitlin. Caitlin pressed herself against Iris, accepting the hug, but almost fearful, given what she did to Wells. She pulled away from Iris.

"Don't worry, we'll figure this out," Iris said.

"Wells, Thawne, he's….we need to find him," Caitlin said. "None of this is important, not if we don't find him."

"I disagree, I think you're very important," Iris said.

Caitlin smiled in spite of herself, and allowed Iris to lead her off. She feared becoming a monster, seeing how the meta-powers warped so many. Caitlin tried to ignore the obvious signs over the past couple of months. The tension and the stress caused by the altercation with Thawne made Caitlin feel very vulnerable.

"I've got every single word, Thawne said," Barbara said. "Or Wells….I don't know how much they will be convinced, but it's better than nothing."

Iris felt hope that Barry's father would get out of prison. If only Barry had been around to see the day, and frustration built.

Laurel and Sara made their way around the corner. Sara instantly noticed Caitlin looked like she had gone through something very traumatic. She looked worse than Sara did after Nyssa found her and brought her to Nanda Parbat.

"She has powers," Iris said.

Sara somberly nodded, they would have to get through this, somehow. Caitlin looked as terrified as anyone, and they had bigger problems to find.

"I had him," Iris said. "I had the Reverse-Flash, right underneath my nose. I had my fingertips on him."

Still not fast enough, and now Wells had been exposed, she found herself further away from getting Barry than ever before. Frustration brimmed in every single point.

Now, it was time for Eobard Thawne to step up his end game. He knew the clock had been ticking down on the time he had been allowed to live as Harrison Wells. Not just because time would eventually catch up, because Barbara Gordon, the blasted Oracle, of all people investigated Barry's disappearance. That girl, Thawne respected her abilities, even though she got in the way.

"There are some really bad people who are going to come after me, and after our new friend, Barry," Thawne told the figure at the end of the tunnel. "We need to stop the bad people, prevent them from getting close to my lab, and close to Barry. And then, I'll give you everything that you want."

"Yes," a figure growled.

A large gorilla shifted at the end of the tunnel.
"Grodd, don't let anyone down here, no matter what," Wells said.

The gorilla nodded in response, grumbling in the distance. Wells smiled, having everything under control. Soon, the errors of the past would be corrected.

To Be Continued on December 5th, 2017.
Night of Grodd Part One

Chapter Ninety-Two: The Night of Grodd Part One

Caitlin Snow sat in front of the monitors in Star Labs, half in a daze. She replayed the events of yesterday back over in her mind. No need for a mental replay when the images flickered across the television screen, as clear as day. Caitlin wondered how long it would take before she would have found out about this. Caitlin's lips bit down on each other, watching the television screen with each passing moment.

Wells, Thawne, rather grabbed her, and they had the conversation. A lot of it sounded like demented rambling, but he did confess to murdering Barry's mother. Stranded in time, away from everything he ever knew. Had Thawne not been a deranged sociopathic killer, Caitlin would have felt the smallest bit of sympathy for him. She took a deep breath and looked things over.

It was her powers which concerned Caitlin. She felt some chills in the months following the explosion at STAR Labs. Some of the employees went home with maladies, some who had to go away from away for special medical treatment. Wells had been very shrewd in the language used in their contracts, where they knew what they were signing up for, and could not sue STAR Labs for damages.

It pretty much should have been a sign to Caitlin many o the damage were planned. Thawne sounded surprised. He expected Caitlin to receive powers, but not too soon.

Irony, the very same powers which saved her life against the Reverse-Flash, could ruin in. Caitlin ran tests over a dozen different meta's, and they were no closer to curing them then they were to curing any of the other major diseases which plagued humanity. Hell, Caitlin would have had to say they were further away. The woman sighed when looking over all of the images flashing on the screen. Caitlin Snow wondered both what she got herself into, and how she would fix it right now.

'I'm lost,' Caitlin thought to herself.

Frustration built over many times. A hand placed on Caitlin's shoulder caused her to spin around almost. She took a deep breath, and faced Natasha who had been standing across the lab. Natasha's breathing escalated a couple of seconds later.

"Sorry," Natasha said. "It was just you were in the lab for a long time and….."

She noticed the footage playing. Caitlin tried to act like she had not been obsessively watching the footage every angle. She pin-pointed the moment her powers kicked in, even if the signs were there.

"How could I have missed them?" Caitlin asked. "How could I have missed the signs?"

"To be fair, Wells had the wool pulled over the eyes of a lot of people," Natasha said. "We never knew Harrison Wells, because technically speaking, we never knew Harrison Wells."

Caitlin answered with a nod. She figured pulling herself away from the footage would be the best thing. Those words, those chilling words, no pun intended, from Thawne, who apologized for her condition. Thawne disappeared, into the night, but yet, Caitlin felt his presence all around her.

'They will suffer,' a dark impulse thought within Caitlin.
Caitlin took a second to clear her throat.

"We've got the information to the Central City Police Department," Natasha said. "That's the good news, and the bad news is….."

"Barry's still missing, I know," Caitlin said.

Caitlin stepped out to the main lab. Both Laurel and Barbara were in conversation with each other. Caitlin could only begin to guess what those two were talking about. More chills blew down Caitlin’s spine when she stepped into the room. Barbara her eyes up and looked at Caitlin when she stepped into the room.

"Are you alright?" Barbara asked.

Caitlin swallowed and responded with a nod. To be perfectly honest, she had worse, much worse, at many times. Yet, having powers, it most certainly spun a person's world upside down. Especially in the way Caitlin received her powers.

"I'm dealing with it," Caitlin said. "I'll be fine, it's just another bump in the road."

"It can be, but thankfully you noticed it early," Laurel said. "And you can have people to support you."

Caitlin nodded, she was glad to have good friends, and also very worried what would happen next with Thawne out there, at large. There could be many things which could happen, and Caitlin could only begin to make guesses of what all of them would be.

"I'm glad, I have," Caitlin said a few seconds later. "I'm guessing we don't have any leads on Thawne."

"Thawne is hard to pin down, and now he knows, we know, it's going to be even harder," Barbara said. "We're going to have a much easier chance locating Barry, which I'll be perfectly honest, we haven't had much luck. I can't help, but think we're missing something."

"The information has been presented to the CCPD," Natasha said.

Iris returned in a flash. Everyone, even those who were used to her sudden appearances, and disappearances, had been taken aback by her return. To be fair, they were all on the edge, because of everything which happened. Iris stopped and looked at them all.

"Just talked to Dad, and the investigators are looking over the evidence as we speak," Iris said. "With any luck, they'll find Wells responsible, and Henry Allen will be out."

Both catching Thawne to lock him away, keeping him locked away, and finding Barry, those were all challenges they needed to overcome. Iris looked around the lab, and she noticed one of their number was missing.

"Sara's not here?" Iris asked.

Laurel frowned, Sara often walked off on her own, when she had a hunch. She had not been back in about a couple of hours, which had been concerning for Laurel. She looked eye to eye with Barbara, who just responded with a shrug. They would have to do something, soon, if Sara did not return.

The basement of STAR Labs did not seem too peculiar. Sara understood how appearances could be
deceiving. Her heart beat even faster when approaching the area down to the basement. So far, nothing down here, but boxes of spare parts, but Sara kept searching. Something had to be down here, and she would get to the bottom of this, well lower than the basement, which was the bottom of it.

James Jesse of all people gave Sara the inspiration. He mentioned how no one looked underneath their nose for the answers. And everyone looked all over Central City, when Sara figured Barry might have been a little bit closer than ever before.

Sara noticed some discoloration on the wall, which was different from the rest of the basement. The shade of green used was only a shade lighter than the rest of the basement. No one, other than an eye trained by the League of Assassins, might have picked up the very subtle difference. Sara lightly brushed the edge of the wall and the wall jutted in a little bit.

'Jackpot.'

One brick came out for Sara to pull in and swing the wall out a little bit. The wall opened to reveal secret passageway. The lights flickered on when Sara walked in. She immediately stuck to what little darkness she had, to try and get the drop on whoever was there. She would have to get one shot on Thawne, right to the knee if she could manage it.

Speedsters could not run with a limp after all, at least that was the theory Sara had. She walked further into the basement and could hear something, or someone breathing.

Was it Barry? Was it Thawne? Was it something else, or rather something else? Sara wished she had clearer answers to these questions. She walked further into the basement, goosebumps rising on her arm with each step. Each step racked Sara into a nervous state even more. She kept her hand on the quiver.

Sara reached a gate at the end of the corridor. She noticed a board with some kind of plans tacked onto it. Blueprints, for what appeared to be….Sara gasped when she saw it. It looked like a Particle Accelerator at first, but what was the nature of all of the calculations on it.

'What's your game, Eobard.'

Writing shined on the wall. Sara noticed the crude writing, not legible at first, but the further she got towards the gate, the more legible it became. The word shined out into the light, and Sara noticed the name as well.

"Grodd," she muttered.

Sara wondered who Grodd was. Was it another prison Thawne kept? How many prisoners could that man keep? Time-traveling murderer meant Sara was not going to put anything past the man, or what he might do. Sara looked around and could feel something, chilling.

The woman turned around and pointed the bow, loaded with an arrow. No one there, yet Sara felt a presence. The hair prickled down the back of her neck.

Sara turned back around, and suddenly, something nailed her firmly across the back of the head. Sara dropped to her knees, agonizing pain spreading through her temples. It was almost like something grabbed onto her brain, and caused it great discomfort. Sara reached up to grab on the side of her face, nails digging in when she threw her head back and screamed.

She was slipping, slipping down beneath the water, into the depths of the ocean. Sara struggled with all of her might to keep her head above the water. Her body in the real time thrashed back when the
sensations of starting to drown nailed Sara full on. Her lungs could barely breath.

Only this time, Sara could not pull herself back above the water. Sara screamed out loud when the agony spread around her, she submerged into the depths more and more.

"NO!" Sara screamed in the most blood curdling tone she ever imagined. "NO!"

Sara kept screaming, being thrown down onto the ground. Her body thrashed in pain, when she felt the sensation of drowning, despite being on dry land. Her mind tricked into feeling the sensations, caused something to dig into her mind. Survival instincts dug in, with Sara trying desperately to push the invading force out of her mind. The invading force dug in harder, and pressed onto Sara's mind even more.

She moved towards Oliver on the island. Oliver's eyes flashed in a feral fury, and rushed forward to attack Sara. Sara landed down on the ground, with Oliver's hands wrapped around her throat. The Mirakuru pumping through his veins, Sara struggling against his strength. She managed to push off just barely.

The image flash, with Sara plunging a blade through Oliver's chest, as he was on his knees. The image replayed constantly, dozens of times, with Sara stabbing Oliver again and again, blood splattering again and again. Then the image switched from Laurel to her father to her mother to Thea to Nyssa to Iris to Barbara, with them all taking Sara's place as she stabbed them.

"NO!" Sara yelled. "GET OUT OF MY HEAD!"

Sara thrashed on the ground, drool coming down her mouth. She saw something large and hulking out of the corner of her hazed vision. She woke up suddenly, and watched when Ivo shot Shado in front of her. The rage in Slade's eyes when he found out what happened.

Starling City, the entire world burned around her. An image of the Green Arrow flashed in front of Sara Lance.

"Sara Lance, you have failed this city."

An arrow pierced through her heart, in Sara's mind's eye from the Green Arrow image in front of her. She screamed out in agony, when she saw an image of herself, hanging from a cross in the middle of the Church of Blackfire, several followers wearing Sheep masks surrounding her, chanting eerily underneath her breath.

"No, no, no!"

"You have lead them to damnation, harlot," a southern-accented voice said.

Sara screamed, and then she thumped down onto the ground. The last thing she heard before being submerged into blackness, everything shutting down around her was the set of two sets of feet rushing towards her. Then, for the longest time, Sara Lance knew nothing else.

Sitting up bolt upright, Sara screamed. She saw the image of herself, face covered in scratch marks, and she felt like she had a killer headache. Laurel sat on the bed, and moved towards Sara. Without any words, Laurel engulfed Sara in a hug, and did not let go for some time.

"I thought I lost you again," Laurel said.

"Not going to get rid of me that easily," Sara said. "So….the last thing I remembered…well I'm
going to remember this killer headache for a long time."

Sara took a few seconds to calm her nerves down. Everything flashed in her mind, the pain she suffered was not something she was going to forget for a very long time, not if Sara could help it anyway.

"I remember searching around the basement, looking for Barry," Sara said. "And then, everything after I reached a gate, it's a complete blur."

"Your heart stopped," Caitlin said. "Thankfully, Iris was able to rush you up here and we were able to revive you."

Sara did not want to die again. It was a very long trip to the nearest Lazarus Pit anyway. Not worth the mania which came after the resurrection either. Thankfully, Nyssa was there to nurse her back to health, and she swore never to subject Sara to that process again.

"We found you in the basement, and you were trying to claw your own eyes out," Iris said. She looked a bit shaky in response. "It was the scariest thing ever, the way you were screaming, and then it was like your body just gave out."

Sara closed her eyes, wishing she could remember. She did not remember anyone between the moment she reached the gates and the time she woke up here with a throbbing headache. Iris and Laurel both looked like they had been a bit upset.

"You shouldn't have gone down there alone," Iris said.

"Maybe not, but I got caught off guard," Sara said. She rubbed the top of her head. "How, I don't know, I just did. It's very confusing, I don't even want to know…"

"Well, maybe you should get some rest, and we can figure this out," Caitlin said.

"I have a sinking feeling I was very close to Barry," Sara said. "That's why I was attacked."

She thought Thawne might have got the drop on her, but Sara discounted the attack. She would not have been left in the state she was in, Thawne would have likely snapped her neck. No, it was someone else that attacked her, or rather, something else. Sara could not even begin to figure it out, to be perfectly honest.

"I saw one thing, before the gate," Sara said. "It was a name, Grodd."

Caitlin almost dropped the stack of papers she held on the floor. Thankfully, for her, she had been able to recover them from dropping down on the ground.

"Grodd was the name of a super intelligent gorilla who Wells found and kept at Star Labs," Caitlin said. "He was…interesting to say the least. He hasn't been seen since the Particle Accelerator explosion."

"Yes," Sara said. "Does he have any…unique abilities?"

Caitlin recalled Grodd quite well. "Yes, he has limited psychic abilities, which…may have been amplified by the Particle Accelerator Explosion."

Everything became more clearly. This would make Sara's work a little bit more difficult. She trained to fight people, not super intelligent psychic gorillas. She breathed in and breathed out with a long sign.
"I heard what happened."

Everyone turned around and noticed Sapphire Stagg step into the lab. Caitlin threw her hands up in the air and just sighed very deeply.

"We're going to need to get better locks," Caitlin responded. "What can I do for your, Doctor Stagg?"

"Well, Doctor Snow," Sapphire said. "I was just wondering if I can do anything to help. Now that Wells has been unmasked, maybe you need some helping tracking him down...."

"No, we'll manage fine," Iris said. "And you shouldn't get involved in this. Wells is too dangerous. He's something else now, something far too dangerous for you to deal with it."

Sapphire looked like she wanted to protest, but she just decided it was a lot better.

"I had my Private Investigator friend send all of the information on Wells," Sapphire answered. "Therefore, the CCPD might be able to get a conviction on him. Although, I'm sure the bastard has gone into hiding."

Sapphire noticed Sara lying on the medical cot. The scratches down Sara's face were very obvious and Sapphire gasped after taking a look at them.

"What happened to you?" Sapphire asked.

"Long story," Sara said.

"I should escort you out," Iris said. "It's a very dangerous place to be right now."

Sapphire allowed Iris to escort her out. She would have liked to protest, but something held her back from doing so. She did not know what the hell was going on, and Sapphire almost wanted to know. Star Labs seemed to have a lot more excitement and danger than the mundane life of an heiress like her.

'Who says being rich is interesting,' Sapphire thought.

Barry heard Sara searching for him. It was frustrating how close Sara was to him, and yet how far away she was. He could not yell loud enough for Sara to hear him. Barry had been growing stir crazy, trying as he might to find a way out.

"SOMEONE HELP!"

Barry screamed out loud as hard as he could, but he could not get the attention of anyone to save his life. He pushed back against the wall. Frustration reached a fever pitch as Barry tried to break through from his position. Each time Barry tried to break free, he only snapped back against the wall.

Something moved, and Barry hoped it would be someone to help him. Unfortunately, he came face to face with a giant gorilla. One of the last things Barry wanted to see. Then again, maybe he wasn't seeing a giant gorilla. Maybe the months of captivity, finally caused Barry to go crazy.

"You're not real," Barry said. "I'm just seeing things. You're a figment of my imagination. You can't be real. There can't be a giant gorilla standing in front of me. It's just not all possible."

The gorilla stared at Barry for a little bit. The creature said nothing, just stared Barry down. He turned around and walked off.
'If a giant gorilla can come and go as he pleased, there's no way I can't,' Barry thought.

Barry wished he had the speed powers Thawne said he did in that other timeline. He could have just vibrated out of these restraints.

"I've got good news and bad news, Mr. Allen."

His eyes flashed towards the Reverse-Flash. Oh boy, what Barry would have given to have five minutes alone with him, no powers. This was the man who killed his mother, and stole his father's life.

"The good news is your father will be finally let out of prison, given the evidence collected against me," Thawne said. "It's a pity by the time it happens, it won't matter. Which brings me more good news. I've nearly collected enough speed from that imposter to get what I need. Only ten percent more, and I will have enough of her speed, to fix it, fix it before it's too late."

Barry could not even begin to fathom what the Reverse-Flash was going on about. His heart beat even faster when trying to breath out.

"No one could hear your screams," Thawne said. "You met, my friend, Grodd, haven't you? He has made certain that the Green Arrow would not come across you. Don't know what he did, but by the sound of her screams, I don't think either of us want to know."

Barry heard no screams, which caused a grim conclusion to reach him. The room Thawne kept him in, had been insulated from sound.

"It's been almost an honor seeing you grow up," Thawne said. "Soon, all will be right."

"An all points bulletin has been sent out on Harrison Wells," the newscaster said. "Sapphire Stagg, the daughter of the late Simon Stagg, continues to be very vocal regarding Wells, and his role in her father's death. She has handed incriminating information over to the authorities, which sealed the arrest warrant sent out for the STAR Labs chief scientist."

"What does she know?" Thawne asked.

Barry looked at Thawne, who looked very thoughtful for a moment. He did wonder what Thawne was going on about.

"Does it really matter?" Barry asked. "You said it yourself, you're leaving soon. Everyone knows who you are, but does it really matter?"

"Don't complicate matters, Barry."

Thawne detested loose ends, especially with how far away the plan was from being completed. He needed a little more time, and more importantly, he needed a little bit more from that imposter running around in the red suit.

"Grodd, to me."

Grodd had been a lot harder to control than before.

Sapphire Stagg made her way out of the bathtub after a nice long soak. She relaxed a bit more tonight, with the world knowing that Harrison Wells was who she said he was this entire time. Unfortunately though, the man was still at large. The CCPD mobilized to find Wells, who had just
disappeared.

Everyone figured out he faked his handicap to lure people into a false sense of security. Sapphire returned to the couch, to do a binge on Netflix of all of the shows she missed due to being in business meetings a lot over the past six months or so.

The curtain drawn to the window had been left open, which sent up a red flag in Sapphire's mind. She looked around and moved to the curtain.

Sapphire turned around and came face to face with a large hulking gorilla. It had been a big surprise to Sapphire and the gorilla, no doubt, that she did not scream. Sapphire moved back and watched the gorilla slowly advance on her.

The heiress pulled out a gun she had on at all times and started to fire at the gorilla. The gorilla stood across from Sapphire, not once flinching from any of the bullets. The gun ripped out of Sapphire's hand and dropped down to the ground.

'Ms. Stagg, I know what your father has done,' the gorilla thought.

'You're in my head? ' Sapphire asked.

She was not as creeped out by the giant gorilla, as the giant gorilla inside of her head started to creep Sapphire out something fierce.

'Your father has hunted my kind for years,' the gorilla thought. 'I'm glad my father killed yours.'

'Father?' Sapphire asked.

'You know him as Harrison Wells,' gorilla thought. 'He found me when I was cast out, weakened, betrayed, they will all pay for what they did. And I help Wells, and he helps me.'

Sapphire thought for a super-intelligent gorilla, this primate could be blissfully stupid.

'Wells is using you,' Sapphire thought.

'Mutual interests,' the gorilla thought.

Suddenly, Sapphire felt herself drop down to the ground. Something put her down to sleep. Sapphire breathed in and breathed out with the gorilla hoisting her up off of the ground.

Grodd would have sooner killed this one, she was useless, at least from what Grodd thought. However, he found a use for her, as in, he could use this girl to lure the Flash out into the open. Thawne needed Flash and Grodd needed Thawne, to help return home.

A few seconds later, Grodd cleared the area and jumped down, the girl in his rms. She would not wake up, not until Grodd needed her.

The Flash would be all alone, with Grodd having taken out the Green Arrow, just as Thawne requested. Now, the game would be afoot. Grodd sought out the tallest building in Central City.

To Be Continued on December 8th, 2017.
The Stagg Penthouse looked to be utterly demolished by something going through, like a wrecking machine. Detective Joe West stepped inside, taking a deep breath. The last couple of months had made him long for the days of a simpler Central City. One of the security guards made his way into the room. He held his throbbing head.

"Are you sure you saw what you thought you saw?" Joe asked.

He almost hoped the security guard had been imagining things. The alternative was not exactly very pretty in Joe's mind to be honest. The guard took a deep breath and looked at the Detective. That single look issued towards Joe told the detective that there was no hope this was being imagined, not at all.

"Yeah, I saw what I thought I saw," the security guard said. "It was huge, it looked like a nine foot gorilla. It was like something out of an old movie. I didn't have a chance to react before I was knocked out."

Joe looked on with a sigh, but managed to adopt a more stoic expression. Gorilla, why did it have to be a gorilla? Why couldn't it be something smaller and less terrifying. The Central City Police Department detective shook the cobwebs from his head and stared at the security guard a few seconds later.

"Did you see what happened?" Joe asked.

"No, the moment I locked eyes on the gorilla, I was locked out."

Patty stepped into the room to survey the crime scene. She looked around impressed.

"Sapphire put up a fight, before she got snagged," Patty said. "The bullet casings on the floor and the broken vase….I really hope that's not her blood on the floor though."

Patty bent down to look at the blood, seeing if there were any other hints. They had been so distracted by the shocking revelation Harrison Wells was the man he said he was, they did not see this one coming. Patty wondered how people could miss a large gorilla just maneuvering around as he pleased. This had been a question even she could not answer at this precise moment.

"You know, out of all of the things that happened in Central City in the past few months, this might be the most insane," Patty said.

Patty surveyed the situation around her, taking a deep breath. She ran into a couple of shell-shocked witnesses on their way up there. One of the just kept screaming about a gorilla and another one, they had been too afraid to say anything. It was almost terrifying to watch and Patty felt for them.

"He came in from the garage downstairs," Patty said.

"Yes, that's what I saw him alright," the guard said. "And I'm pretty sure the only way he could have gotten up here is through the stairs, unless he figured out how to work the elevator."

Joe flinched at the thought of a giant gorilla who was smart enough to work an elevator. Then again,
he laid in wait, waiting for Sapphire Stagg, and kidnapped her. Exactly where she had been brought from her, Joe did not know. He figured out one thing though.

'Not a coincidence she had been taken just after the news of the report of the evidence she gave the CCPD about Wells,' Joe said. 'But how, how isn't it a coincidence. I don't know.'

Joe did not know and that very fact stirred up his mind in some of the most frustrating ways humanly possible. He drew in a very deep breath and groaned. Everything started to come unraveled in the worst possible way. Joe did not know what to do, all he knew was there were some problems on the way.

A phone rang and Joe took it.

"Yeah, yeah, thank you," Joe said. "I'll look into it."

Patty looked up from investigating the crime scene.

"A pair of witnesses saw our mysterious gorilla leave the Penthouse," Joe said. Never in all of his life he ever thought he would be saying anything about a billionaire heiress being abducted by a giant gorilla. "There's something big and….."

Another call had and it was Iris. Joe answered in quickly, just in case it was something about Barry.

"Dad, I have to tell you about something," Iris said. "There's a giant gorilla who escaped Star Labs, and he might be on the loose in Central City."

"You don't say," Joe said.

"He was taken in by the fake Wells," Iris added. "And Wells nursed him back to health. He's super intelligent, with telepathic abilities, and he's very dangerous. Have you heard anything about a gorilla being sighted anywhere in Central City?"

Joe received the final piece to the puzzle of why the gorilla took Sapphire Stagg. Wells used him as a means to distract them from whatever he was doing. Now the deceit had been unmasked, Wells needed a diversion, and what better diversion than a large gorilla.

"Thanks for the tip, Iris," Joe said. "And the gorilla, he kidnapped Sapphire Stagg."

The sigh coming from the other end of the phone could be obvious.

"I brought her back to her Penthouse, so she would stay out of trouble," Iris said. "This is all my fault."

"No one expects someone to be kidnapped by a giant gorilla," Joe said. "Keep your eyes, open, and try…be careful."

Joe didn't want Iris fighting that thing. Hell, he didn't want to fight that thing. Judging by some of the damage, and the fact bullets just barely affected it, Joe wondered what it would take to take down a giant gorilla.

Sara Lance pulled herself out of the hospital wing. She knew she should be resting, and by all means, maybe it was not a good idea for her to be walking up and about. Every now and then, Sara's eye twitched when she still felt Grodd batting around in the back of her head.

She moved down the downstairs area, where she encountered the beast. Iris stood at the crime scene
and looked around for a few more moments.

"Should you be resting?" Iris asked.

"Yes, probably," Sara said. "But, I don't think I can rest with Grodd on the loose….and something tells me he's found a way to get into Central City."

"Yeah, about that," Iris said. Her shoulders slumped and Sara put a hand on Iris's shoulder, steadying her body in response. "Yeah about that, I brought Sapphire home. And Grodd just snatches her out from her penthouse, just like that."

Iris slammed her palm into the edge of her head. She took a deep breath and could see Sara looking at her. Sara still looked slightly glass-eyed from the encounter with Grodd earlier. She was not most certainly her best, and Sara knew it.

"No one expects someone to be kidnapped by a giant gorilla," Sara said. "Well, maybe Batman, because I'm sure he has a plan for such a thing."

"Yeah," Barbara chimed in over the headset. "So, wait, you're telling me Grodd abducted Stagg? Well, that just shows you how much Wells is pulling the strings. The thing is, what's the end game? Wells knows, we know about him. Sapphire already released the information to the CCPD, that her private investigator friend found. What more is there to gain from this?"

Sara thought for a moment. Her head still spun from the first encounter against Grodd. She could not even begin to hold her head up.

"Distraction, it's just a distraction," Sara said. "Grodd's just a really big distraction. Whatever Wells is doing, he needs more time, and Grodd will buy him the time he needs."

"So, he had Grodd taken Sapphire," Iris said.

"You know, if Grodd climbed a really tall building with a hot blonde, I will lose any respect I had for him," Barbara said. She stopped and paused, before sighing. "You know, maybe I should start checking out some really tall buildings so I can see where Grodd might have ended up."

"He would have needed to get somewhere undetected," Iris said.

Iris moved towards the same gate Sara dropped down in front of. She moved a little bit closer to the gate, and she vibrated her hand through it, or at least tried to. Some kind of energy caused a jolt to repel her back.

"There's something down here," Iris replied a moment later. "But, we're going to have to worry about that later….because Grodd is….""

A buzzing echoed through Iris's head. Iris staggered forward an inch and could feel something, slip into the back of her mind. The Fastest Woman alive spent a fair amount of time trying to push back the thoughts which crept into her mind. Yet, something was in her mind.

The replay of her chasing the Reverse-Flash after he nabbed Barry echoed through her mind. The taunting words of "not fast enough" rang through Iris's head a few more seconds later.

"Flash," growled a voice in the back of her head.

Something flashed through Iris's mind one more time. She tried to get ahold of herself, even though her head began to throb something fierce when trying to steady herself to a standing position. She
noticed a very helpless Sapphire Stagg, tied up at the top of a large building.

She noticed the image of the large gorilla, standing, waiting for her. Sapphire's screams could not be heard due to the gag in her mouth. Everything slowed down, and she could barely hear Sara's voice screaming for her.

"I know where Grodd's holding Sapphire," Iris said.

Sara hated to be the one to bring up the very obvious. "You know this is a trap, right?"

The two of them made their way up the steps, and they saw Caitlin waiting at the top of the stairs. She had a look of determination on her face.

"We found out where they're keeping Sapphire Stagg," Sara said, before Caitlin could lecture her about getting out of bed when she had been resting. "We should go after her now."

"I should come with you," Caitlin said.

Sara groaned for a moment and looked the Star Labs scientist dead in the eye. "Caitlin, I'm fine."

"Well, it's not that, even though it kind of is that," Caitlin replied a moment later. "It's just, I worked with Grodd, and maybe, just maybe, I could have a chance to talk him down. Maybe reason with him, a little bit. You know, it's worth a shot. What do we have to lose?"

Sara looked over to Iris and both of them were coming along with the same thoughts.

"Caitlin, I understand you want to help," Iris said. "And I appreciate the help, but you can help us more here, helping Laurel and Barbara and Natasha track down Barry. He's close, and with your condition…..it might trigger something you can't get out of."

"If Grodd senses weakness, especially your insecurities, he will use them to destroy you from within," Sara argued.

Caitlin nodded, she was feeling a bit vulnerable right now, given her budding powers. Given what Grodd did to Sara, and she could not believe this was the same Grodd they took in all of those years ago. Wells did something to him, or maybe brought out the worst in him.

"Maybe you shouldn't go either."

"It's going to take more than a few stray thoughts to keep me down," Sara argued.

Sara's mind tilted to the day where she had to kill Oliver. He begged her to put him down, and Sara had to, even though she thought, perhaps she should have found another way. The knife stabbing into Oliver flashed in Sara's mind. She saw buzzards flying above the island, and then demonic laughter.

"I've got something that could help."

Natasha moved in, breaking Sara out of her twisted trip down bad memory lane. She held a metal box in front of them.

"I reverse-engineered a device which STAR Labs used to try and channel Grodd's mental abilities," Natasha said. "With a bit of tinkering, I think that it should temporary block out Grodd's assault."

"Temporarily?" Sara asked.
"Yeah, it's not exactly the most stable of technology," Natasha said. "So, you're going to have to move in quickly, and hope Grodd isn't too powerful where he could overwhelm it."

Both costumed crime fighters thought the same thing. They were going to have to go in there, and fight, to the best of their abilities. Both of them locked eyes with each other, with a sigh and a smile. One way or another, they had to get Sapphire back.

Stopping Grodd was another matter entirely. Sara trained to fight humans. Giant gorillas were another matter entirely, especially ones with telepathy.

Not the first time someone kidnapped Sapphire Stagg. She would say though, it had been the first time she had been kidnapped by a giant gorilla. Sapphire found herself moving a little bit. If she shifted her head, the gag slipped a little bit from her mouth.

She watched, a bit fearfully, when Grodd walked back and forth. When her father took her to the zoo, Sapphire always had been afraid to go to the Monkey house for some reason. Her father managed to make the situation lighter, by comparing several of the primates to some of his business rivals, which made her laugh.

There was nothing she could do to make facing a super-intelligent gorilla like Grodd. Sapphire hoped for a miracle, or rather, she hoped for the Flash. She hoped to loosen the gag, hoping for her screams to signal the speedster, somehow.

Grodd moved back and forth and stopped. He reached into a box and pulled out a map before smoothing it out on the roof.


Growling continued when Grodd tore the map to shreds, and he growled even deeper. Sapphire's gag slipped off. She should have started screaming by now, however, she could not say anything else. Her throat became stuck and clenched together. The more she tried to speak, the harder it got to articulate a single word.

"Grodd?"

The gorilla turned to Sapphire.

"Why are you working for Wells?" Sapphire asked. "He's just using you."

Grodd shifted his eyes.

'He did save me and nurse me back to health when I was at my weakest,' Grodd thought. 'I owe him that much, and I've agreed to help him. I've lost everything because of them, and Wells offered me a chance to gain revenge. He reminded me of the values I lost when I had been held in captivity for those months. They didn't see what I saw. They didn't feel what I felt. Humanity is diseased, polluted, and must be exterminated.'

Sapphire swallowed. She did not know why she just did not scream for help.

'Wells won't follow his word,' Sapphire thought.

'Flash is coming,' Grodd thought. 'You're just the means to bait the trap.'

Sapphire did not feel any better she had baited a trap. No, she felt a significant amount worse. She
also came to the horrifying realization the only reason she didn't scream is because Grodd willed her not to. And that made her want to scream even more, even though she could not.

Living in Gotham City gave Barbara Gordon certain senses those from outside of the city could scarcely explain. Iris and Sara left, despite their misgivings. Now, Barbara needed to pick off where Iris and Sara left off. Wells planned for a lot, but his tunnel vision directed mostly upon the Flash.

"Are you sure he's here?" Laurel asked.

"Grod wouldn't have tried to rearrange Sara's brain if Barry wasn't down here," Barbara said. "Just keep going, we'll find him."

Barbara scanned the area for anything. They made their way towards the opened gates. Barbara scanned the wall and noticed a panel, hidden almost invisible on the wall. Barbara took out the portable computer and hooked it to the wall. She established the uplink to the Bat Computer, which was able to run through all of the potential number sequences to unlock the gate.

Laurel leaned against the wall, and suddenly, the gates slid up to allow them entry into a dingy tunnel. Empty boxes lined the wall all the way down. They turned into a makeshift lab, where a blueprint had been laid across the table. More blueprints hung from the wall. Parts of it had been crossed out and modified as needed. Laurel stopped short and pointed it out.

"I'm no scientist," Laurel said. "But, that looks like….."

"Yeah it does," Barbara responded. "It looks like a Particle Accelerator, only it looks like Wells has made a couple of modifications."

Barbara reached down and she flipped through a very detailed series of journal entries. The entries grew more frantic as Wells, or Thawne rather, continued to write them. The words "out of time", and" need to go faster", and "damn you, Barry", had been written all over on a lot of the pages. Many of the entries also chronicled the means he used to slowly siphon off parts of Iris's speed, and use them for his own purposes.

"This is very detailed," Barbara said.

She handed the journal entries to Laurel. Laurel flipped to them, digesting as much information as humanly possible in a short amount of time.

"He was faster than Iris," Laurel said. "Why did he need her speed too?"

"Not to be faster, but to be able to outrun time and space itself," Barbara said. "I believe he intends to go back in time and fix something….but I could be just groping around in the dark."

Barbara listened for something. Every now and again, she could hear a very soft thump. It was barely audible. These old buildings made a lot of noises on the other end. It felt like someone was trying to get their attention. Barbara shifted a little bit closer towards the edge.

Another thump rattled on the wall from the other side.

"Someone is trying to get our attention, aren't they?" Laurel asked.

"Yes, it looks that way," Barbara agreed.

Exactly who was trying to get their attention and how, neither of the girls knew. Barbara stowed the
journal away in her bag. Hopefully it would offer more hints of what Wells and his end game was.

Why he would leave something like that around, Barbara did not know.

'*Then again, I regularly go against a guy who leaves riddles at the scene of his crime,*' Barbara thought. *'So, perhaps it's just an ego thing with a lot of criminals.'*

The two crime fighters hunted for a secret entrance. Barbara's hunch might prove to be correct. Barry was closer than they thought.

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Green Arrow looked around in the shadows. Pins and needles described the feeling the hooded crime fighter had when she searched around. The device Natasha whipped up for both of them, it could hold for a little bit. Sara needed to move in quickly, and swiftly.

She looked up and saw Grodd standing on the top of the building, before he stepped inside of the building. Sapphire, who had been tied up on the top of the building, no longer was where she once was. The Flash joined the Green Arrow and the two of them stood side by side with each other.

"He took her inside," Flash said.

Sara sighed, she took a look out the layout of the building, and there were a lot of blind spots in the building. Not exactly the worst thing for a world class assassin like Sara Lance, but still, when dealing with a giant gorilla, he could turn those blindspots around and take them down.

"We're walking into a trap," Sara said.

"Well, let's not keep Grodd waiting."

The two of them made their way into the building. The noticed the set of stairs leading to the basement and a door opened. The two of them descended down the steps and stopped short of the steps. Iris zipped down the steps just in time to see Sapphire tied up in a chair in the middle of the basement. She looked at them a few seconds later, and Sara stepped closer. Iris moved over and removed the gag from Sapphire's mouth.

"Look behind you, Flash."

Sapphire Stagg spoke in a voice which was not his own. Iris felt herself brought to her knees. She struggled a bit harder against the assault from Grodd. Her mind almost collapsed like tin can underneath Grodd's violent assault, but Iris pushed back and jumped out of the way.

"It's not working!" Sara yelled.

Grodd pushed Iris back against the wall. She dodged the large gorilla. Sara, thinking quickly, withdrew in an arrow, and fired at Grodd.

The arrow stopped in mid air without Grodd even lifting a finger. The arrow bent to the air and dropped down to the ground. Sara held up her bow, but Grodd knocked it out of her hand and then knocked her back against the wall. Sara flipped onto her feet to avoid the landing.

"I didn't know Grodd could do that," Caitlin said in awe on the other side of the communication headset.

"Would have been handy to know he could earlier," Sara said, breathing heavily.

The Flash spun around and went behind Grodd. She took the gorilla off of his feet with a gust of
wind. Grodd bounced up, the inconvenience only very minor and very fleeting. Grodd dropped down to the ground, and Sara reclaimed her bow to shoot another arrow at his feet. The arrow broke open on the ground and wrapped a net around his feet. An electrified pulse shot through Grodd and stunned him for a few seconds.

At least until Grodd ripped through the net and picked up a pair of cinderblocks to hurl them at Sara. Sara dodged the flying concrete from hitting her.

"You need to come back with us to Star Labs," Flash said. "We can help you, Wells is using you….."

Grodd was not going to buy whatever the Flash sold at this point. He flung Iris back against the wall.

'You've found a way to keep me at bay,' Grodd thought, only just barely slipping through the headband on the Flash's head. 'Impressive, but your mind is useless to me.'

Grodd slammed a needle into the side of the Flash's neck and agony spread through her body. Her blood boiled, and her heart started pumping faster.

Sara shot another arrow, releasing a chain which dropped a large engine on top of Grodd. The large gorilla blocked the engine with his bare hands, and Sara fired another arrow onto the floor, which caused a sticky substance to cover the gorilla's feet. Grodd reached down and tried to rip his way out.

"I have to run, run, it's the only way to stop the pain!" Flash yelled.

Before Sara could react to anything Iris did, she sped off in a blink of an eye. The Green Arrow turned around and Grodd pulled free. Sara looked across from him and the gorilla snorted when looking at Sara.

For a second, Sara thought Grodd would attack. Attacking looked to be the furthest thing from Grodd's mind. He grabbed Sapphire and climbed up the stairs with her. Grodd smashed the steps when he moved up, causing Sara to be slowed down.

She grappled up, to fight Grodd. Iris ran around Central City like a blur, which left Sara all alone to fight a gorilla.

Grodd jumped across the way, making his way to the highest building in Central City, even higher than the one he held Sapphire in before. The Green Arrow followed, and watched Grodd descend up the building.

Of course, Sara would follow him, because she had to. Grodd moved with surprising speed for someone so large, and kept ascending until he reached the very top of the top with his hostage.

'Really giving into clichés now, aren't you, Grodd?' Sara thought, well aware he could hear her thoughts.

To Be Continued on December 12th, 2017.
Barbara Gordon continued to hear the thumping. It grew softer, the more she moved in a certain way. With the thumping being very soft to begin with, Barbara hazarded a guess she ran into some pretty bad trouble. She moved closer to the edge of the wall and put a hand on it. The bricks shifted a half of an inch off to one side. Barbara frowned when looking over the wall.

"We're close," Laurel said.

Hopefully, to Barry, Barbara hoped at least. She would not put it past Thawne after all of this to lure them straight into a trap. Barbara scanned the wall for anything. There only appeared to be one body behind the wall. Exactly how to access the wall remained a mystery. Barbara racked her brain for a very feasible way to break through the other side of the wall, even though she found herself questioning the way inside from every single angle.

"Maybe Canary Cry?" Laurel asked.

"No, the way the wall's set up, it would crush Barry from the inside," Barbara said.

Laurel grimaced at a few seconds. It was worth a try, even though the more she thought about it, the more she realized Barbara had a very solid point. Barbara looked over the wall, frowning when she carefully analyzed the path behind every step of the way.

"Okay, not Canary Cry," Laurel said. "There has to be a way in here somewhere. Unless it's a way for a speedster to get in there, which in that case…." Laurel trailed off. The very rear implication they were screwed rear its ugly head. Iris had been out dealing with Grodd. The only solace they could take with this situation is they located Barry. Until Thawne returned, and reared his ugly head, and Laurel braced herself for a battle.

She needed to turn his strength into a weakness. The problem was, Laurel did not know how to do that. She would have to make it up as she went.

Barbara crouched down onto the ground and fiddled with the paneling on the wall. There always had to be a way. Barbara prided herself in being very creative in finding a way inside. She edged against the wall. Something to slip inside, a vent, a small opening, anything, a secret door latch even. Barbara pushed herself against the door which rattled a slight amount.

"Is there a way inside?" Laurel asked.

"Yes, I think there could be," Barbara said. "Stand back, I want to try something."

This tactic Barbara employed either would work, or it wouldn't. It would not harm Barry, at least it had a ninety-five percent chance of it not harming Barry. Barbara hoped whatever Thawne used to lock up Barry, it could have been bypassed very easily.

Barbara accessed the vibration feature on her gauntlet and stuck it into the edge of the wall. She winced when the vibration caused agonizing pain up her shoulder. Laurel grabbed Barbara by the shoulder, and Barbara vibrated her, not in the good way.
The doors started to smoke and Barbara pulled back. She shielded her face and started to cough. The door opened up, leading to a small hallway. In the midst of the room, chained to a wall, was Barry Allen. Barry looked up at the two people who saved him.

"Thank, God," Barry muttered.

Really, with what Barry had been through, there would be no other logical explanation than to say it. Barbara crouched down to free Barry. Thankfully, she had the right equipment to free Barry from the chains in her belt. Her mentor would accept nothing less after all.

She had lock picks, devices to hack security, smoke grenades, ice grenades, hell Barbara was pretty sure there was a can of shark repellant somewhere in that belt. Barbara undid the chains and released Barry from his containment.

"Thawne's not around, is he?" Barry asked. "I can't believe it, I looked up to him."

Barry tried to ignore the fact in some twisted way, Thawne looked up to Barry, at least in the future. And when he had been disappointed somewhere, that was what drove Thawne to be the Reverse-Flash. Some twisted cycle had been created, and Barry could not even begin to imagine how messed up everything would get, at least in the future.

"He's gone, he's gone?"

"Yes, he's gone," Laurel said. "Caitlin, we have Barry, he was underneath our noses the entire time."

Barry spent the last few weeks trying to get their attention. Hell, for all Barry knew, he would have been down here for months. Everything from the moment the Reverse-Flash snapped him up to the moment Black Canary and Batgirl discovered him, it was just a blur.

He needed to lie down, at least in theory. Barry knew, unfortunately, in the back of his mind, he would not be able to sleep easily tonight. The taunting image of Thawne and the madness over the past couple of weeks continued to enter Barry's mind.

He entered the light of the day, and took a deep breath.

"Where's Iris?" Barry asked.

Caitlin and Natasha both looked at each other the moment they saw Barry. Relieved he was fine, and completely horrified about the news they would have to break to him.

Sara needed to keep her wits about herself. Said wits were the most dangerous weapon Grodd could use to punish her. She scaled the top of the building. Grodd must have made it to the top with Sapphire. Sara adjusted the frequency of the device Natasha held to her. She had to get Grodd by surprise, somehow.

The static coming around Sara's eyes made her wonder how much the device worked, if at all. Only one way to find out and it was Sara ascending to the very top of the building. Her breathing increased when ascending all the way to the top of the building.

"You're just an unnecessary nuisance."

The words came out of Sapphire's mouth even though Grodd spoke them. The gorilla's beady little eyes fixed on Sara's face when she ascended to the very top of the building. Her heart beat even quicker when looking across from Grodd.
He held Sapphire by the scruff of her neck. Sapphire looked a bit terrified, beyond all belief. Who wouldn't be in a situation like this?

"I can take your mind, and rip it apart at any time," Grodd said through Sapphire. "But, what point would it prove?"

Grodd held onto his hostage, flipping her back and forth on the edge of the roof. No screams, just fear. Sapphire was well aware of the fact Grodd used her as a puppet to voice him. Sara moved over.

"You can fight it, Sapphire."

"She's a weak-minded human," Grodd said. "And if you step any further or show any aggression, I'm afraid there will be one less weak-minded human for you to worry about."

Sapphire dangled over the edge. All Grodd had to do was release his grip around her neck and Sapphire would crash down into oblivion.

"He's smarter than he was," Caitlin said.

She could not believe this was the Grodd who was with them previously. He changed, and not for the better. Cruelty danced through the eyes of Grodd.

"What will that prove?" Sara asked.

"Nothing," Grodd said. "But, you prove nothing either. Night after night you go out on your foolish crusade. Humanity is decaying more, growing more foolish, weaker. We will take back the Earth from the barbarians who stole it from us."

Grodd moved a little bit closer, as close as possible to tossing Sapphire over the edge of the building.

"Once, I have what I need, I will be able to go home," Grodd said.

"You still trust Wells?" Sara asked. She sounded very amused. "He's a deceiver. He deceived us all, he deceived Iris, Barry, Caitlin, and everyone else. And he's deceiving you. He considers you to be little more than nothing but a pet monkey. Even now, he's using you as a pawn."

"No, Thawn pawn, Grodd stronger," Grodd said. "You will never understand. Perhaps I should make you understand how useless your crusade is."

Grodd hurled Sapphire, releasing his control over her body just enough to allow Sara to hear her screams when she descended down to the ground. Sara gritted her teeth and threw herself off of the edge, after the flying Sapphire, repelling herself down the heiress.

Time stood still. Sara controlled her descend, flipping off of the building and speeding herself up, so she could go underneath Sapphire. She needed to slow Sapphire's descent, without stopping her suddenly. If Sara tried to snag her in mid-air, she would end up snapping Sapphire's neck.

Sara was pretty sure she saw something like this in a comic book once. Regardless of the fact, Sara launched herself down as fast as possible. Her heart skipped several moments, when she moved closer to reach Sapphire. It would take a very careful act to beat Sapphire down before she smacked into the ground hard.

Just barely, Sara managed to catch Sapphire, before she hit the ground. They descended as slowly to the ground, landing in the midst of a grassy area from the other side of the building Grodd hurled Sapphire off of. Had Sara been just a half a second slower, she would have saw Sapphire land on the
ground with a hard smack. Sara breathed in and breathed out in a very obvious sigh of relief.

'That was way too close,' Sara thought to herself.

The Central City Police Department arrived, just in time as well. Sara reached down and looked down at a very shaky looking Sapphire. She had been very lucky not to receive any serious injuries.

The CCPD turned up and Sara did not know how they would react to her. She looked across the way a few seconds later.

"Get her some medical attention," the Green Arrow said.

They nodded, and allowed Sara some room to move back. It was a lot easier dealing with them, then it was dealing with the Starling City Police Department before her father took over. She checked on Sapphire one more time. The girl might have been badly shaken up, but she would be fine, at least for now.

Sara looked up high onto the building, looking up for Grodd. Only, true to form, Grodd disappeared in the night, leaving Sara very frustrated and not satisfied at all.

Anyone who looked into the streets of Central City caught sight of a never ending blur who circled around the city. The blur belonged to the Fastest Woman Alive, Iris West, better known as the Flash. She pumped her legs and circled around the city, heart beating even faster. Iris whipped her head back, catching her breath when she circled around the area.

Something build up inside of Iris when she circled the area. She could not be sure what. Only, her limbs burned when going forward. Iris ran even faster than when the Trickster hooked the bomb inside of her. The chemical forced her to push herself through sheer nature.

She caught sight of the Green Arrow when going past. Every now and then, Iris swore she heard a voice yelling in her headset.

'I can't focus,' Iris thought to herself. 'No, I need to focus. I need to focus now.'

She started to cough. Iris kept running in spite of the burning filling through her lungs. Crackles of lighting flew through her when Iris moved around.

Sara watched Iris circle around Central City at the same speed. The hooded archer watched Iris fly around the corner of the city at an increasing velocity. Every time Iris circled around, Sara followed the progress of the woman when she moved. She needed to keep watching Iris, waiting for her to slow down to a certain point.

"I might be able to slow her down if I can take the shot," Sara said.

"Good, take it," Natasha said. "I don't think we're going to catch her at this rate. She's going much too fast, especially with how much she keeps circling."

Sara aimed the arrow directly at Iris when she moved fast. She suspected there were about forty nine seconds give or take, before Iris came back around to Sara's point. Sara knew hitting a moving target, especially those at speeds would be a lot harder than hitting a stationary one.

"And here we go."

Sara pulled back her bow and fired the arrow. Time slowed down for everyone when Sara waited to
see whether or not she would make contact with the target or not. Sara followed the progress of the arrow and it was about ready to connect with Iris to at least slow her down so Sara could figure out what happened.

A second blur came out and caught the arrow in mid-air. Sara stepped back and came eye to eye with the Reverse-Flash. The Reverse-Flash electrified the arrow and hurled it back at Sara like a bolt of lightning. Sara threw herself back, just narrowly avoiding being impaled by the arrow.

Sara staggered back, the impact hitting her made her very conscious of how lucky she was to avoid getting her head taken off by that particular arrow.

The Reverse-Flash moved quickly around the corner as Iris sped up. Both of them disappeared into a blur of light. Sara tried to pull herself up, trying to recover from being hurled into the wall. Her heart sped up when looking around the corner.

Suddenly, Iris fell down onto her knees on the ground. Her heart fluttered pretty quickly and then slowed down. Then, in a blink her body started to vibrate. Iris felt sicker than she ever had in her life. She could feel something, some large hard object rising up in her throat.

A glowing silver ball shot out of the throat of the Reverse and flew into the air. Something vibrated in the air, turning around. The flash of light illuminated the alleyway until the Reverse-Flash caught the ball in one hand and clenched it in his fist.

"In a few weeks, you might not remember this," The Reverse-Flash responded, peering down towards Iris. "But, it's always been a pleasure doing business with you."

The Reverse-Flash clutched the glowing silver ball into an orb of glass. "Oh, and by the way, Barry's all yours, enjoy him while you can."

Sara rushed over just barely catching the Reverse-Flash disappearing in a flash. She bent down and held out a hand for Iris to get up.

"Laurel and Barbara found him, but….."

Iris would have liked to feel a lot better. The problem was her head felt like it was on fire and her body felt like it ran a race against time and against herself. Iris would have liked nothing better other than to throat up, at least at this point. A hand touched Iris and held her up, preventing her from collapsing down onto the ground.

"Good, good," Iris said a moment later.

Sara held Iris up. It would be time for them to both get to STAR Lab.

Both Thawne and Grodd disappeared into the city, for better or for worse. The only good thing to come out this entire night was the fact both Sapphire and Barry were both saved.

For the next couple of days, Barry drifted in and out of consciousness. He had spent the last several weeks held captive in Star Labs, just out of the ear shot of some of the same people. He had to stand back in horror, being held captive by a madman.

Barry could not think about it enough. A madman held him captive deep underneath Star Labs. The young man's head still was ringing. He only had been fed enough to keep him alive. Thawne only kept him alive, just enough to feed some kind of twisted, very trouble obsession. Barry could not even.
"Hey."

Barry could see Iris coming into the picture with blurry vision. He was back in the hospital.

"This is a change of pace from a year ago," Barry said.

"How are you feeling?" Iris asked.

"Better than I was," Barry said.

Just because Barry Allen was better than he was, did not mean he was the very best he could have been. He still feared what would happen.

"Did Thawne finish doing what he was doing?" Barry asked. "I don't know if you knew this but…."

Iris looked over her shoulder. Way too many people moving around.

"Keep it down a bit," Iris said.

Maybe she had been hanging around Sara much too often, but Iris heard a potential set of ears which could undermine her secret. Perhaps she was just being paranoid, but just because you were paranoid, it did not mean someone wasn't out to get you.

"Sorry," Barry said.

"It's fine," Iris said. "Yes, I figured Thawne had been taking my speed, much too late. Grodd injected something into me which sped me up, and something built, until….well, I guess he got everything he wanted. Because, I don't think he would have let you go without a fight, would he?"

Barry knew Iris to have a good point. Everything Thawne said, it almost terrified Barry. He could be anywhere, anytime, stalking Barry. The past, the present, and the future, and it was just because of the fact Barry was someone Thawne looked up to, or rather the Flash was. Barry still couldn't reconcile with the fact he was the Flash. The thought sounded almost absurd.

Yet, Barry had a sense had he been in Iris's place, things would have changed. Thawne said a lot. He tried to look Iris in the eye, trying to convey about how he thought she was in the wrong place at the wrong time, and he should have been in her place. If he hadn't investigated the Court and their plan, they would not have been in this situation.

"I'm glad you never gave up," Barry said. "Even though I can be a pain, sometimes."

Iris gave Barry a smile. "You? Never….okay, maybe a little bit."

Both of them laughed at the inside joke between the two of them.

"We've never gave up on you, Dad, Caitlin, Nat, Sara, Barbara, Laurel, and even Patty," Iris said. "It took a long time for us to find you, but….."

"Who's Patty?" Barry asked.

"Patty Spivot, she's working at CCPD, at your old job," Iris said.

"Oh, I see, well, I guess someone had to," Barry said. "Being kidnapped makes it very hard to go into work, you know."

Iris looked at Barry a few seconds later and just sighed. Barry gave her a very innocent shrug.
"Too, soon?"

She nodded, it was much too soon. Iris turned around just in time to see her father. Joe stepped into the room, and smiled down at Barry.

"Barry, I'm glad you're….well I was worried…." Joe said. "I swear, as long as I live, I'm going to do what I can to bring him down. The outside of this room, it's surrounded by guards. Thawne won't be able to get into this room, to get at you again."

Iris looked over. A few armed men outside of the room would not be enough to even deter the Reverse-Flash from breaking through the doors. She took a very deep breath and looked from her father to Barry. Iris decided to step back to give them both the room.

"We received enough information to clear Henry," Joe said. "And we have enough to throw him away for a very long time."

Both of them decided to not go with the obvious point of how catching Thawne was another matter entirely. They still did have enough to nail Thawne on, with the charges of murder, identity theft, blackmail, and kidnapping, among other things. Nailing him and capturing him as well.

Barry wished he could say he was glad his father was heading out of prison. Something told him that there was one more twist. Perhaps being held captive for weeks, if not months skewed Barry's perception on certain things, he could not really tell to be honest.

'Guess I'm going to have to play this one by ear.'

He wanted to return to work, both at CCPD, and Star Labs, providing of course there was a Star Labs to come back to after what happened with Wells. Barry guessed he would have to play that one by ear, going forward.

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Sapphire Stagg closed her eyes and sunk deep into the bath tub, thinking about the last couple of nights which were. Only two nights ago, she had returned after giving evidence which would hopefully bring Harrison Wells down back to Earth. And suddenly, Wells sent his pent gorilla after Sapphire. She thought for a second she was a goner and when she flew off of the building, Sapphire felt her entire life flash before her.

Thankfully, the Green Arrow saved her. After spending the last day in the hospital, with relatively minor injuries, Sapphire pretty much bribed her way out of the hospital. She felt pretty fine, or at least as fine as anyone who had a run in with a giant gorilla had. Sapphire pushed herself into the warm water and took in a deep breath.

'If I ever had to go through anything like that ago, it will be all too soon.'

Sapphire rose up out of the bath water and allowed the warmth of the water to spill off of her body. She reached over and pulled over a large towel to dry off. Sapphire tensed up a little bit when she heard a knock on the door.

"Is anyone there?"

'Sara,' Sapphire thought for a moment.

Sapphire wrapped a towel around herself.

"Yeah, just a minute," Sapphire said.
The warm towel wrapped around Sapphire's firm body. She sauntered over to the door and opened it. Sara stood on the other side of the door, dressed in a black buttoned up blouse and a pair of blue jeans when she entered the door. Sapphire smiled when stepping back and allowing Sara entry into the room.

"Hey," Sapphire said.

"Hey, yourself," Sara said. "I heard what happened and….."

Sapphire leaned in and kissed Sara on the lips firmly, in a very bold action for the billionaire heiress. Being nearly killed by a giant psychic gorilla caused someone to readdress their priorities in life and get them to live life even more. Sapphire tried to seek entry into Sara's mouth.

Sara smiled, she intended to seduce Sapphire eventually. The girl just wouldn't wait, and Sara appreciated the level of ambition coming from this particular billionaire heiress. She grabbed the back of Sapphire's head and deepened the kiss. The two blondes engaged in a very hearty and hungry exchange of salvia. Sara tilted Sapphire's head back a tiny bit and entered her mouth.

The fact the other blonde wore a towel also made Sara feel a little bit overdressed for this meeting. She could fix that instantly. The two of them parted ways. Sara gave Sapphire a very playful smile when pulling back.

"So, do you great everyone coming to your door like that?" Sara asked her.

Sapphire fired back, just as well. "Only the really hot blondes."

"You would be an expert on that, Ms. Stagg," Sara said. "Well, I guess…"

"We knew that this was be inevitable," Sapphire said. "So, I'm not going to waste any more time."

If it wasn't for Sara, Sapphire would have been a mess of blood and guts on the sidewalk. She appreciated the rescue and wanted to pay back. Sapphire dropped the towel and allowed Sara to get a nice look at her body. Sapphire slowly swayed her hips with a smile.

"So, are you going to take your prize?" Sapphire asked.

"The ass I helped save earlier?" Sara asked. "Maybe, if you play your cards right."

Sara undid her blouse and allowed it to drop to the floor. She moved in closer to capture Sapphire's lips with another hungry kiss. Her hands had no barrier to block. In response, Sapphire reached behind and cupped Sara's ass in her hands.

A tender squeeze of Sapphire's tight ass and Sara spanked it a couple of times. Sapphire moaned into Sara's mouth and tried her best to return fire by groping Sara's perfectly formed rear end. Sara guided Sapphire back into the recliner on the edge of the chair.

The billionaire heiress tilted back to allow Sara to straddle her and give her full access to her body. Sara kissed the side of Sapphire's neck, edging down a little bit further. The abled mouth of the woman kissed down, caressing every inch of Sapphire's body.

"Mmm," Sapphire moaned.

"You haven't felt anything yet."

Sara ran a finger down the front of her lover's body. Sapphire tried to lift up her hips. Sara made sure
to pin Sapphire back. Her juices stained the front of Sara's jeans. Sara teased Sapphire by grinding her clothed crotch over her.

Switching up things a little bit, Sara turned around and slowly worked her jeans down. Sapphire got a nice eyeful of Sara's ass stretched in a pair of lacy thong panties. Sapphire wanted to play with herself. Sara turned around to give Sapphire a very stern look.

"Eat me out, and then we can have some fun," Sara told the Stagg heiress.

Sapphire reached for those panties and yanked them down. Sara's perfect pussy and ass came out from Sapphire to consume. The heiress reached in and slipped her tongue down Sara's ass. The first few strokes pushed against Sara's dripping hot slit.

It became evident to Sara, Sapphire Stagg had been no novice at eating pussy at all. She buried her face between Sara's inviting thighs to begin to nibble down on her. Sara held Sapphire's face between her warm thighs and Sapphire ate her out.

"Oh, baby, you're such a devoted little pussy eater," Sara said. "You're doing such a good job in getting your mistress off."

Sapphire played with Sara's ass and felt the warmth pumping between her legs. More frantic pussy eating followed, with Sara drinking Sara's juices like a very divine gift.

"Eat me…..mmm such a good girl."

The tasting continued and Sapphire managed to get as much as Sara's divine gift as she could. Her ass was a divine gift as well, and Sapphire moaned when she slowly eased her mouth towards it.

"You've had a taste of me," Sara said. "But, I don't think it's fair that after all we've been through, I don't have a taste of you."

The seductive blonde turned around and ran her finger down Sapphire's front. She cupped Sapphire's breasts and caused the blonde to moan. Sara moved in and kissed Sapphire. The taste of herself on Sapphire's mouth only enabled Sara to kiss her lover deeper. Sapphire lifted up at Sara's blessing and threaded her fingers through her hair.

Each time Sara kissed a part of Sapphire's face, she shuddered. The able hands of the skilled woman increased the lust Sapphire felt. She had dirty thoughts in her mind, which would give her late father a stroke.

"You want my finger," Sara said. "Well, look at that, it practically had been sucked in."

Sapphire clenched Sara's finger inside of her. The girl moaned when Sara worked inside of her. So many delicious little pumps. The first finger slipped into Sapphire's core and stretched it out.

"Sara!"

Any time a woman called out her name in pleasure, it always got Sara's motor running. She pushed a finger deep inside of Sapphire's core for a few more moments and eased her to a second finger.

The first orgasm with Sara's fingers inside her brought Sapphire to some very intense feelings. She bucked her hips up, meeting Sara's incoming finger thrusts. Every single motion brought Sapphire to the pinnacle of never ending pleasure.

"You want a second finger, don't you?"
Eager nodding responded, with Sapphire lifting her hips. She tried to overstep her pounds. Gracious moaning followed Sara slipping a second finger into Sapphire and pumping her eager core. The beautiful blonde hoisted her hips off of the chair.

"We're just getting you nice and warmed up," Sara said. "I can't wait to fuck your ass. Have you ever had your ass fucked before? Has Daddy's little girl ever gotten a strap on in her ass?"

"No, never," Sapphire breathed.

She experimented in college a lot with one of her roommates, but they never reached the next level.

"Well, we should fix that, shouldn't we?"

Sara motioned for Sapphire to turn around the bed. Her ass stuck up in the air, obediently swaying it when she put it into position. Slowly, Sara worked apart Sapphire's hole, using her lubricated finger to pump inside of her. She moved down and kissed all over Sapphire's lower back. Sapphire gasped with Sara's able mouth worshipping every single inch of her flesh.

"Sara!" Sapphire yelled at the top of her lungs.

Sara buried her face between Sapphire's cheeks. A submissive act of kissing someone's ass turned into an act of domination. Sara dominated Sapphire, pushing her tongue deep into the ass of the beautiful heiress. Sapphire grabbed onto the bed, her heart speeding up and the pleasure increasing through her.

"Damn!" Sapphire moaned at the top of her lungs.

A few more minutes of tasting Sapphire's rosebud continued. She wanted the hole nice and lubricated, for the main event. Sara pulled out of Sapphire and teased her slit. She dripped hotly from Sara licking the blonde's hole.

"You want your ass fucked, don't you?"

Not really a question Sapphire could say no to. It was almost like her ass opened up for what Sara was going to do to her. The blonde's fingers pushed into Sapphire's tight asshole, to feel how nice she was. The woman's finger touched deep inside of her puckered asshole, and pumped inside of her tightening asshole. Sapphire breathed with Sara pushing deep inside, stretching her out.

"YES!" Sapphire moaned.

She had the strap on ready. The dildo pushed against Sapphire's hole. The rich heiress worked deep against her tightening asshole in response. The heroine slowly worked the tip deep inside of her tightening asshole, about ready to spear Sapphire from behind.

The warmth of Sapphire's ass stretched around Sara and allowed her to enter. The beautiful woman breathed in and out. Sara's able hands pushed against Sapphire's nipples and pinched them. Sara moved her grip around Sapphire's ass and slowly pulled back.

The thrusts were slow at first, with Sara pumping deep inside of her. Sara rubbed Sapphire's clit and caused warmth to spread from her thighs.

"You enjoy that?" Sara asked.

"Mmm."
Sara sped up her thrusts a little bit more. She wanted Sapphire to really beg for it. She really wanted the woman to crave Sara's pumps deep inside of her.

"You want me to go faster, harder?" Sara asked. "You really want me to take this ass. Make it mine, and make you cum, so hard."

Sapphire pressed against the chair, ass up in the air. The thick rod speared deep inside of Sapphire's warm asshole. She clutched around Sara. Sara intruded into Sapphire's most sacred hole, and brought new feelings of passion.

Seconds ticked by, and with each tick of the clock, Sara maintained her momentum. She maintained a steady grip on the heiress's hips and pushed deep inside of her. Sapphire closed her eyes.

"That ass is mine," Sara said.

"Yes, it's yours."

Sapphire pushed deep onto the chair. Sara pinched the woman's nipples. Fire spread through Sapphire's body, with Sara grabbing her and making Sapphire hers with each thrust. The pushes buried deep inside of her. Sapphire's tight asshole stretched, with room to spare to accommodate Sara.

Each orgasm rolled over Sapphire's body. Sara pumped deep inside of her tight asshole and felt the burn. Sapphire's moaning and submissive yelps.

"We should have done this a long time ago, shouldn't we?"

"Yes!" Sapphire shrieked.

Sara pounded Sapphire's warm hole with each thrust. Sapphire grabbed onto the couch and reared her head back with a very passionate scream. The moaning continued.

The night came on, with Sara riding Sapphire through. She released Sapphire for a very passionate orgasm. Every time Sara dragged Sapphire to the edge, she craved Sara's touch more. Sara grabbed Sapphire and shoved further inside of her asshole, well lubricated with a combination of Sara's salvia and Sapphire's cum.

"My turn," Sara breathed.

"Please, Mistress Sara," she begged Sara. "Cum in my ass."

Sara nodded and rode out Sapphire's ass to an amazing conclusion. She finished emptying her essence into Sapphire's ass.

Sapphire slid back on the chair. Sara caught her and pushed her back. She smiled and turned Sapphire around. The two blondes fell into a steamy embrace.

The night still would have plenty of time for them to have fun. Sara guided Sapphire over to the couch and they spent the night indulging in each other, with Sara returning to Sapphire's ass, at her very vocal encouragement.

Sapphire thought the best part of getting kidnapped was the after rescue sex. Not she wanted to make it a regular event, even if the sex was so good.
To Be Continued on December 15th, 2017.
Everything went mostly as planned for Eobard Thawne. A few snags occurred along the way, but at the same time, Thawne could not have been happier. Soon, everything would be corrected. Mistakes were made in the name of vengeance, and while Thawne still hated Barry, he learned a few valuable lessons when living the life of Harrison Wells, while also looking over his shoulder constantly for them.

Patience, and thinking through the consequences of your actions, happened to be one of the most important virtues a person would have. Living your life, without knowing whether anything would disappear in a blink of an eye, proved this to Thawne, no matter how many times he did the dance. He would fix this, from stopping it from even happening in the first place.

This timeline, this future, they would be a memory. Every second, Thawne could feel someone breathing down his neck, stalking him for a very long time. His mind went a hundred miles a minute. Yet, they just missed him and disappeared back into the fabric of time and space, and back into the speed force. Those speed enforcers haunted Thawne down like an animal and it would only be a matter of time before something had to break.

Thawne knew if he wanted to move forward, he would have to square up a couple of things. And, despite his brutality, Thawne understood a deal was a deal. He waited for his guest to arrive. The gorilla grew stronger, smarter, and Thawne knew the window of opportunity he had to exploit him would run out. Much changed in this timeline, as far as Thawne could tell.

Speed flashes, the sense something changed in the timeline, had been happening. Thawne worked even harder on his plans to mold Barry, doubling down on them, only to ensure he was not where he needed to be. Bitterness spread through Thawne's mind when he thought about it.

'Damn, you, Barry,' Thawne thought. 'No matter what the timeline, you will always cause me headaches and be the bane of my existence. And yet, I'm disappointed, the Flash could have been something more.'

Those thoughts would have to wait and were interrupted, when the large, bruising force of Gorilla Grodd stepped in front of Thawne. Thawne looked up at the mighty gorilla when he approached, looking about as dangerous as one would expect in a situation like this. He peered down into Thawne's eyes for several seconds.

"You've done well, Grodd," Thawne said. "A deal is a deal, and I'm a man of my world. I hope this brings you what you're looking for."

The two of them looked at each other for a long minute. Thawne never knew when Grodd would act, or how he would react. So far, Grodd agreed with pretty much everything Thawne did, mostly because of the carrots Thawne dangled in front of the gorilla. The two of them continued to lock eye to eye with each other, much time passing.

Thawne held out a box for Grodd to take in his hand. Grodd snatched the box in his hand and opened it up. Inside of the box, laid a key, something Grodd searched for, for a very long time, ever since he had been betrayed.
Grodd left without a word, moving off into the distance. Thawne watched Grodd leave, a smile crossing over the face of the nefarious speedster when he left.

"It is a pity we won't remember our partnership, well you won't," Thawne said. "Hopefully, you don't delay, and you get what you want done, before the time lift shifts."

He had all of the speed stored he needed to power what he wanted. Thawne thought the only shame he lost access to STAR Lars. It unfortunately needed to be done, though, and Thawne would have to adapt.

Being on the run gave someone a sixth sense about someone creeping up behind him. Thawne's eyebrow raised when he could feel a person walking up behind him. He recognized an old business partner or perhaps a new one. Time travel left a lot of oddities, and it could be very confusing to figure out how certain parts of the time stream worked. Regardless, Thawne watched the individual show up, a smile popping over his face.

"Mr. Thawne," the gentleman responded. "Good evening."

"A good evening to you as well," Thawne said.

"My associate and I wish to have a word with you."

Thawne watched and noticed the large immortal caveman who was Vandal Savage, one of the most notorious enemies of several heroes throughout time and space, turn up next to him. The gentleman next to him dressed in a tuxedo, with dark hair spiked up in devil horns. Thawne always knew he needed to keep an eye on this particular gentlemen, for he was Klarion, a very powerful chaos lord. His powers had been hard to nail down, and they veered into the supernatural.

Supernatural, it put Thawne on edge, and he always remained on his guard around Klarion. The man's beady little eyes fixed on.

"I hope I can convince you to see the Light, Mr. Thawne," Savage responded a moment or so later.

"Most of the most notorious crimes in Central City, the slaying of Nora Allen, by her husband, Doctor Henry Allen, turns out to have been a frame job. Respected scientist Harrison Wells, who was responsible for the STAR Laboratory Particle Accelerator explosion, has been revealed to be the real murder. Hearings are going on as we speak, to arrange for the release of Doctor Allen, who maintained his innocence after all of these years."

The news reporter took a moment to pause for a moment, almost as if she received another piece of paper from the other side of the screen.

"We should remind you all that Harrison Wells is considered to be extremely dangerous, and do not approach him under any circumstances. Contact the proper authorities at once, if you sight him. We repeat, do not approach Wells under any means. He is extremely dangerous, and it is wise to contact the proper authorities."

Iris West watched the television screen. She felt a mixture of feelings right about now. Glad Barry had been okay, glad that Barry's father would finally spend some time on the outside once the hearing, but also, she felt a sense of anxiety. Every second Thawne remained at large, Iris felt he would put a lot of people in danger. The sadistic madman had no moral compass, no conscience, no anything. He remained twisted, depraved, as anything else out there. Iris feared for anyone who would come across Thawne. Terror flashed through the eyes of the speedster when she thought about what might happen next.
A light hand tapped Iris on the shoulder and jolted her up to a standing position. Sara stood behind her.

"Sorry, you just lost it," Sara said. "I wonder if Thawne is going to let himself be seen."

"I don't know," Iris said.

The CCPD, as good as they were most of the time, were way out of their weight class with the likes of Thawne. Iris racked her mind for a very long time, and no arguing about it. The only person who could take Thawne down and bring him to justice, it was her. It would have to be her, it would always have to be her, Iris West, who else would it be anyway. She sighed, when thinking about all of the problems.

'And I'm the proper authority, and still not fast enough. And I doubt I ever will be in time.'

Sara watched as a blonde made her way out of the coffee shop and almost bumped into Iris. Iris, with quick reflexes, stopped her from falling over. She came face to face with Patty Spivot.

"Hey, Iris….Sara, isn't it?" she asked.

"Yes," Sara said.

"I heard the good news, Barry's home and…his father is getting out of jail," Patty said. "That must be a load off of your mind, isn't it?"

"Yes, a really big load," Iris said.

Barry being safe and secure only ended up being one battle of a much larger war. Iris blinked, and every blink signified the potential of everything just collapsing down upon itself, as much as Iris did not care to admit it.

"Well, I'm happy about playing no small part in helping with the investigation," Patty said.

"Everyone helped out with this one," Iris told her.

Patty nodded up and down. She shifted a little bit nervously when looking at Iris. Iris noticed she had always been a bit anxious, and Iris realized she did not loosen the grip she had on Patty's hand.

"So, Barry's going to be back to work soon, well not soon-soon, but he's coming back, right?" Patty asked. "Because, I don't mind moving on, if he wants his old lab back."

"Barry's a pretty reasonable guy, I'm sure the two of you can work something out, where you can share the lab," Iris said. "Plus, as they say, two heads are better than one."

Patty nodded in response. She realized Iris held her hand to prevent her from falling over. Iris slipped the coffee back into her hand. The Crime Scene Investigator decided to make a bold play which might have ended up backfiring in her face and embarrassing her greatly. She just had to try though, she had nothing to lose, at least as far as she would think.

"I'm going to have to get to work in about ten minutes," Patty said.

"Well, sorry for keeping you," Iris said.

"No, no, it's fine, I have plenty of time," Patty said. "I wanted to ask you for something…"

"I think she wants to ask you out for coffee," Sara said, cutting to the chase. "After work, isn't that
right, Patty?"

Patty looked at the forceful blonde for a second. Sara snatched the words out of her mouth, before her brain could work them out.

"It's only if you want to, there's no pressure or anything," Patty said. "I mean, I just really wanted to get to know you better, you know over coffee. And I think the two of us…well we could….we could get to know each other better, and maybe…we can talk about mutual interests….and stuff."

"Coffee would be great," Iris said.

"Right," Patty said with a smile. "Coffee, after work today?"

"I'll be there," Iris said. "No pressure or anything though, you don't have to impress me. I'm sure we can have a good time there, over coffee."

"Right, over coffee," Patty said. "After work, I guess, I'll see you then."

"Oh, she will," Sara replied.

Patty moved off, with the cup of coffee being put into her hand by Iris. She moved off, and Sara turned towards Iris, for a few seconds. Iris gave Sara one of those looks, but Sara just leaned over with a smile and kissed Iris on the cheek, which caused her to glower for a second.

"Hey, if you won't, I would have," Sara said. "You can't say, you don't want to hit that."

"I can't believe we're having this conversation," Iris said. "You're starting to become a bad influence on me."

"I know those medical exams that Caitlin gives you aren't strictly professional either," Sara said. "At least according to Barbara when she combed over the STAR Labs security looking over information to nail Wells to the wall."

Iris had no words. Sara had been blunt in a rather refreshing way, although she thought there were times where there was such a thing as being too blunt.

Karen Starr returned, with her assistant, Chloe Sullivan, in toe a few steps behind. Sara waited for Karen to step into STAR Labs, and greeted her with a smile, and a kiss on the lips.

"Sorry, I would have been here sooner," Karen said. "But, stuff came up….as in I ended up getting teleported halfway across the universe, ended up fighting in a tournament for the hand of an alien Warrior Queen, who I'm now married. In fact, I left her tied to the bed, with a lesson about learning to mind her manners and her tongue…and what to do with said tongue around me."

Sara smiled.

"I want details, later," Sara said.

"I'm sure I can give you a general overview," Karen said. "But, Chloe mentioned you had a couple of problems. Namely, Wells isn't who he said he was, and…..Doctor Snow has a bit of a meta problem."

"I got her up to speed, from what Natasha told me," Chloe said. "She's been hiding these powers for a bit, but they're not as bad as they could have been."
Iris already beat Sara back here, perks of being a speedster. Sara, Chloe, and Karen made their way into the lab, and noticed Caitlin sitting down on the table. She just finished running an analysis on her own blood. No known cures for a meta-power when it had been activated.

"So, when did you start feeling these powers?" Chloe asked.

Caitlin looked up towards the woman for a second.

"Well, after the Particle Accelerator went off, I had some chills," Caitlin said. "They went away after a while, so I thought nothing of it. It wasn't until Thawne, Wells, whoever…they attacked me, that my powers kicked it. I froze his entire arm, and he had to leave."

"Likely because cold powers is one of the things which can effect a speedster," Karen said.

"Right, I know that all too well with Captain Cold and his cold gun," Iris said. "His sister's hot, though."

"I've been a bad influence on you after all," Sara said, in a very approving voice.

Karen cleared her throat and Sara and Iris straightened up, to their full height. Caitlin stood next to her.

"Ms. Sullivan, I know you've worked with metas before," Caitlin said.

"Yeah, pretty much once a week for about ten years, and if by work with, you mean, attacked by them," Chloe said. "But, yes, I've had my fair share of meta close encounters, more than I really care to remember, if I'm perfectly honest with you."

Chloe pulled up the tablet she held and pressed a couple of buttons. Another Starrwave product produced a three dimensional hologram in front of them, detailing information on the meta-gene.

"You were born with the meta-gene," Chloe said. "Based off of the thirty-three, thirty-three, thirty-four principle, it breaks down into the falling. Thirty-four percent of the people born with the meta-gene never encounter the right stimuli to activate their powers. Stimuli could be anything, including dark matter, meteors from space, nuclear explosions, the right chemicals being together, cosmic radiation, gamma radiation, super serums, a radioactive spider bite….well you get the picture, don't you?"

"Yes," Caitlin said.

"Thirty-four don't get the meta gene activated among those who have it," Chloe said. "Thirty-three percent due have their meta-gene activated, but the powers drive them either mad or physically disfigure them, or some combination of the two."

Caitlin pulled a face, and she did not like the looks of it.

"And thirty-three percent are able to live either normal lives or use their powers for the good of people," Chloe said.

"What percentage do I fall under?" Caitlin asked.

Ever since she encountered Thawne, Caitlin had been having nightmares, which she did not share with anyone, about a cold woman with blue skin and blonde hair killing all of her friends one by one. She referred to herself as Killer Frost, and the name caused Caitlin to shudder.
"Don't know," Chloe said. "But, there's no cure. Trust me, I've tried."

Caitlin took a moment to allow that to sink into the pit of her stomach. No cure, and she had these powers, powers which had a thirty-three percent chance probability of warping her mind. Caitlin thought there had to be a way to fix it.

"Early detection is good though," Chloe said. "You can find a way to help control your powers, and not have them control you, and the help and support of your friends is the most important thing. You would have done yourself a real disservice if these powers had been kept under wraps for too much longer."

Caitlin responded with a sigh, she would have wanted to hide those powers for as long as possible, but in the same way, she was glad.

"I guess I'm just going to have to try and not and go insane," Caitlin said. "Iris, I want you to do me a favor, though."

"What?" Iris asked.

"If there's any chance, any chance at all, I might turn evil, I don't want you to wait, I want you to make sure you lock me up and never let me out," Caitlin said to Iris a few seconds later.

"Caitlin, I…."

Caitlin put up a hand to stop Iris from arguing against her. She did not want to argue about this situation, she just wanted assurance someone would take the appropriate steps in putting her down, if she had gotten out of control.

"Iris, swear to me, you won't hesitate," Caitlin said. "You need to lock me up, and make sure I don't get out, make sure I never see the light of day."

"It won't come to that," Iris said.

"You heard, Chloe, there's a thirty-three percent chance it could be that way," Caitlin said. "Please, if you care for me at all, you'll do this for me."

Sara looked at the two of them, and Iris nodded. She really hoped Caitlin could get in control of her powers, and not become the thing she apparently feared. Following Caitlin's body language, Sara could tell that Caitlin was hiding something.

She reached into her bag and pulled out a book. She always kept a copy of it on her at all times.

"Read this," Sara said. "It will help you, trust me. Let me know if you have any questions."

Nyssa gave Sara this book when her mind had been in disarray, both from the Mirikuru and being resurrected through the Lazarus Pit. It helped Sara find a balance and gain control, control over her own mind and body. She hoped the same principles would help Caitlin get a hold of her powers, and prevent mental stability.

Sara prepared for the worst though, as she always did. Iris would not like it, but Sara had to be pragmatic enough to think of all of the worst possibilities.
away for too long, and while Cass, Artemis, and Thea held down the fort very nicely, Sara had some unfinished business.

Helping Iris kept Sara's mind off of the White Canary, but now Sara needed to head back down to find that particular woman. If it was who Sara thought it was, and it looked to be very likely, there were many questions Sara wanted to ask.

"We're leaving it all behind," Barbara said a moment or so later. "Hope Iris finds Thawne."

Sara nodded, she hoped Iris found Thawne as well. She knew every second Thawne was out there, was a second more people were in danger. She felt dread, because Thawne being out there and being hunted might end up making her more dangerous.

'A warrior is at their best when they have something to fight for. When their lives and their goals are threatened, that brings out the very best of people and the ugliest parts of themselves.'

Nyssa's words, told to Sara a long time ago, resounded in her head. She hoped to hear from Nyssa as well, as she helped Talia deal with a couple of loose ends regarding Vertigo's followers. Now with Perdita firmly on the throne, a lot of them did an about face.

"Caitlin, she's….do you think she's going to be okay?" Laurel asked.

"She's strong, but she's entering some uncharted territory now," Sara said a few seconds later. "I gave her a copy of a book Nyssa gave me when….I wasn't at my best. It really helped me learn control. I think it's going to help her just fine."

Sara watched as they took the Private Jet back, with Barbara dropping them off at Starling City, and then Barbara taking the long flight back to Gotham.

"No rest for the wicked, unfortunately," Barbara responded a moment or so later.

"Unfortunately, not," Sara said.

She lived for this kind of thrill, most of the time at the very least. Sara knew there were going to be a lot of challenges. She checked in with Felicity a couple of times and things had been quiet on the Starling City front.

"So, do you think your boss will give you an ear full about stealing that plane?" Laurel asked.

"First, I didn't steal it, I borrowed it," Barbara said. "And second of all, not necessarily an earful, but more like an eyeful. He has a death glare you wouldn't believe."

"Well, it can't be anything as bad as Laurel's when I swiped that last brownie when I was eight," Sara said.

"Trust me, worse than Laurel when she's agitated," Barbara said. "I think he practices in the mirror every day. I wonder if he psyches himself out."

The Suicide Squad rolled off another mission. By some miracle, all of them survived. Harley Quinn, Cupid, Sportsmaster, and Deadshot were among the members of this particular team.

"I wonder how many more missions we have until the law of averages ends up setting in," Deadshot said.

"Oh, quit your whining," Harley said. "You're supposed to be a hardened assassin, and now all I
ever hear to do you is bitching, and moaning and complaining and bitching and griping and belly-aching and bitching and….."

"I get it."

"Well, you don't get much," Harley said. "And besides, we blew some shit up, made some people's lives a lot difficult and….."

An explosion which caused the front of the van's tires to blow out interrupted Harley's spiel. The van skidded to a stop and almost crashed into a fence. The Suicide Squad members only had been hooked to chains and they most certainly did not get buckled in.

The back doors of the van blasted open. Several men dressed in White Coats entered the back of the van, cutting the chains and pulling Harley out of the van. She screamed in horror when they took her.

Cupid rolled over, groaning. Deadshot's neck racked with pain from the whiplash effect. The only person who did not get the worst of the explosion was Sportsmaster, and even he felt a ringing sensation in his ear.

"I knew they would come after her someday, I just knew it," Sportsmaster dryly remarked.

The men in the white coats hauled Harley into the back of a van. They pushed her inside, and the van drove off, with Harley still mostly hooked in the chains.

"I knew they were going to get me someday, I just knew it," Harley said.

The person in the van took the corner, and then the van appeared to hit solid air. Harley wondered if they had just jumped a bridge or something. Her stomach turned around.

"Hey, you lunatic, you drive like you should be the one in the back of this van!" Harley yelled.

"Jingle Bells, Batman smells, Robin laid an egg!" the man driving the van sang. "The Batmobile lost a wheel and…"

The van spun around and the back window of the van moved over. The figure in the back of the van turned around and Harley came face to face with a pale man with a grin and green hair, dressed as the driver of the Asylum van.

"Mistuh J?"

"The Joker got away!"

Loud bone chilling laughter rang out as the Joker ran a stop sign and then disappeared off into the distance. The very familiar laughter rang through Harley's ears as the Joker got away.

To Be Continued on January 1st, 2018.
Chapter Ninety-Six: Shadows of the Demon Part One

Very few clouds lingered in the sky over the night in Starling City. Everyone just kicked back and relaxed for a nice long evening of just taking it easy. Most of the city did not have to worry about any problems. They just sat back to live their lives mostly free of any kind of misery and woe. Concerns faded away at every single evening without any problems.

A loud rumbling sound came from the night and came down a side street from a factory. A quartet of criminals hijacked a truck which was bringing medicine to a free clinic. They made some good time. By the time the people who got the truck stolen from them would have had a chance to call the police, the criminals would have been halfway to Gotham City by now.

The criminals whopped and hollered at the very obvious success of their criminal heists. All of them rode a high just as much as they rode the truck as well. That truck passed through the streets of Starling City.

"Finally!" the lead goon yelled when he pumped his hand in the air. "Finally, it's about time we get some respect in this city. I've been busting my ass for years working for the man."

His fellow partners in crime all smiled in agreement. They were going to get their cut and they were going to finally achieve something they never thought they would. No police could catch up with them, no matter what. They finally would stick it to the man and cash in big time.

"Yeah, this score's bigger than all of the money my ex-wife took me for," he said. "Can't you believe she took me for everything? Just because I slept with her sister."

"Women, I tell you," another one of the thugs stated.

They moved their way down the busy city street. One of the criminals spotted a glimpse of a figure dressed in red running across the rooftop of Starling City. Said criminal tensed up very anxiously, almost as if he was unable to believe who was chasing up on him.

"It's the Red Arrow!" one of them yelled.

"The Red Arrow?" another goon asked.

The man who spotted the girl in question charging him nodded up and down. "Yeah, the Red Arrow, you know she's like the Green Arrow, only she wears Red instead of Green. Honestly, what else could she be called other than the Red Arrow? I mean it makes a lot of sense."

Thea Queen rushed to the rooftop trying not to lose sight of the goons who hijacked the truck. She could not get into position to take out their tires. She could distract them if she shot ahead of them. Thea used her running momentum to jump over the rooftop. The sound of someone taking out some trash cans came down from above.

"They're going to turn onto Eastwick," Felicity said in Thea's ear. "And if they hit the Express from there, you might not catch up with them."

"Don't worry, I won't lose them."
Thea kept running as fast as her legs could carry her. The excitement and adrenaline pumped through the young girl. She could feel the breeze blowing in her face. Thea jumped across the rooftop and landed one solid maneuver down. She turned around and a thumping noise came across the back of her head.

"Black Canary, I'm going to distract them," Thea said. "You know what to do."

The red-clad archer pulled back her weapon of choice and fired it onto the ground. It missed the tire just by a few inches. The angle of which the arrow connected resulted in the van spiraling out of control.

Black Canary jumped into the picture and unleashed a Canary Cry. The glass shattered from the impact of her sonic cry. The goon kicked the door in and rushed away as fast his legs could carry him. The Black Canary jumped in front of him.

The criminal, scars on his face, had been through a few scraps in the past. He rushed towards the Black Canary with the full intention of stabbing her. The blade blocked and pushed back before the Black Canary snapped off a couple of kicks. The thug made his way underneath the Black Canary to take her down to the ground. Black Canary flipped over the head of the thug and knocked him back down to the ground.

The second thug received an arrow to the back of the knee. Speedy jumped down to engage the thug in battle.

"Get me out of here!" the thug yelled. "No, no, no, no…"

Thea knocked the thug completely out for the count. Another one of the thugs moved behind her with a crowbar in hand. An arrow shot the crowbar out of the hand of the goon to drop him down to the ground.

The Green Arrow dropped down to engage the thug. He did not last too long in battle. Three swung punches left the goon winded. The Green Arrow grabbed his arm and flipped him down onto the ground. She twisted the arm and snapped it back.

"Don't look now. We have a runner."

Black Canary's warning had been acknowledged and the Green Arrow chased after the runner. He disappeared into the alleyway. The getaway was not as clean as she would have wanted. The Green Arrow stopped in the alleyway. She looked left and looked right.

The thug she chased dropped down to the ground. The Green Arrow looked over her shoulder and noticed a figure coming down from the distance. The White Canary moved away and the Green Arrow chased after her. Three arrows fired and three arrows avoided. Seconds passed before the Green Arrow almost caught up with White Canary. The deadly game of cat and mouse continued.

Black Canary and Speedy joined the Green Arrow just a second after White Canary got away. The two other girls put their hands on Sara's shoulder. She got away again.

Things over the past couple of weeks had been very rough. There had been near misses with the White Canary. The game continued to be back and forth. Without any idea of the end game, Sara was in the dark. She thought it was time to get in touch with Nyssa and figure out how much she knew, providing she knew everything.

Sara took a deep breath and stepped into the Clocktower. Another night and she came very close to
grabbing onto the White Canary. She allowed Thea and Laurel to step into the Clocktower first before she stood in the entrance and allowed a deep sigh to come over her.

"Hey," Thea said. "Look on the bright side. At least we stopped the truck and kept the medication out of the hands of the criminals."

Sara just responded with a nod and walked into the area. Felicity sat in front of the computer screen and turned to look at her. One look at Sara's face told her she was not in the best mindset. Given what Sara ran into tonight, an old enemy who kept slipping away, Felicity could hardly blame her.

"For the record, she's pretty good at not coming up on security cameras," Felicity said. Sara looked at Felicity who frowned at her. "I know it's not making you feel that much better."

"It's not," Sara said.

Sara drew in her breath and decided to take a long look outside into Starling City. Somewhere out in that city, there was an old mistake of Sara's coming back to haunt her. She turned around and moved over.

"Maybe Lyla can find out something about her?" Felicity checked. "If she comes back from ARGUS…when did you say she would come back?"

"At this point, I don't know," Sara said. "She was called away from Waller on an emergency code green scenario. And those are always pretty dangerous scenarios."

Sara was pretty sure Lyla would get in touch when she could. The hood tossed onto the open case. Sara dropped her quiver full of arrows down. She thought tonight could have gone a lot worse. Thea and Laurel helped her stop the runaway truck.

"Hook me up with Star Labs," Sara said. "I want to see how they're doing all things considered."

"Right," Felicity said.

Felicity accessed the communication link and waited for them to connect all the way to Central City.

"Hey, do you need anything?"

"No, Caitlin, I don't, I'm just checking in to see how everything is going," Sara said. "How are you doing?"

Caitlin paused for a moment as if trying to figure out a way to answer this question. It was a very loaded question and a very simple one at the same time. The last few weeks caused all of them to be challenged beyond anything.

"Fine," Caitlin said finally. "I mean, I could be better. It was a shock when I learned I had powers. The book you sent me is doing a good job in helping me keep things under control. I have to say everything could have been a lot worse. Everything could have been a lot better, but everything could have been a lot worse."

"If you ever need anything else, or want to ask any questions just call me and I'll be happy to help," Sara said. "How's everyone else doing?"

Sara dropped down onto the chair and watched as Laurel and Thea disappeared down the steps. Felicity excused herself from the room.
"Barry's back to work after being held by Thawne," Caitlin said. "His daytime job at CCPD and his work her at Star Labs. I could hardly blame the guy for wanting to take a couple of weeks off, maybe a month or two, but the moment he got released from the hospital he was back."

Sara could see why Barry wanted to get back into the swing of things. He wanted to get back at Thawne.

"And speaking of Thawne…"

Sara trailed off and Caitlin responded with a very light sigh. "Unfortunately, he seems to have dropped off the face of the Earth. I don't like it. We know he's planning something. Although the journals were kind of vague."

Caitlin trailed off for a second. Sara heard the rain start to pour outside.

"Thawne will make his move," Sara said. "Nothing we need here. Tell Iris I said hi. I know she's busy running around."

"Yes a couple of rogues were causing trouble tonight," Caitlin said. "I should go now. Have a nice evening, Sara."

"I'll try."

Sara hung up from the communication and moved down the steps. She slipped off the rest of her clothes and dressed in nothing other than a pair of tight shorts and a thin white shirt. She moved around the corner and noticed Thea sitting on the bed. She dressed in a tank top and a pair of tight black shorts as well. Laurel slipped out of her clothes other than a black bra and a pair of panties.

"Sara," Laurel told her sister. "Come here."

She crossed the room to meet Laurel. Laurel wrapped an arm around Sara and kissed her. Sara decided to take her aggressions out on Laurel's tonsils. Sara threaded her hands into the back of her sister's hair and deepened the kiss just about as much as possible.

Thea tapped her foot on the bed. She tried not to look impatient, but to be perfectly honest, Thea just felt a little bit left out on the fun and games. Sara pulled away from Thea and looked at the brunette with a smile. Thea responded with a smile of her own.

The two of them kissed heatedly with each other. No words needed because actions spoke more than anything. Sara's able fingers caressed every inch of Thea's body she could get her hands on.

Laurel slipped behind Thea and slowly worked her hands underneath Thea's top to pull it off. The feeling of the hands of both older girls made Thea figure she was at their mercy. The thought of it made her equal parts excited and anxious.

Thea's need overrode pretty much everything else when Sara's mouth let go of hers only to find a spot on Thea's neck. More kisses followed with Laurel working from the back just as well as Sara worked from the front.

The flesh of Thea Queen burned up with Sara running her hands all over Thea's frame. The heiress found herself being kissed one more time. Sara eased her tongue and pushed Thea down onto the bed. She dropped down onto the bed with thighs parting and a very evident smile on her face.

"Sara," Thea murmured.
"Laurel, make sure you put that mouth to use."

Laurel dropped her panties and crawled onto the bed. Obedient, Thea waited for Laurel's pussy to come over her face. The warm organ rolled over the top of Thea's mouth. Thea took a hold of Laurel's thighs and started to lick her womanhood. The twisting tongue pushed into Laurel's dripping wet center.

"Yes," Laurel moaned hungrily. "Put that naughty little tongue to the perfect use."

Thea swiped her tongue deep into the gushing center of Laurel. Those perfect thighs clenched around Thea's face only made her eagerly delve into Laurel's center. She pulled back and caught some of the juices down.

Sara dropped down and pushed her finger at Thea's entrance. Thea lifted her hips up to get Sara who retracted her finger from the younger girl.

"You want this finger in you?" Sara asked. "You make my sister scream."

Now with determination, Thea grabbed a handful of Laurel's perfect ass and buried her face in Laurel's pussy. Laurel closed her eyes and gave a whimper of pleasure. She bit down on her lip and let out a very passionate moan.

Sara climbed up to straddle Thea's crotch and reached around to Laurel. Laurel's perky breasts popped up into the air. Two nipples stood rigid and ready to be played with. Sara pressed the nipples between her fingers and gave them a very nice little pinch. Laurel rocked her hips down onto Thea.

The lapping of Laurel's pussy continued. Sara's wet pussy ground all over Thea's very toned abs when she went to play with Laurel. Thea worked her tongue into Laurel.

The stunning siren threw her head back and screamed at least until Sara shoved Laurel's own panties into her mouth. Laurel threw her head back and moaned against the own silk pushed against her mouth. She tasted the earlier hints of her arousal before she shed her panties.

"You've earned a reward," Sara said. "I know my lovely sister in law would like her pussy fingered."

The heat flowing between Thea's thighs demonstrated she would like to have Sara's finger shoved inside of her pussy. Sara stroked Thea's slit and eased her way inside. Thea closed her eyes and gasped in pleasure. Sara manipulated her core with one steadily moving finger.

Thea rocked her hips up and down on the bed at the attempted intrusion from the lovely woman who guided that finger inside. She made sure not to give up on licking Laurel's pussy as well. Laurel pushed her thighs up and down onto Thea's face. The warmth of those thighs made Thea only lick the inner core. The taste of the juices flowing into Thea's mouth made her hungrier than ever before. She licked and sucked as much cum as possible.

Sara pumped inside of Thea. She worked her to a fever pitch before pulling out. Thea reacted just as planned. Sara slipped two fingers inside of the younger brunette again. The thrusts of Sara pushing her fingers inside of Thea resulted in her hips jumping up and down on the bed.

The high Laurel reached from her orgasm was very intense. She rode Thea's tongue to completion before leaving Thea's mouth open to moan. The oldest of the three girls crawled over onto the bed.

Sara bent down and replaced her fingers with her tongue. Thea gasped when Sara pushed her tongue inside of Laurel's warm hole. She worked her tongue so far into Thea's pussy that Thea thought she
would black out for the everlasting pleasure.

In the backside, Laurel pushed Sara's thighs open. She latched onto the tender womanhood from the other side and started to suck on the lips. Sara ground her nails into Laurel's warm thighs. The depth of her working that tongue inside of Laurel's pussy felt very amazing.

Sara moaned harder inside of Thea at the actions of Laurel. She grabbed Thea's thighs and started to roll her fingers up and down them. Thea's legs lifted up to rest on the shoulders of the hungry blonde who kept sucking every drop of juices from Sara.

A minute passed and Thea let out her breath in an orgasm. She collapsed down and whined at the loss of Sara's tongue. Sara slowly turned around the same instant that Laurel rose up.

"Give your older sister a kiss," Laurel said. "Please."

"Since you asked so nicely," Sara said.

Two sisters locked into a steamy liplock. Their tongues, their mouths, dug into each other. Their kissing increased to new depths. Laurel dragged her nails all over the side of Sara's mouth when deepening the kiss as much as humanly possible.

Thea watched in interest with the two beautiful older woman kissing each other. Her pussy ached and needed to be filled. Sara pulled away from Laurel and turned her attention to Thea.

"Turn over and put your ass in the air."

The youngest of the three girls obediently rolled over. Her ass stuck in the air. Laurel reached over and helped her sister into a strap-on. Laurel dipped her fingers into Thea's dripping hot cunt to get the natural lubricant possible. She turned and lubricated the throbbing hard cock.

Laurel then bent down to shove her mouth around the strap-on cock. Sara grabbed Laurel across the back of the head and started to face fuck her sister. Laurel moaned hard and fast with Sara shoving the point of the rod into the back of Laurel's waiting throat.

The sounds of passionate sucking with Laurel being face fucked caused Thea to grow completely mad with lust. Her naughty imagination ran completely wild with the thought of what Sara was going to down with her. Thea reached to play with herself only for Sara to stop her.

"No, Thea."

She breathed heavily at Sara's forceful command. She waited for Sara to finish face-fucking Laurel. The wait, even though it was not that long, grew increasingly agonizing for Thea.

All good things came to those who waited. Sara smiled after taking a very careful look at Thea who laid on the bed. Her asshole looked ready and very presentable to be fucked very hard by Sara. Sara crawled across the bed and touched the warm hole with her finger. Thea reacted to this very swift action from Sara.

Sara worked Thea's asshole over with a not so subtle finger action. The moment Sara knew Thea was ready, she moved in for the kill.

"It's time."

Thea bit down on her lip.
"You've been getting off on the thought of me doing it all night," Sara said.

She took out her frustrations tonight on Thea's asshole. Sara would have felt worse than she did if Thea did not react with a very passionate moan the second Sara plunged her toy into Thea's tight asshole.

Sara positioned herself against Thea's tight, dripping hole, and worked her over. Her hands caressed the underside of Thea's breasts and pulled at the girl's aching nipples. Every time Sara rose up she threw herself deep into Thea's waiting asshole.

Laurel watched, still recovering after the face fucking. She watched when Sara went to town. Laurel's hungry eyes followed the movement of Sara's own ample backside. A look of naughtiness spread through her eyes. Laurel reached up and slapped Sara on the asshole.


The older sister obeyed her younger sister. Slowly, Laurel worked her tongue into Sara's asshole. Her face pressed against Sara's very nicely formed cheeks. Laurel grabbed as much as Sara's ass which would be allowed. Sara rose up almost a couple of times to smack her in the face.

"Stop."

Regrets were made, with Laurel pulling away from her sister's tight hole. No matter how much the oldest of the three girls wanted to play, she could tell Sara had a different idea in mind. She turned with Thea, cock still buried balls deep into Thea's ass.

Sara pressed her fingers against Thea's rather exposed pussy. It opened up to react to Sara's touches. Every soft whimper only encouraged Sara to dig her finger deeper into Thea's gushing slit.

Laurel understood what to do. She located a strap on of her own and moved into position to enter Thea. Thea's very wet pussy opened up to receive its stuffing. Thea moaned hungrily the very second that Laurel rose up and brought herself down inside.

The youngest of the three girls could not believe the feelings she had. Thea thought she would die, feeling Sara driving into her ass. Laurel pressed up against the front of her body, hammering her pussy from the other side. Both Lance sisters stuffed both of Thea's holes and she could not be happier.

"Jesus," Thea muttered.

Sara squeezed Thea's backside and plunged into her tight ass from behind. She rubbed her clit, getting off to the sounds of Thea moaning and writhing. Laurel worked just as well against Thea as both sisters double-penetrated Thea to leave her gasping in pleasure.

Dreams did come true in the best way possible. Thea found herself at both ends having a cock shoved into her ass and pussy by two of the most beautiful women she knew, other than her lovely girlfriend of course. It was a shame Artemis could not join them for this.

Maybe another time, but now Thea was not going to think of things which could be. The increased pleasure and attention to both of her holes put Thea completely under in the most pleasurable way possible. She saw white when they brought her to a peak and several steps beyond one.

The youngest of the three girls got left with a smile on her face, in a half-dazed state. Sara and Laurel allowed her a moment's rest before crawling to the bed to indulge in each other while Thea had been allowed a chance to recover from her duel penetration.
Sara shifted her way over the top of Laurel. The two sisters kissed each other while feeling up the firmness of their bodies. They had plenty of frustrations to work out, Sara, especially, after tonight.

Felicity settled in for a nice relaxing night in the Clocktower, or at least as relaxing as a night in the Clocktower could ever forget. Thea, Sara, and Laurel went off to do whatever they did to unwind. Actually, Felicity did not need to really think too hard before she figured out what they did.

'I'm a little disappointed that I wasn't invited.'

She thought about taking a quick peak on them to see how they were getting along. Nothing else other than security reasons, yes security, that would be the ticket. Felicity allowed a soft and knowing smile to appear on her face. She moved towards the keyboard to get to the cameras.

Something, some kind of sixth sense stopped Felicity from accessing the computers. She knew more than enough from hanging around Sara for close two years when something dangerous came in from behind her. Felicity reached underneath the desk and pulled out the stun gun which she kept underneath the desk.

Anyone good enough to come into the Clocktower might have been slightly beyond Felicity's abilities to take down. Regardless of this case, the woman took in a deep breath.

"Whoever is there, come out," Felicity said.

A figure swooped in from behind Felicity and grabbed her by the arm. The computer hacker struggled and attempted to nail the person with a shot with the stun gun. This effort went mostly in vain when her attacker pushed Felicity down onto her knees. Her hand twisted behind her head.

Two moves were all it took for Felicity to be taken down to the ground. She realized suddenly if the person wanted her dead, she would long since dead.

"Your response time was adequate," a very familiar voice said. "Your actual attempts of following through are less than adequate. You don't want to give them an opportunity because they will take you down."

"Shiva," Felicity breathed.

Lady Shiva refused to allow Felicity to rise up to her feet. Actually, if Felicity did not know better, she would have thought that Shiva got off on forcing young blondes to their knees to submit to her. It was just a theory, and Felicity could have been very wrong.

"The one and only," Shiva said.

"What is going on here?"

Sara opened the door. She stood ready to fight, despite only slipping into a bathrobe. Thea and Laurel were moving around in the bedroom next to her.

"Just stopping by for a visit," Shiva said. "I see you've upgraded her from a baseball bat to a stun gun. Perhaps you should try and train your hired help in combat the next time. If someone snags her, well, I can see her being the type to fold under pressure."

Felicity took a couple of self-defence classes which obviously were not enough to stand toe to toe with the great Lady Shiva. Finally, she allowed Felicity some dignity and allowed her to stand up. Felicity thought she was going to collapse anyway. She fell back into the computer chair instead of
falling back on the ground.

"What do you want?"

Shiva smiled in response to Sara's very blunt question.

"The White Canary is in your head," Shiva said. "She represents a part of a past you don't want to face."

Sara closed her eyes and nodded in response. She understood where Shiva was coming from. Shiva put a hand on Sara to put her completely on guard. Sara's eyes locked onto Shiva's.

"I want a word for you," Shiva said. "In private."

Sara looked to Felicity who responded with a shrug. She had her hands on a cup of coffee, but she never stopped keeping her attention on where Shiva was at all times. Shiva flashed the woman a smile and then turned around, carefully keeping all of her surroundings. Sara put Shiva in front of her to lead the way into another part of the Clocktower.

They stepped into a somewhat darkened part of the clock tower. The darkness faded when Sara reached over to turn on the lights and light up that particular part of the Clocktower.

"The White Canary is only the peak of your problems," Shiva said. "And I know you know who is underneath that you know what you have to face."

"What else could it be?" Sara asked.

Shiva looked completely pleased regarding the fact she hung something over Sara's head. Still, she would not leave her completely hanging. The skilled assassin grabbed Sara on the shoulder. The tension both of the women long had could be felt with a knife. It cut through the air just as much as the cold air.

"Despite all we've been through, you can say one thing about me. I've always told you the truth."

Shiva might have omitted certain facts to teach Sara a lesson. Everything she told Sara had been one hundred percent the truth. Not only the truth but the truth in a harsh and most painful way.

"Ra's al Ghul lives once again."

The instant Shiva left the Clocktower, Sara's mind worked into complete overdrive. She switched into her attire and made her way to one of the League outposts in Starling City. Nyssa mentioned she would be returning to Starling City within the next day or two.

Sara really hoped Nyssa would show up sooner rather than later. The blonde woman crossed her fingers and waited for something. A few members of the League stepped into the picture. Sara took dropped her hands to show she did not mean to fight. At the same time, she prepared to quick draw her bow in case these women were not on the level.

"What do you want?" a woman asked in a crisp British accent.

"I'm here to speak with Nyssa," Sara said. "She said she would return to Starling City."

The small group of League members stood across the floor of the warehouse from Sara. Seconds passed before one of them turned around and moved off. Sara sensed some of them found uneasy with her presence for a number of reasons. They were loyal to Nyssa, and that much saved Sara from
having to fight her way through the facility.

"Beloved?"

Nyssa stepped out of the shadows and surveyed Sara. The two of them parted ways several weeks ago while the League took care of business. Nyssa heard a few whispers from afar and sent word that she would return as soon as Perdita had been settled in as her royal of the leadership of Vlatava.

She noticed the body language Sara gave off as being very uneasy. Nyssa turned to the League members with a sharp look at them. The members of the League stepped back to allow Nyssa to step towards Sara.

"Lady Shiva came to the Clocktower," Sara said. "I don't know if you know…." 

"This has to do with the whispers of someone taking the guise of the White Canary," Nyssa said.

"It's more than whispers," Sara said. "The White Canary attacked me on several occasions. The person who is under the mask…I believe it's someone who I believe died on Lian Yu."

Lady Shiva said a number of things to Sara which made a lot of sense. One of the biggest things which dug into Sara's psyche was the taunts that Sara refused to face her past or certain parts of it.

"This is very concerning," Nyssa said.

Sara answered with a nod in response. "Yes, it is. Especially given that she has training from the League of Assassins."

"It should be concerning."

Nyssa and Sara turned around to lock eyes with Talia who stepped into the room. Both of the women looked at the woman who was now on their side, at least for the moment. The relationship between Nyssa and Talia had always been very complicated at best, and Sara and Talia had their moments where they clashed.

All of Nyssa's loyalists tensed up around her. Talia brought the own members of the Elite Guard who made sure to keep their attention on the members of the League. Despite the truce between the two sisters, several members of the League had their own loyalties. Still, a narrowed-eyed look from Talia directed at the members of the League caused them to back completely away.

"You've figured out who was underneath the mask, am I correct?" Talia asked.

"Yes," Sara said. "It's her. It's something that I've come to terms with, but I watched her die."

"Yes," Talia said. "In our lines of work, death is, unfortunately, less than final."

Those words reminded Sara of the most important thing here. The hooded archer recalled Shiva's last chilling sentence before she disappeared into the darkness.

"Shiva claimed that Ra's al Ghul lives once more."

Nyssa could only just barely hide the look of horror on her face at the return of her father. She thought it would finally be the end. Her father would finally be at peace. Talia's expression, on the contrary, betrayed the thoughts which were going through her mind.

"No," Nyssa whispered. "He's dead…it should have killed him. He should have been at peace. And he continues to cling to life like a cockroach."
Each trip through the Lazarus Pit stripped apart more of a person. They returned back to life, but the cost had been beyond too high. Nyssa took in a very sharp breath and turned to Talia.

"We're going to have to take the trip," Talia said. "The two of us are going to have to return to Nanda Parbat. If he has returned, he would be here."

"The three of us," Sara said.

Nyssa turned to the right where Sara stood while watching Talia’s expression out of the corner of her eye. The dark-haired woman drew in another ragged breath.

"Are you sure it's….do you think it's advisable?"

"I would have to agree with Nyssa," Talia said. "Given the means, you left the League, you are not welcomed there."

"I have to go," Sara said. "If he's the one that brought her back, I have to….I have to face him. If it's him and it…"

Sara clung to some desperate hope that Shiva might have been mistaken. Despite in her heart of hearts, she knew that Shiva rarely made any errors. Her hood dropped when staring both Nyssa and Talia in the face.

The trip to Nanda Parbat was a necessity. Sara took the trip to the top of the mountain. Each step was a labor. The wind and the cold snow blew down from above. The temple standing on the top of the mountain seemed like an entire mile away, maybe more.

Sara's fingers tensed around the edge of the mountain. The first time she went up this mountain, well Nyssa carried her up here after she found Sara in a broken state after her escape from Lian Yu. Now, with over five years passing, Sara climbed up with her own.

The two Daughters of the Demon and one hooded Archer of Starling City made their way to the mountain. Nyssa noticed another Ubu, perhaps a brother of the one she crippled in Starling City looking down from the mountain.

"You've come," he grunted. "The master will see you now."

Nyssa, Sara, and Talia stepped up towards the temple. Several armed warriors lined up on the path. Their eyes followed the trio when they passed. None of them made any moves because they did not get ordered to attack. The doors swung open to allow them inside of the temple.

A figure dressed in green robes sat on the throne to peer down at them through a very ragged face. The green eyes which once held most life looked completely dead. His face looked completely sunken in and almost skeletal looking. The hands of the man clutch on the staff which held onto him.

Ra's al Ghul looked to be barely held together. He resembled more of a walking corpse than the demon.

"I know both of my daughters would not have forsaken me in my time of need," Ra's said.

The eyes of the legendary assassin swept over the area and dropped onto Sara briefly. That was the only hint of acknowledgment he gave her before his attention turned on Nyssa and Talia. He reached up and received a goblet from a hooded figure. The red liquid touched his lips when he drank from
Talia watched her father, horror passing through her eyes. They had their share of disagreements, but the fact he became this thanks to his run-in with Batman made Talia become very uneasy. The relationship with her former beloved degraded due to a difference of philosophies, but that was the past. The horrors of the present stared at her.

"Father what has become of you?"

"Talia, I'm pleased you have taken down the tyrant Werner Vertigo," Ra's said in a raspy whisper. "There's much more to be done. I require your assistance."

To Be Continued on January 3rd, 2018.
Chapter Ninety-Seven: Shadows of the Demon Part Two

The once great Ra's Al Ghul being reduced to what he was right now almost made Sara feel a bit of sympathy for the crazed man. Until the exact point, she remembered the cruelty Ra's al Ghul had been capable of performing during his entire life. He affected the lives of many and showed no sympathy for his enemies.

Yet, it would have been the most humane thing possible to put an arrow through his heart right now. The only problem Sara could see with that was that about two dozen members of the League would be on her the moment she drew her bow. Sara kept her hands ready to defend herself.

Every single painful emotion went through Nyssa's face at one time. She had been at peace with her father. Sara tried to move in to give Nyssa some comfort. Instinctively, Nyssa came up to her father and looked him straight in the eye.

"You have come back," Nyssa said. "You should have stayed dead, but you have come back. What purpose does it bring for you to come back?"

The leader of the League peered down at one of his daughters. The other daughter adopted a very stony expression on her face. Not moving, not even acknowledging when her father's gaze fell upon her eyes. Ra's turned back to Nyssa.

"Did you not remember all that I've taught you?"

Nyssa recalled much of what her father taught her. She pondered the meaning of his words. The Demon kept moving and one could see the pain etched upon the eyes. He was not the man he once was.

"The world as we know it is still in danger," he said with a ragged breath. "You know all about Damien Darhk and HIVE. Every moment that man is allowed to be alive is a moment which humanity is in danger of being wiped out."

Not one person in the room would disagree with the fact that Damien Darhk was a huge problem. It was just that, none of them were certain that Ra's al Ghul was a solution to this huge problem either.

"There's one item that I need you to locate before Darhk does," Ra's said. "It's the urn of Deacon Blackfire."

The name of that particular artifact sent shivers down the spine. Talia finally snapped out of her stupor and addressed her father.

"The Urn of Deacon Blackfire?"

"I believe you were in discussion with a couple of contacts regarding where it is," Ra's said. "I believe the most likely place to store the urn is where Deacon Blackfire fell in the first place. Some say it's located in a vault deep underneath Gotham City."

The three women had no doubt whatsoever that the urn had been located at that particular location.

"We can all agree despite past arguments it's not ideal for that item to enter Damien Darhk's hands,"
Ra's said. "The Mystical properties would allow him to become invincible."

All of them nodded. Despite their past problems with Ra's al Ghul, not a single one of the could disagree that there would be problems with that point.

"You three will retrieve it."

Sara moved to protest despite Nyssa's pleading gaze for her not to.

"I'm not obligated to be a part of this," Sara said. "I don't know if you missed it, but I'm no longer a member of the League of Assassins. Those days are over."

It appeared that Ra's did not agree with her words. His mouth curled into the ever-present frown when looking across at Sara.

"It's true, you left my League of Assassins," Ra's said. "You earned the right to leave. Under the assumption, you would perform a crusade to help right the wrongs in Starling City. And you still stand, with that green hood on, fighting a battle which you cannot win."

Sara argued it was all for nothing. Ra's could not resist kicking her while she was down. It was very frustrating to hear her short-comings being thrown right in her face.

"Regardless, I ask you this favor, not as a member of League, but as someone who is supposed to be a protector. Despite your differences with me, you can safely say that Damien Darhk is not an ideal person to have an artifact of unlimited power."

Unfortunately, no one in their right mind could debate against Ra's al Ghul about the dangers of Damien Darhk having his hands on a very dangerous artifact which could be used to bring great power and great horrible power. Sara relaxed for a moment.

No matter how much she hated it, and no much how she knew how Nyssa hated it, Ra's gave them a very clear point. What was his game? Sara did not know. She also looked towards Talia who stood unblinkingly. Unable to articulate a single word.

"Very well, I see that you have made your decision. I'm glad to see you have made the right one."

Gotham City drew in many of the most colorful figures possible. No one could quite understand the insanity it took to live in the city. Several men and women of around college age and maybe slightly older, gathered around to try and understand the latest gospel. They would try and see things how their great leader would show it to them. They would be taken to the promised land step by step, one moment at a time.

A figure crept out of the shadows dressed in dark robes. A group of almost a half of a dozen men held up their hands in the air and brought the man deeper into Gotham City. A tapestry came down to reveal a man dressed in red robes with wild dark hair and a big beard. Those eyes peered out as far as the entire world could see. The figure pointed towards the picture. The entire party turned to the picture.

"Brothers and sisters, I welcome you to a new age. You have been lost, without a purpose. Society does not understand you. But, when society doesn't understand you, you will have to turn to your ultimate salvation. Where what is broken, will be re-built. What is deleted, will be reestablished."

The loud crowd started to buzz at the words from this gentleman. He obviously had them in the palm of his hand and could do anything to draw them in.
"There is one man who understood the misfortune, "he said. "His name was Joseph Blackfire. He was a man who was robbed from us much too soon. He was knocked down upon his pedestal. He understood all of the trials and all of the tribulations that you have been through."

Everyone started to buzz as this robed figure extended a hand out to them.

"You, you, you, and you…all of you, you have one role to play in Gotham City!"

The man pointed them out one at a time. The leader of this particular cult was gaining some traction in his words.

"You have been cast aside, they don't understand you. But, the obsolete do everything in their power to make sure the future is cast aside. My father, he understood everything. He has been blessed with a foresight and a great strength. Much like I have been blessed with this foresight, and a great strength as well."

The crowd began to cheer along with him. The gentleman involved laughed underneath his robe. Everything was starting to go along as planned.

"But, all of you, all of you are going to stand together. While I am from the bloodline of Deacon Blackfire, each and every one of you are my brothers and my sisters. We are standing together as one. Our revolution will be at hand and it will be delightful!"

Everyone cheered even longer. The man lowered his hood to reveal a wild-eyed man with dark hair, with a blonde streak down the middle. He looked on with a smile on his face before he continued to address his followers.

"The great Deacon Blackfire has been blessed with a certain gift to see the future. He sees a world which all of us will stand together. The righteous will be spared and the sinners will fall at their hands. I, on the other hand, know this world will not be possible without his guidance. Therefore, I bring to you, my great premonition, that Gotham City will be erased, eradicated, it will be deleted! For it is obsolete!"

The loud cheers echoed through them. The cult leader gave them a toothy grin and looked across the room to all of the men involved.

"Gotham City will be deleted! And from the ashes of what was once great, he will rise again. Deacon Blackfire will live once again. He will breathe again! Gotham City will be remade in his glorious, his everlasting image!"

They all cheered insanely, and the toothy grin continued. One particular woman kept to the back, frowning about this. She tried not to draw attention to herself despite the situation which was developing. It was hard not to jump up and say anything. These people were very obsessed.

Vicki Vale knew danger was part of the job description from the very first moment she became a reporter in Gotham City. It was a gamble coming here to this particular group because there was always a chance someone recognized her despite the disguise being as far as the nicely dressed reporter as possible.

'Thank god all of these people disavowed all media,' Vicki thought. 'What did one of them call it? Oh yes, a tool for brainwashing and to train people's lying eyes not to see the sins which are consuming their life.'

Still, she could not take an opportunity, no matter how small, that someone might not have taken their vow as seriously. If any of them noticed Vicki, they might have caused trouble.
"My brothers!" the man at the front yelled. "We will go forward and acquire the sacred ashes of the father. And Deacon Blackfire will acquire a new vessel to restore his past life!"

Sara would have liked nothing better than to settle things once and for all with Ra's al Ghul. Unfortunately, she doubted very much it was going to happen. She came face to face with the latest member of the Ubu clan. This Ubu looked at her with the same contempt as all of the others did. Sara only could just about match his expression, folding her arms.

"May I help you?" Sara asked him.

"The master wishes to speak with you."

Anything Ra's could have said to her, it could have been good. Ubu looked unwilling to take no for an answer. Sara drew in her breath with a sigh and made her way across the room where she would come face to face with the man who had been the bane of her existence.

"Yes?"

Ra's looked towards Sara for a moment.

"You have questions for me," Ra's said. "I know you're curious to ask how she came to be. So, ask me, and I may enlighten you of the truth."


That smile, that insidious smile, Sara really wanted to smack him one. She held in her emotions before they got the better of her. Ra's leaned into the chair, breathing heavily. For a moment, Sara thought, or perhaps hoped that he was going to keel over dead.

By some miracle, Ra's straightened up and looked at his daughter's beloved. The one who drew Nyssa away from the path he set her on. A woman he would have liked nothing better to kill and make her death long and completely drawn out.

"You may have determined the truth," Ra's said. "I can look in your eyes. You are just as broken as you were when Nyssa brought you to this temple. Where she lain your body at my feet as you struggled to draw breath. She begged a favor of me, to allow you use of my Lazarus Pit. Do you recall?"

The recollection hit Sara suddenly. Those days, it was a long time ago, and yet at the same time, it seemed like necessary.

"The White Canary is a ghost of a past you can't avoid," Ra's said. "And it's a ghost of your past failures as well. Failures which doom the lives of those around you, each and every day they pass."

Those words dug into Sara's mind. She tried not to allow them to get to her, even though they would continue to eat away.

"I did not accept you into the League for you to be a failure."

Those words cut through Sara's psyche like a burning blade through her heart. The league guards backed away, and Sara realized she had an open shot at Ra's now. Dare she take it though?

Did they back away on purpose? That made Sara hesitate, but she drew her bow and arrow.

"Are you going to kill me?"
Sara steadied the bow. It would have been the easiest thing in the world to put that arrow straight through his hear right now. She lowered the bow for a second and then rose it back up. Sara did it four more times and surprisingly, no one attacked her.

"You're frail. Pathetic. A cockroach who clings desperately to life. And make no mistake about it. I can and will easily kill you."

Ra's al Ghul fixed his gaze upon Sara. Despite the fact he looked as if he was about to encourage her to attack, to strike, she could not do so. Sara's hands lowered for a split second.

"You take that shot, I would proudly and willingly call you my daughter-in-law. But, your failure to act decisively has caused you to be weaker than I thought. It would have been kinder to let you perish. At the very least, you would not have made damning mistakes over the past five years...."

Sara prepared to take that shot. Talia made her way inside and grabbed Sara by the arm to stop her from nailing Ra's. For one small and tiny second, Sara thought that Talia was going to take her down in the worst way possible.

"It's not worth it," Talia said. "You'd be dead. He's baiting you."

There was no criticism in her voice regarding her father or regarding Sara. Talia just stated that it would not end as well. Finally, Sara allowed her sister-in-law to lead her into the next room.

"He will never approve of what you are," Talia said. "Let him linger in that matter. You will be doing him a kindness to kill him."

"But, you don't...you stopped me from killing him?" Sara asked.

Talia took a moment to sigh. "He will always find a way back. This time, we all assumed it would be it. You will never be allowed to leave if you take him down. The League has already decreed that you will be slain if you step out of line. They feel you betray them."

Many of the members of the League lived to serve the leader. Talia hoped that her sister would take more decisive action to take control of the League before this problem reared its ugly head. A decisive show of power against her father would need to be taken.

The one who brought down Ra's al Ghul would become him. Talia had no ill-desire towards Sara and did not want that burden to be placed upon her already straining shoulders.

"He will never approve of you because you are the one who took his daughter away from him."

These words from Talia really did underline everything. Sara looked at the wall and turned back to Talia.

"I didn't take Nyssa," Sara said. "She took me."

"Be that as it may you did not receive his blessing," Talia said. "I'm not woefully as blind to my father's...outdated ideology as you and Nyssa might think."

The man in the new room prepared for something, something that Sara was pretty sure would end up leading to a mess she would have to clean up. She looked in and men surrounded him from all sides. Exactly what was going to happen, Sara did not even begin to know.

"Talia, my daughter, to me."
Talia decided to step forward and go face to face with her father. Sara's shoulders slumped down when watching Talia go to face her father.

"She still respects him."

Sara nodded as Nyssa stood to her side. The Daughter of the Demon hoped that this was not some scheme to use her once again. Her father always omitted some part of the truth.

"She'll do what's right," Sara said. "I think it pains her to see him like this."

"It pains me to see him like this," Nyssa said. "While, I'm not ignorant of his faults, to see him as a cockroach who constantly clings onto life, it's not exactly an appealing thing to see."

Sara just nodded and listened.

"I feel the consequences gripping me, but before I leave, I want you to make me one promise," Ra's said. "As I come to the realization that I've used the Lazarus Pit one time too many, I need you to find it. I need you to take the Urn of Blackfire, and prevent it from falling into the hands of Damien Darhk."

"Of course," Talia said. "There's no need for you to ask."

Ra's smiled at his devoted daughter. His hands looked rather shaky when lifting his head up. He gave a very soft smile when peering towards his daughter.

"I require one more favor of you, daughter."

He whispered in the ear of Talia. Talia frowned and drew back from him. She left the chambers with her father.

"There's not that much time," Talia said. "Let's go."

Rotting flesh never meant anything good in Gotham City. Detective Harvey Bullock had been to the scene of many crimes, from murder to strung-out junkies, to someone who had been killed by being in the wrong place when some nutcase had let his toxin into the city. Those damn nutcases released a toxin every other week or so, and caused the GCPD an immense amount of frustration.

The hefty cop stepped past the doorway. The rotting flesh was not the worst smell coming through those doors. He realized something had been burning.

He kicked the door open and stepped inside. His partner, an attractive Hispanic woman about ten years his junior, stepped in. Renee Montoya looked around towards the room.

"It's coming from in there."

"Keep back, Montoya," Bullock said. "This could get ugly."

Actually, Bullock might have corrected himself. There was not any getting ugly about it. No, things had already gotten ugly. Things had turned very foul the moment they showed up. The cop slammed the door open and a dust almost filled the room.

A body strung up had just finished burning. Whoever the poor bastard was, it was too late to do anything of them. Words had been burned into the wall around them. The word "OBSOLETE" scorched into the wall. The word had been repeated several times from blood.
Bullock noticed the blood on the floor. Montoya noticed it too and gasped when seeing it. The sick bastard took the blood of the victim and scrawled these messages on the world. DELETE had been etched all over the wall, rebirth a few times, and savior a few times.

A pamphlet laid on the floor at the feet of the man. Bullock picked it up, blood going cold when he locked eyes on it. The detective knew trouble when he saw it. That trouble rested in the palm of his hands.

"Shit."

Bullock almost let the pamphlet drop into his hand. He looked upon what could be considered a horrific script.

"That's one of Blackfire's pamphlets," Bullock said. "I would hate to think that nutjob's followers are making a comeback."

Those people who were disheartened by the world always needed an outlet to stir up their emotions. Bullock understood this in the worst possible way. He hated it, but he understood it. And he understood those who felt trapped because of a shit situation would turn to the easy answers. The answers they would have liked to here.

'And there are a lot of shit situations in Gotham City,' Bullock thought.

"He's that...he's that cult leader who murdered hundreds of people," Montoya said.

"All in the new of the good lord," Bullock said. "You must not have heard the stories. Back when I got on the force, that's what they tried to harden us up about. Telling us about how much of a madman Blackfire is."

The thought of the Blackfire cult being back in Gotham City in any way shape or form did not entirely please Bullock.

"He's long since dead," Renee said.

Bullock hoped so, he hoped Blackfire remained dead. He had been burned alive for years.

"There's a crypt underneath Gotham City,' Bullock said. "Lot of people talk about where it might be. It's close enough where it gives you the creeps just thinking about it. I don't know. It's close enough to make a grown man shiver."

The two detectives spent a couple more minutes looking around. Despite those dismal feelings, they had a job to do. There was an oath that every Gotham City detective took to follow a case through no matter how unnerving.

Nights like this and Bullock understood why they had to take the oath. He did not see anything else out of the ordinary. No one straggled in the area at the very least. He gave a sigh, mentally settling himself back down.

"We better call this one in," Bullock said.

Those words either burned into the wall or written in blood on the wall were most certainly something Bullock would be seeing when his head hit the pillow. Not that anyone in Gotham would sleep once the news broke that a group of crazed cultists was on the loose.

The very moment the two detectives left the air, another figure swooped in and took a look around.
A hand extended from the darkness and scanned the area. Something flashed on the screen.

The door opened back up and the figure from the shadows disappeared in the night. Montoya frowned when looking around the area of the room.

"What's the deal, Montoya?" Bullock asked.

"I thought I saw something," Montoya said. "It must have been nothing."

"Gordon's going to want to know about this," Bullock said. "If only we figured out who the guy they burned was, then we might be going somewhere."

The two detectives left the area, unaware of the other figure who had found something tangible to go onto. The dark-clad man in the shadows slipped into the night, disappearing in a blink of an eye.

The barriers between different realms caused ripple effects every now and then. Those who were attuned to such things had been very used to feeling these ripple effects as they ruptured through the area. It was some dark entity breaking free most of the time.

Most of the time, a person who had been trained in certain mystical arts could place what exactly was going on. On the rare occasions they could not, it normally meant that an element which could not be predicted threatened to break out.

A figure dressed in solid purple robes shuddered when rocking back and forth on the ground. The energy surrounding her caused her to feel goosebumps rise up. A never-ending mantra came through her mind, with deep breathing which followed it.

'It's not going to hurt me. Not when I'm in here. I'll be safe. This is where I should be.'

Something scratched at the barrier when the girl who mediated woke up from a very horrific vision. The fires burning over several cities flashed through her mind. The horrible images of buzzards flapping through the air struck her mentally. The sounds of horrible screams kept rising up.

The woman's eyes opened up. Rachel Roth shook violently when the screams continued to escalate. The epicenter for them took place in Gotham City.

Rachel needed to leave now to warn them. She left the safety of the temple of Azarath into a cruel harsh world which played havoc. Darkness lingered in the shadows, as Raven's father had lurked on the edge. His faithful servant and his faithful servant's minions grew ever closer.

To Be Continued on January 5th, 2018.
Chapter Ninety-Eight: Gathering Intelligence

Gotham City, a place which Sara visited more than a handful of times during her life, but this had been the first time she stepped foot into Gotham since dawning the hood. And the first time she stepped into Gotham underneath the hood. The archer looked down from the edge of the city.

Talia moved in from one head, a dark mask pulled over the top of her head. She strapped a sheath with a sword over her shoulder. Nyssa popped in on the other side of Talia. A daughter of the Demon moved on each side of Sara when they stepped into Gotham City.

"I forgot how much this city…." Nyssa said before trailing off.

Nothing needed to be said. Nyssa made her point loud and clear to them. Gotham was more of Talia's operation anyway. Nyssa very rarely stepped in Gotham City. The Daughters of the Demon spent a couple of minutes to look around.

"Well, it's somewhere in Gotham City,' Talia said. "And so is HIVE."

Time stood still as a small storm started to roll in all over Gotham City. Sara moved around. Starling City might have been a crime-ridden empire in places. Nothing beat Gotham City though with the amount of crime. And also a very unsettling voice rose in the back of Sara's head. Those whispers continued to grow in high prominence.

'You will fail,' the voice taunted Sara in the back of her mind. 'You will falter.'

"Alright, beloved?" Nyssa asked.

"Yeah, I'm fine," Sara said. "We just got to…well we're going to have to go into one of the worst parts of Gotham City now."

Sara tried not to lose her cool. She recalled what it felt like being pulled underneath the water from the Queen's Gambit. Sara valiantly struggled to stick her head above the water. Something kept pulling her back underneath the water at a constant clip.

'Fear nothing,' Sara thought.

"So, you're here," Barbara said. "And no, he doesn't know the League of Assassins are back in Gotham City yet. Although, I'm certain he'll know before the end of the night."

"I don't doubt he will," Talia said. "Which is why we must move quickly. So dispense with the pleasantries and tell us what we need to know, if you please, Miss Gordon."
Barbara decided to do what Talia suggested and skip the pleasantries to get to the bare facts of the situation. "Tonight, there have been three mysterious deaths tonight. They have all harkened back to the Joseph Blackfire cult murders which took place in the seventies and eighties. The final one taking place in eighty-nine, which…well….."

Sara only just recently found out how that particular story ended.

"It was the final stand of the Black Canary, and the rest of the Justice Society of America," Barbara said. "We had a drought of heroes for a long time until…"

"The Detective," Nyssa said in a calm voice.

The three representatives of the League stepped towards the crypt. It took them a couple of minutes to realize they most certainly were not alone at all. Several individuals encircled them. Talia and Nyssa prepared to fire.

"Stop them at all costs."

HIVE, it would have to be HIVE. A rapid-fire pull of the gun had been blocked by Nyssa. Nyssa caught her adversary with a kick to the ribs and took him down off of the back swing. She grabbed the man around the back of the head and drove him face first into the ground with a sickening thud.

"It would have to be HIVE," Nyssa said. "It always has to be HIVE."

Two warriors stood face to face with each other. Knife mastery appeared to be the forte of this man. Nyssa motioned for the man to rush forward to engage her. The attacker came up with two knives extended. A skilled assault had been blocked with the goon being taken down to the ground. Nyssa swept the legs out from underneath the attack and dropped him down to the ground.

"I'm beginning to detest HIVE," Nyssa said.

Talia blocked the attack from one of her enemies. She swept the leg out from underneath him. Fluid motions brought the knife out of the hand of one drone and into the armored part of the other drone. Talia pulled back with the blood stained knife and jammed one in the wrist tendon.

"Now?" Talia asked. "Simply now you grow tired of them?"

Successive arrows fired from the corner. Two of them nailed one of the drones in the arm. Another arrow caught him in the chest. The Green Arrow flipped down with simple ease and dropped the full weight a knee down onto the back of the head of the goon who fought her.

The HIVE goons backed off almost as quickly as they arrived. Sara found herself very curious to what game they were playing. Sara, Nyssa, and Talia made their way over when suddenly, an image flickers across the screen in the middle. A wild man with dark hair and white streaks with crazed bug eyes appeared.

"Arrow that is Green I knew you would come!"

They knew they were here. Those cultists knew that they were here. Brother Mathias Blackfire appeared on the screen.

"And you will not stop the anointed one from returning to this city."

Nyssa grabbed one of the HIVE goons and slammed him against the wall. Mathias's taunting message continued to go through Gotham City.
"Talk," Nyssa demanded of him.

"You are not believers, you are not worthy to known of the cause. You are not worthy. You will be rendered completely obsolete. Just like she will when she visits the church tonight. It already has begun."

'At least we got that much out of him.'

Heavy winds smacked against the shutters outside of the abandoned Church of Deacon Blackfire. Some of the homeless population lingered around this church on some nights. These days, the Church had been a haven for disenchanted millennials who were willing to listen to how much oppression was going on in the world, how they were victims, and how their own shortcomings were not their fault.

Vicki Vale snuck around one of the side entrances to the church. The redhead stepped around the corner of the church with a very obvious shudder going down her spine. She listened for anyone here.

The fact they might have been planning some kind of ritual suicide would be one of the biggest stories ever reported. Vicki's mind flash backed to the horrific Blackfire cult murders. She watched the old news reports, read the old news report. The Blackfire cult murders rose out of the Satanic panic of the eighties. People flocked to religious fundamentalists who talked about how children were being exposed to Satan thanks to heavy metal music, Dungeons and Dragons, and costumed vigilantes in the second generation of the Justice Society of America.

Looking back at it now, it sounded absurd. People wanted all of the right answers. Someone like Blackfire would be willing to give all of the right answers. Little did these people know how worse Blackfire was than any of the moral monsters who he preached against.

'Bastard was sick,' Vicki summarized.

All those years later people still talked about Blackfire. They still followed the gospel of the man who terrified many. Children were burned to purge them of terrible demons.

Vicki entered the Church. She stood about ten feet from where Blackfire performed his weekly sermons. Every single week, the less fortunate in Gotham City gathered around on this location. Blackfire spit the gospel truth. Talked about hellfire, damnation, and how he would protect Gotham from the sum of its own sins.

The woman stepped around the corner. No one redid this church in years. It was a wonder no one knocked it down to be honest. Then again, it was located smack in the middle of Old Gotham. Not exactly one of the prime areas for real estate development.

'Who would really want to go here?' Vicki asked. This place, it gives me the….'

Vicki heard something creak behind her. The reporter really wished she had something more deadly than a stun gun on her during times like this. She took a deep breath and reminded herself that this was one of the biggest stories possible. She just needed to calm down, take a deep breath. Everything would come together in due time. She just needed to breath in and breath out.

A loud cackling sound caused Vicki to jump about halfway up in the air. The cackling got even louder. Being in a city with the likes of Scarecrow, Killer Croc, and last, but certainly not least, the Joker, made Vicki rather hardened to a lot of what was going on. Regardless of being toughed up by a lot of time in Gotham City, this cackling sound.
"You should not be here. Now you're going to have to face some of your worst fears. It's time to scream. When you face the man of your worst dreams."

A sadistic looking man flashed into the picture. He wielded an umbrella which twirled in the air. He wore a black coat frayed with several holes in it. Wild hair stuck up straight in all the directions. His face contorted in one of the more sadistic smiles imaginable.

"Oh, Miss Vale, oh Miss Vale, yes I can see who you are. I could see you coming from afar. Your lying eyes cannot deceive me. They are transparent for those who could really see."

Vicki's survival instincts kicked in. Fight or flight, well against this creepy as hell bastard, flight sounded like a pretty good option.

"You're not going to run. You're not going to deprive me of my fun."

The creepy man swooped down and knocked the reporter down to the ground. The creature's teeth bared and he prepared to feast upon the flesh of this harlot.

Three arrows shot in the air and pieces the chest of the demonic entity. The demonic entity hissed in a crazed manner before he slowly flickered out of the light. He disappeared into a puff of smoke.

"The Green Arrow?" Vicki asked.

"Were you expecting Batman?" the hooded vigilante asked.

"Well to be fair, I am in Gotham City," Vicki said. "My name is Vicki Vale and I'm…"

"Yes, Ms. Vale, I know who you are."

Sara knew Vicki after an encounter the two of them had when Sara was in her normal day to day identity.

"Anyway, they're looking for something. They call it the Urn of Blackfire. And that Mathias Blackfire was babbling about something called the Lake of Reincarnation."

Perhaps it was just her, but Sara thought that could only mean one thing. These nutcases had gotten their hands on a Lazarus Pit. Contrary to popular myth, there was more than one Lazarus Pit other than the one in Nanda Parbat. It was just the one in Nanda Parbat had the least drawbacks when people used their gifts.

"I should get you out safely," The Green Arrow said. "There's a police checkpoint up the road."

Vicki nodded in agreement. She had enough adventure for one evening to be perfectly honest.

The suddenly disappearing demon put Sara on a tighter edge than she already was. Still, nothing, not even a wisp of smoke reclaimed from that demon who appeared and disappeared.

Sara figured this hunt for the Urn was going to lead to more questions than answers. Especially with HIVE involved, Blackfire's follows involved, and the fact it was in Gotham City where insanity ended up being the order of the day on the slowest days never mind a busy day like this.

She moved across the rooftops. The sound of thunderclaps set the tone for Gotham City. People often made jokes about Gotham City's very notorious weather. Sara was not about to argue about it. The rain pouring down brought to the grim room.
Shivers came over Sara's body when she passed a very obvious crime scene. She kept her distance while observing some of Gotham's finest making their way in. The moment they broke the doors open, smoke and fire came out. The hooded heroine bent at the knees and dropped down onto the ground. The sounds of a fire engine coming down the street forced Sara to dipped into the alleyway.

She caught a glimpse of Commissioner James Gordon stepping into the alleyway from a squad car. Detectives Bullock and Montoya turned around the corner and met Gordon. Sara slipped off to one side to make sure she got a pretty position to hear it.

"It's pretty bad," Gordon said.

"Bad isn't a way to describe it," Bullock said. "Those people are completely out of their mind."

Sara found herself agreeing with Bullock. The fire fighters put out the flames as they kicked up even hotter than ever. The GCPD stepped into the rundown flat. The Green Arrow followed them, careful not to get in their way. A charred corpse of a man swung back and forth against the wall. He had been pinned into the walls in a crucifix position.

"I've found what those numbers are," Barbara said.

"More of them," Sara said. "What did you find out?"

"They're actual numbers from the Book of Blackfire."

The statement from Barbara was one that Sara had to blink twice to make sure that she heard it right. Barbara's tone came out in a prominent sigh.

"Yes, I know what you're thinking," Barbara said. "And I was thinking the same thing when I came across it. There is an actual Book of Blackfire. The man had thought himself to be so high up that he began to write his own bible. And while most of the copies were destroyed after he had been burned to a crisp back in the eighties, there were still covered."

The only way to make a book more sought after was try and have it burned. Sara knew that and understood it.

"The verses talk about not putting your hopes behind false prophets and saviors," Barbara said. "A demon clad in black especially, who swoops down from the heavens. He preys on a superstitious and cowardly lot. Does that remind you of anyone we know?"

"That's….the Blackfire Cult murders stopped in 1989, so he wrote is book back in the eighties sometime," Sara said. "And, The Waynes were not killed until three years later."

"Right," Barbara said. "So, they could not have been…."

Sara stepped back into the shadows and saw the GCPD dragging another burned body. Having come across her fair share of mangled bodies during the time she put the hood on, it was nothing new. However, this person chopped off the fingers and removed the eyes before burning the fingers.

"Thy lying eyes and thy thieving hands will be taken as punishment for you will burn underneath the fire of your own sins," Barbara said.

Sara thought they pretty much took those teachings to heart. Someone this depraved, all common sense and sanity might have showed him to be a completely awful person. There were always believers. Too many people believed to the point of fanatical insanity. Sara could not even believe what she heard.
"People are having second thoughts," Sara said. "Any more?"

"Those who live blinded by greed and redemption are the easiest to mold into my servant," Barbara said. "I think that could describe a couple of people we know."

It could unfortunately do so. Sara took a look around the moment the GCPD had their backs turned around. She hoped to find something. The long journey around the side of the building made Sara realize there was pretty much nothing to find here.

Nothing they could find other than the corpses of the followers burned by Blackfire's goons. They suffered for their sins to be honest.

Nyssa motioned for Sara. The two met each other in the middle. For once, Sara felt some hope due to the positive demeanor Nyssa gave off. She could be reading her wrong.

"We found something."

Hope sprung eternal this lead would finally move them forward on this evening. Sara crossed her fingers anyway in a thinly veiled hope something would happen.

The various members of HIVE stepped into a warehouse which they used as a base of operations. Some of them had been former Gotham City gang members who had been left for dead so this had been a home coming for these ghosts. One man in particular sunk down. He dressed a red hooded top and a pair of black pants which had several pouches for knives and various other implements of destruction he could use to take down his enemy. The man put pressure on the cut on his face.

"The League is involved," he said. "Damn, I hate those...."

"We all hate the League," one of the HIVE members said. "Sure beats working for the Joker though, being a part of this mission."

The Joker left the HIVE goon and his team to die in an explosion at the fireworks factory. The clown claimed he wanted their criminal criminals to end with a bang. Out of all of the members of the team, this one had been fortunate enough to be pulled out of the wreckage and inducted into HIVE.

"So, can we trust him?"

The members of the organization rarely had any thoughts of their own. Occasionally though, high stress situations caused one of them break through. All of them surrounded the man who spoke out of turn.

"Are you questioning his plan?"

"No, no, not questioning it," he said. "Unless you're asking about whether or not I trust Darhk. I trust me one hundred percent. I owe him my life."

They all owed Darhk their lives. Living would not be possible if it were not from Damien Darhk and his organization. Time passed when all of them looked at the man who spoken out. One of them held a knife and thought about getting the man to talk.

"Then, who don't you trust?"

He swallowed the lump building in his throat.

"That Blackfire guy, I don't trust him," he said. "He's got those punk kids all riled up. They are all
riled up and ready to riot all over Gotham City."

"That's good," The HIVE commander said. "Don't you think we can use a distraction while we search the city for the urn? Or don't you remember how much Darhk wants it?"

"I have no doubt Darhk wants the urn," the HIVE representative said. "Hell, you heard what they said. Ultimate power….imagine what HIVE could do if Damien Darhk is more powerful."

No one decided to waste any time imagining given that they would not have possession of the urn at all. The man who had doubted Mathias Blackfire decided to press on.

"Still, with is speeches about how things are obsolete and his strange talk of premonitions, you might think the guy is a little bit off of his rocker. Am I the only one who sees this? Do you think he might be a little bit broken?"

Several HIVE goons blinked for a long pause. The goon did not get the feedback he obviously intended to.

"I'm just saying."

The door opened up and speaking of the devil, Mathias Blackfire stepped in. All of the HIVE goons stood up straight to face them.

"Rise, my children, rise!" he called them. "It draws closer. The object you seek. Once I have utilized it for my purposes, then your master, Damien Darhk will be able to achieve his grand resurrection. Then he will gain his ultimate retribution on the cranium of the demonic entity."

All grew used to Mathias's very unique speech patterns and his accent, which seemed to be Shakespearean if done by someone in the South. None of them really knew what to make of this man.

"To gather the power to fuel the spiritual guide I will need to find the urn of my deceased Patriarch, the seven deities have mandated a sacrifice."

Mathias stuck his hand out and pointed his hand towards the ghost who manifest before him

"Dear Brother, you have been chosen. You have been proven to be obsolete. My HIVE brothers, prepare him for his deletion!"

The HIVE goons grabbed the man and forced the HIVE crony to the ground. One of them pulled a larger butcher knife and stuck it down into the back of the throat of the goon in question. Blood spilled from the man when falling down onto the ground. It stained the symbols barely visible after being scratched on the floor.

"Delightful!" Mathias crowed. "He has spilled a sufficient amount of blood to light the beacon. Gotham City will be rebuilt in the image of my dearly departed Patriarch!"

The huge storm raging in Gotham City moved in even greater prominence. Talia, Nyssa, and Sara made their way past the gates into the cemetery. Lighting flashed across the sky as the Green Arrow armed her bow. The two members of the League of Assassins circled around her. All three women stood ready to fight.

"There's something here."
A cackling man broke out from underneath the tree. The same man dressed in a trench coat. White face paint splattered over his face with black rings around the edge of his eyes and lips painted a sadistic shade of black. The point of the umbrella pointed at them.

Talia jumped up to block the razor sharp umbrella. The man cackled and released his trench-coat to send some demonic looking birds at his attackers. The attackers scattered as the man did a dance in mid-air before going down into the air.

One arching of the man's back and those arms swayed in the air wildly. A barrage of birds shot through the air.

"All of you can't see what you've brought upon this city! I just look at you with pity. For on this night, you will meet a very deadly plight!"

Nyssa and Sara fired arrows at succession at the creature who laughed madly.

"Don't you say, I feed off of chaos and disorder?"

The demonic entity swooped down to attack the Green Arrow. She dodged the attack from his demonic entity of chaos. Sara aimed her arrow at him, but the arrows exploded in her hand.

"Tonight, the time draws near! Time for me to feast upon your greatest fears! I will destroy everything all of you hold dear!"

"And Mathias dragged this lunatic out of the flames!" Nyssa yelled. "We're going to have to put him down and put him down now!"

Swords and arrows had no effect on the entity who fed completely off chaos. What rose in Gotham City was like milk being given to a newborn babe. The entity rose his hands up in the air.

"You're not going to put me down. I'm going to watch you all suffer, all perish, in this town. The time for your end has come to a close. Watch me as the chaos in this city will simply…."

A bolt of purple energy fired from a figure in the shadows. The entity flipped head over heels and crashed down onto the ground. A very inhumane growl came from the entity when turning his attention to the figure in the shadows. He rose his hand to blast energy in the air.

The two bolts of energy intersected through each other in the air. Both parties tried to push back and forth. Neither acquired the control they wanted at first. Their eyes bulged out when attempting to push back completely.

"You can see you're breaking. You can see that Gotham City will be ours for the taking. You're not going to go without a fight. I'm going to put you out like a busted light."

The girl in the hood pushed back finally propelling the demon back. She summoned all of the energy within her despite the very real fact the energy in Gotham City started to stab into her body. Sensations introduced themselves into her body akin to thousands of white hot-knives planting in every single inch. The woman threw her head back and fired a pulse point at her adversary. Another brutal attack knocked her enemy back an inch or two.

"You are not going to take me!" she yelled at the top of her lungs. "TAKE THIS!"

The creature prepared to give another ill-fated rhyme. The woman in question threw her hands up in the air and blasted the creature. The creature's body sucked into a dark hole. Several tentacles grabbed the creature hard and sucked him into a whole.
The half-demon dropped to the ground. Her knees sunk into the ground the moment she connected with it. The deep breathing came from the woman. Her nerve endings shot through with too much pain. The swimming of demonic specters threatened to break into her head.

"I should have never came into Gotham City."

Rachel Roth thought all about the ill-fated decision to come into Gotham City. Her stomach twisted a fraction of an inch. The woman in green moved over towards her. Raven's hands shot forward to block Sara's attempt to help the younger girl up.

"Please don't touch me," Raven said. "It's nothing person. It's just the negative energies cascading through me are…never mind."

Raven staggered to her feet. Sara was about ready to ask whether or not this girl was already. Something struck Sara. Asking a question about whether a girl in obvious distress being fine was not a good idea.

"I'll live," Raven said. "I'm not sure anyone else will if Mathias Blackfire gets his hands on the urn."

The woman's breathing hitched in one more time. Raven stepped over and reinforced her will when going through the air. Air seared through her lungs.

"Fortunately, I know where it is."

To Be Continued on January 7th, 2018.
Temptation of Power

Chapter Ninety-Nine: Temptation of Power

Raven took a deep breath. She had to get these things under control. Perhaps, foolishly, Raven thought that things would have been a lot better after the last time she had to set foot in Gotham City. Everything did not get much better, unfortunately, it had turned out much worst. Raven took a deep breath in response when almost dropping down to her knees.

"Just give me a minute."

Nyssa frowned and looked at the younger girl. Something told her that the girl was struggling just to keep her head above the water. It was a difficult situation for her to be here. Nyssa extended a hand and placed it on the shoulder of the young girl. She jolted underneath it.

"Sorry, if I startled you," Nyssa said. "Perhaps you shouldn't....."

"You really shouldn't be here."

The Arrow took a step back and motioned for the Daughters of the Demon to stand back as well. Raven got to her feet very shakily. Her knees almost knocked together when taking a deep breath. She really should not have been here to be honest.

"I shouldn't be here," Raven agreed. "But, I have to be here. You realize what happens if that urn falls into the wrong hands. It's much more than some long dead preacher coming back to life."

Sara figured about as much. Raven moved to the edge of the graveyard. A flash of red eyes underneath Raven's hood showed she was trying to keep her inner nature at bay. Sara, Nyssa, and Talia gave her as much room as possible.

"The end game is something awful," Raven said. "I'm not even sure that Darhk understands what he's truly getting himself into with the games he's playing."

Nyssa and Talia looked at each other out of the corner of their eyes. They could see something was happening. Many legends had been told over the years, but this girl brought something into their mind.

"I can't believe that Gotham City has gotten so much worse since the last time I've been here."

Raven had been used to negative emotions and dealing with the dark feelings which came with them. Gotham was something else. They built a home to house the criminally insane on an ancient Indian burial ground so sanity was not exactly a main point.

They moved away from the graveyard and into another section, a wooded area inside of Gotham City. Raven felt a little better from passing the graveyard. Despite feeling a little bit better, she was not completely out of the woods just yet. Every breath labored in an extremely painful manner. She closed her eyes and took in a deep breath.

"Just get ready to tell us when you can handle it."

Raven appreciated the kind words from the girl who had now been dubbed the Green Arrow.
"I'll never be able to handle what I'm about to tell you," Raven said. "Mathias Blackfire is one of the most fanatical believers to Joseph Blackfire. It's hard to be for certain whether or not they're father in son but..."

Nyssa picked right off where Raven left off in her explanation.

"He's most certainly a believer in the cause."

"Yes," Raven confirmed with a nod of her head. "He's most certainly a believer. And he's completely out of his mind in his beliefs as well. But he's not the problem. And Blackfire isn't the problem. And Darhk is not the problem. None of these are the problem."

"Oh?" Nyssa asked.

Talia frowned, she wanted straight answers. She looked at the girl. The strange energy took Talia aback for a second, but she recovered quickly. It was time to get some answers and some clear ones.

"Who could be a bigger problem?"

"Trigon."

One word caused the three parties joining the sorceress to go completely silent. All of them understood this name and understood why this name could lead to some extremely bad news. They all circled each other for a few seconds and took a deep breath.

"Please tell me...."

"I wish I could joke," Raven said. "Last time we encountered each other, I managed to just barely banish him back home. It took everything that I had, and I had been left drained. Despite the fact that I've purged the connection, there's still a part of Trigon which remains with me to this very day."

Sara understood even though Talia and Nyssa had been more confused than ever before. Talia caught on first though, and Nyssa followed.

"So, Trigon is....."

"My father is one of the most feared demons across many realms," Raven said. "He's destroyed several realms and he wants Earth as his next target. I had to assemble a team where I could barely beat him last time. I was his second plan, after the JSA defeated him, by taking down his servant Joseph Blackfire."

Everyone in the clearing looked at each other. Raven pressed on the best she could in this particular situation.

"My father recruited my mother to sire me," Raven said. "Consent was only optional, as she had no chance. I was intended to be a portal, but myself and my team...we prevented that from happening. But, you should know that despite the fact I blasted Trigon back....he's not going to be gone for long."

One daughter of a figurative demon faced one daughter of a literal demon. Talia had more questions in her mind than before.

"So he's...."

"He's coming," Raven said. "We need to stop Mathias at all costs, and Darhk as well. If either of
The youth of Gotham City felt they had been the ones who had been left behind. Left behind, by an older generation who had refused to check their privilege. They refused to become enlightened and educated about the changes in the world. These men of an era which should have been deleted from the history books, ran everything in Gotham City. Their voices would be heard. Their social justice movement would be heard.

The one man who could bring them to the promise land stood in front of them. Mathias Blackfire stood and looked down upon the young men and women.

"You all have been led astray by the lies of an old generation," Mathias said. "You have all been told that you are lazy. You are worthless. You are incompetent, that your generation does not know what this world did. You have been called a generation who has been coddled by participation trophies. You have been called far worse, the worst generation. But, you need to understand something. Those who have called you the worst generation, have been called the worst generation by their parent's generation. And your grandparents, they had been called the worst generation by the generation proceeding them. And all throughout time, those who wish to cling on to establishment will ruin the hopes and dreams of the youth."

Every single word had been hung on. The young people heard the voice of someone who spoke their language. Their parents were hypocrites, the older generations all had been in their spot before. Yet, they had become the monsters they once slayed.

"It's the last ditch hope for those who fear being left behind. They have been rendered one thing. You know it all, my friends. They have been rendered completely obsolete."

The rumbling of the followers, the true believers, raised their hands in the air and started to raise their hands.

"I offer you only the window of opportunity. They entire world can be yours. Each and every one of you are special in every way. You are like unique snowflakes, each one having their own diverse story. And you will all have your role to play. No matter who you are, no matter what you identify as, what you believe as, we will see the future in Gotham City. It will be a capital of our new and progressive world. And it will be delightful."

"We will rise!" they yelled.

"And what are the administration who intends to keep you down?"

"OBSOLETE!"

That word brought great joy into the mind of Mathias Blackfire. He danced a little bit to one side. Everyone followed the progress of the animated man who would bring the promise land to Gotham City.

"We must locate the chosen one. The man who had been brought down way too soon. He understood the plight of the less fortunate. He understood that it was the responsibility of the privileged to lead those less privileged. Those who did not get the breaks of the most fortunate sons and daughters of Gotham City, those who are part of the elite. And we shall delete the elite!"

The group of college students rose up and down cheering in madness. They finally had someone who spoke to them.
"Delete the elite!"

"Delightful!" Mathias cried. "It is time for us to delete the elite, for they are obsolete. We will bring about great social change. And our grand leader, the great Joseph Blackfire will rise up from the grave. Repetitions will be paid and all of Gotham will pay as they are remade in the glorious image of a brand new world!"

They all cheered even louder. Mathias's look became even more animated.

"Our brand new world will be quite glorious!" Mathias cheered. "We must both forth to the crypt. Our fellow beautiful people in HIVE will assist us. They will bring about our grand re-vo-lute-shun!"

They all pumped themselves up to do anything and anything could mean a lot of things in the brand new world of Gotham City. Mathias grinned, as the time was near. The time for the grand revival of their leader will be at hand and all of Gotham City would pay witness to this delightful evening.

The Church of Deacon Blackfire, and boy did this location give Sara a sense of uneasiness when stepping through the front doors. She had those strange vibes when stepping closer to the church. Whispers grew from the church for a second. The wind rattled against the gates when she moved closer yet to the edge of the gate.

Batgirl and Raven stepped closer to the gate next to Sara. The moment the emerald-clad archer stopped at the gate, she turned to Raven.

"You better stay outside."

Raven thought about arguing about it with Sara. She sunk down into a nod and agreed.

"Yell if you need anything."

Perhaps it was just Sara's imagination, but Raven was oddly accepting about not coming in this church. She moved closer to the front doors of the church where they would have to take a closer look around. The rattling of the gates brought Sara to full alert.

"I'll go around back, "Batgirl said. "See if there's anyone lurking around. You head in the front."

"Keep in touch," Green Arrow said.

Batgirl smiled and tapped on her ear piece. The two parted ways as Sara moved closer into the church. She stepped past the church and walked over the blood stains on the floor.

'Always a bad sign.'

The whispers only ceased when Sara tried to truly listen for the source of them. The hairs on the back of the neck of the archer picked up as she continued to move around in the area of the church. Everything around her started to accelerate. Sara had a very bad feeling where she was and where she was heading. Questions entered her mind, namely why would the followers of a Cult Leader work with HIVE?

'Then again, Cult Leaders are able to lead their followers easier. You just tell them what they want to hear. And then, boom, it's just about as easy as....' 

The loud creaking from above caused Sara's mind to go. She watched as a scraggly gentleman ran
his way down the steps. He dressed in rags and looked completely terrified out of his mind.

"I look for salvation," he breathed. "I found nothing but death. The power of the lord compels you."

He took a paper cup and threw some liquid at Sara. She dodged the liquid when it splattered against the wall. The smell of urine filled the area.

Sara grabbed the homeless man and harmlessly took him down. This church, somehow, even after all of these years, had been a symbol for the homeless population of Gotham City. She doubted this would be the first person who had been cast out who she would meet here at the church.

The archer noticed something on the floor boards. It appeared someone messed with this particular floorboard. Sara stepped closer, and positioned herself on the other side. She already could sense something bad going on, even though she could not put her finger on what.

Batgirl made her way to the other end.

"I ran into a couple of homeless men," Batgirl said. "They ran the other way when they saw the symbol on my chest."

"Be thankful they didn't try and throw urine on you," the Green Arrow said. "Don't ask."

The Green Arrow stopped and looked at the floor board. One of them had been jammed down onto the floor, the nails pushed into the side of the ground in an awkward way. The Green Arrow stepped closer to the edge of the floor and with the help of Batgirl pulled it back.

"I don't believe it," Batgirl said. "It's a copy of the book of Blackfire."

The book in her hands felt like actual fire in the Green Arrow's hands. Something about this entire book was just bad news, and she noticed someone marked one of the pages. They moved book over. It looked ratty, with several of the pages discolored.

Each word stood out on the page. Both realized quickly there was something about the book that compelled them to delve in. Sara flipped it over and frowned when looking through the book.

"The Lake of Reincarnation will rebirth everyone in their best form," Sara said. "The wicked will be rendered obsolete."

A lot of babble existed on these pages, but Sara would be lying if she did not find something very tangible within the countless amount of babble. The plan slowly came together, at least to the best of Sara's knowledge.

Nyssa and Talia stepped through the dusty entrance to the edge of the crypt. They sensed something was very awful the moment they stepped inside of the tunnel. Some lights flashing at the end of the tunnel showed they were getting very close.

'They've beat us to the urn.'

Nyssa figured things were going to be more intense and worse before they got really better. She stood shoulder to shoulder with Talia when the pair of them crept down the tunnel. Two HIVE goons at the end of the tunnel waited. No doubt, more drones hovered around at the edge, at the other end of the tunnel. The two daughters of the demon made their movements, carefully approaching this situation one step at a time.
One man looked in the shadows and saw nothing. The drone shrugged his shoulder and returned. He raised a finger to wipe the dust out of his eye.

A simple action lead to a very fatal error when Talia dropped down from behind and slammed her feet into the back of the neck of the HIVE drone. He dropped down to the ground from the impact of Talia dropping her full force assault down on the back of his head.

Hive Drone number two turned off to one side in time to get a jab from Nyssa. Nyssa grabbed his head and slammed him directly into the ground.

"More are coming."

Talia pulled out her blades and readied herself for the fighter. The sounds of HIVE feet coming down the area put Talia in position. One barely had a chance to react before Talia nailed him across the back of the neck. More attacks rattled the drone with Talia putting him down onto the ground.

A pair of hands grabbed Talia around the shoulders. Talia turned her way out of the attack and nailed the goon in the side of the head. Another attack brought the man down onto the ground.

Two more HIVE drones came their way around the corner. Nyssa threw a smoke bomb into the air. The blinded drones rushed around. Nyssa caught the attacker around the arm and brought it down to the ground. She held the arm and snapped it back.

One HIVE drone scrambled around. Nyssa moved back and two knives came out. The knives clashed together, with sparks flying. Nyssa and the knife wielding HIVE operative went back and forth with each other.

Nyssa threw the goon back onto the ground. The man threw one more knife at Nyssa for her to dodge around. She kicked the attacker down onto the side of the head. The attacker dropped to the ground with blood spurting out of the side of his mouth.

One more drone dropped to the ground with an arrow planted in the side of the back. Talia reached down and grabbed him around the head before dropping him down hard for good measure. The thug spilled blood all over the ground the second Talia backed off.

"That's all of them?"

Talia would not be one hundred percent sure it was all of them. The passageway still had been cracked open. The two of them walked back a couple of inches and then moved back into the rickety stairway. They could sense someone was here. More drones moved around at the bottom of the crypt.

Nyssa quickly counted about seven or eight of them moving down on the tunnel. She could take them out easily, well maybe without a little bit of effort. Regardless, Nyssa drew in a deep breath. She knew what they had to go up against and the trouble which would come from them.

Both daughters of Ra's al Ghul positioned themselves for battle. The sound of one of them shifting around nearly drew their attention over towards the two daughters of the demon.

A flash of light erupted from one side. The two drones turned as quickly as they could. Black tendrils slithered out of a glowing vortex and wrapped around the gentlemen. They sucked into the shadows and let loose with blood curdling screams of torment.

These blood curdling screams put Talia in position to take out the legs of the largest man nearest. She was able to move without any problems. She turned around and gripped one of attackers by the face.
Talia wound up and caught the attacker with a thunderous attack to the face. The point of her knee connected to the face of the attacker and dropped him down onto the ground.

The two men Raven attack flew out of the vortex. They all crawled back and shivered from what happened. The moment they noticed Nyssa, they resigned themselves to a huge beat down. Nyssa attacked them both and dropped them down onto the ground.

The Daughter of the Demon swung directly at the attacker and dropped one of them on the ground. Talia joined her and put an arrow into the stomach of one of the attackers. She flipped over him and drove him face-first into the ground.

One of the attackers moved to detonate an explosive at the edge of the tunnel. Raven beat him to the punch by pulling him into a vortex. The attacker screamed before being launched completely out of the shadows. The attacker scrambled until Nyssa grabbed him and took him down to the ground with a thunderous kick down across the back of the head.

"We have a problem."

Nyssa and Talia turned their attention towards each other for a brief moment. Raven lead the way and opened up the edge of the crypt. She shielded them with a powerful spell and a noxious gas came out of the tunnel.

They did a double take as some of Mathias Blackfire's cult members al laid out on the ground. Some fixated a grin on their faces.

Nyssa noticed someone collapsed a tunnel leading to the other side of the crypt. And speaking of the crypt, Nyssa pulled it open even though she suspected straight away what happened.

The early part of the morning in Gotham City resulted in several unique characters out and about. Those who were on the graveyard shift were just getting off. Those who hit the clubs were just finally being kicked out, as they closed before most people with any sanity woke up.

Sanity need not apply in Gotham City and apply to the man who flickered across the television screen. The large smiling face of the Joker appeared on the jumbo tron on Gotham Square. He broke out from ear to ear with one of the most sadistic grins possible.

"Hello, Gotham!" Joker cheered. "I'm here! And you know, I normally get a more frantic reaction when I come rolling back into town. Especially after you guys think I'm dead. Really now, you should know by now that when there's no body, there's nobody dead!"

Joker broke out into a very animated round of laughter. He returned after nearly a year of dropping off of the grid.

"But, now, I see you people, and you're not as scared as you should be," Joker said. "You should be scared because I'm back and it's been a very long time. You're going to remember soon enough. Other criminals sit around the campfire and tell Joker stories to scare the utter Bah-jebus out of each other. Boy, I've heard a few of them through the grapevine."

Joker started humming underneath his breath. He motioned towards a large table with a tapestry over it.

"And now, I'm sure all of you are wondering one thing," Joker said. "What's Uncle J got underneath the tapestry? Is it an exploding jack in the box? Is it a tank full of laser piranhas? Is it the secret to ever lasting peace, happiness, and a great sex life?"
The clown prince of crime shook his head, his grin widening. Everyone watched the Joker like a horror show which none of them honestly could turn away from here.

"No. The answer as you can see is none of above. It's this."

Joker pulled off of the tapestry to reveal an antique urn with runic markings which resembled flames and crosses on it.

"How did I get my hands on some stupid little flower pot?" Joker asked. "Well, you see normally I would not bother with such an ugly looking piece of tin."

For dramatic effect, the Joker paused and allowed his wide grin to speak for itself. The clown prince bounced around before he grew oddly serious. When a proper amount of time lapsed, Joker decided to deliver the punchline.

"Well, it's quite simple I got it the old fashioned way. I urned it!"

The Joker broke out into laughter at his joke. You could not get silly little puns like that anymore. The Joker's widened eyes fixed out on the camera.

"You see, there are a lot of parties after this little spittoon," Joker said. "There's the League of Shadowry of Assassins, with their leader Raz Al Goof. Then there's Damien Dork and his band of wannabees, his little HIVE of miscreants. Then there's Deacon Blackfire's broken little stooge and his band of misfits. I think they all forgot one thing about Gotham City."

Joker's voice dropped less animated, and more ghastly. Every single person who watched had their eyes directed on the man who ran the show in Gotham City.

"It's Gotham City," The Joker said. "And this is where the Joker runs the show."

The clown looked very thoughtful for a few seconds.

"Anyone who wants this thing, and I don't know why, feel free to take it. You can have it, if you can get it, free of charge, no strings attached."

Anyone who knew the game now looked at the Joker with a fair amount of skepticism and for some very good reason. Joker broke out into a wide smile as if to say they caught him.

"Well, almost no strings. Getting to the urn might be difficult. But anyone who survives the experience can have it."

A figure stood in the shadows, confirmation of Joker's return reaching him. He knew without a body, there was no chance of Joker being dead. And the other rumored sightings tonight in Gotham City, put Gotham's protector on edge.

He slipped into the shadows to prepare for the next phase of the plan.

To Be Continued on January 9th, 2017.
Chapter One Hundred: Desperate Times

An underground subway station in Gotham City contained a group of men dressed in thick heavy overcoats and clown masks. One of the men wielded a huge monstrosity being a baseball bat with nails sticking out of it on all ends. It had been a simple, but deadly weapon. All of the other members of this gang preferred the good old fashioned guns and knives.

"Alright, listen up!" the clown with the bat growled in the most graved voice possible. "There are nothing other than a bunch of children who think they have their finger on the pulse of Gotham City. They think they can outshine us. They think they can stop us. They think they can win the day. Do they think that?"

Everyone involved started to grumble and some of them cheered in response. The gentleman in the clown mask peered in and looked pretty excited.

"Well, we're going to show them who Gotham City belongs to. It doesn't belong to a bunch of snotty little kids who whine about privilege. We're all about equal opportunity anyway. You get in the Joker's way and he will take you down. He will go boom and you will get blasted to bits!"

Everyone all cheered at the leader of the men involved. Another clown, this one shorter, with spiked hair, made his way over.

"Let's make sure these Blackfire loons realize that their time has long past. Their grand leader is not returning. He never was the savior they expected anyway. There is only one man who will rule Gotham City. And who is that man?"

"JOKER!"

The gentlemen around them all chanted for the Joker. The two clowns at the front kept chanting for them. They moved down the subway tunnel and the chants for Joker just got even louder. The clowns prepared to move forward and spread their boss's message of chaos.

One of the clowns dropped down to the ground with a huge punch to the side of the neck. The sound of the man hitting down across the ground resounded. The other clowns turned around. One of them held out a knife which was about a foot and a half long.

"Alright! Something's up! He's here! Batman's here!"

Another one of the clowns found himself dragged into the shadows. He tried to elbow his way out. The figure in the darkness caught the arm of the clown and took him down to the ground.

"Alright, Batsy!" the clown with the knife yelled. "Come out, and play!"

Another one of the clowns, one of the larger ones, toppled over. He hung from his ankles from one of the gargoyles. One of the clowns looked at the other and threw his hands.

"Why the hell does Gotham City have to build so many damn gargoyles?"

The man jumped back from the gargoyle. His hands spread like a demented bird who was about ready to take flight. The loud rumble of the grate opening caused the goon to step back. Something
grabbed the gang member around the back of the head. The crazed clown whipped back into the wall with a sickening slam echoing all around. The Detective stepped back.

"Alright, tired of this bullshit!" the clown nearest to the edge said. "You're going down. Do you hear me? You're going down you son of a bitch!"

The clown charged in with an attempt to take Batman down. The Detective avoided the knife before it plunged into the side of his neck. Another figure came up and nailed the clown as hard as possible in the ribs with a wooden staff.

A figure dressed in a red top, domino mask, and tight green shorts and gloves to match moved through the shadows.

"Hey, it's the bird boy!"

One of the clowns received a wooden staff directly in the eye which doubled him over. The protege of the Detective moved in and brought two feet down across the ribs of the attacker. The attacker flipped head over heels and landed down onto the ground with a solid drop. The clown's leg got kicked out from underneath him when he dropped down to the ground.

Batman moved in to attack the largest of the clowns. The lights on the tunnel kicked on thus giving him very little shadows from going. Batman and the large clown both had brass knuckles on. They clashed together with sparks flying the more they pushed together against each other. Batman tried to flip the clown back down to the ground, but the clown stepped back and smashed Batman as hard as possible across the back of the neck.

The Detective dropped to his knees. The wind had been put out of him with a thunderous attack. His sidekick rushed over to try and make the save from the battle.

An arrow came into the back of the leg of the clown and another shot to the arm. The two arrow shots put the clown in position for Batman to knock the man down onto the ground. A loud thud echoed the second the clown dropped down onto the ground.

Batman came face to face with the Green Arrow.

"Hello, Detective. We need to talk."

"I know."

Both did not like this situation any more than the other one, but things had to be done. Desperate times called for strange bedfellows.

Harley sat back in the room next to the rest of the Joker's gang. She would be perfectly honest the fact the Joker snagged her did not make her happy. About a year ago, it would have made her the happiest girl in the world. However, Harley long since got over the Joker, and saw how twisted he was deep down. There were men who were broken, but the sad part is the Joker was just rotten to the core.

She looked at the jolly jester who currently buffed the urn with a dirty rag. One could see the very evident frustration going through the Joker's eyes. Harley positioned herself on the other side of the room and the gaggle of goons who worked with the Joker between them.

Survival instincts, Harley finally learned to embrace those. She just hoped ARGUS would track her down and drag her back home. Harley's hands clasped together.
Alright, God, I don't like you, you don't like me. But please, get me out of here!

Those words fell upon deaf ears whether divine. Harley watched the car wreck which was about ready to take place featuring the Joker. He lightly tapped on the urn.

"I really don't know what the big deal about this glorified flower pot is. I tried to rub it and no genie came out. Tried getting it open, but there's nothing. It won't budge. There must be something of value in there."

"Maybe, it's a bunch of ashes," a thug offered.

"Maybe you're confusing the contents of the urn with the contents of your skull," Joker said. "HIVE and the League of Shadowy Assassin guys can't be out of it. And Mathias Blackfire, he can't be out of it. The good Deacon could never take a joke, and his son, or lackey or toadie, or whatever he is, is cut for the same clothe."

Joker surveyed the urn for another minute. Thoughts entered the mind of the crazed madman as he tried to figure out where he would go next. Joker's teeth gritted together when holding his hand up and then tapping on the edge of the urn. The urn did not budge from its position.

"Well, maybe I can just smash it with a hammer."

One of the Joker's goons rushed into the room. Joker pointed a gun at him and the goon threw his hands back.

"Speak now, or forever hold your piece."

The trembling gentleman stared down at the business end of the Joker's gun. He realized his next word could be the last word. So, it was prudent for him to choose them carefully and more importantly choose then really soon.

"There's a message for you. It's from that Blackfire loon. It's all over the television."

"You may kiss the bride!"

A loud bang echoes and Joker, ever the epitome of shoot the messenger, did in fact shoot the messenger. The man dropped down onto the ground. He turned as two of his men fumbled with the television screen. The first and likely only thing they saw was the face of Mathias Blackfire.

"Brother Jerome! I come baring you a message!"

"Jerome?" Joker asked. "What he's smoking? My name's Jack. Or Joe. Maybe it is Jerome, or maybe it's.....Pete. Named after my father, so I guess that I would be a Re-Pete."

Everyone laughed at Joker's quip until he shot one of the goons in the back of the head.

"Joke really wasn't that funny to begin with," Joker said. "But, yeah, I can't keep those names straight.....it could have been Marion for all I know."

"Brother Jerome, I come baring you a message!" Mathias yelled. "You will return for what you have stolen, or you will face the consequences for your actions. You will pay for your des-I-cray-shun of the urn of our great leader, Deacon Joseph Blackfire. You will rendered obsolete!"

"Hey, get that camera on!" Joker yelled. "I want to film a rebuttal."

The image of the Joker was ready as the man manned the camera.
"Hey, Blackfire, if you're listening, listen to this. I'm not that hard to find. Why don't you come out? Unless you can't handle anything more menacing than a little boy."

Joker broke out in a fit of laughter

"Seriously, watch out for the dogs. And the bees. And the dogs with bees in their mouth so when they bark they shoot bees at you. And also the laser sharks, those can be a problem."

"But, boss we don't have laser sharks."

A gunshot wound shut the non-believer up with one shot.

"Is there a problem Harley?" Joker asked. "Are you feeling a little light headed? Better be careful not to think too much, we wouldn't want your head to explode."

Joker chuckled at Harley's very visible reaction to the implied security measures that Amanda Waller used to keep the Suicide Squad in line. He disabled that little problem, not that he was not going to tell her about it.

"Just…the urn is a bit creepy."

"Well, can't argue with that," Joker said. "It does belong to a dead preacher who burned children. No sense of whimsy at all though, not even a smile. I should get the stupid thing open. Maybe I'll finally have a new chamber pot."

One of the goons cringed for a second.

"Maybe…maybe it isn't right to disrespect the dead like that?"

Joker turned around and fired the gun at the goon in response.

"Well, you had an ugly face," Joker said. "And it might be a grave matter, but it sure is funny!"

[Harley remarks about how the urn gives her the creeps, and Joker says, Blackfire is nothing but a bunch of bluster. He never could laugh, always took himself away too seriously. Joker remarks if ever gets the stupid thing open, at the very least, he would have a brand new chamber pot to use. One of the boys asks if it's right to disrespect the dead, and Joker says arguing against it really is a dead issue.]

Batman and Robin moved through the shadows, with the Green Arrow leading the way. Desperate times made for some strange bedfellows. Green Arrow kept as calm as possible when leading Batman to the edge of the city.

"You should not have gotten involved in Gotham City. It's my business."

"Well, when crazed men threaten all of reality itself, it's my business," the Green Arrow responded. "They're waiting for me to come back."

Talia and Nyssa both grudgingly agreed if they were operating in Gotham City, it would be best to work with Batman, then work against them. Still, neither of them seemed too happy to see the man when he showed up. Their disapproval showed up when they saw Batman's latest sidekick come out onto the field.

"You didn't," Talia said. "You….I thought even you would have had more sense."
Sara had a feeling she was about to be in the middle of something very personal. She looked at Nyssa and obviously, if looks could kill, The World's Greatest Detective would be among the dead.

"Hello, mother," Robin said.

A few seconds passed, and Nyssa turned her attention to Sara.

"This is Talia's daughter, my niece, Delilah Helena Wayne. She's thirteen years old."

Another moment passed and Sara had her mouth halfway open. She was about to mention to Nyssa that this was the first she ever heard of this.

"To be fair, I've only learned about Delilah's existence recently….."

"I prefer to be called Helena," she said with her hands on her hips. "And after all of these years, I'm pleased to see my mother remembers my existence. Only if it's just to be disapproving."

"One night," Talia said. "One night…things got heated and….well I don't regret the end result. But, we were both young and foolish back in those days."

Batman answered with a very grim nod.

"But, you, I left her with you because I thought I thought you would take better care of her. And yet, another innocent person has been dragged into your foolish crusade. Your little mission."

"You did dump her off at the Mansion in the dead of the night," Batman said in a low voice. "And I didn't draft her into the mission. She chose to join up with this mission. And she's as good as her mother, even at a young age."

Talia brushed off the back handed compliment. She leaned in for a second. The teenager next to them scowled when seeing both of her parents about ready to come face to face with each other. She had been a product of a one night stand years ago, between a young Bruce Wayne and a woman who he met during his travels of the world, training to become Batman.

That was a very galling thing to think about.

"I only brought her to you because I thought that you would be good enough to protect her from HIVE and….from other elements."

"And those elements would be your father, wouldn't they?"

Talia did not say anything to confirm nor deny that particular statement. She was very displeased at this. She hoped that things would be for the better. She raised Delilah in secret for as long as possible. Her father knew about it, and a few trusted members of the Leagues. Unfortunately, HIVE threatened her daughter's existence, and after that happened, Talia made the choice to allow her to be under the watchful eye of her father.

"Could you settle your domestic dispute later?" Sara asked.

"Yes, I agree with the Hoodie Girl," Delilah commented. "And both of you should not talk about me like I'm not standing here."

She managed a glare at both of them in a way which would make her father proud.

"I think that I've tracked down the Joker."
Barbara returned to the Gotham City Clocktower to see if she could track Joker's signal.

"If the four of you could work together long enough, that would be great."

"Just the four of us, "Talia said. "You're to stay foot."

The girl was about to argue, but her father held a hand up.

"She has a point. The Joker, the Cult of Blackfire, and HIVE all in the same evening is much too dangerous."

Batman clicked the ear piece into his ear and waited for the answer.

"Alfred, come back around and bring Helena back to the manor."

"Of course, Master Bruce," Alfred said. "I'm just around the corner from you now."

Nyssa took a moment to glare at Batman's head. Batman turned around and faced the daughter of one of his most persistent enemies.

"Do you have a problem?"

"One moment of responsibility does not absolve you after all you've done," Nyssa said. "Your common sense is deplorable….you would think that after what the Joker did to one of your proteges, you would have shied away from the child sidekick thing."

Nyssa said her piece. As much as she wanted to stab Batman in the throat on sheer principle for putting her niece in the line of fire, they had to work together to fight an even more dangerous foe.

A small group of uniformed men stepped over in front of the face. Members of HIVE always trained for infiltration. Many of them had past military training at least until the moment where they had been killed off and had turned into non-existent people.

The grizzled face leader of this crew of drones stepped up. He knew immediately that they were dealing with an enemy who did not play by the usual social norms and conventional tactics. He turned around to face the trio of men who came up behind him. Another five men came in. All of them crowded in behind the man.

"Everyone be ready for anything," the grizzled gentleman said. "We're not dealing with just any criminal here. We're not dealing with just any threat. We're dealing with a true menace. No one let your guard down. If you do, this might be the very last thing you do."

One of them started to reach for the gate. He stopped in an instant. The command leader slipped a portable computer out of his hand and hooked it towards a box on the gate. The commander closed his eyes.

"Everyone stand back. And prepare for the worst."

They held up their shields. Their bodies were armored although there were a few weak spots on their person which could not easily have been armored. All of these HIVE drones stood shoulder to shoulder waiting for something to happen. Exactly what that something was, they had no idea. The only thing they could do was wait, watch, and listen, three words.

The commander waved one of the more technically minded members of his squad over. Both of them stood shoulder to shoulder with each other. The member of the squad drew in a deep breath.
and looked at the computer in front of him. The screen flashed to light a moment later.

"So, what do we have?"

"It's...it's all good to go?"

A question, not a statement of fact, brought the commander to edge. He had been thrown into the war zone. The gates slowly clicked open. The commander and three of his best men made their way inside. The enemy already had a head start and already prepared for him.

The cool wind rustled over Gotham City. One of the moved and something rustled in the bushes.

The drone jumped back in shock and fear. He pointed his gun at a snake who jumped out of the pushes. The snake opened his mouth and spat something at the man who faced him. This ghost stepped back and wiped his face. It was not venom, thankfully.

"Vinegar."

A box opened to reveal a cackling clown. The clown started to dance and play "It's a Small World After All". At least it started to play that infernal song until one of the commander's men shot at it. Another huge gunshot fired and rocked the clown.

"I always hated that song," the man who fired groaned.

Everything smelled off about this entire situation. Crinkling of leaves, dirt, and grass underneath the commander's foot did not have any obvious traps. He instantly looked upon a mat outside of a door which read the word "Welcome."

"No enemy leaves a welcome mat," the commander said.

He reached behind a tree and pulled out a very large stick. The stick tapped on the edge of the mat. Nothing occurred from the stick. The commander tapped the stick on the mat three more times before he relaxed suddenly.

"Okay boys, let's knock on the front door."

One of them held out a giant bazooka and aimed it towards the front door. A small smile of pleasure spread over the man's face as he prepared to fire.

A jolt of electricity came from underneath his feet and launched the drone about ten feet in the air. He dropped to the ground, smoldering and unbreathing. The other members of HIVE turned about.

"Oh, man, just when you think you're out of the woods, boom that happens. False sense of security is one of the oldest jokes in the book."

Several spikes shot out of a patch of dirt on the ground. One scream of agony followed as the man who received spikes through the ankle staggered back about a couple of inches. His agony increased the further he stepped back.

"And that's a good one, right there," Joker said. "You see, I got this place from Eddie. He really doesn't use it any more. And while I've never been one for riddles, there's some ready made death traps in this place. Kind of like that one."

Another HIVE drone sprung into the air after he triggered an exploding jack in the box. He landed on the edge of the fence. Bones cracked, blood splattered, and the man collapsed against the fence.
"Actually I have a soft spot for this one riddle. What's black and white and red all over?"

The commander and two of his lead men hit the ground. The goon closest to the entrance was not so lucky. One of the windows opened up and a barrage of bullets caught the HIVE drone in the chest. The Joker laughed as his blood had been spilled.

"It's not nearly as funny when the person's already considered dead. But it will do in a pinch."

Sara peeked over the fence. Bow at the ready, and she turned around just in time to see Batman step close to her. Nyssa and Talia joined them.

"Oracle, what do we have?" Green Arrow and Batman asked in unison.

Both of them stared at each other for a moment. Batman stepped back, and the modulated voice at the other end of the phone sounded rather amused.

"Well, I've looked into this place," Oracle said. "It once belonged to Edward Nygma. Or as he's commonly known these days, the Riddler. He used it for one of his twisted games where he captured twelve GCPD police cops and put them in death traps."

"Yes, I recall," Batman said.

The place looked familiar although abandoned after the last couple of years. Joker must have made some modifications to the place which did not bode well.

"Is there a way inside?" The Green Arrow asked.

A few seconds paused as one could almost hear the gears in Oracle's head turning around. She tried to find a way around the very obvious problem of there not being a way inside. It had been a struggle before she said something.

"Yes, no, maybe, kind of," Oracle said.

She took a deep breath and slowed down the thought process. Even the World's Greatest Detective had a brief look of surprise on his face, as did the Daughters of the Demon and the Archer in the Green.

"Do you think you can give us a clearer answer?" Nyssa asked.

"Yes," Barbara said. "Well, yes, as in, I think I can, but I'm not sure. The deal is the official floor plans are about two years out of date. And there are ways inside. And if I can get a hold of them, you should assume that the Joker has rigged any of the entries. He's not letting anyone inside, not without a fight."

One of the HIVE drones launched into the air and landed on the fence right across from where they were standing. Nyssa's eyes narrowed.

"I don't think we can assume anything," Nyssa said. "The front gate is a bust."

"Don't sneak off," Green Arrow warned him. "Gotham City or not, I'm putting an arrow through your knee if you Batman me."

"I wasn't intending to," Batman said. "I was going to suggest the roof."

Talia pointed to the roof where three drones climbed onto the roof. The moment one of them pulled
on the vent, an explosion launched him back. Shrapnel impaled through the man's chest to kill him in an instant. They figured that there was going to be nowhere to get in there.

"The roof is a no go," Talia said.

"I'll find a way."

"Not in time you won't."

Raven dropped down behind them. She separated herself from the rest of the group to regroup. One look at the gaunt face underneath the hood showed Raven was not doing too well. Her deep breathing continued to increase. Everyone turned around to see Raven.

"Our time is running out," Raven said. "Blackfire intended to bring him back. But if the Joker ends up tapping into any ounce of that power with his chaotic nature, you can kiss the world goodbye."

She did not like saying the world was doomed lightly. Raven would have to say that the world is doomed. The Green Arrow leaned down and offered a hand to Raven. Raven climbed up to a standing position.

"You can do this," Raven whispered to herself. "You can do this. Just hold it together. Just hold yourself together. It's fine, it will be fine. Just take a deep breath and hold yourself together."

"Maybe you better sit this one out?"

Raven did not necessary disagree. She could feel though despite her discomfort, it was going to be time to pull it together. Raven's heart raced a little bit more as she tried to catch her breath.

"I can get you in past the traps. If I black out, do everything in your power to stop him. I can feel the seals breaking."

Sara knew instantly there was no time to explain anything. Raven held her arms out which engulfed Batman, Nyssa, Talia, and herself in a bright burst of energy. Raven's arms stretched out to hold the pose for a very long second.

The quartet had been engulfed and landed in a hallway. Batman turned his head around.

"We have company."

Unfortunately, they did. Sara looked over her shoulder and noticed no Raven. She did not make it inside or was not currently there. The hooded archer braced herself as some HIVE drones made their way down the hallway. They must have found a way in, around the traps.

"Well, two birds with one stone," one of them grunted. "This is going to be a perfect day."

Sara put an arrow through the man who mouthed off. Batman already disappeared into the shadows, but she was going to let it slide as he took down two of the goons without any effort.

To Be Continued on January 11th, 2017.
Chapter One Hundred and One: Desperate Measures

Alfred Pennyworth came to the regretful conclusion one of his many duties as the Wayne Family butler constituted in lending a sympathetic ear to many of the disenchanted young sidekicks which his master took on. Many times, Alfred questioned Master Bruce's crusade. Oh, no, not the necessity of it. Gotham City needed a protector like a Batman. He just wished he could have been anyone else other than a man who he had grown to see as a son.

The girl scowling in the back seat of the limo proved he still had a long way to work on his people skills.

"I've done everything that he's asked of me. I've been out there every night. Drug dealers, rapists, serial killers, I fought them all. What more does he want from me? What more can I do? How is tonight more dangerous than any other night in Gotham City?"

Alfred took a deep sigh when looking on the outside of the limo. It had been hard to explain to a teenager they were trying to do what was best for them. He raised Bruce throughout those awkward teenage years, so he would in fact know all about it.

He had heard this from all of the other Robins in the past. The same rant, even if the details were wrong. Alfred could also prepared to read his response in his sleep.

"I know you're upset, Lady Helena. But, you have to understand, that Master Bruce is....."

"Please, Alfred, for your sake, don't say it's for my protection. I have greatness in my veins. I'm the granddaughter of Ra's al Ghul. I'm the daughter of Batman. What more do you want from me?"

Alfred though her own high assessment of her abilities could have been the problem. They moved around the Gotham City streets. The sounds of police sirens only just served to put Alfred in a state of calmness. If he was perfectly honest, he had been all too used to the sirens going off in Gotham City. They had been a huge enough part of his life for him not to be effected.

"It's merely just a matter of your safety, I'm afraid."

Helena scowled in the back seat of the car. It frustrated her how she had been treated like a child. Or during the times where she had not been treated like a child, she had been treated like something made of glass.

"Have you ever had to deal with this, Alfred?"

"All the time, Lady Helena," Alfred said. "The trick is to pick your battles wisely. Give Master Bruce enough room to suggest what needs to be done. And only go against him when it's absolutely necessary. You can prove your worth to him in some strange way. He may end up respecting you more in the end."

That could have been the problem with their relationship. She wanted a few kind words from her father. And her father gave Helena pretty much everything she needed, other than the respect.

"My word."
The limo skidded to the stop which brought Helena out of her thoughts in frustration. They ran into a roadblock with a group of college students in the street, with several homeless people joining them. Their fists started pumping in the air as they chanted something.

Delilah Helena Wayne strained to listen to the chant on the other side of the limo window. It sounded very much like they were chanting about something being obsolete. They rolled a mannequin out in the middle of the street which resembled the Joker.

"We will not be silenced! Our voices will be heard. Your voices are the ones that are obsolete!"

Their yelling increased in frequency and growing intensity as well. The mannequin put out in the middle of the street was lit on fire. It was a symbol for them. The Joker had been sit aflame.

The members of the Gotham City Police Department moved on in. The people in traffic, Alfred and Helena included, had been trapped in the middle of this standoff.

"We will not be silenced! We have nothing to lose! Our words will be heard!"

One of them hurled a beer bottle at one of the GCPD officers. Bricks, rocks, glass bottles, and anything else they could get their hands on had been thrown.

Alfred watched the spectacle and tried to find a way to pull back and get an alternate way around. They were trapped. Alfred made sure the limo doors were secure.

"Our savior will return to Gotham City."

The faithful Wayne family butler eyed the front seat of the limo and an agonizing look danced over his face when he realized Helena had been gone.

He noticed Robin moving in the shadows. One of the homeless men prepared to hurl a rock towards a GCPD officer. Robin moved in the shadows and disabled him, taking him down to the ground. She hurled a grenade over her shoulder which created a wall of ice in the crowd between the two sides of rioters.

The protesters had been corralled something fierce. Gordon moved in along with the rest of them.

"Reinforce the barricades!" Gordon yelled. "Make sure they don't get deeper into New Gotham!"

James Gordon just barely avoided getting a full diaper lodged at his face. The Riot Squad moved in to deploy the tear gas. He followed the carnage as the lead rioter received a shot with dropped her down to the ground.

Closed quarters made it very difficult for one particular member of HIVE to back up down the hallway. Darhk informed them to be prepared for Batman the moment they stepped into Gotham City. Also be prepared for Ra's al Ghul to send someone after them.

Yet, the Green Arrow had been a surprise for these HIVE goons. He kept his attention off of what his fellow ghosts were doing. The man did not fear dying for he had already been to the edge of death. He left behind a wife and children who mourned his death. Their sorrow meant nothing to him.

"I know you're out there."

He hurled a sonic grenade into the air. The tunnel released a loud pulse into the air. The Green
Arrow joined behind him and caught him in the wrist with a well-placed arrow. Despite being down to only one arm, the thug continued with his forward movement despite having an arrow pieced through his wrist.

The Green Arrow blocked the attack from the thug in question and fired back with a rapid fire series of punches. She flipped the thug down onto the ground just a second before another one made his way towards her. The thug punched against the wall.

The foundation they were finding underneath did not seem very sturdy.

'I can either make that our advantage, or our tomb depending on the situation. Hopefully an advantage.'

The Green Arrow drew back her bow and caught the attacker in the back. The pulse of the arrow caused him to spin around just in time for a net to come back after them.

Talia engaged one of the attackers in battle. He blasted a gun with an electrified whip coming out of her. Talia dodged the whip and it landed in a puddle of water caused to a dripping pipe. The pulse of electricity snapped back at the man and lifted him up off of the ground before dropping him down hard.

One huge kick delivered to the point of the jaw ensured Talia would keep her attacker down. She drew back her bow and fired an arrow into the attacker which came from her. Nyssa stood side by side with Talia and both assassins fired arrows at the same time.

The large attacker staggered a step or two forward. His wind had been ruined through the attack. Another blast of the arrow caught him and the Green Arrow dropped him down to the ground.

A trio of HIVE goons staggered further down the tunnel. One turned just in time to get a huge punch to the side of the neck compliments of Batman. The other reached through the shadows just in time to get another rolling punch from Batman.

The two Daughters of the Demon worked side by side with each other in tandem. Talia brought one of her opponent's down to the ground with a solid attack. Nyssa joined side by side with her sister.

The Green Arrow looked over her shoulder. She avoided a miniature fireball shot at her from some kind of modified weapon. The blast connected with the side of the wall. Raven pinned herself back against the wall and took a deep breath as the fireball came very close to roasting her against the wall.

'Keep fighting,' Raven thought to herself.

She would have to keep fighting until her final breath. Raven remembered the lessons her mother told her.

'You can't hold it together child. You are as corrupt as all of them.'

'No, I'm not,' Raven managed with one shattered thought.

Her head ached the more she tried to think and focus on everything which went through her mind.

"We're close. The urn corrupts all that it touches."

The sound of explosions brought Raven's attention back. The HIVE goon closest to her crashed down to the ground with an arrow being put in the side of his arm.
The next move would happen in a matter of minutes. Joker could hear HIVE having slipped inside. The sounds of battle meant that there had been some kind of battle going on just underneath him. He turned to two of the men who fiddled with a television screen.

"Hey, get that on the air!" Joker howled. "I want to see the HIVE goons and the Shadowy Assassins rip each other apart."

"We're trying boss, but someone has knocked out the signal."

Joker considered shooting the man who lipped off at him in the back of the head. He decided to not to. A joke was only funny when the punchline was not expected. These men flinched every time the Joker breathed. He should have killed them for that one, but he decided not to.

'I'm getting dangerously close to overusing the same old jokes. I just wish these morons would find a way to fix the television. I'm starting to get bored.'

Joker looked at a meat cleaver down on the table. He wondered if he could hit that man playing cards by the door in the back of the neck from there. His aim might not be as precise as it used to be. Joker turned around and looked at the shelf where the urn sat as well before looking back to the door.

Suddenly, the door blew completely open and killed the four men sitting down on the table and playing cards. Harley screamed in the background. Joker stepped back and casually dusted off his suit when Mathias Blackfire made his way into the ring.

"Oh, Brother Jerome!"

"I told you, my name is not Jerome…or maybe it is," Joker said. "Maybe, I'm just screwing with your head…then again, there's not that much work to do especially with a hair cut like that."

Mathias Blackfire held a rocket launcher in his hand and clicked it. The rocket blew out and nailed the back wall behind the Joker. Pieces of cinder blocks flew in the air and the Joker fell to the ground. His hands shielded the back of his head.

"Are you insane?"

Joker broke out into a smile despite being on his knees in front of a rocket launcher.

"You are insane! I like you more already!"

The crazed gentleman advanced on the Joker. The Joker pulled himself to a standing position and reached underneath the table, He threw a lighter in a box of fireworks and kicked them across the room. The fireworks shot off and caused Mathias Blackfire to back off.

"Okay, you want to get crazy? Let's get crazy! You want to go nuts, let's get nuts?"

Joker thought Eddie was inspired by picking up a fireworks factory. He grabbed the urn of Deacon Blackfire, looked at a cowering Harley, and shoved it into her hands.

"Run, Harley, run!"

Mathias Blackfire stood up to his feet as Harley ran with the urn. He advanced forward with the rocket launcher in his hand. The Joker pulled out another rocket launcher. The two gentlemen faced off with neither backing down from the other. Something had to give, although neither of them knew
"You will stand down, Brother Jerome!" Mathias yelled. "Allow me to get the urn. Our re-volve-lute-shun will be at hand!"

"Yeah, don't think so, sport."

Joker made a makeshift rocket launcher with roman candles and started to fire at it the product of Joseph Blackfire's semen. The crazed young man threw himself down onto the ground. He grabbed a makeshift firework launcher of his home.

"Then, we will duel like two great warriors and may the best man win."

"Or blow this place up in the process!" Joker yelled. "WHEE!"

One of the rockets came very close to striking Mathias Blackfire. He and Joker kept shooting rockets at each other.

"You will meet your maker!" Mathias yelled.

"Shows what you know. The old man drank himself to death a long time ago!"

Joker lit and bombarded his opponent with a makeshift rocket launcher attack. The rockets seared through the air with a huge explosion which grew in prominence the more Joker fired them off. His laughter grew even more manic the more he blew the fireworks off.

The floor underneath them began to crack. Joker jumped to the rafters like a monkey. Mathias Blackfire pointed the rocket launcher towards the clown prince of crime. He blasted the rafters which resulted in the Joker dropping down to the ground.

A bottle rocket almost exploded in the face of Blackfire when he approached the Joker. The loud and thunderous laughter coming from the crazed clown followed. Joker picked up a canister on the ground and lit the fuse.

"I haven't had this much fun in ages!"

Joker gave a battle cry and hurled the canister in the air. More explosions blew holes in the room and the roof and the floor both looked close to wobbling and caving in on them.

The quivering form of Harley Quinn rushed through the tunnels as fast as her legs could carry her. The racing heart of the woman increased. She just got away from being blown to bits. Nearly getting blown to bits described an average Friday Night between her and Mistuh J. Harley rushed through the tunnel about as fast as her legs could carry her. One of the HIVE drones climbed up the ladder.

"Out of my way, loser!"

Harley nailed the HIVE ghost in the back of the leg with the urn. The ghost dropped down onto the ground. Harley smashed her fist down onto the back of the head of the HIVE drone as hard as humanly possible. She almost made her way to the ladder.

The ladder blew up and forced Harley to recoil back. Three of the cult members came up the tunnel. They stalked Harley with their hands outstretched.

"Give us the urn, harlot!"
The eyes of the woman shot towards the men in front of her. One of them received an arrow to the back of the leg. Another them received a huge punch driving down across the back of his head.

Harley turned around and came face to face with Batman. The woman's heart almost jumped up into the vicinity of her throat when stepping back. She looked off at Batman with a very nervous glimpse at the man in question. Batman's eyes narrowed when looking back at Harley.

"Heh," Harley said in a slightly nervous voice. "Hey, Bats, long time no see."

Batman's eyes lingered at Harley's face with one of those looks. Her quivering hands held onto the urn. The woman almost dropped it to the ground. Harley managed to catch it and shove it back into the waiting hands of Batman.

"Here, take it!" Harley yelled. "And throw me back into Arkham! Or hand me back over to the government. Just please, for the love of all things unholy don't let me….

The explosion rocked the tunnel a moment later. Batman pushed Harley out of the way who made her way around the tunnel. The HIVE drones noticed Batman in possession of the urn. All of the charged the Detective one by one at him.

The first drone received an uppercut punch from the Batman. The World's Greatest Detective spun his hand around and caught one of the charging goons with a full force uppercut. The drone dropped to his knee and received another kick to the head. Batman jumped high into the air and stuck the landing.

The goon received an attack to the side of the head from Batman. Batman grabbed the attacker and planted him down onto the ground.

The Green Arrow caught one of the attackers going for the Detective with a blinding shot to the side of the head. The HIVE drone dropped down onto the ground. Batman gave her a side long glance as the tunnel started to collapse around them.

"ENOUGH!"

Batman stopped just soon enough with the goon to get flung into the wall. Raven kneeled on the ground, her eyes flashing with malice. Her eyes glowed and she knocked all of the HIVE goons back against the wall.

With Raven's last burst of energy, she flashed Batman, Nyssa, Talia, and the Green Arrow out of the collapsing building. More explosions came out which rocked Harley as she stood on the outside of the building. She jumped over the fence and noticed a van. Three ARGUS agents moved out of the van.

"What took you so long?"

Harley jumped in the back of the van, before they could grab her. She shut the door the moment the ARGUS agents followed her in.

"What the hell are you waiting for? Step on it!"

Raven collapsed to the ground and vanished in an flock of birds. An explosion blew up the building with Mathias Blackfire, the Joker, and the various gang members inside.

None of them wanted to say there was no way anyone could survive the explosion. All of them knew better than to say anything to tempt fate.
They all escaped very narrowly with their lives. None of them wanted to sigh even more. Harley disappeared back into the night as well. The sounds of riots were going to go back into Gotham City.

"So the rumors are true. Ra's al Ghul lives once more."

Batman never asked a question. He just verified the fact as they were already known. The two parties locked eyes with each other. Batman stood on one end and Talia stood on the other end. Neither backed away from each other, rather each second grinded on the clock.

"So, if he does?" Talia asked.

"Then he better not set one foot in Gotham City."

Nyssa took a step closer towards Batman. Sara could already see something about ready to happen. Nyssa was just a second away from reaching her boiling point.

"Your threats are baseless. If you did what was necessary to protect your city, than you wouldn't let that monster buried in the rubble live for all these years."

Batman stared back at Nyssa. Nyssa prepared to defend herself should Batman attack. The seconds ground by with both sides coming eye to eye with each other.

"It just causes us to descend to their level," Batman informed her.

Nyssa would have had an argument about how Batman enabled the Joker's crimes and murder spree over Gotham City. If it was not for the situation in Gotham City being worse after him, Nyssa would have made Batman see the error in his ways.

"Hand over the urn, Bruce," Talia said. "The League will destroy it to ensure that Darhk will never be able to use it to strength his immortality."

A second passed with Batman's eyes fixed on Talia. One could see he was not about ready to hand it over without a fight.

"The Pits aren't working. Ra's intends to use the urn. I won't hand it over to his daughter. I'll deal with it myself."

Frostiness appeared with Talia about ready to fight. Sara stepped in the middle of the confrontation before it could escalate even further.

"He knows better than to use the urn," Talia said.

"After all of these years, you still believe him at his word."

Talia's posture moved a little bit. She acted like Batman not turning the urn over was a threat to her personally. The Daughter of the Demon removed the blade out. The two stared down each other.

"Given what you've done, don't pull the self-righteous act with me. You consider them all soldiers in your mission. Including your daughter."

A moment of sudden realization dawned upon Talia. Her face looked very gaunt when staring into Batman's eyes from the other side of the cowl.

"The two of you are more alike than I thought. And I wasn't asking you. The urn, now, or....."
"He will use it to restore his life, even if it costs Ra's his soul," Batman said. "I'm not going to allow that to happen."

Batman heard Raven's warnings echo in the back of his head how the urn was corrupt. A whisper in the back of Batman's head said that he should be the one to use the urn. He could use it to right all of the wrongs in Gotham City. No one would need to die if he just unleashed the power of the urn.

A rough shake of his head brought Batman back to life. Those words were nothing other than a lie. Everything he heard from those whispers was nothing other than a lie.

"It's not your right to decide. I can see the darkness in your eyes. You think you're the only one who can save Gotham City. The urn already is working into your mind as well. Give me the urn."

A brief flicker in the Detective's eyes brought the point. Talia looked to be very near and ready to liberate the urn by any means necessary. No matter what the cost was. And Batman clutched onto the urn ever tighter and adopted a defensive stance.

The Green Arrow's head whipped back as did Nyssa's. Batman and Talia broke their staredown against each other. Their eyes locked eye to eye with the ninjas. The White Canary dropped down to the ground. The Green Arrow took a step back when seeing her. Several members of the League of Assassins moved in clearly.

"It's you," the Green Arrow said. "I saw you die."

"You allowed me to die," The White Canary said. "Do you see the picture clearly now?"

The members of the League moved into position. Batman closed ranks on the urn and refused to relinquish it. One of the members of the League grabbed Batman from one side. Batman caught him with a vicious kick to the side of the head which dropped the League member down to the ground.

"I see everything clearly now," The Green Arrow said. "You're with the League. It was the Pit that brought you back."

"I'm the reflection of what you left behind," the White Canary said. "Once, I acquire the urn for the great Ra's al Ghul, my debt will be fulfilled and my soul will be mine once again."

"It's amusing you believe that."

Nyssa caught one of the assassins with a vicious arrow shot. The warning shot dropped the assassin down onto his knees from the attack. The Daughter of the Demon stood across from them without even flinching. The White Canary returned back with a stare.

It could be difficult to see who had a stare which held more defiance. The seconds ticked by on the clock.

"Hand over the urn."

"Come and take it," Batman said.

The World's Greatest Detective dropped a gas pellet down on the ground. The gas clouded the area around them. Batman dropped down and attacked one of the members of the League. The League took Batman down and watched as the urn flew into the air out of his grasp.

The urn dropped into the hands of Batman and into the eyes of Talia al Ghul. The White Canary dropped her gaze to Talia with a slight smile on her face.
"Our orders are only to kill the Green Arrow and Nyssa," the White Canary said. "Stand down, hand the urn over, or help us fulfill your father's wishes."

"I won't."

Talia shot an arrow at the White Canary. One of the assassins took the shot for the White Canary.

The chaos in Gotham City would only increase as this night dragged on.

To Be Continued on January 13th, 2018.
Chapter One Hundred and Two: Same Old Demon's Head

The members of the League of Assassins closed in. Talia figured a double cross was only bound to happen sooner or later. Her father's desperation became very obvious. The White Canary, Ubu, and several members of the League of Assassins stood on one side. Batman, Green Arrow, and Nyssa stood on the other side. Talia stood in the midst of the chaos.

One white clad assassin stood and decided to repeat her warning. "You will be removed from the battle if you insist on standing in it. Do not force me to do this, Talia. Your father will be displeased."

Talia stood her ground and pulled out a blade from the sheath strapped against her. One assassin prepared to move against her. Talia spun around and caught him with two blows. The Daughter of the Demon strung together two attacks to disarm and then disable the attacker. The eagle-eyed assassin noticed one of the attackers around ready to blow a dart into the back of her neck from the ledge.

An arrow fired up and caught the attacker in the ankle. The attacker flipped over from the rooftop and crashed down onto the ground with one of the more solid thuds possible. Talia stepped back and peered into the eyes of the Green Arrow who drew the bow back.

The White Canary snapped her fingers and three more attackers moved in. An arrow caught one of the attackers flush in the arm to double him over. The Green Arrow disappeared into the shadows. The two assassins moved in with Nyssa jumping up into the air.

The lead assassin blocked Nyssa's blade with one of her own. Nyssa slid back approximately three inches and came back down across the back of the head of the warrior to drop him down onto the ground. The Daughter of the Demon caught the swing on the back spin and grabbed the attacker on the face.

One rushed towards Nyssa. Talia blocked the attack, strung a backward kick to the chest, and then twisted the attacker around. Talia used the assassin as a puppet and used his sword to slice the chest of the two attackers. The two Daughters of the Demon stood side by side with each other.

"It's a pity."

Those words came from the White Canary who held out her cross bow and turned to face the Green Arrow. The two locked eyes with each other. Their arrows shot against each other with sparks connecting. Both women drew back their bows and fired their arrows at the same time a second time.

"You've adapted."

The White Canary threw down her bow and flipped over the head of the Green Arrow. The Green Arrow turned around just in time to receive two flowing uppercut punches to the side of the neck. The Green Arrow dropped to her knee and looked up just in time to see a stomp coming down.

The leg had been caught on the way down with the Green Arrow's hand. The Green Arrow turned the ankle back a fracture of an inch. The White Canary used her flexibility to maneuver out of the attack.

Ubu crunched his hands together and looked into the shadows. He had his eyes on the Detective a
"Come and face me!"

A few seconds ago.

A hand tapped Ubu on the shoulder. Ubu turned around and came face to face with Batman. The large man grunted and tried to take off Batman's head with a thunderous punch. The World's Greatest Detective crouched down to dodge the punch. He came make with two punches of his own. Each of them clipped Ubu down across his thunderous jaw. Ra's al Ghul's loyal servant charged towards Batman one more time.

Batman blocked Ubu and caught him with a couple of punches to the side of the head. Two assassins came down with Batman finding himself maneuvered into the grip of Ubu. The two assassins held their blades down onto the chest of the Dark Knight Detective just as the Detective kept struggling against Ubu's massive arms.

A flash dropped the two attackers down to the ground. Batman elbowed his way out of Ubu's attack. Ubu dropped down instantly. Batman caught the large assassin with one more blow down to the side of the neck which dropped him down, but not out.

Batman and Nyssa came eye to eye with each other.

"I don't wish for my niece to lose her father."

No sooner did Nyssa say those words, she moved back into the attack. Her foot buried into the chest of one of the attackers. One of them swung a huge staff against her face. Nyssa blocked the staff and cracked her fist down across the back of the head of her adversary.

White Canary jumped to the top of the rooftop to create some distance between herself and the Green Arrow. An arrow fired at the rooftop where she stood. White Canary ducked out of the way and landed to a standing position. She threw two shuriken in the air.

"You've allowed yourself to be his puppet."

The two moved face to face with the White Canary jumping into the air with a kick to the head the attention of the assault. Green Arrow dodged the attack and kicked the leg out from underneath the White Canary. The White Canary slid back off of the top of the roof.

"You know nothing."

These two words had been punctuated by the White Canary rising back up and trying to drag the Green Arrow off of the edge of the room. Both women scattered directly to the ground and landed hard.

The Green Arrow stood facing off several elite members of the League of Assassins. She opened her hand and beckoned them to fight her. The Green Arrow, sans bow and arrow, fought them all one at a time. They were good and gave her a run for her money.

Their attacks also allowed the White Canary to put enough separation between herself and the Green Arrow at least for now.

Delilah Helena Wayne left the riot scene and noticed something even worse than a bunch of crazed cultists. Members of the League of Assassins positioned themselves ready to strike. Helena's hand curled up and she frowned when approaching the battle.
Her eyes scoped out the scene and noticed a blind spot near an assassin who moved off. He put himself into position where Helena could reach him through the broken car window.

The budding young assassin stuck the broken piece of pipe through the car window and through the back of the neck of the assassin. Blood splattered through the man's neck.

Out of instinct, the Girl Wonder turned around to ensure her father was not pleasant.

'He would not approve of me putting a pipe through that bastards' neck. No matter how warranted the circumstances are, he would not approve it at all.'

Two more members of the League approached Delilah as she stuck her back against the wall. They wielded shuriken which flung out. A deft dodge made sure the shuriken stuck into the edge of the wall. The daughter of Batman came back up to attack them.

Only to find one of the attackers be dropped down to the ground by Talia. Mother and daughter locked eyes the second the skinned warrior grabbed her adversary around the arm and broken his arm with one huge snap.

"He's lost it, hasn't he?"

Talia ensured they were not being followed. She lost track of Nyssa, Sara, and Bruce during the battle. Then again, it was depressingly easy to lose track of Bruce in situations like this. He made the shadows his friend and applied the teachings of the League.

"Your grandfather has lost all sense of his goals."

An very undignified snort followed from Helena. She could have told Talia how everything was going to turn out. She looked up and back towards her mother.

"What are you going to do?"

This question had been one which Delilah Helena Wayne did not expect a straight answer to. Given all she and her mother had been through, and it had been a lot, communication had not been something the two of them functioned well at doing.

"I'm going to have to deal with him. I may have to put him out of his misery."

'What changed? I know your loyalty to him and I know that it never would have changed. Something must have changed.'

She could not get that very inquiry out due to the fact one attacker came very close to attacking her out of nowhere. The Grandeughter of the Demon evaded the attack and caught her adversary around the wrist. A violent snap attack shattered the fingers of the mercenary. The shattered fingers left him open to a violent assault with the attacker being sent down to the ground with a hideous sounding impact.

Talia nodded at her daughter. "Remember to keep your eyes open at all times."

One of the ninjas perched on the rooftop received an arrow to the side of the head which resulted in the assassin following off of the rooftop. Nyssa poked out of the shadows and caught the attacker down on the back of the head.

"Case in point."
The Green Arrow moved through the shadows in a very frantic search for her adversary. The one who had been given the identity Sara Lance wore in the past stalked her from every turn. Every few minutes she engaged Sara in battle. The battle had been very intense for obvious reasons.

Alternating battles caused the Green Arrow to be put further on edge. She held the bow, reclaimed in the battle, in the air. The fog in the alleyway thickened to increase the intensity around her.

"You're going to have to face your past sometime."

The Green Arrow turned from one side to the next to try and get a glimpse of the White Canary creeping around the corner. Those eyes stalked her from pretty much every single turn.

The flashes of Lian Yu pushed from the subconscious into the consciousness of Sara's mind. She tried to deflect the darkest and most obvious thoughts back into the recesses of her mind. They clung onto the back of her mind.

"Come out. We can discuss his."

Sara knew somehow a discussion was not what her adversary wanted. The very amused laughter from the figure in the shadows pretty much proved that much.

"After all we've been through, you want a discussion now of all times?"

Something told her the discussion would not have been happening any time soon. The eyes of the Green Arrow moved to the shadows. She kept one hand on her crossbow. Firing at this ghost from her past tempted Sara more than anything else in the world.

'Maybe that's what everyone wants.'

"I face my past every day. If you don't understand it, I don't know what to tell you. Every single day I face what happened on the island and then over those five years. I always think about what I've done differently. And I can never apologize."

The White Canary's cold voice cut out through the air.

"One day, Sara Lance all of your sins will come to roost."

The Green Arrow noticed the flicker on the rooftop. She ascended up the ladder and stopped in the center of the roof top. The White Canary stepped out of the shadow with two blades in hand and ready to attack.

"I'm done apologizing," she replied. "I'm done feeling sorry for myself with what happened some time ago. You want to fight me, let's fight me. Come and face me straight up."

The White Canary's blades flared in the air. The Green Arrow avoided the attack from her adversary. She flipped into the air and dropped down behind the attack. The very second the Green Arrow hit the ground she withdrew her bow and fired two arrows. One of them dropped the blade down onto the ground. Another arrow caused the ledge the White Canary stood on to crumple.

"Not again!"

Seconds before White Canary would slam into the ground, Green Arrow grabbed her by the wrist. White Canary broke free from the grip and flipped onto the top of the rooftop!

Ubu bellowed from above and continued to search for his adversary. The servant of Ra's al Ghul
searched around.

"DETECTIVE!" Ubu bellowed at the top of his lungs. "You are going to come and face me!"

His voice grew rougher and scratchier when trying to locate Batman. He slammed his hands up against the walls in sheer anger. Large holes appeared in the walls from the force which Ubu continued to slam into him.

Batman dropped down onto the ground next to Ubu. Ubu rushed Batman and punched at him. Batman dodged Ubu's punch and followed up the attack by seeping his leg out from underneath him. The Detective stepped back to survey his handiwork with one downed Ubu.

Ubu popped up and grabbed Batman around the side of the neck. The Detective struggled against the grip of the large assassin.

"I'm going to crush you! You're going to pay for what you've done to the great leader. You're going to pay for what you've done to the Head of…"

Batman detached from the grip of Ubu. The large assassin moved back and fired another massive punch towards Batman. The Detective avoided the attack and jumped up into the air. Batman held his arms out and motioned for Ubu to come towards him.

"You will pay!"

"I haven't yet."

Ubu responded with a very sadistic growl when rushing towards his enemy. Batman lead him into the center point of the street. The large minion lurched in an attempt to take out his adversary. Seconds passed with Batman preparing to position Ubu for the latest attack.

A large whoosh proceeded with a limo slamming Ubu in the side. Ubu dropped down to his knees which caused Batman to jump up and nail Ubu with the full force of a huge kick to the side of the head. The sound of Ubu's head smacking against the concrete echoed all around the area of Gotham City.

Batman stepped back a few inches to survey the downed Ubu. Alfred peaked out of the side of the limo and responded with one of the more casual shrugs possible. Batman nodded in confirmation just before turning around and catching the ninja straight around the head.

The members of the League Dwinded with the White Canary staggering back a few feet. She came face to face with the Green Arrow who refused to let up on the attack. Something akin to fear washed over the mind of the White Canary as she watched the Green Arrow go directly after her. The Green Arrow aimed a kick which the White Canary just barely had the opportunity to avoid before it nailed her in the head.

"Disappear!" White Canary yelled at the top of her lungs.

The Green Arrow raised her eyebrow in shock as one of the members of the League dropped a canister on the ground. A thick cloud of gas appeared around the area of the alleyway. They made their way through the gas.

Robin rushed forward and tried to engage the enemy. The Girl Wonder only stepped a little bit forward before Talia grabbed onto her shoulder and steered her back around.

"Let them go. It's not a battle worth fighting."
The dark-haired young girl would have disagreed with the attack. Nyssa came back around. Her face received a few fresh cuts, but overall things could have been worse.

The Daughter of the Demon responded with a very fresh sigh. "Yes, all that remains will scurry back to their master like the sheep they are with news of their failure."

This confrontation would not have been a total loss with Nyssa having had the opportunity to plant a kick into the ribs of Ubu. Ubu was not going to move. Ra's al Ghul would need to acquire a replacement from one of his many willing family members.

Batman placed the urn down on the table at a neutral meeting place. Robin stood next to him with her arms folded. She looked from the urn and to her father and back around to the urn again. She could not help, but given her commentary to the matter.

"That thing gives me the creeps."

"It contains the ashes of a demonic cult leader who entrapped the hearts and minds of many people in Gotham City a long time ago. There are rumors it still holds a thrall for those who will dare hold onto the urn."

The Girl Wonder sighed in response. She would have to say that no matter what, she could always count on her father to give a perspective which was blunt, the worst possible interpretation of something, and also very scarily accurate. Helena's shoulders just shrugged when leaning back a slight amount.

"And you should be terrified by it."

Talia appeared a second later, alongside Nyssa and Sara. The three warriors stood and came eye to eye with the Detective.

"So, you went against him even though it would have been a perfect opportunity for you to leave with the urn."

Talia smiled for a second. "I could have and I still could have taken it. Tonight, you've lost a few steps"

Batman grudgingly gave Talia a nod of respect. His voice was still as gruff and determined as ever before. "Maybe. One could not tell. Not all of us have access to a Lazarus Pit."

"That has little to do with the fact that the mission has worn you down. You made a bold claim a year ago when you fully refused the League's assistance. And I understand the reasons, but you should know that my father does not take rejection well."

"I've learned that a long time ago."

Talia and Bruce had their share of ups and downs, after that relationship they shared during Bruce's travels in the world. They could not say it was without its benefits when it happened. They would be unlikely to revisit that particular part of their life.

"Ra's has grown desperate."

Sara remained silent for this time. She knew she might be the best one to get through to Batman about the urn. With Talia and also with Nyssa, there was a small level of distrust there. Actually it was more than a small level of distrust to be perfectly honest.
"Then again, I'm not sure he completely trusts me either."

"We're going to have to do something about the urn," Sara said. "I believe if there's a way to destroy it, the secrets are coming to be found on Nanda Parbat. And I can tell holding the urn is taxing on you."

No one would expect Batman of all people to admit that he could not handle something. He just continued to look forward with his usual look of stoic calmness. He never once bowed or broke, he just kept moving forward in position.

"Do you think that you could hold the urn without temptation? I know you regret his death."

"It's not exactly a secret that I do."

Nyssa took a moment to expose the very uncomfortable truth to the entire group. She placed her hand on Talia's shoulder to steer her into the conversation.

"We're going to have to deal with this whether either of us likes it or not. Our father's condition worsens and I fear that his madness is going to grip him even tighter."

Talia always saw herself to be very loyal to her father's cause even during the times where he was not around. She leaned against the stone wall. Cool against her touch, it made Talia think of slumping against the wall during those long training sessions after she had been put through the paces.

One skilled warrior pushed herself through the training to be the very best. A small part of her hated the fact that no matter what, she was always going to play second fiddle as a heir because she was a woman. Talia hoped during those early years that her skills would improve enough to override that unfortunate fact.

"You're right. Our father his loyalists. But still given his condition….."

The Green Arrow picked up on Talia's words in an instant. "He would not be able to turn down a trial by combat, which is to the death. We just have to bait him into doing so."

The World's Greatest Detective held onto the urn for a second. The whisper echoed through his mind that he could use the urn to fix what had gone wrong before in the past. He held this whisper back when realizing that it was nothing other than a very elegant lie. There could be nothing fixing the problems in the past of Gotham City that he could have seen.

"I'll leave this urn in your hands."

Batman handed the urn over to the Green Arrow.

"This won't be the last time we'll team together."

Unfortunately, that was the truth. The Green Arrow figured there would be something which would draw her back into Gotham City.

"I'm going to have to tend to my city and then….."

Batman looked up to see the Green Arrow, Talia, and Nyssa completely gone, vanished without a trace. They left without saying goodbye. He looked towards his daughter who appeared to be seconds away from bursting out into some very amused laughter.
"So, that's how it feels."

The neutral meeting place was not located far from the League outpost. It would be a good place for them to hold up until tonight.

"You don't think that Ra's is going to send any more of his minions after us?"

Talia took a second to consider Sara's question. She finally dropped the hood to show her face. Talia turned around and marveled at her sister's excellent taste in women for a minute.

"I have a strong feeling the White Canary has not reported back with her failure to my father just yet. We are, as they would say, in the clear."

Sara hoped Talia had a point. She hated to be wrong. The night still fell in Gotham City. A huge thunderclap signaled a hell of a storm was coming in Gotham City.

"I hope you are with this until the very end. I know how it must pain you to be away from Starling City for this long of a time."

The pain was somewhat revealed by the fact Sara knew there were good people helping work over the city. Thea, Artemis, Cassandra, and Laurel all would do a excellent job in holding the city down while she was away for starters.

"So, we can work together."

Nyssa appeared around the corner to face her sister. Talia answered with a nod.

"We're going to have to keep trusting each other. We're going to need to use the urn as a bargaining chip to get back into Nanda Parbat."

A frown manifested over Nyssa's face. She moved one of the tables to the side so she could position on it. "Are you sure?"

"I have to be sure," Sara replied. "I know Ra's made a deal to return back to life. And he's desperate to fulfill whatever terms of this deal he made."

Talia did not think of that fact, but she had a suspicion Sara was right. She turned her attention towards her sister who had frowned.

"We've not been addressing our issues."

Nyssa responded with a nod. "We've agreed to work together now. And I know you can see that our father, in some way, pitted us against each other. He brought out the very worst in the both of us."

Talia picked up where Nyssa left off with her statement. "And the very worst of us can be unfortunately very ugly."

"Unfortunately, yes. We're going to have to stand together so once Ra's al Ghul falls, the League does not fall apart with him."

There were others who were unfortunately far worse than Ra's in some ways ready to swoop in and pick up the pieces. Sara turned from one sister to the other with a smile.

"So, are the two of you going to kiss and make up?"
She said the statement mostly in gesture to lighten the mood and the atmosphere in the air. Talia responded to this very playful gesture with a very obvious smile.

"Sex is one of the best ways to strengthen a bond, not to mention the oldest. And I'm sure Sara would not mind mediating our reconciliation."

Sara responded with a smile directed at her wife and sister-in-law. "Not at all."

Talia leaned in to consider her sister. The two embraced each other. The embrace deepened with each other with the kiss happening.

Sara waited from the other side to make her move. She took off her Green Arrow attire and in a matter of minutes stood before Nyssa and Talia wearing nothing but a black bra and a black thong. The pair of sister assassins turned towards her with a smile.

Two strong arms belonging to Nyssa wrapped around Sara from behind. The Daughter of the Demon leaned in and pressed her lips on the back of Sara's neck with a very passionate kiss. She leaned into her and kissed the back of Sara's neck.

Talia decided to move for another attack directed towards Sara's very able lips. Sara reached up to pin the back of Talia's head back and kiss her.

The two sisters showed their sexual hunger from the blonde by kissing her and running their skilled hands all over Sara's body. Sara returned fire with kisses of her own.

Nyssa and Talia broke away from Sara and proceeded to strip each other out of their clothes. Each action to reveal their beautiful skin turned more frantic. Talia and Nyssa played frantically with each other's clothes to pull them down and reveal their beautiful bodies to the world.

"Let's find a bed."

Nyssa's statement could not be argued. Talia, dressed in very silky red lingerie, lead the way. Her toned body was fully on display and Sara watched her appreciatively as the woman moved over towards the bed.

"Come to bed, Sara. And you too, Nyssa."

Both women moved into position towards the bedroom. Talia's inviting and sultry expression brought them down on the bed. Nyssa positioned herself on the right side dressed in her black lingerie and Sara moved herself to the side. The two of them took turns kissing Talia on the bed and running their hands all over her heated body to try and build some excitement.

Sara always wondered how Talia tasted. She decided to take the plunge and find out. Her mouth worked its way down Talia's body and moved closer and closer to the area between her thighs. The heavenly zone was going to be exposed as far as Sara was concerned. Her warm fingers caressed Talia's lovely pussy through the edge of her panties. Talia breathed in heavily.

"I want this. I need this."

The wet pussy came out into position with Sara licking all over Talia's belly button. She edged closer towards Talia's dripping wet pussy with a very prominent smile rising on her face. Talia closed her eyes and fell back on the bed to spread her legs.

"Take my pussy," Talia begged her.
Sara did not have to be told twice to do this particular action. Her tongue rotated deep inside of Talia's warm pussy. Talia closed her eyes to feel the tongue of the talented woman who stole her sister's heart.

Nyssa decided to pull down her panties to her ankle and position herself on the bed. She stood, hair scrapping against the ceiling, directly over Talia. Talia looked up just in time to see Nyssa lowering herself down onto her. Her beautiful pussy came a few inches away from sinking down onto Talia's face.

"Give me that."

The first taste of her sister's pussy juices made Talia mad with lust. Her tongue shoved deep inside of Nyssa's pussy and rotated slowly inside of her. She pushed a finger deep inside of her asshole.

Nyssa's eyes glazed over at the feeling of Nyssa slipping a single finger inside of her back passage. Good did not even begin to describe the feeling she had. "Oh, shit, Talia. Do that again!"

Talia obediently slid a finger deep inside of Nyssa from behind. Her asshole received a nice long twist of that finger inside of her.

Sara smiled and moved on top of Talia's spread legs. She released Talia's firm breasts into the air. Her nice round tits stuck firmly and ready to be grabbed. Sara's hands cupped Talia's breasts and caused her to moan.

A few minutes of playing with her tits to get Talia really going before Sara switched to the next play, namely her overheated pussy grinding up and down against Talia's warm one. The Daughter of the Demon received a pleasurable push of her pussy against Sara's overheated organ.

Nyssa retracted from Talia's face. Sara leaned over and grabbed Talia by the back of the head. The two women kissed passionately and noisily, with Sara's tongue moving in. She tasted enough of Nyssa to get her pleasure completely running.

A bag on the floor dropped onto the bed. Nyssa unzipped the bag and made sure Talia watched a giant strap on being pushed out of the bed. She put it onto herself. The large fake phallus stuck out to meet Talia's lips.

"Suck my cock."

The cock grinding against Talia's lips driven her mad with lust. Talia dove in to suck on the phallus hanging from her sister's body. The dark-haired girl aimed to please, just as much as Sara aimed to please her with her constant attentions at her pussy.

Sara moved herself over so Talia could reach in and finger her pussy. The left hand pushed Talia's fingers deep inside of Sara's overheated pussy. The younger Lance sister groaned.

"Put one in my ass."

Talia was not about to let her sister-in-law down. She slipped a second finger into Sara's ass. She double penetrated Sara's pussy and ass, feeling the warmth of both of these gloriously tight holes.

"Keep it up. Don't you dare stop until I tell you to."

Loud and messy sucking followed with Nyssa driving her cock into Talia's mouth. It became nice and wet until the very point where it almost slid out of her mouth. Nyssa would not be denied though. She could would keep this up until she's finished.
"Get my beloved off, and then you can have your reward, sister."

Those words proved to be music to Talia. She would very much prefer a very good reward. Talia resumed her double fingering to get Sara off completely.

"I think…she's about ready to get that reward….beloved!"

Sara screamed out these words with Talia's duel assault on both of her holes winding up to a stop. The very obvious penetration caused Sara to almost collapse with sweat spilling down her face and her sexy body. Her heart almost stopped from the pleasure that she received.

The bag was ready and Sara pulled out a matching phallus.

"You want her ass, don't you?"

"Naturally," Nyssa said.

The cock removed from Talia's mouth left her with a sense of loss. She rolled onto her side with Nyssa wrapping her arms around Talia's back and kissing her on the back of the neck. Each kiss brought a moment of greater pleasure to the body of the Daughter of the Demon.

"YES!"

Nyssa coated her finger with arousal and pushed it into Talia's very tight back entrance. She pushed deeper inside of Talia to draw her pleasurable moans. Lust burned through the second Nyssa drove her finger.

"You deserve a cock in this ass, don't you?"

Those words caused Talia to shiver. Just as much as Sara pushing the phallus now strapped to her against Talia's front entrance did. The two lovely woman surrounded either side of Talia. The beautiful flesh ground against each other when two sets of able lips tortured Talia from the back and to the front.

The growing arousal underneath Sara's questing hand brought a smile to her face. She could feel Talia's thighs willingly part for her. She always wanted to have some fun with both of the sisters at the same time and now she would get this fun.

"Take my sister, beloved."

Sara entered Talia's warm center. The two of them merged together with Talia's thighs wrapping around Sara's when the two of them pushed back and forth against each other. The Daughter of the Demon stretched out for her.

"I knew you were…always this good!"

Talia's breathing increased for Sara to push deeper inside of Talia's wet and willing pussy. Her center clutched her very hard. Sara leaned in to kiss Talia's lips. She descended from her lips to the side of the face to the neck and to the valley between Talia's rising breasts.

"My turn."

Twelve inches of synthetic cock pushed between Talia's back entrance. The skilled assassin could feel the penetration first and foremost inside of her. All twelve inches took its place inside of her ready asshole.
"Relax. Just relax, beloved."

Two large cocks pushed in either side of her. Talia momentarily stopped because of the momentary discomfort spreading through her from all sides. The discomfort faded and gave way to pure pleasure inside of her. Nyssa slid back and planted herself inside of Talia's warm asshole.

The two women had practice in making a woman feel really good. Talia's confidence that they were going to make her feel good shot straight up. Both sides put everything they could muster inside of Talia's asshole and pussy.

"Time for you to cum," Sara mewled in Talia's ear. "You're feeling all that pleasure building up, aren't you? And that pleasure is feeling so good…isn't it?"

"Fuck!" Talia yelled. "It does feel so good. Oh, fuck me hard…both of you!"

Both women took their turns on Talia's holes and stuffed them full. They caressed and kissed Talia's body on either side. Every touch and every caress brought Talia further to the edge of madness. Their fingers touched the body of this woman who writhed back and forth on the bed.

"Good….it feels so good, doesn't it?" Nyssa hotly moaned in her sister's ear. "You're making me cum just for the feeling of being in your ass…it's so beautiful. It was meant to be fucked."

Sara drove herself into Talia as she clenched around her. She brought forth a hell of an orgasm while clamping her walls down onto Sara's rod. She pushed herself down into Talia.

"Cum for me again!"

Obedience lead to pleasure being fulfilled, with Talia cumming very hard for Sara. Sara rewarded her orgasm by plunging deep inside of her. Their bodies stuck together in a very passionate dance.

Each movement brought Talia closer to the edge. She could feel Nyssa grinding against her ass before pushing back into it. The feeling of such a hard fucking made Nyssa almost explode with lust.

"Again," Sara ordered.

Talia could not believe how much she submitted to this younger blonde woman's frantic assault. She held a thrall over many women which heightened Talia's lust and desire to her. The sucking of Talia's nipples also heightened the lust and desire somewhat.

"So good."

The combined assault of her sister and sister in law was so good. Words failed Nyssa as she received the assault from both sides. Her asshole and pussy opened up for further penetration the deeper Nyssa and Sara plunged into it from all sides.

Talia came hard because of the heavy penetration and attack on her holes. Sara could feel Talia giving her a work out. That warm pussy clutching and squeezing at Sara ensured she would bury deep inside of her. Her body sized up and Sara came as hard as possible.

Nyssa decided to cum as hard as well. Her juices stuck to Talia's very juicy ass cheeks and inside of her warm asshole. Nyssa buried herself inside of the generous depths of her lover before pulling out.

The two working in tandem left Talia on the bed dripping, sticky, and satisfied. Sara smiled when crawling over on the bed and cupping Nyssa's face. The two closed in on each other and kissed each other with unbridled passion to prepare to have fun while Talia rested.
Nyssa's legs parted and the same cock which had been inside of her sister slid inside of her. Sara's sweaty, sexy body pressed against hers as the two lovers continued their well-practiced merging of each other.

To Be Continued on January 15th, 2018.
Sadistic Choice

Another blog exclusive chapter pops up with Nyssa and Sara, detailing their first time with each other. So, in other words, the earliest piece timeline wise in this universe. Head to the Page of Important Links, the Web of Chaos Archives, and either the Under the Hood Archives or Blog Exclusive Chapter Archive. It's titled Just Right.

And now on your feature presentation.

Chapter One Hundred and Three: Sadistic Choice

Sara braced herself to make what might have been the final trip to Nanda Parbat. She had no illusions that this might be a trip which could force her to fight a full force of skilled assassins. Sara braced herself for the fight. The incident in Gotham City proved to Sara one thing and that was she had been marked for death.

The only thing Sara had going for her on this occasion was she would not be heading into battle alone tonight. Nyssa stood on one side and more importantly, Talia stood on the other side. The sisters had been unified with one purpose for the first time in a very long time. Hell, even before this time, it had been very rare to see Talia and Nyssa unified over any single solitary purpose.

'Have to keep it up. Have to keep making the trip. No matter what, I can't stop. No matter what, I can't falter at all. No matter what.'

The treacherous trip up the mountaintop to Nanda Parbat seemed even longer than before. Sara fully expected to be ambushed the second she reached the top. A small and very cynical part of her expected to be ambushed even before she made it up the mountaintop.

'There's no turning back. You face him and you finish this.'

Sara did not feel fatigued at all. The adrenaline flowing through her body motivated the woman to new heights and potentially new depths. Sara pulled herself further up the mountain, with Nyssa and Talia following her step by step from behind.

"Prepare yourself," Talia said.

These words just reinforced the formality in the back of Sara's mind. She moved onto a ledge and pulled herself up towards the entrance. Nyssa followed through the gates. Talia followed Nyssa a second later. The three warriors maneuvered their way into Nanda Parbat.

Silence and the lack of a welcoming committee did not alleviate Sara's frustration. It only caused her a great deal of anxiety.

'Just wait for it.'

The moment of truth happened as several assassins moved out of the shadows. Dozen and dozens of skilled warriors moved their way into the battle. Many of them wielded implements which would cut through the skin of anyone who they faced off against.

Talia, Nyssa, and Sara stood to fight through all of them. The League looked mobilized and ready to fight. Standing among them was the White Canary. Her cold eyes peered across at the Hooded
woman across from her.

"You sealed your own death warrant returning back here."

"Perhaps," Sara said without missing a beat. "Perhaps I made the biggest mistake in my life by stepping foot back onto Nanda Parbat. I'm not going to say that. However, I know that Ra's is here. And I know he won't want me dead, just yet."

"Astute."

The ragged and rough voice of Ra's al Ghul cut in. The members of the League all turned their attention to their leader. He walked with each step purposeful. Yet, despite each step holding a new purpose, each step was not what they used to be. Each time Ra's put his foot down on the ground, he barely could hold himself up.

Another one of the Ubu clan walked next to Ra's. The servant's lips curled into the frown.

"Master, perhaps you should….."

Ra's held one hand up and turned to the members of the League. All of them lined up shoulder to shoulder with each other. All of them braced themselves and prepared to receive orders.

"Do not attack them. Let them pass. I wish to speak to them. I wish to speak to all of them."

One by one, the members of the League stood off to the side and created an opening for the visitors to pass. Talia and Nyssa both watched the scene unfold before them with a bit of skepticism dancing in their eyes. The White Canary peered at the situation next to her and hesitated the most of all.

She stepped back at the nod from her master. Ra's made his way in and extended a hand. He motioned for Sara, Talia, and Nyssa to follow him. Talia took the first step. Nyssa followed seconds later, and Sara elected to move when the other two did. They all moved down the hallway deep into the temple. Ra's edged closer to the front of the room. The temple flashed lights all around them.

"There has been a grave misunderstanding. My servants…they are loyal to me and…they knew my instructions were to acquire the urn. And I know you have it. So hand over the urn, and everything will be forgiven."

Sara took note of that particular bold statement. She figured the second she showed up, Ra's would have expected her to hand over the urn. The urn of Deacon Joseph Blackfire clutched into her hands. Ra's fully expected her to bend to his will and hand the urn over.

"Sara, you should hand it over."

"No," Sara said. "You should not be alive. You're not keeping the urn from Darhk. There's a reason why you want the urn. I know what it is. I refuse to be the one to hand it over."

Ra's al Ghul's expression turned from one of patience to one of supreme agitation. His eyes narrowed when focusing directly on Sara. "I wasn't asking you for the urn. I was telling you."

"And I'm telling you this. Trial by combat for possession of the urn."

The chuckle of one of the most dangerous assassins in the world only caused Sara's agitation to rise up another level. The challenge had been completely mocked and degraded by Ra's. Ra's turned to his two daughters who focused their steely expressions on him. They did not give the man a single inch, because in this case, he would take an entire foot.
"Will it be Nyssa or Talia who will be challenging me. Because, I feel that neither have the strength to do what is necessary to ascend the ranks in the League."

Nyssa prepared to protest this accusation, but Sara jumped in front of her.

"I'm going to fight you."

Ra's took a second to consider the girl. She had been a challenge and a frustration both. He would relish having her die by his hand on this evening and claiming the key for his immortality. Ra's nodded in response as if accepting the challenge.

Several robed figures of the League of Assassins maneuvered into a circle. They started chanting constantly around the area. A woman dressed in black appeared. She took a knife and sliced her finger. Blood dripped on circles on the pedestal and started to glow before their very eyes. This particular woman grimaced when looking down at the area. Her blood stained the platform.

"We have a rare event in the League of Assassins. A trial by combat, where no less than Ra's al Ghul has been challenged. The rules are that the two combatants fight until one lives no longer. There's a chance that the other will never be the same again."

Sara breathed in and out. She hated having been pushed to this circumstance. What more could she do though? There was pretty much nothing she could do.

"You're making a mistake."

Nyssa stepped behind Sara and cupped the girl's shoulder. Sara stood up straight to face Nyssa.

"I know there's a chance I'm making the biggest mistake of my life. I know the fight is to the death. I know that I could die by his hand, even at his weakened state. And I know there's a chance….he might have something up his sleeve which could not make this a fair fight."

All of these statements acknowledged Sara was in for the fight of her life. She dressed in black leather, the attire which she once wore as a member of the League. It gave her perspective of how far she came after being found by Nyssa after being left for dead.

"I understand every single risk and acknowledge that I might not be walking out of here tonight alive. But, he has been tainted by something. And that urn, if I allow him to get it, he will be unstoppable."

Nyssa's grim smile matched Sara's own thoughts. She put her hand on Sara's shoulder and gave her a very light squeeze. Sara stood up tall and ready for the confrontation.

"Good luck, beloved."

Sara stepped past where the other daughter watched from the shoulders. It was very hard to know what was going through Talia's mind. Sara hoped there would be no problems when the inconceivable had to happen and Sara had to kill him.

'I have to kill him. I will kill him. He's ruined too many lives. His obsessions have grown even worse.'

"Everyone all rise and face the great Ra's al Ghul!"

Ra's stepped into the battle field and standing by his side was the White Canary. Sara instantly felt
something was completely off. She could not settle the feeling in the pit of her stomach that something was off. Ra's cleared his throat and everyone around focused their attention on the man they held in the highest amount of reverence.

"I have been challenged by a trial by combat. It is tradition to fight the occupant. However, it is also well within my right to nominate a proxy to fight in my stead against an unworthy challenger."

This slight brought Sara's agitation to an entirely new level. He always had to get those shots in at her and a dig as well. Sara's eyes narrowed when she realized what was going to happen.

"And there is one who has been hurt by the challenger among everything else. She will restore honor to the great White Canary moniker by defeating the challenging. Only through her blood being spilled will her redemption be at hand. Only through that, will she finally have been at peace."

The eerie chanting came up as the White Canary stood with a blade in one hand and a bow in the other hand. Sara drew in her breath and faced the man she was supposed to fight.

"I can't believe how much death has made you a coward."

Ra's face contorted into a scowl of discontent. "Your tongue won't be so sharp once it's removed."

Everyone awaited the next proclamation from the demon. Ra's drew in his breath and focused on everyone around him.

"Should you kill her, you will fight me. You will not be able to kill her if you cannot properly and totally face the past you keep cowering away from."

Sara disagreed greatly with Ra's assessment. She moved to the center of the ring. The White Canary stepped into the center of the battle arena and slowly removed her face covering. The haunted face of a woman Sara watched shot before her very eyes a long time ago approached the scene.

"Shado, I'm sorry."

The archer removed her mask as well so she could go face to face with the woman as well. They circled each other for a moment, before the battle began.

"My redemption comes at your death. Only then can I truly be at peace."

The trial by combat started with Shado rushing at Sara. Sara avoided the sword's edge from connecting with her. The two circled each other and went hand to hand at the first battle. Sara blocked Shado's swinging uppercut punch. Shado flipped over to her feet and threw a concealed dagger out of her hand. It knocked Sara's quiver off of her back and depleted her supply of arrows.

"I'm going to kill you slowly and painfully for all of what you've done to me."

Shado rushed into position with her hand extended. Sara blocked the arm of the woman and the two of them struggled to gain a foothold in battle. Sara slid back a couple of inches on the field and avoided Shado's attempt to take her completely out.

'Her mind is not her own. Not after dying. She's just a puppet for Ra's. And he's still pulling on her strings. She doesn't know it.'

Sara grabbed Shado's arm and hurled her down onto the ground. Shado withdrew her own bow and fired three arrows in rapid fire succession. The arrows flew harmlessly away from Sara. A fourth
The dark-haired woman's eyes ran forward. She grabbed Sara around the neck and pushed her down to the ground. Shado tried to squeeze Sara's neck and put her down to the ground.

"You will pay for killing me! You lead Ivo there.....you are nothing, but....."

Sara stabbed Shado in the arm and caused blood to splatter everywhere. The blonde archer jumped up and kicked Shado in the face. The sound of Shado's nose cracking echoed. Sara stood back and grabbed her by the hair before forcing her down to the ground.

Her eyes flared as old wounds opened up. Shado struggled on the ground underneath Sara's grip. Her nails dug into the side of Shado's neck.

"Kill me, Sara."

A small moment made Sara wonder if Shado was pleading with her to put her out of her misery. Shado took advantage of Sara's hesitation and stabbed her in the stomach. Sara doubled over in agony the second Shado came back for her. Shado raised the blade and aimed directly for Sara's throat.

She blocked the blade and struggled. Shado pushed back against the blade and moved it closer to the woman's throat. Sara breathed in heavily to try and break free with the blade. The edge of the blade moved closer and closer yet with Sara maneuvering it against her.

Sara broke free from the attack and came face to face with Shado. Shado swung the blade. Sara blocked the blade and hooked Shado from behind. Her arm extended, with Sara catching her with a series of blows to the side of her arm.

"I'm sorry."

Her fingers extended and three of them nailed Shado in the side of the neck. Shado's body sized up before her legs buckled. She dropped to the ground with a thud. Her body fell to the ground completely immobile.

Everyone watching stood back and noticed Shado's limp body unmoving on the ground. Sara pulled back and kneeled down beside her.

"You made me kill her."

The healer made her way down to verify Sara's claims. The healer bent down over Shado's body and checked her vital signs. The healer grimly nodded.

"She's passed."

The chanting only grew louder the second this declaration had been delivered. Sara turned her attention towards the one and only Ra's al Ghul who stood atop with his eyes narrowed towards her. Everyone knew what was going to come next.

"I've beaten your proxy, Ra's. Come and fight me."

Ra's al Ghul descended down the steps. Everyone watched as the leader of the League prepared to fight the woman who stole his daughter away from him.

The second Ra's moved into position, a sword impaled through his back. The long-lived warrior had
been caught by the surprise. Blood splattered from the man's body.

Talia ripped the sword away from Ra's body and aimed it back.

"I'm sorry, Father. But it has to be done."

The sword decapitated Ra's head. It landed down on the ground and rolled to the feet of the members of the League. Ubu in particular looked completely mortified at the fact his master's head had been decapitated cleanly and completely from his body.

"You killed...you killed him....."

"You will all stand down and listen to me."

Talia removed the ring from Ra's body and held it up so the members of the League could all stare at her. Everyone remained silent, even Sara and Nyssa.

"The man you respected and worshipped as your master had been dead for a very long time. The man who stood before you today was nothing other than a shadow, a shell, a corpse being brought back to life more times. He cheated death and robbed many others of life. And I think we can agree his madness has brought the League down. We have lost our purpose. Too many of our missions have been coated over one dangerous man's personal vendetta."

"You killed.....you killed Ra's al Ghul!"

The members of the League looked on at Talia who slipped on the ring and faced them.

"Yes, and now I am Ra's al Ghul. And you will all bow before your new Mistress."

The members of the League locked eyes with each other. Ubu dropped to his knees and the others followed. The priestess standing at the top nodded.

"All hail Ra's al Ghul."

Sara wondered what just happened. She had no indication Talia would do that. It was almost a relief she was not the one who had killed Ra's al Ghul, but still she did not expect it.

Nyssa's look of shock told the story. Talia moved over to look at Sara, with her injuries from the battle with Shado.

"We should get you patched up."

Sara received the necessary medical treatment for her injuries. Shado's prone body laid a few inches away from her on a slab. The head of Ra's al Ghul sat on a table next to the urn of Deacon Blackfire.

Nyssa sat down on the bed next to her. Her hand lightly pressed on top of Sara's. After all of this time, her father was dead, and the proof was with his decapitated head.

"I'll burn it with the rest of him in due time."

Talia stepped into the battle and walked inside. She moved into position and turned towards Sara.

"How are you feeling?"

"Confused," Sara said.
"I do owe you an explanation."

Talia sat on the other side of Sara. Both sisters took extra care not to put their attention to the decapitated head of their late father.

"The one who kills Ra's al Ghul is obligated to become him. It's a tradition which goes back since the dawn of the League itself. There was a chance you would have killed him tonight. And there was an equal chance he would have had you slaughtered and then anyone you cared about slaughtered. No slight to your abilities intended, naturally."

Sara did not take Talia's words as a slight to anything at all. She took the words as a symbol for the truth, the whole truth, and nothing other than the whole truth.

"You have other responsibilities, and I did not want you leading the League to interfere them. You are the best hope to fix the problems in Starling City. It's a mission which never ends, as a certain Detective once told me."

Sara answered with a nod and a smile. Nyssa leaned in to lock eye to eye with Talia.

"You should have allowed me to….."

"No."

Talia's finger pressed on the lips of her sister. Nyssa remained silent before Talia pulled away from her.

"I was the one who helped prop up our father for way too long. It was up to me. I know now that he made a deal with Blackfire over the urn, but I made sure he failed in death. And this time, he won't be coming back."

The Daughter of the Demon sighed and shook her head. It was almost a pity Ra's died in a disgraceful manner like that. The only solitude Talia felt in the fact he died was the man she knew as her father died a very long time ago. This shadow was not that man. Her father died in a climactic battle with the Dark Knight almost three years ago. His latest return had been as a puppet to the specter of some deranged cult leader who dabbled in voodoo.

'Now, he will completely be at rest.'

Sara, injuries mostly healed, rose up and walked over to the slab with Shado laid upon it. She leaned over towards the dark haired woman on the slab.

"We're going to have to fix this."

"I'm sorry but….."

"She's not dead."

Sara pressed a finger into Shado's neck and suddenly her body twitched, showing signs of life. She returned back to a fitful and hopefully untroubled state of sleep.

"She'll remain asleep for at least the next three days. Hopefully by then we'll figure out what to do with her."

"I'll keep her on Nanda Parbat until I can be sure," Talia said. "She might be useful once my father's influence has left her mind."
"I'm impressed," Nyssa said. "I would have assumed she was dead. That particular attack fooled everyone involved and followed the League healers. That was not something you learned as part of the League, was it?"

Sara answered by shaking her head. It was not something she learned as part of the League. It was something she learned from someone else. She looked over towards the urn and the decapitated head of Ra's al Ghul. She would be more at peace when that particular item had been destroyed.

The doors of the temple blasted open, with Sara, Nyssa, and Talia all dropping to the ground. A superfast blur scooped up the urn and Ra's severed head before blasting out of the door.

Nyssa pulled herself up. She practically blinked, they were knocked down, and both of the items had been taken from the premises. Nyssa struggled to make sense of it.

"What happened?"

"Thawne," Sara said instantly.

They knew who, but the question was why would the Reverse-Flash of all people steal the urn of Deacon Blackfire and also the decapitated head of Ra's al Ghul.

Damien Darhk finished carving the necessary symbols in the ground. The tool of his carving set on the shelf right next to him. He moved over to grab the crystal vials which contained the blood of the true believers who sacrificed themselves for the incoming ritual.

The white-haired man kneeled down and gently applied the blood to each of the carvings on the ground. The HIVE leader listened for something rushing down the hallway. He stepped out into the hallway to face the man dressed in yellow.

"As promised."

The Reverse-Flash dangled both the urn of Deacon Blackfire and the severed head of Ra's al Ghul in his hand. Darhk took Ra's head first and stared into those vacant soulless eyes of a man who he battled for centuries.

"It might look nice on the mantle right next to the singing fish. Although, it may not be a good idea as it would freak my daughter out."

Darhk would not believe he had this. He outlived a man he knew quite well in another life. As it should have been, he did not the need the League when his own organization was at hand. He turned to the Reverse-Flash who held the urn close to him.

"That one was free. I'm here for the terms of my payment."

"And I have it right here."

Darhk pulled out a box and opened it up. A glowing yellow ring with an "L" symbol stamped on it flashed in front of the Reverse-Flash's face. The Reverse-Flash took the ring and studied it for a fraction of a second before he pulled back from it.

"A pleasure doing business with you."

The urn rested in the hands of Darhk. Darhk stepped into the center of the blood stained stones on the ground with the urn in his hand.
"Finally."

Darhk dropped to his knees and clutched the urn in his hand. The symbols on the ground glowed red and then fire slowly rose to them. Darhk whipped his head back while holding the urn. He started to mutter underneath his breath. The enchantment started up with Darhk's head rolling back and forth as he spoke in tongues.

Red and black mist flowed from the urn and engulfed Darhk. Darhk gave an anguished scream as essence sucked from his body and dragged into the urn.

He set the urn down on the ground. One wicked grin appeared over Darhk’s face. He flexed his fingers and held a hand out. A mirror rose out of the ground so Darhk could get a long look at himself.

"This vessel may not be completely ideal. But it will do."

To Be Continued on January 17th, 2018.
Chapter One Hundred and Four: Ramifications

The very second Sara encountered the Reverse-Flash, she knew it was time to head to Central City and warn them that something was up. It took a couple of days for Sara to make the trip to Nanda Parbat. She stood right outside of Star Labs at this point and took in a very deep breath.

"If it's not one thing, it's another. If it doesn't rain, it pours."

She sent word to Felicity she would be a little bit late in returning to Central City at the moment. Sara stepped through the door and drew her breath back with a very obvious sigh. She kept moving into position into the building. No sooner did she step in, Sara ran almost into Caitlin who had just walked out of one of the side labs.

"Sorry," Caitlin said. "I wasn't watching where I was going."

Sara held up a single hand as if to say it was okay. "It's fine, really. I'm the one who is kind of distracted to be honest with you."

The STAR labs scientist took a few seconds to look Sara directly in the eyes. She could see both the distraction and the frustration of the young blonde bubbling in. Caitlin put a hand on Sara's shoulder for a second.

"Are you okay?"

"None of us will be okay if...never mind I want to only explain this once when everyone is here," Sara said. "So, how are you feeling?"

This particular question had been a very loaded one in many ways. Caitlin took a second to comprehend exactly how she was feeling. "You know, it's...I was just trying to see what I can do to control my powers better. The book you gave me, it's a bit of a help. And Karen, she gave me an inhibitor device which was an even bigger help. It's just, every single day, I feel like I'm on the edge. I'm on the edge of something and I'm about ready to get bumped off. I'm about ready...."

Sara's warm hand placed on top of Caitlin's as the two of them made their way into the lab. Caitlin took in a deep breath and shook her head.

"You feel like you're going to lose control," Sara said. "You feel like there is something inside of you that's going to destroy everything about your life. You really want to find a way to hold it back in, but you can't."

Caitlin nodded and swallowed the lump in her throat. The blonde woman's eyes met those of the brunette as they stared off with each other in the hallway. Caitlin always thought Sara had a soothing presence and one that she could not explain. She was glad that particular presence was always there because it was always very calming and reassuring to her at the best possible times.

"You're going to just take it one step at a time. I know it's hard. And I know you feel like you've just lost control. But, you have more control than you think, Caitlin. You're stronger than you think you are. You're just going to have to master these abilities."

Boy, Sara had been down the road of having something bubble up inside of her which could be a
threat to both herself and other people around her. She recalled in horror at every single moment.

"I'll see what I can do to help you if you would like," Sara said. "In the meantime, just keep doing those meditation exercises every morning. They can hardly steer you wrong."

Caitlin answered with a nod. She grew into a slightly stoic expression which gave way to a very obvious smile.

"You know though, at least the inhibitor runs off of Solar Radiation which is environmentally friendly. Although between Natasha and Barry, they've ran through the entire gambit of Frozen jokes."

Speaking of Barry, he stepped around the corner and smiled at Caitlin. "Come on, Caitlin, let it go."

A groan could be followed. Sara turned towards Barry who appeared to be in some of the best spirits possible all things considered.

"You're a good mood," Sara said. "How are you holding up?"

"Finally, my father is going to be getting justice," Barry said. "I wish we could get Thawne, and as long as he's still out there….there's going to be problems. I'm not sure if any prison is going to hold him but…surely we can think of something, if we can find him first."

He had spent months of hell as Thawne's prisoner. Barry would have liked nothing better other than to return the favor and seen Thawne completely trapped on the other side of bars. He would never hurt anyone again if he had been imprisoned and Thawne hurt way too many people. It caused a stirring feeling to enter the bit of Barry's stomach.

"Dad and I are heading out for a long fishing trip after this is all over to make up for lost time. Everything's got to go right for once. There's no way my life can go this bad."

Sara gave Barry a very stern work. "Murphy, he can be a vengeance bastard sometime."

It was hard for Sara not to discuss her encounter with Thawne, but she really wanted to inform them of that while everyone was here. She had to ask the question. "Where's Iris?"

"Oh?" Barry asked. "She's on a date with Patti, but she should be…it should be ending soon."

It was a bit bitter that ship had sailed. Barry had hopes, but those hopes had been dashed. Perhaps in another lifetime, perhaps in another world, things would have worked together. Barry needed to find himself though. He was only half of the man he once was.

Barry moved over into the lab to see whether or not he could help Natasha with something she was working on. This left Sara and Caitlin alone.

"So, let me see how you're controlling those powers of yours."

Sara saw something flicker out of the corner of her eye for a half of a second. She could have sworn that it was Barry standing in front of her in a Flash costume. She shook her head and the next image she saw was just plain old Barry Allen walking down the hallway, unaware that Sara had just seen him wearing the costume of the Flash.

Which Thawne claimed happened before time changed. Sara could not believe she was in an alternate timeline. Hell, it was more likely Thawne's meddling put him in an alternate timeline or something like that. The other timeline was still out there, still happening, regardless of what might
Iris returned to Star Labs. She joined Barry, Natasha, and Caitlin inside of the lab. A very serious Sara stood in front of them with her arms folded and a dark look flashing through her eyes.

Barry frowned when he stared back at Sara. "You look like that you're on the edge of releasing some kind of forbidden and very horrible news."

"Now that you're all here, I can tell you," Sara said. "$I$ ran into the Reverse-Flash…he took the Urn of Deacon Blackfire. The League searched for him, but did not find him."

There were a lot more details than Sara really had time to give. Time was running out as far as she was concerned. Her tension increased as she gave the story. To the credit of the team, they did not interrupt as Sara pressed on with her explanation.

Everyone listened as Sara concluded the story. Barry decided to make the statement which everyone was thinking about.

"Why did Thawne, the Reverse-Flash want the urn of a cult leader?"

The doors opened and Sapphire Stagg made her way into the lab. She smiled at Sara when seeing that she was here and she took in a seat in the lab. Sara was about ready to ask a question about her arrival. The heiress moved in to beat Sara to the punch when asking this particular question.

"I'm funding Star Labs," Sapphire informed them. "Ever since Wells has been on the run, the funding has stopped. And despite everything Wells has done, Star Labs has done a lot for this city and has done a lot for the Flash. I want to keep it going."

"And she's been a big help, both with the funding and with ideas," Caitlin admitted.

Sapphire just flashed a big smile. Barry picked up for a few seconds.

"She's really not what anyone has expected," Barry said. "And I don't mean any offense at all, but… you're really not what anyone has expected."

The girl just held up her hand to stop Barry before he said something which would end up with him putting his foot in his mouth in the worst possible way. "Hey, don't worry about it. I've spent my entire life defying all expectations. My father might have paid my way to college, but I worked hard to get through there and to get the degrees I did. I didn't just flirt my way through glass."

"No one says you did," Sara said. "So, I figure….."

Sara once again launched into an explanation. Sapphire, having spent some time in Gotham City, was well aware of Deacon Blackfire and the danger he held. She put her hand on Sara's shoulder.

"You never do anything easy, do you?" Sapphire asked.

Everything in the lab rippled and Caitlin almost jumped up. Iris, Caitlin, and Sara all caught a brief ten second glimpse of Barry as he shifted into the Flash in the room. Then, the Flash turned into the Reverse-Flash for the briefest of seconds enough to have a malicious grin.

"There's... theories about time line ripples when someone rifts through time," Sapphire said.

Natasha picked up right where Sapphire left off. "You mean, there are temporal mirages when someone shifts all through time. As the timeline tries to settle, you are seeing flashes of what might
have been and what could be in another timeline."

Sapphire nodded and popped her lips.

"Yep, pretty much."

The woman rose to her feet and drew in a deep breath. She spent the next couple of minutes regaining her bearings before turning towards the computers in front of her. Sapphire's fingers rested on the top of the computers as she prepared to move in.

"The good news is that we can track this fluctuations through time, at least in theory."

Unfortunately, the theory of something as unwieldy and insane as time travel often went off of the rails in a big way. Sapphire tried to do the calculations in her head without a moment. Natasha slipped her a pad of paper and a pen. She also jotted something down.

"If we can find the point where Thawne is planning to travel through time, we can stop him," Natasha said. "And we've been working on something which can stop him for good."

Iris looked at Sara, or rather, she looked at Oliver Queen where she was sitting for a brief moment. Then Sara, was right out. These changes told Iris one thing. Time was running short.

The Reverse-Flash broke into a big smile. He waited for a long time, in the most patient manner possible. He would return back to where this all started. He could fix this. He had to fix this. Time was unraveled thanks to Barry's not so subtle manipulations in the time stream.

Thawne stopped at the end of a very long run. The voices from the Speed Force whispered. Invisible hands almost brushed against Thawne. He had to keep about a hundred steps of them to give him enough room for breath.

'You will pay, Eobard!'

That rattling yell caused Thawne to stand up straight while planting his feet firmly on the ground. His breath rattled when moving closer into position. He did not care what would happen next.

The people he was going to meet were there. His final step of going back through time was nearly going to take place. Thawne savored certain feelings and the feelings of triumph.

He made a huge mistake going back in time on that night. Several attempts to correct it, sloppy as they might have been, did not work. This lasted attempt caused ruptures in the timeline where it was completely foreign from the original. It was a timeline where Eobard Thawne never existed.

He was a foreign invader through the time stream. And they were completely coming after him.

"So, you're there."

Two of the most infamous villains that Thawne knew from history stood in front of him. Vandal Savage still operated during his time period. The ancient enemy of several heroes throughout time walked in front of him. Klarion took a couple of steps as well. Thawne was almost certain Klarion existed as well. There was always a spot for chaos in any time no matter what.

"When you return to your timeline, you're going to return to a better world."

Those words coming from Savage was brought with a smile. Thawne would never have made a deal with such a man unless it was his last ditch effort to fix something.
'All or nothing,' Thawne remarked.

"And you naturally get something out of this deal, don't you?" Thawne asked.

Savage responded with a rolling chuckle. His teeth curled into a very obvious smile when giving Thawne the once over. The enemy of the Flash several times over understood what Savage had done throughout history. He played the role of the fall of great civilizations and he would play the role of many more great civilizations.

He was a dangerous threat and also one who was completely unstable and manipulative.

His partner in crime however was something much worse. Klarion's beady little eyes focused their full attention on the Reverse-Flash. Thawne always felt like he was being dragged into something when Klarion was looking at him. It was something that looked pretty dangerous as well.

"Do you have it?"

The Reverse-Flash held out the box containing the ring. Savage took the ring and examined it for a few minutes. A smile deviously popped over the face of the legendary villain before he turned back to Thawne.

"Yes, it's everything that we need."

It was obvious Vandal Savage had what he needed to achieve his own goals. He returned with the final implement that the Reverse-Flash needed to travel back into time.

"It's a pleasure doing business with you."

The moment the Reverse-Flash shot out of the picture, Klarion broke out into a very obvious round of laughter. Amusement danced through the eyes of the schemer before he turned his attention directly around to Savage.

"The patsy plays into our hands," Klarion said. "You got to love a man who is desperate enough to do anything to save his own skin."

"Let him have his moment of triumph," Savage remarked. "He will only open the door for our conquest. The world is going to change."

Savage received word from his future self what was to come. He wished to evade it at all costs. Savage understood what would happen if time became unhinged and had been wrecked.

Natasha Irons and Sapphire Stagg worked together to configure the computer into what they needed to succeed. No sooner did the tracker become configured, the tracker also flared with a huge amount of energy.

"I think this thing might be a little bit sensitive," Natasha commented. "Oh, it might be sensitive, but there's no question about it. We're picking up on something. It's more energy than ever before. The only thing that's this powerful is....."

Natasha trailed off at her words. Caitlin's eyes widened and Sapphire's expression grew very grim at the implications going on here and there were many pretty awful onces.

"It's about as strong as the Particle Accelerator."

"Yup, pretty much," Natasha agreed. "And it's going to only get stronger. He's going to need an
energy to rip straight through time and space."

Sara, who had paced around, had a headache which grew in the back of her mind. The headache, coupled with the feeling of dread, caused Sara to draw in a very deep breath.

'Just say calm. There's no need to panic. Even in a situation like this, there's always a perfect need to panic. Just keep it together.'

Images of the island flashed around her and everything changed. Sara saw a vision of Starling City burning and she fighting Laurel and another figure dressed in a Hood while Sara was dressed as the White Canary, leading the League of Assassins. Sara felt sickened by what she saw. Sara watched herself stab Laurel with a grim smile on her face.

'No, that's not real.'

Sara pulled herself out of the thoughts of what she remembered. Something was happening. It was almost like several timelines, including a really bad timeline. Maybe several really bad timelines. Iris grabbed Sara firmly by the shoulders.

"I'm seeing my father laying in the middle of the city dead," Iris said. "It's hard, but these are just echoes, shadows, and nothing is real."

"Yes, but it could become real if Thawne ruptures the timeline," Natasha said. "He's going to make the jump back in time and there's no way we can stop him."

"Maybe not," Sara said. "But, maybe we can beat him to the punch."

"Yeah, I think building a time portal is a bit out of capabilities," Natasha said. "I mean, don't get me wrong, I'm flattered and all you think we're so good that we can just jump in and pull a time portal straight out of nowhere just like that."

Sara knew she did not have to build a time portal.

"Karen's away, but she told me, anything that I want, I can get it. I want you to go to her office on the third floor of Starrwave. What I need is on the third floor of her desk, it's in a golden box. Second drawer to your right."

Iris did not know what to make of these instructions. If she found them peculiar in any way whatsoever, Iris disguised her feelings. She moved out of Star Labs at the speed of light and flew as quickly as possible. Sara waited for Iris to return with what she needed.

She returned with a glowing gold ring in her hand. It had an "L" stamped on the ring.

"With any luck, I can use this to beat Thawne to the punch," Sara said. "Of course, there is one problem. I'm going to have to locate the energy portal and track him there. And Iris, you're going to have to be the one to take him down in the end."

Iris hated to be the one to admit this. She sounded sheepish enough. "I'm not...I'm not fast enough. Thawne proved that every single time when ran into each other."

"Maybe," Barry said. "But, when you're not fast enough, all you have to do is slow the other person down."

"Yes," Natasha agreed. "Which is why I've been working hard on this little bad boy."
Natasha slid a grenade onto the desk right in front of Iris and Sara. The grenade looked to be made for a quick and a high impact blow.

"It will slow down a speedster," Natasha said. "Granted, it will only slow Thawne's speed for maybe thirty seconds, if that. You're going to have to work fast and your shot is going to have to be precise. And I've only had time to make one, unfortunately."

Iris held her head. Sara reached in and grabbed Iris around the shoulder to try and calm her down. Iris shook underneath Sara's grip as she kept working her over to calm her down.

"Iris, you got to keep it together. Remember, the fate of the entire world is at stake. It's all down to you keeping it together."

Caitlin looked to be seeing something. She was fighting the Flash, because her powers had gone wild. She had no support network of friends to help her in the timeline which was threatening to spill over. Thawne had taken her under his wing and caused her to go into this entity which could only be described as Killer Frost.

"You have to find him. You have to win."

They all agreed things would get bad if Iris had felt. Thawne might end up restoring the timeline back to normal or create something even worse. Providing it was Thawne who was meddling in the timeline. There might have been someone else at play.

"I've got an address," Natasha said. "Time to go."

Sara and Iris made their way outside of what appeared to be a makeshift facility. It was an offshoot of the normal Star Labs facility, at least the best either of them could tell. There was a box on the wall which required a multiple digit security code for them to get inside.

Iris raised her hand and started to punch in numbers on the keypad. All of the codes were rejected as Sara grew more and more impatient until she could not take it any more.

"There's no time."

The hooded archer took aim and fired the arrow towards the box. Sparks started to fly as the door shifted open to give them an entrance. Iris just threw her hands back and shrugged. The two women walked down the hallway just in time to hear something rattling at the end. They knew the energy portal was right in front of them.

Sara shot an arrow at the door. Another grid risen up vaporized her arrow the second it fired through the door. Sara took in a deep breath and responded with a very obvious sigh.

"There's got to be another way in."

They moved up the stairway and to an air vent. Sara crawled through the air vent. Iris moved through the vent just as well. The was running out and they had no idea whether or not Thawne just moved back through time yet. Sara tried to ignore the strange temporal flashes she was getting.

Sara kicked the vent off and dropped down onto the ground in the room just next to the lab. Iris dropped down next to her with not too much grace and agility. The Fastest Woman alive shook her head and almost staggered back a couple of feet.

"I don't know how you do this."
"Practice, and lots of it."

They opened the door just in time to face Thawne who stood outside of the energy portal. He sent the computer and turned to them with a smile.

"You're too late, Ms. West."

The Reverse-Flash went through the portal back in time.

"GO!"

Sara yelled at Iris to follow the Reverse-Flash through the portal. The Flash stopped and nodded before going through the portal all the way to wherever he was going.

The Green Arrow stepped into position and prepared to go back in time. Only a speedster could get through that portal, but Sara had her own way back in time. She stopped on the date. Sara half expected to see Thawne go back in time to the moment where he previously killed Barry's mother.

Much to her surprise, that wasn't the time. Thawne had something else in mind. Sara recognized the date. It was hard not to recognize it for it burned into her mind.

'I really hope this works out and really soon.'

Sara held the Legion Ring. Karen told her about the ring, but did not tell her how it worked.

"Okay, I know you know what that date is. It's a day before everything in my life changed. I need you to take me through to the portal and to that date. Don't fail me now, come on!"

Sara activated the ring. She just hoped there was enough power in the ring to get here there and back. Being stuck in time was not how Sara wanted to spend the rest of her life.

She went back in time to the day before the Queen's Gambit was scheduled to depart and Sara's life changed. Hopefully, Iris would be there to meet her. With any luck, Iris would have already stopped Thawne before she arrived.

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To Be Continued on January 19th, 2018.
Chapter One Hundred and Five: Race Into Time Part One

A vibrant flash of light surrounded the air. Sara flipped out of the air and landed with a firm spill onto the air. She felt like everything around her body had been turned inside out. The blonde woman turned her attention from one side of the area she had landed in to the other and threw her head back with one of the more obvious sighs possible. She had to determine where she was at this common point in time.

Okay, Sara figured out pretty much at the offset she was in the right place and perhaps at the right time as well. She had been landed outside of the Queen's Gambit. The ship which would lead her to being marooned on an island for the next five years stood out at dock in front of Sara. Sara took a half of a step closer to the ship and her frown deepened the closer she reached the ship.

Sara stopped and moved into the shadows. She saw no one there. Sara noticed not a single speedster, not the good one or the bad one. This particular thought made Sara more than edgy. She took in another deep breath and wondered what the hell was going on.

'I can't have….knowing Thawne he could have put us on a wild goose chase through time.'

She was here at one of the most pivotal days of her life and it gave Sara a moment of thought. At any other point of her life, Sara would have given pretty much anything to change the past. She was here in front of the ship which was about ready to sail off with her destiny being changed together.

Hell, temptation still greeted Sara when looking at that ship. She decided to ignore her base emotions of the ship being out there. She took in a deep breath and fixated her gaze on the ship in front of her. It was due to get wrecked in a couple of days.

'This is the trip which shaped me into the person that I am,' Sara reminded herself. 'I can't even begin….it's hard to think who I might have been if the ship had not been wrecked, and we had not been stranded at sea.'

She would not have had this hood on for starters and would have lived a normal life. Sara also might have gone done a different and more destructive path. Sara's lips curled into a frown the second she thought about that.

'You're a better person no matter what.'

Darkness started to fall outside as Sara waited for something to happen. A few shady men appeared around the edge of the ship. Sara figured the reason they were here very quickly. They had been hired by Malcolm Merlyn to commit some act of sabotage on the Gambit to ensure it had been wrecked.

And Sara was just going to have to sit there and watch them do it. It had been a very frustrating experience just to stand there, bite her own tongue, and not do anything. Sara watched them move into position.

A blur shot past the corner of her eye and nailed one of the shady mercenaries in the spine with a shattering force. The lead man turned around and Sara watched as the sonic blur blasted into place to nail another mercenary directly in the face. His jaw shattered the second the man had been driven down to the ground.
The two crew members nearest to the man who fell had weapons on them. They ripped from the hands of the men in question straight away. The man in yellow kept up his assaults on the men with the weapons. A loud crack echoed as they dropped down onto the ground.

Thawne skipped to a stop and a slight smile popped out of the corner of his mouth. "Sorry, boys, it's really nothing personal. I just have some business to take care of."

"Your business ends here."

Sara stepped out into the light to come eye to eye with Thawne. Thawne's interest turned to the woman and his amusement flickered over his face the very second he came face to face with the object dangling from Sara's hand.

"Is that a Legion of Super Heroes ring? My, that's such a dangerous toy for such a little girl. I handed one of those off to Vandal Savage and Klarion the Witch Boy. It's slightly defective though, but I'm sure they can make it work in their own way."

The Reverse-Flash circled Sara and caused a miniature cyclone effect to erupt around the woman's body. His eyes flickered with a very devious taunt dancing around it as he bounced against here.

Another portal opened up and the Flash came flying out of the portal. Thawne looked over his shoulder in bemusement and waited for the Flash to come after him. At the last second, Reverse-Flash caught the Flash's arm and threw her down onto the ground with a loud smash.

"I've told you once and I'll tell you every time we meet. You're not fast enough."

The Green Arrow shot an arrow to the ground underneath Thawne when sped. The electromagnetic pulse shocked the ground until the Reverse-Flash propelled himself over the top of the ground and grabbed Sara around the shoulder. He launched Sara back several feet to the ground.

The Reverse-Flash zipped off. Sara pulled herself up and signaled for the Flash to go and get him. The Flash zipped off after the Reverse-Flash and the two speedsters chased each other through the past.

'Thawne could have killed me, but he didn't. He killed all of those mercenaries.'

One grisly thought entered Sara's mind and she realized, perhaps not soon enough how Thawne had something else up his sleeve. She did not know what and she was pretty sure it was something she did not particularly light at this point in time.

Laurel, in the year 2007, had just got off the phone with Oliver. He was leaving for a long holiday on the Queen's Gambit and he was very excited. Laurel thought about joining him, but given how it was last minute and she already had plans, those plans had been completely squashed.

'We have plenty of time to talk about the future when you're back home, Mr. Queen?'

The shutters rattled which caused Laurel to raise her eyebrow in surprise. She did not think a storm was coming in tonight, but yet something continued to beat its way against the edge of the windows. The door blue open and something blasted into the room directly in front of her.

Laurel blinked and the next thing she knew, something pulled her off of the chair and lifted her up by the throat. The figure's face blurred and he snarled when looking at her. Laurel made a valiant attempt to try and free herself, but no matter what, this figure kept his tight grip around her throat.
"Do you know that your sister is planning to leave on the Queen's Gambit with Oliver Queen?" the figure demanded in a low growl.

Laurel looked down at this figure and tried one more time, perhaps in vain, to break free of his attack. She had encountered many crazy people in her life and she was looking at what was essentially a crazy person.

"Who….who the hell are you?"

The mysterious figure out in yellow sent Laurel crashing back onto the couch. The wind knocked out of her lungs caused her to be absolutely shaken.

"Perhaps you require proof about how your sister and your boyfriend have been sleeping together behind your back."

Thawne held up the phone that he stole from Oliver Queen's home. The Queens security had been pretty much nothing at all.

A blast of light shot through the door and the one and only Flash sent the Reverse-Flash flying back against the ground. One single cheap shot rocked the speedster.

Laurel's body dropped down on the couch. Her gaze shifted across the room when she looked at one speedster to a second speedster. It had been completely unbelievable and practically stunning to see two of them just zipping about at the floor.

The Flash nailed the Reverse-Flash with a vicious uppercut which sent him flying through the door. The Reverse-Flash flipped over onto the ground and sent some scorch marks out of the ground.

"You just don't get it!" The Reverse-Flash yelled. "You becoming the Flash was an error which I'm trying to correct. I'm trying to right history! I'm trying to fix the mistakes that Barry caused by his reckless use of time travel….."

"To me, this is the right timeline," The Flash said.

Iris West barely missed catching her adversary in the side of the head. The Reverse-Flash zipped down the street with Iris moving closer behind him. Her skin burned from the exertion as she enhanced the speed force.

"I never thought you would be fast enough to catch me."

The Reverse-Flash kept looking over his shoulder with increased urgency. Iris noticed these gazes and a part of her wondered if the Reverse-Flash had been running for something other than Iris. Iris moved towards him in the air. Her breathing increased as she propelled herself towards the Reverse-Flash.

The Flash sent her vibrating hand down onto where she thought the Reverse-Flash had been. The only thing she realized was he disappeared into the light again.

'Damn it."

Iris stepped back a few feet just in time to see Laurel looking out the window, mouth open in a shell shock. She reached for the phone that the Reverse-Flash dropped down onto the ground.

Iris moved in to grab the phone to prevent Laurel from listening to a message which would change history one hundred percent of the way. Another blur caught her and the two struggled against each
other before blowing through the windows and landing on the floor across from Laurel.

"If history could remember you, it will remember you as a tragedy!"

Thawne’s hand started to vibrate, but something stopped him. The Reverse-Flash ran off in the opposite directly and left the Flash to roll over onto the ground.

A chill came through Iris's body which only prompted her to run. She had to go faster and she had to catch Thawne. Time was running out for them all.

Sara Lance stared at the Queen's Gambit with widened eyes. There was a huge part of her who could not believe she was about to take this step. She picked up the tool kit and also the portable computer used by the coordinator of Merlyn’s effort.

‘I'm going to have to sabotage the Queen's Gambit if I have any hope in hell of stabilizing the timeline.’

Another flash of Sara standing over a burning Starling City with a smile on her face as the White Canary entered her mind. Sara deflected that thought into the outer reaches of her mind. It could not happen, she refused to allow it to happen. There was no way Sara was going to even entertain the possibility of it happening.

‘We're running out of time.’

Sara took a single step into the picture and once again, Sara felt something really wrong was about to occur. She felt some intensity going through her body. Coldness filled her very being as Sara positioned herself at the edge of the ship.

‘You don’t have to do this. You only do this because you enjoy all of the darkness. You can fix that by preventing the ship from going down. You can prevent the darkness from entering your soul. Change history.’

Those words gripped Sara in the back of her mind. She thought of a life where she never stepped on that ship. At this point, Sara already had been married to Oliver, but her life could change it. Could their marriage work or was it doomed to be something that both realized was a big mistake the moment they turned back?

Sara paused and had been dogged by the question of "what if?" It had been the most sinister question of them all and one which continued to dig into the back of Sara's mind just like the voice in the back of her mind had.

‘You can't think you have not considered it. You can change time. You can make sure the Gambit is in one piece.’

The younger Lance sister hesitated and blocked the very obvious temptation from overflowing her body. She was very tempted to just walk away and leave the Gambit be.

‘No. It has to be done. It's caused me to become the person that I am.’

Another voice, one more softer, and twisted entered her head. The person you are is rotten to the core. You can’t keep the darkness at bay. There's a part of you who gets off at the rush. There’s a huge part of you who gets off at the thrill of being the Green Arrow. You enjoy it, don't you?’

Sara would have denied it. She had grown comfortable with being the Green Arrow. She had grown
so comfortable that she was willing to set the wheels of motion herself.

'I've mastered that darkness in one timeline.'

'What if your mere presence sets the wheels into motion for what you see right here?'

Another flash of light echoed and the figure in the back of her head voiced Sara to view an image of her stabbing Thea with an arrow straight through the heart. Blood splattered through the chest of the brunette girl as Sara pulled away from her.

'NO! IT WON'T!'

Sara realized something messed with her mind. It became slightly clear the moment she settled down from going back in time.

'Must be some....I've got to do this.'

The case had everything Sara needed to sabotage the Queen's Gambit and finish the work Merlyn started. A shiver blew down her spine when moving around. Sara moved in to make the less than obvious sabotage. No one would know until it had been rattled by the storm.

And there was a hell of a storm brewing. Sara's entire soul twisted at the feeling of this storm going through her mind. Sara's shaking hand held around the tool as a shiver blew through her spine.

'You deceive yourself if you think you're doing this out of some desire to preserve the timeline. No, you preserve yourself. And you preserve your crusade because you like it.'

'You're just some kind of time echo, a thought in my mind which exists only to torture me,' Sara argued.

The deed, had been done. Sara moved over to grab the phone to call Merlyn. She pushed a button to dial his number.

"It's been done," she said while disguising her voice through the modulator in her hood.

"The payment's in your account," the voice of Malcolm Merlyn said over the phone crisply.

Sara moved from the ship and she had shaken her hands together. She had really done this. Sara was responsible for everything that was going to happen from here on it.

'It had to be done.'

A few seconds passed and Sara looked at the ship.

"Ollie, I'm sorry."

Sara motioned her gaze down to the mercenaries which Thawne had taken out. Fortunately, Sara's training in the League of Assassins gave her ample experience on how to disposal of a body quickly where it would never be found.

The Flash flew back to the ground the second the Reverse-Flash returned back from his trip through time. Flash fell down onto the ground. The breath had been knocked out of the body of the Fastest Woman alive as Thawne circled her around the area.

"I'm going to make this short and I'm going to make this painless."
"Nothing about this has been painless," Iris managed.

A few seconds passed and the Reverse-Flash disappeared and returned with Laurel in the palm of his hand. His hand vibrated inches away from her throat.

"Leave her out of this," The Flash said.

"Oh, you see, there will be so many of my problems solved if I bring her into this," The Reverse-Flash said. "Stop and think about it for a minute. Oliver and Sara will not be going on the Queen's Gambit because they are too busy attending a funeral. And there will be no Black Canary or no Green Arrow, and no one from Team Arrow to help the Flash grow as a hero."

"STOP!" Iris yelled.

"Stop me then!"

An arrow caught Thawne when he was distracted by Iris in the back of the leg and caused him to loosen his grip on Laurel. The grip had been loosened long enough for the Flash to pull Laurel out of his grip.

The Reverse-Flash tore the arrow from the back of his leg and blocked two more out of mid-air when the Green Arrow fired them out at him. The woman in the hood stared down at the Reverse-Flash.

"It's over."

The Green Arrow fired another arrow at the Reverse-Flash who vibrated at it and reduced it to dust right before it connected.

"Well, it's obvious I turned my attention to the wrong one. You were always too crafty for your own good. Maybe I should have paid your past self a visit and killed you instead. It would have been amusing to see Oliver explain to Laurel why he was now a widower."

Thawne prepared to move in for the kill. Only something ruptured through the area and caused Thawne to look up.

It was for the third time, Iris noticed that something had been stalking Thawne. Thawne disappeared to keep one step ahead of the thing which was stalking him. It was unsettling to see a man so normally unshaken be unshaken by something.

Laurel dropped down to her ground until the mysterious woman in the hood pulled her up to a standing position. Laurel's hands shook the second she put them on the side of the woman's head. She tried to peer underneath the Hood, but she could not quite make out the face.

"Are you okay?"

The older Lance Sister nodded without saying a word. Her throat did not work the way she wanted it to. Her hand grabbed the side of the head of her hooded savor.

"I can't believe it! I can't believe I was so weak to be abducted twice. What the hell is the matter with me?"

The Green Arrow did not relinquish her grip from her.

"I'm never going to be this weak again."
A pause came from the Green Arrow and she muttered in Laurel's ear. "I'm truly sorry."

Suddenly, the most unlikely thing occurred with Sara swooping in and kissing Laurel on the lips. Their mouths connected as the hooded woman kissed her older sister. It would be for the first time from Laurel's perspective that they kissed like this.

Laurel had been swept off of her feet by the kiss from her mysterious savior. The two of them parted ways and Laurel had been in a daze.

The kiss distracted the older Lance Sister from watching the mysterious speedster and the mysterious hooded archer disappear into the future.

'I don't understand this at all.'

Something about this time would seem inconceivable. Laurel never once drank or never once touched anything which could impair her judgment. And yet, she could not believe it.

'I really don't understand.'

Laurel peered out of the corner her eye and suddenly her sister moved down the street. Sara stopped short of Laurel a few seconds later and frowned.

"Are you okay?"

A wordless nod came from Laurel's body. She just moved in and wrapped her arms around Sara and pulled her in tight for a warm hug. Sara had been surprised and pulled her arms around Laurel.

"You wouldn't believe what just happened to me tonight," Laurel said. "Everything is kind of messed up tonight."

Sara pulled away from Laurel a few seconds later. Laurel looked at her sister and looked her properly on the face. She focused on Sara's lips and how juicy and succulent they were. Laurel entered thoughts about her sister which no older sister should have.

'No, no…that's not right.'

An obsession did enter Laurel's mind about a certain woman dressed in a hood which would grow and keep burning over the next five years or so.

Thawne dropped down onto his hands and knees from going even further back into time. Everything he planned tonight did not go as planned entirely. Thawne pulled himself to his feet and wrapped his arms around his knees to hug them tight. He took in one of the more obvious breaths imaginable as something started to thump around the area of the back of his head.

"EOBARD!"

The yell came from the wind as Thawne adjusted his stance. He had come very close to being grabbed. This would not happen once he repaired the time street.

Thawne looked up into the sky and noticed it was a clear night. The weather was very mild on this evening. Thawne recalled this night with picture perfect clarity. He went over the night several times under the guise of Harrison Wells to pick apart where he went wrong.

'I've went about this the wrong way. I should have nipped this problem in the bud from the beginning.'
The Reverse-Flash looked over his shoulder. If his guess was right, and it was very rarely wrong for something like this, something would be coming out of that portal. The Man of the Yellow Suit waited for a long time.

'Leave it to my younger self not to show up on time.'

The portal opened up and the Reverse-Flash dropped down to the ground in front of the Reverse-Flash. The two versions of Eobard Thawne, one younger and one older, came face to face with each other.

"We shouldn't be meeting like this," the younger Thawne said to the older Thawne. "You idiot! We shouldn't be meeting like this. Do you realize the ruptures which could be caused in the timeline if we see our future selves? Or past selves?"

"Yes, I'm aware of it," Thawne said. "And you weren't as clever of eluding him as you thought you were."

The Reverse-Flash popped up in confusion and wondered what the Reverse-Flash could be talking about. A ripple of light came through and another speedster came through the portal. The older Reverse-Flash came through and nailed the speedster in the face with one shot which dropped him to the ground.

"Hello, Barry."

Thawne would be a delusional fool if he had said he had not been waiting to punch the real Flash in the face for a long time. After all of the trouble Barry caused him, Thawne got off very much on the thought of drilling the Flash firmly in the face.

The young version of the Reverse-Flash turned to the older version of the Reverse-Flash and then to his unconscious enemy on the ground.

"He's not dead, unfortunately," the older Reverse-Flash said. "You've come here to kill Barry Allen's haven't you?"

The younger Reverse-Flash answered with a nod. The older one just shook his head at the eagerness exhibited by the man. He had once been this young and ignorant.

"EOBARD!"

That rattling wind which could only be heard by the Reverse-Flash indicated his adversary was drawing close. He was not worried about the Flash, any flash, ever catching up to him. He could barely outrun time and the paradox from sucking him into oblivion.

"You're making the biggest mistake of your life."

Instantly, Eobard could see his past self-growing increasingly skeptical at what he was trying to tell him.

"It's time to gain my revenge," The Reverse-Flash said. "I'm not going to let anyone stand in my way."

The more experienced Reverse-Flash swallowed the lump in his throat.

"Listen to me. You will not kill Barry. You'll only kill his mother, and alter the course of history. You will be trapped in time powerless."
This bit of news finally stopped the Reverse-Flash from going any further.

To Be Continued on January 21st, 2018.
Eobard Thawne tried to put himself in the shoes of his younger self and attempted to figure out what was going through the younger Thawne's mind. An argument was only bound to happen between the two of them. Thawne recalled in very painstaking detail how this period of his life had been one of the darker ones given how much he had been haunted by it.

He spent years building back up to the point where he could correct course. Thawne spending time debating on how this plan was bound to fail with his younger self did not really entice him as an effective use of his time. The younger and more brash Thawne who had not had to scratch and claw to return back to glory just contorted his face into a grimace.

"I know what you're thinking. And I know you're thinking it because I would have thought the precise same thing if our situations had been reversed. I thought that after all of this time, I would finally gain my revenge on the Flash for being a disappointment to me. I would finally crush Barry Allen underneath my foot. His legacy would be gone."

Younger Thawne answered by nodding curtly. Older Thawne understood he had his younger counterpart ready and listening.

"But, I spent over years working my way to the point where I could access these powers. It was not easy to wait until some tapped into the Speed Force once again. And even after that happened, it's all wrong!"

The voice of the older Thawne almost shook the younger one. His hands rested at his side with pure skepticism locked into his eyes. One could say he did not believe a second word the older Thawne was saying.

"You can't hear what I hear. You can't hear death's touch coming closer to me because of the arrogant mistake I made on this night. I'm here to stop you from ruining this. We can close the cycle. Everything will be as it should be if you just return home. There will be other battles against the Flash."

Thawne the older kicked the unconscious Barry Allen in the head to ensure that he did not wake up and ruin this moment Eobard had with his past self.

"It was the arrogance that we thought we could control our destiny which stranded us in the past. We will defeat the Flash in the distant future, but to stop him from coming to be, it's a foolish dream. You don't know what it's cost me!"

The younger Thawne weighed all of his options very carefully. He decided to respond with one simple statement.

"I don't believe you."

It was at this particular moment where the older Thawne resisted the urge to snatch his younger self by the throat. His chest rattled and the whispers in the air grew more prominent.

"You are trying to tell me you can't live without the Flash…that I can't live without the Flash?" the younger Thawne asked. "You are trying to tell me….."
"I'm telling you that you're delusions are going to get you wiped from history," Thawne said. "There will be plenty of time for revenge later when I fix this. And you will let me fix it."

The younger Thawne nailed the older one and sent him crashing down to the ground.

"You are talking nonsense! Whatever mistake you made, I won't. I will kill Barry Allen! In fact...." He noticed the Flash on the ground. The younger Thawne rose his hand up and started to vibrate it to drive it into Barry's unconscious neck.

The older one shot up and slammed Thawne back into the wall. The two Thawnes locked knuckles with the older one trying to get the attention of the younger one.

"Listen to me, you arrogant idiot!"

The two speedsters locked knuckles with each other. The flare of energy erupting between the two of them increased in intensity when the Reverse-Flash and the Reverse-Flash fought back and forth. The battle of wills between the two of them hit a brand new level when the Reverse-Flash, the younger one, screwed up his face in frustration.

"Your tunnel vision is what got you in trouble, it's what got me in trouble!" the older Thawne yelled. "Time is going to make us irrelevant if we don't just step back and go at this from an alternative matter."

Thawne spiraled into the air from the younger one's actions. The brash young man who was just moment's away from never returning home disregarded his older and wiser mentor's words.

"You've grown irrelevant. Time will not turn me into you."

The younger speedster zipped off in one direction. The older speedster follower Thawne in the other directly, having to stop him.

Barry Allen finally woke up from the sucker punch he received. It took several minutes for him to really come to terms with what the hell was happening. He had far more questions than he had answers. And he could have sworn Thawne smacked him so hard that he was beginning to see double.

'It's impossible, isn't it?'

Barry spoke this question, but he really did not want to know the answer to said question right now. He just rubbed the side of his head and groaned in the process. Barry curled his fist underneath the ground and pulled up just in time.

Iris exited the time portal. She really hoped to beat Thawne to the punch. Sara flew out of the portal right next to her and took in a very deep breath before looking around.

"There's no one here," Iris said.

Sara did not allow appearances to get the better of her. She was pretty certain there was someone around and she just had to take a closer look.

"There! Look!"

Both girls locked their sight on Barry who slowly struggled to his feet. Well, it was not the Barry they knew, it was a more mature Barry Allen who became the Flash, at least in his timeline. He
rubbed the side of his head.

"I have to stop them. I have to stop both of them."

Barry rubbed the side of his head and tried to catch his breath. He came face to face with a figure dressed in red, a uniform similar to one he wore back into the early days of the Flash.

"What the hell is going on?"

"I wonder that myself sometimes," the second speedster said.

Barry recognized the voice of the woman. He could not, he could not believe it. Barry's throat unstuck and suddenly he clutched the side of his head. Flashes of a memory which he most certainly did not live where he had been held captive by Thawne when he was in his twenties entered his mind.

"What the hell just happened?" Barry asked. "What the hell just happened?"

"Barry?"

Barry snapped back out of the thoughts. He could hear something blowing around in the distance. There was a storm which rocked the area around him and caused a stirring of frustration to enter Barry's stomach. His eyes glazed over when listening to the rattling sound over his shoulder.

"You hear that too, don't you?" Iris asked.

Barry nodded wordlessly. He had a lot of questions, like how Iris had turned into the Flash. He supposed that question would have to be something that would wait right now. He took a step forward and his legs collapsed underneath him.

Iris and her hooded companion reached down and pulled Barry off of the ground after he performed that unfortunate faceplant.

"It's almost like something is being rewritten," Barry said.

"The two Thawnes together are causing more damage," Iris said. "Did you hear anything when they were around?"

Barry spent a moment adopting a very sheepish expression, although it could be hard to tell given how he had his head turned. "Well...I was knocked out the moment I entered. I wasn't expecting the second Thawne."

Given his tendency to use time remnants, Barry supposed he should have seen it coming. He was just moving through time obsessed with taking Thawne down. His obsession was almost as strong as Thawne's own was. Barry could have smacked himself for being so very careless at what was happening around him.

"We're going to have to stop them. He's here to kill me."

"And older Thawne is there to prevent what's happening," the figure in the hood responded.

Barry frowned. Was this the Green Arrow? Then again, the Green Arrow back home where he was Oliver Queen for the longest time. And this most certainly was not Oliver Queen? Was he just a shade from a timeline which had collapsed within itself? Could he go home?

Did he want to go home?
"I think your timeline still exists," Iris said.

There were an infinite number of timelines and an infinite number of different worlds. Barry would have to go back and return to the right one, providing time did not catch up to him and swallow him for being in the wrong timeline. Barry knew this little possibility was inevitable.

"We're going to have to find both of them."

Barry had been warned repeatedly and had understood that under no circumstances should he encounter his past self unless the situation would be dire. It better be a good reason because it could cause a rift in time and space which might not be able to be fixed.

"Your mother dies in there. That's what happens to set off the events of this timeline."

He nodded, older Barry knew he just had to let this one go. He was in an alternate timeline, and trying to stop the events would create a paradox which could bring this future to ruins.

"If she doesn't die, I kill my sister," the Green Arrow said.

Those chilling words caused Barry to realize what they had to do. The two speedsters zipped off after the Reverse-Flashes and the Hooded figure stood with her arms folded and her lips pursed.

Thawne moved closer to the window where he watched Nora Allen prepare to put her young son to bed. It was almost a pity it had to happen this way. It was almost a pity that he had to kill Barry, but after all they've been through, Thawne would be finally rid of him. And it would not be a moment too soon where he would be rid of Barry Allen.

'It's a shame it ends like this. You never meet your heroes because they will always be a raging disappointment. And Barry, you disappointed me the most.'

The older Thawne nailed the younger Thawne into the side of the wall. Older Thawne flipped younger Thawne onto his back.

"You're too pathetic to be the real deal," the younger one said. "To me, you're just a time remnant who got a little too big for his britches. And now, I'm going to finish you off."

The younger Thawne rushed towards the older Thawne and the two punched each other in mid-air. Flashes of light came in the air until both of the Thawnes dropped down into the air. The two Thawnes dropped down against each other, only for the younger one to get taken down by a spear of light. The older one followed down to the ground instantly from the same spear of light catching him in the ribs.

Iris stood in front of the older Thawne. The younger one zoomed through the door to prepare to continue his plan undone.

"You're a fool!" Thawne yelled.

"Run, Barry!" Iris yelled.

The two speedsters moved together with Thawne blocking Iris's attempt at a punch. The older Thawne nailed Iris in the side of the head with a punch.

Inside, Nora Allen fell to the ground dead, as Barry zipped his younger self out of there. The younger Thawne screamed in agony as he went after Barry. There was a flare of light as he dropped
down to the ground from his connection to the speed force being completely severed.

"I TOLD YOU!"

Older Thawne lifted Iris off of the ground and propelled her back. He nailed her with a constant series of punches. Barry moved over to assist her, but instead he faded from the time stream.

"Sorry, Barry, but you're no longer the Flash!" the older Thawne said. "I can fix this. I can still fix this. Just give me a moment....."

Iris used a legsweep to Thawne to take him down. It was not a matter of being faster, it was just a matter of gaining the leverage to take him down.

The Green Arrow stood at the top of the hill and launched the grenade at the older Thawne. The older Thawne felt his muscles size up from the grenade catching him. This allowed Iris to nail Thawne with several lightning fast punches before she nailed Thawne in the side of the neck with two fingers which caused his muscles to further side up before he could regain access to the speed voice.

"You've been practicing."

The Younger Thawne growled and withdrew a knife. The Green Arrow fired an arrow right through his chest and took him down to the ground. The arrow pierced through Thawne's chest and caused blood to splatter everywhere.

"No!" the older Thawne yelled. "You killed me!"

He would not slowly fade away. The winds kicked up even louder. The loud and anguished screams of "Eobard!" increased in volume. Thawne regained use of his muscles just in time for a swirling black vortex to open up. Thawne's fingers shook when he looked up into the sky to see the vortex.

"No!" Thawne yelled. "NO!"

Thawne dove towards Sara with his hand vibrating to try and take her out with one last shot. Iris blocked his hand and knocked Thawne back into the ground. He fell down as the storm around him continued to increase. Thawne's fingers twitched on the ground.

A hideous abomination dressed in black dropped down out of the portal. Thawne stood up to face him. He growled and breath rattled when rushing towards the Reverse-Flash. Flash could not engage him because of sum of every horrific experience he ever had just slammed down on him constantly. The Reverse-Flash had been paralyzed all except from his mouth.

His younger self exploded into ash on the ground. The older Reverse-Flash had been gripped by this abomination of the speed force.

"DAMN IT, BARRY!"

Those were the last words of the Reverse-Flash as he erupted into speed force energy as his body had been taken out. Eobard Thawne succumbed to death itself and there was no way for him to return from this problem.

The grim entity looked at Iris for a second and just turned around before fading back. The storm kicked up around them. Iris and Sara eyed each other. Sara grabbed Iris's hands.

"I'm not feeling the temporal flashes anymore. I think we did it. I think we won. I think Thawne
is….well I think we've done well."

There could only be one word which Iris West could really state at a time like this.

"Good."

Sara activated the ring on her hand which opened a time portal. It launched them all straight through and launched them hopefully all the way back home.

Central City turned from a bright sunny day into pure and utter chaos in the blink of an eye. Caitlin moved over to check the readings as the city started to become rocked by this hellacious storm. It flowed instantly and insanely all around them.

Natasha, Sapphire, and Barry all walked over. They could see from the screen looking outside that the sky opened up and the world was being rocked.

"Do we have any idea what is happening?" Sapphire asked. "Iris and Sara…they didn't fail to stop Thawne, did they?"

Caitlin shook her head. "I think…that if Thawne would have changed history, none of us would have been here having this conversation."

She did feel something was off. Caitlin experienced a dull chill down her body which had absolutely nothing to do with her powers. She moved down the hallway and went down the steps. Barry gabbed his cane and followed in hot pursuit. He gimped all the way down the stairs.

"Caitlin, wait!"

"I have to take a closer look at this."

"It's dangerous outside!" Barry yelled.

"Barry, it's fine," Caitlin said. "It's dangerous inside…and if there's a way we can stop this, I have to get a closer look."

A loud boom echoed which rocked Star Labs and caused the walls of the building to be rattled. They could not take that many more hard impacts into the building. Barry watched Caitlin move into position walking down the steps. His heart skipped a couple of beats.

'I don't like this,' Barry thought.

Barry shook his head and tried to keep himself from losing all sense of his bearings. Barry took a right turn and made his way down the steps. A loud thumping echoed down the steps with Barry walking all the way down them. The wind kicked up hard outside and gave one of those hisses.

"I think the readings are something which can't be really measured," Natasha said. "Maybe if we get close enough, we can get a better idea. But, if I had to guess….."

"It's like the Particle Accelerator times ten if this thing hits hard."

Sapphire's statement ripped the words out of Natasha's mouth. She did not want to speak in a completely negative way. It was very obvious something was happening and that something was very bad. Natasha put her hands up against the top of her head and sighed in an attempt to figure out where they were going.
"Great," Natasha said. "Exactly, well that's not great, but….."

The people in the city were screaming. One of them had been trapped in a building.

'Iris, where are you?' Caitlin thought.

Barry leaned on the cane and almost collapsed. The three women around him looked very concerned. Barry shook off their gazes and moved a bit more gingerly on the cane. The cane came an inch away from shifting out from underneath Barry the further he moved into position.

"I'm fine," Barry gasped. "I'm fine. I just got to regain my bearings, and I'll be fine. I have to be fine!"

Those words came from a very distracted man. He heard all of the things from Thawne that he did as the Flash and now it caused him to become more frustrated. He did what he could to help Iris, but Barry always thought he could do much more.

A blast of energy erupted in the sky. Barry looked up towards the lightning bolt which came at him. He could have sworn he saw a man running at the speed of light through the lightning bolt before it struck Barry right across the chest.

Everyone around Barry screamed as the lightning connected with him.

"OH MY GOD!" Sapphire yelled.

Sapphire leaned down quickly and listened for a heartbeat. She heard nothing for a second and made an attempt to revive him. Only the moment she touched his chest, it started to vibrate hard against Sapphire's hands. She pulled her hands away.

The Crisis situation got even worse around them. They feared something dangerous could come out of that portal. The skies flashed with multi-colored lightning.

"We're going to have to get him back inside for medical treatment," Natasha said in a shaky voice.

Caitlin and Natasha both tried to lift Barry up. Only, an electric shock pulsed through their hands and sent them staggering back a little ways. Both of the women looked down at Barry's body and frowned. They reached for him and once again tried to pull him up. They received more of the same, another electric shock cascading through their body.

"I don't know what's going on, but it's not normal," Natasha said. "And it's not really healthy."

She pressed a hand against Barry and the vibration through his chest made Natasha frown. Suddenly, Barry's eyes flashed open and turned into black pupils for a second before they shifted back to normal.

Caitlin took a tentative step forward. "Barry?"

Barry rose to his feet without the aid of his cane and walked forward perfectly normal. He moved closer to the edge of the portal which kept flickering energy and light around him. All three women looked forward and nervously watched as Barry moved a little bit closer to the edge of the portal which continued to swirl above his head.

Once again, Caitlin tried to get through to him. "Barry?"

He turned around towards her and looked at her with eyes which seemed very soulless. Another chill
having nothing to do with her powers erupted through her body. Caitlin pushed herself back and ran her hands through the side of her head.

"Barry?" Caitlin asked. "We need to get you medical help, okay?"

She tried to appeal to him in some way.

"Iris is coming back, you know that, right?"

"I'm not Barry."

Those three words caused all three women to be taken aback. Multicolored lightning surrounded Barry's body when he stepped back and ran up the building. He kept running until he flew headlong into the eye of the energy vortex.

Barry Allen disappeared into the energy vortex and sealed it shut behind them. Caitlin, Natasha, and Sapphire stood on the ground looking dumbstruck. They barely came to terms with the fact everything finally calmed down and Central City was no longer a chaotic vortex of hell on Earth.

"He's……"

No one could bring themselves to utter the next words. Barry disappeared without a trace in a blink of an eye.

Sara and Iris dropped down to the ground. The hooded archer thought she was getting a little bit better at performing those landings even though they were not the most graceful in the world. She was very glad to be back on firm ground and not hurling through time.

And time was in one piece, at least at first. Sara drew in her deep breath and smiled when looking around the area. Her smile faded completely the second she realized something unsettling. The fact they should be standing right next to Star Labs and yet they were not.

"We're not at Star Labs," Iris said.

"I….something must have knocked us off course."

Sara tried to figure out where they were. The only problem she could see was the Legion Ring she wore was not responding. Sara closed her eyes and struggled with all of her might to get something working with that ring. Her failure made Sara almost scream to the heavens.

"Maybe things did change," Sara said.

"I don't think so," Iris said. "Something feels different. It's almost like we've been sent to an alternate Earth or something."

"Yes," Sara agreed. "Or something."

Central City looked enough like Central City where it was not entirely unfamiliar. The only thing that Sara noticed was off putting was the lack of Star Labs in Central City. They stood in the middle of a park and walked around. They did not know where this trip would bring them.

At first thought, there's no major changes in her head. Her memories still existed as they should be, but that might not mean anything. Perhaps the effects took time to settle. She had to put her thoughts out of her head just long enough to walk next to Iris. The two needed to find a way back home. Maybe they were in an alternate timeline, and maybe they were outsiders like Thawne was.
"Freeze! Put your hands up where we can see them. Don't try anything because you're surrounded!"

Several government officials moved in around Iris and Sara. They had patches on their coat with read "DEO" when they moved in with weapons held on the Green Arrow and Flash.

To Be Continued on January 31st, 2018.
Whole New World Part One

To kick things back off, we have a Nyssa and Laurel blog exclusive lemon. Head to the Blog Exclusive lemons page by hitting the page of important links, the web of chaos archives, and either the Under the Hood or Blog Exclusive Archives page. It's titled "A Few Rounds."

Chapter One Hundred and Seven: Whole New World Part One

Iris and Sara spent the better part of the last several hours chasing a madman through time. The feeling of jubilation had been dashed when a group of heavily armed government agents approached them. They stood in a park where Star Labs should have been.

"We should be back," the Green Arrow said. "Something went wrong."

Something went wrong and the natives did not look too entirely friendly. They pointed the weapons at the two visitors. It was obvious they were a long way from home because they did not even acknowledge Flash or Green Arrow.

"Listen, we…something must have gone wrong," The Flash said.

The leader of the squad did not sound that amused before speaking. "You are to put your hands in the air where we can see them. If we have any trouble from you, we will open fire. This is your last warning."

The Green Arrow feigned throwing her hands in the air. Only three seconds were needed for the government agents to relax their attacks. It was all Sara needed to withdraw the bow and arrow. She shot the underside of the arm of one of the attackers. The energy cannon dropped down to the ground with a huge clatter. This clatter disrupted the attackers.

One superfast blur of a punch came in and rocked one of the government agents down to the ground. Another fired a miniature cannon at her. The net passed into Flash who vibrated through the net. The government's agents eyes widened and started firing three more blasts with the laser cannon. The speedster avoided the rapid fire strikes going through the air.

"She's a speedster!" the government agent yelled.

The Flash took down the enemy with one attack to the ground. A blinding arrow came out to the ground and released a cloud of gas. The Green Arrow avoided bullets which she was pretty sure was designed to take someone or something more powerful and durable than her down. The arrow flew up and knocked the gun out of the hand of the attacker.

"We better go!" The Green Arrow yelled.

A grenade rolled onto the ground and released a sonic attack which made Iris stagger around dizzy. Sara spotted the speaker mechanism on the underside of the device quickly. One well-placed arrow to the underside of the disc put it out of commission.

"Is that ring of yours working or not?" Iris asked.
Sara let out a sigh and dodged an attempt to contain her. One of the government agents, who lost a weapon, regained some kind of fire by attacking Sara. Sara blocked the government agent's hand and fired back with a constant series of punches to the head.

"I wish," Sara said.

"Seal off the park. Do not let them to escape."

Vibrating mines sent Sara staggering back a little bit. She stood side by side with the Flash as both of them watched these agents of the DEO surround them. Escaping the park was a no go and they were forming a barricade on either side.

"Get ready to run," Sara said. "I'm going to find a way around them."

Iris was not going to protest. The government agents turned their attention to the woman in the Green Hood. Sara sent an arrow to a power line above them. The power line got cut and sparks of electricity flowed from the line to back off the government agents.

"Fire again!"

The sparks caused the electrified mines to short out. Iris ran up the ramp of the truck and jumped into the air. She had no idea where she was going to go. Iris ascended in the air and flew up at a very insane and high-impact velocity. She dropped down onto the ground with a thud.

One of the agents disengaged an energy cannon and fired at Iris. The energy rippled through the air. She dodged the bolt when it zipped to the side.

Two more bolts from the cannon can back with Iris dodging the attacks as they came. One of them caught Iris in the back with another blast from the energy cannon. Iris's muscles sized up in agony which spread through her body. It was almost like something powerful slowed her down. Iris staggered and dropped down to the ground.

"Hang on!" The Green Arrow yelled.

She twisted in mid-air and fired one arrow to knock the energy cannon out of the hand of the DEO agent who fired at Iris. The follow up shot had been prevented. Sara dropped down and rushed the agent. The agent came at Sara who dodged the attack.

Three electrified whips wrapped around Sara's arms and legs. She received a sudden shock which dropped the archer down to the ground. Sara jerked a little bit to the left, but could not break out in time. A traquilizer put her down the rest of the way.

"What are they?"

These were the words Sara heard before succumbing to a fitful sleep from the tranquilizer dart.

An electrical storm passed over Central City. Everything centered over the top of Star Labs just like it did almost eighteen months ago when the Particle Accelerator Explosion went off. And there was a sense that something even worse was going to come.

"The scanners are going haywire! We're picking up heavy amounts of inter-dimensional residue, even more than when Thawne went through the portal."

Caitlin's fingers brushed against the window and frosted it up in the process. She tried not to lose
every sense of calmness she held even though being calm appeared to be just merely an illusion at this point. The second time shattered and Barry went through that black hole, after mysteriously receiving speed powers, pretty much everything took a turn to the worse.

Everything sounded absurd the more she thought about it. Caitlin took in a couple of deep breaths and looked up for a second before looking back down. She noticed Natasha Irons pacing back and forth across the room. Her calculations grew more and more frantic as time went on.

"That can't be right," Natasha muttered underneath her breath. "But….I don't know. I really don't know what just happened."

Another loud rupture echoed high above the city. They really wished everything was going to go as planned. Natasha pressed her ear piece in.

"Felicity, can you hear me?" she asked.

"Yeah, barely, but I can hear you," Felicity said. "I guess that's a good thing for all of it's worth. Starling isn't getting as much of an interference as Central City is, but there are times where something is cutting in and out. You know, the Internet is dropping and I'm not getting a bit of a signal."

"So, this is the worst of it," Natasha said.

"You haven't been able to close in on either Sara or Iris, have you?" Felicity asked.

One very obvious sigh told the story there. Natasha hated to admit that they had not closed in on their missing friends after being sucked out through time. There was one very encouraging fact she had to bring up.

"The fact we know them is a very good thing," Natasha said. "Whatever Thawne did, he did not wipe them out of existence or change the timeline. Unless, this is the timeline changing and we don't know it."

Another loud rupture came into place over Star Labs. Caitlin threw herself down into the chair when watching the light show. For a minute, a flash of energy swirled around the sky, but it was only fleeting.

"I'm not sure if we can close it."

Sapphire appeared at Caitlin's shoulder. She looked tired, but determined at the same time. This was a look which the billionaire heiress wore several times over on a very constant basis. Her shoulders kept swinging when approaching the other two in the lab.

"There has to be a way," Caitlin said. "And are we any closer to figuring out where Barry might have went?"

Natasha dug her nails into the side of her face for about two seconds before taking a calming breath. She reached over to the table and picked up a chocolate bar before taking a bite of it. The first few bites of the chocolate bar did a good enough job in calming her nerves.

"No," Natasha said. "We're not closer to anything and…."

Another tremor rocked Star Labs. Flashes of lightning erupted and people below started to scream. Natasha stepped over towards the computers which by some strange mystery, still worked. She could hardly believe they had that much luck. Her fingers danced over the keyboard.
"Yeah, the energy that's been outputted has been doubled, or maybe even tripled. There are strange interdimensional disturbances flying all over this city. And I guess we're in the epicenter of something very bad."

Another flash of light ruptured over next to the window. Natasha followed the progress of it before everything grew eerie clam for a second.

She stood back and took a couple of breaths. Natasha waited for the other shoe to drop and it would drop hard if everything fell into place. Natasha waited for that earth-shattering Kaboom.

It happened and jarred Natasha back a couple of feet. She drew in a deep breath and returned to the scanners.

"One, two, three….holy hell," Natasha said.

The nerve to rise out of her chair finally visited Caitlin Snow. She moved over and saw several breaches coming open. They opened and sealed.

"I'm less worried about the breaches and more worried about might come out of them."

It was most certainly not Iris or Sara, that much was for sure.

Residual soreness filled the body of Sara Lance. She did not know how they got struck down so hard and so fast. Her entire world swam.

The government agents were good, trained to fight some of the very best by the looks of things. And Sara had been careless to underestimate them. It was something that rarely happened with her and now she laid in the cot in the middle of a government cell. She looked past the clear glass to see Iris in the cell next to her. Iris started to come too.

"I don't think vibrating through the cell wall is going to work," Sara said.

Iris already pulled her hand back and threw herself into a frustrated sigh. She had no idea where they were. The thought of the unknown always rattled Iris West. Hell it would have rattled anyone in their position.

Years in the League of Assassins ingrained One of them was finding a way out of the place where your captor had put you. Sara hunted far and high for a way to get out of the cell. She examined every single inch of the cell and realized something.

'These cells are designed to hold people that are more powerful than Iris is.'

"Any luck?" Iris asked.

"I'm still working on it."

Sara refused to believe there was a cell which was beyond her ability to escape. The very thought they could not escape from this particular containment area insulted her.

Footsteps caused Sara to heighten her ability. She paid full and complete attention to the surroundings around her. Several government agents made their way down the hallway. Sara noticed a pretty dark-haired woman next to them, which caught her eye. The imposing dark-skinned gentleman walked down the hallway and he talked the scientist in a very composed voice.

"Are you certain they're not aliens?" he asked them.
The scientist nodded up and down. He nervously chewed down on his lip before heading into the explanation.

"I can say without a shadow of a doubt that they are not aliens. The one in Cell A is a meta-human, but the key word is human. The captive in Cell B has no powers I can discover at this time and place. She is however at the peak of her physical conditioning. She might not have gotten as strong as a human could be, but she's pretty close."

Sara rose up and stood to stare down the DEO agents.

"Where am I?" Sara asked.

"You're in a secure government facility and will be held for only a shorter amount of time," the gentleman who lead the group said. "You are not the alien threats we previously assessed. However, your presence is quite alarming, as is the fact you seemingly dropped from the sky."

"Well, we can explain."

Sara almost cracked a smile at Iris's very nervous statement. There was an explanation.

"My name is Hank Henshaw and I am the head of the Department of Extra-Ordinary Operations," Henshaw said.

A ghost of a smile flittered over Sara's face.

"So, that explains the DEO initials than. So, you're going to ask me some questions...well us some questions? I do have one favor to ask you? Could you send the pretty brunette agent into my cell to do it? I'm pretty bored."

There had been no visible reaction to Sara's request. It had been an attempt to psyche them out, although the brunette agent in question did look pretty cute.

"Where do you come from?" Henshaw asked.

"Earth, but not this Earth," Sara said. "Yeah, I know it sounds bad. It sounds like something out of a comic book, but we're from another Earth."

"I've seen and heard stranger," Henshaw said without missing a beat.

"We've had to go back in time to stop at time travelling speedster. We did, and we tried to go home. But, something went wrong and something knocked us off course."

The Director of the DEO spent a couple of minutes considering her statement. He had a couple of theories as to what knocked them off course. The DEO picked up some strange energies which were of a potential concern to them and their operations.

"You may have counterparts on this world if you're from an alternate version of our Earth," Henshaw sad. "I'm going to need your names to verify."

"Sara Lance," she said.

"Iris West."

The pretty brunette blinked for a second.

"Well, there's an Iris West on this Earth, but...there's a few differences."
"Like what?" Iris asked after a couple of seconds.

The brunette government agent just shook her head. "Well, she's a famous television news reporter, most certainly doesn't have super speed, and is a Caucasian Redhead. Although you might be alike in other ways, I don't know either of you personally."

"Well, maybe," Iris agreed. "Oh that one is going to hurt for a while."

Iris leaned back against the cell. That Speedster Slayer Cannon they nailed her with. Something fierce and it packed a pretty big punch from what she remembered.

"We're not a threat until you attacked us," Sara said. "And we just want to find our way home."

A loud siren echoed through the DEO's building. Henshaw stood up straighter than ever before at the sound of the blaring siren. Something busted its way out of the cell and something was angry.

"Sir," a voice said. "Something busted through the cell blocks. It's caused energy to warp through the cell. Prisoner Nineteen has escaped."

A look of stony horror flashed over the face of Hank Henshaw. Prisoner Nineteen was a dangerous one and could cause problems. Especially with the energy down in that cell block. He held up the portable scanner only to hear a bleep.

"There's some kind of Interdimensional disturbance," Iris said. "Either time hasn't settled from Thawne, or there's something else going on here entirely."

Sara would have bet the entire house on something else happening. She spent some time studying and getting to know pretty much every single inch of the cell block around her.

"We're going to need help, release them."

The doors opened up and Sara and Iris stepped out. She moved across the hallway to a table where her bow, quiver, and hood laid. Iris returned to her usual self with a bright smile dancing on her face.

"Are you ready?" Iris asked.

"Yeah, born that way," Sara said.

They were surprised this Henshaw released them. It would be time to answer the questions later.

A very hideous looking blue-skinned mutant stepped out of the cell. Bio-energy ruptured around his body as he stalked his prey. The pink dots around him flashed when he felt the energy cascade around him. His body rocked back and forth.

"Flesh!" he growled. "I need flesh…the power from the flesh!"

Three DEO agents stood behind a barrier which popped up as a second security measure. Prisoner Nineteen placed his hands on either side of the barrier and gave off a mighty grunt before beginning to drain off the energy necessarily to sustain the power. More energy flashed over his body as Prisoner Nineteen grew about as strong as possible. Power swelled through every inch of his being.

"You can't hold me!" Prisoner Nineteen yelled.

"Throw the grenade!"
One of the DEO Agents rushed forward to engage the sadistic prisoner. One hand grabbed him around the throat and lifted him off of the ground.

"Flesh!" he growled. "Power!"

The DEO Agent broke free by stabbing the alien intruder in the side of the neck with a knife. The creature gave a hideous snarl when approaching the agents. The powerful equipment rattled as more energy drew off of him. The power emerged from the creature.

"Fire everything you got at him!" the agent on the ground yelled. "Enact the emergency protocol!"

The presence of this alien creature made all of the humans turn sluggish. The creature laughed at them slumping down. He had a taste of their power and now he would have even more power.

Henshaw arrived down the steps with the DEO agents following him, Green Arrow, and Flash on the other end. He held up the scanner.

"He's already absorbing energy," Henshaw said. "We need to stop him, because the stronger he gets, the hungrier he gets."

"You're keeping my dinner away from me, Henshaw!"

The loud growling voice sent spit away from them. Henshaw took one look at the portable scanner and understood pretty much immediately what he was dealing with. And what he was dealing with was not something he was too comfortable in dealing with.

"The field will be back up in ten minutes," Henshaw said.

"But, that's going to be useless if we can't get him back into the cell?"

The barrage of bullets only stunned him for a minute. One of the grenades burst open to reveal a gas which caused the creature's movements to slow. Cold air filled the area. He threw his hands up and started to growl before smashing against the walls. The creature's constant attacks drew him closer to grabbing onto the DEO.

Iris, now with speed returning back to her, studied the progress of the creature. It only took her seconds before she figured out what she needed to do. It was pretty elementary, that she almost slapped herself for not thinking of it sooner.

"I think I can disrupt the flow of energy," she explained. "I'm going to need to build up enough speed to generate a charge. It's going to be like an EMP for him when it hits. And he's not going to like it."

The gas started to wear off and the alien creature adapted to its surroundings. Iris spent a minute calculating all of the different angles at her head. Barry was better at math than she was, but Iris was pretty sure she got it right.

"I'm going to need to distract them."

"Right, if you need a distraction, we'll give you one," Henshaw said. "Agent Danvers, join the Green Arrow in keeping the attacker busy. Squad C, to the left, and Squad B to the right. Squad A, go up the stairs and try and get him from the top."

"What about you sir?"
"He wants me most of all," Henshaw said. "I don't think it would be a good thing to disappoint him, would you?"

The creature howled in anger as more energy built up around him. Sara took a step forward. It most certainly was not the best fight she had to go up against. Actually, come to think of it, this was one of the most dangerous enemies who was way above her own ability level.

"Fire to his right and I'll show to his left," Sara said.

The after-mentioned Agent Danvers, the same pretty brunette agent who caught Sara's eye, nodded. "Right…I can do that."

A flare of energy caught the alien attacker off guard. His howl echoed with even greater prominence as he moved closer. He stomped down onto the ground. The figure in the hood stepped against him. The arrow fired at the attacker sent a discharge of energy to the ground and forced the attacker back a couple of inches.

"What do you hope to accomplish?" he growled.

"Well, for one, I hope that I can take you down," Sara said.

Three more arrows connected to the ground and all of them discharged energy which took the attacker back a couple of feet. The attacker pressed forward.

Iris did her thing and summoned up enough energy. She would have come in hard and fast to take this enemy down. The attacker drew his energy through the air.

The alien attacker reached for the hooded girl. He stopped and sniffed the air. Something else more powerful caught his attention. The alien would have a better snack. An arrow and a blast from a gun caught him in the shoulder. The small amounts of energy he dragged off in the air sustained Prisoner Nineteen just enough to chow down on the main course meal.

"Come to Daddy!" he called.

The speedster flew through the air with an immense amount of energy. She knocked the alien attacker back with a huge punch which caused the attacker to have way too much of a good thing. His skin burned when flying back several feet and landing into the cell.

Agent Danvers rushed over and closed the cell once again trapping the alien in the cell. She took a sigh of relief, as all of the DEO agents on the floor rose to their feet.

"Well, everything worked out well," Iris said.

"Other than the fact that we're a long way from home."

The constant flashes of lightning and swirling energy grew even more immense over Central City. All of the citizens wondered what the hell was happening.

"Where's the Flash?" one of them asked in a panic.

Not one of the citizens had a clear answer to where Central City's favorite hero was. The vortex of light shot through the air and then suddenly, just as it started, the sky cleared up.

Birds chirped, there was not a cloud in the sky, and most certainly not the weird flashes of light. The crowd of people who gathered around Central City, along with Central City's finest, stepped in.
"Iris, where are you?" Joe asked.

Iris mentioned she had to do something, and that was almost two days ago. Two days of constant flashes around Central City, a storm which got even worse, and yet did not do any considerable damage. It was just hovering above their heads on a constant and never ending basis.

A breach of light erupted from the sky and a figure flew to the ground. Barry crashed right at the feet of the CCPD, with Joe front and center. Barry's naked body erupted with some strange energy.

"Barry?" Joe asked.

"He's coming!" Barry screamed.

This was the only word Barry could muster before blacking out completely. The Central City Police Department surrounded the young man. One of them tried to lift Barry up only to be shocked back down.

"Caitlin?" Joe asked.

"Yeah," Caitlin said.

"We found Barry. And no one can touch him without getting shocked or burned or…something. And where the hell is my daughter?"

"We'll figure out Barry, and the other one…we're still working on that one," Caitlin said. "I'm calling someone to try and pick up Barry."

Joe knew what happened in Central City would attract all of the wrong kind of attention. One child severely injured and one child missing, that was one of the worst nightmares for a parent. Even when they were grown adults.

To Be Continued on February 2nd, 2018.
Whole New World Part Two

Chapter One Hundred and Eight: Whole New World Part Two

Sara Lance threw herself directly into her warm up-exercises. She took in a deep breath and extended her arms forward against the wall. The DEO getting the drop on her even in a small way made Sara very determined to push herself. The opportunity to take advantage of the DEO's workout room presented itself and Sara had a chance to do so. She moved across the floor.

A tight black sports bra covered Sara's back and exposed her toned stomach and back. A few scars lined her flesh. Sara closed her eyes. They were all reminders of mistakes she made in the past. She had reminders of mistakes which should not be made under any circumstances in the future.

Sara topped off the outfit by squeezing into a pair of tight black Yoga pants. She moved over the padded blue mats in bare feet. They touched the floor. Sara tested out her muscles by firing some kicks into the air. The first few kicks and how right they felt made Sara feel good. She stretched back and touched the floor with a back bend. Sara moved forward and squatted down several times.

She bent over at the door. A few footsteps came down. Sara looked through her legs for a moment to see who was coming. Alex Danvers, the agent who had been assigned as Sara's minder, while at the DEO stopped. A deep breath could be heard.

Sara had a sixth sense of a person who struggled not to look and yet snuck a couple of looks. Alex took a couple of deep breaths.

"Just stretching," Sara said. "I haven't really begun my workout just yet."

"Good," Alex said.

"Good that I'm stretching or good I haven't started my workout?"

This one was almost too easy. To Alex's credit she recovered from Sara throwing her off quickly. One could almost see a slight smile popping up over Alex's face.

"It's good that you haven't started your workout," Alex said. "Director Henshaw has assigned me to keep an eye on both you and Iris until you can find a way home. Which, you haven't had any luck with, yet."

Sara had been reminded by the fact she did not have any luck returning home. There was a small part of her who wanted to stick around to see what this universe had to offer. Yet, Sara had responsibilities back home. She did wonder how much time passed. Days, weeks, or maybe even seconds, on the other side of the world. Or maybe it was just the same amount of time having passed.

"The DEO is working to try and track the entry point," Alex said. "We can track your way back home."

Alex watched as Sara leaned over. She got a full view down the front of Sara's sports bra. Sara rolled her shoulders and bounced down to the ground. Her tight stomach muscles dilated from her breathing exercises.

"You have someone back home that you want to get back to?" Alex asked
"Yes, many friends, my sister, Laurel, and my wife Nyssa," Sara said.

"Oh, you're married?" Alex asked. "Congratulations on that!"

Her voice grew high and there was almost a key bit of disappointment coming from Alex's voice she tried in vain to hide.

"We're open with what we do with our marriage though," Sara said. "It is the current year after all."

Alex almost snorted at Sara's little quip.

"Do you have any sisters?" Kara asked.

"Kara, she's... well she's my adoptive sister, but I'd do anything for her," Alex said. "She's really excited about her job at CatCo."

"CatCo?" Sara asked.

Alex could have slapped herself for being so dense. Sara was from a different world and therefore she might not have known about CatCo at all.

"Cat Grant, she owns one of the top media companies in the world," Alex explained.

"I see," Sara said. "There's a Cat Grant back home I think, although she's nowhere near as successful as this one."

"Where's Iris anyway?" Alex asked.

Sara spent a couple of minutes stretching against the wall. She was fully aware of Alex following the progress of her stretching body. The girl tried to be subtle. And at the same time, she made what she was doing very much not subtle at all. Sara paused for a minute before looking over to her shoulders at Alex.

"She's trying to find the back door home," Sara said. "Not that we don't like it here. Other than getting shot at by government agents this isn't a bad world at all."

"Well, sorry, but you just fell out of the sky," Alex said. She threw her hands up. "You might have been a potential threat."

"No, we don't bite," Sara said. "Unless you ask really nicely, then maybe I'd be in the mood. Can't really speak for Iris though."

Sara could see her point though. She might have reacted the same way if the situation had been reversed. It threw Sara off how they went back into time. Everything happening since then only added to the problems.

"So, I need a sparring partner," Sara said. "You game?"

Alex broke out into a smile and walked into the center of the room to face her sparring partner. It had been a while since Alex had a good sparring session with someone. She looked forward to seeing what could happen. The two moved against each other. Neither wanted to make the first crucial mistake.

She tried to sweep Sara's feet out from underneath the girl. Sara grabbed Alex and took her down onto the ground. She pulled back from Alex in an instant. The two circled each other and their punches and kicks deflected off of each other. Every attack Alex had, Sara had a counter right in the
Excitement spread through Alex's body. Her adrenaline pumped. Alex grabbed Sara around the arm and tried to push her down to the ground. Sara twisted out of Alex's attack and hyper-extended the arm back behind her head. She pulled back.

"You just have an answer for everything don't you?"

Alex made a mental note that Sara's fighting style resembled that of the Hooded Dragon. She wondered if the two had the same teacher. It would be something to ask later on. Both moved into a grapple until Alex fell down. Sara pinned her down onto the ground. Flesh brushed together before Sara rose up.

Only by some small miracle did Barry Allen get pulled back off of the street and back into Star Labs. He had been put on a chair where he was given a chance to cool off, quite literally and figuratively. He laid on an operating table where Natasha leaned back, looked towards Barry, and then took a glimpse at her notes. She looked back and forth to everything in between. Baffled did not even begin to describe how she felt.

"What the hell just happened?"

Natasha thought she saw some strange and mysterious things before. However, she did not know what the hell just happened here. She was perfectly aware that Joe West also paced back and forth in the next room. His nerves were about shot and to be honest, Natasha could not blame him. Hers were about as shot, if not even more shot. The scientist put her finger up to the side of her face and drew in a deep breath.

"We'll find her."

Caitlin's reassurance came in from the other room. Natasha was very glad Caitlin had the ability to reassure someone in a situation like this. The words just rang pretty much hollow in Natasha's mind. She looked at Barry and then over at the wall and back to Barry.

Then, Natasha took a look at the readings which they drew off of Barry's body. They were similar enough to the readings which Iris's body gave off after being zapped by the speed force. They were also different enough to be a cause of concern.

Yeah, Natasha really had no idea what was going on and the sense of the unknown really was throwing her off in numerous ways.

Joe walked back and forth across the floor. A part of him longed for the days of a more mundane existence of fighting conventional criminals and fighting conventional crimes. They did things mostly by the books and you could predict what they were about to do.

"I really wish…." Joe said. "It's like this entire city was changed alongside the Particle Accelerator."

Caitlin only responded with a nod. She did wish to give Joe more comfort than she did, and perhaps more solace. However, the fact of the matter was the city did in fact change thanks to the Particle Accelerator. Thawne perhaps understood what he was doing, perhaps he did not. All Iris understood was how much Thawne changed everything. In a blink of an eye.

Speaking of which, Natasha moved over past the room and gave Caitlin the latest medical reports.

"Those don't tally up to a normal person," Caitlin said.
Joe could not even begin to understand what was going on here. When Iris got lost in the mall when she was seven, Joe thought that was the most worried he would ever be as a father. Joe had been proven wrong constantly throughout the past year so many times, it was not even funny.

The door opened and Karen Starr stepped in. The storms stopped in Central City. Despite that fact, Karen could not help, but think she just stepped into something.

"Sara took the ring," Karen said. "We might be able to track them, if it still has a signal."

Barry jerked up out of bed which caused everyone to start running towards him in the room. He dug his hands into the side of his face and twitched back and forth on the bed.

"He's coming!" Barry yelled. "The Chosen One better be ready. The entire Speed Force is peril!"

Barry grew suddenly silent after that proclamation. Caitlin and Natasha did not know what to make of it, and obviously, Joe was completely baffled at it. Karen just frowned.

"Something is in his head," Karen said. "And I hate to say it, but that something in his head is not Barry.

Iris returned back her trip around the city. Sara sat on the couch and fiddled with the Legion Ring. The Ring only gave a charge of energy.

"Any luck?"

Iris stepped into the room and shook her head before sitting down on the couch next to Sara. She wished she could announce that there had been some kind of luck. Unfortunately, she was back to square one and it was about as frustrating as one would expect.

"I moved to the park about to the point where we dropped down," Iris said. "Whatever breech we popped in through, it's sealed shut? I don't think we could even go back through it if we really wanted to."

"Would it even have gotten us back home anyway?" Sara asked.

That was a good question to be honest. Iris spent a fair amount of time debating on the ins and outs of various parts of the multi-verse and how they got here and how to get back. She really did need some assistance for something like this. She turned to Sara who kept studying the ring very intently in an attempt to try and get it working. Unfortunately, it was not working for her as well as she would have liked.

"Hopefully, Karen can figure out a way to track us," Sara said. "That might be our best bet."

The news screen which Sara watched saw some grainy footage of a plane crashing. A figure swooped in from underneath the plane and caught it before it smashed hard into the ground. The figure disappeared.

"And we have a new protector in the world, after the apparent end of Superman just two months ago at the hands of the monster only known as Doomsday. We had no idea where this mysterious gift from the stars has come for, but many citizens are very glad she showed up when she did and she saved the day, as the Man of Steel did. Is she any relations to Superman or perhaps just another refugee of Superman's home planet of Krypton? Only time will tell as this Supergirl will come and save the day."
"Supergirl?" Iris asked.

Sara noticed Alex standing in the doorway and watching the television screen. The look of numb shock on her face showed that something on the television screen did not go to her liking. Alex's mouth opened and closed.

"Is there something wrong?" Sara asked.

The DEO agent snapped out of her thoughts. She quickly adopted a much more professional demeanor to her approach.

"I was on that plane," Alex said.

"So you saw Supergirl up close, then?" Iris asked.

Alex nodded wordlessly. She watched the television screen. The only small relief they had was that no one had gotten a close enough look at the heroines face. The footage of the plane crashing had been of very poor quality. Anyone with any sense would thank their lucky stars for that.

"I'm going to have to make a call."

Sara sensed something was brewing in the back of the DEO agent's mind. She returned herself to the task at hand.

"So, Supergirl?"

Iris's statement sounded very casual at best. Sara thought she got something with the Legion Ring.

"Please wait for assistance as the ring gets recharged."

Well at least Sara knew the ring needed to be charged. Karen never mentioned how the ring needed to get charged. The ring could have been damaged for all Sara knew when making the temporal jump. She bit down on her lip and returned to work on the ring, to try and get that charge necessarily to make the jump back in time.

"It's the name that Karen used when she was first starting out as a heroine," Sara said. "Before she upgraded into the entire Superwoman name?"

Iris would have to argue Karen upgraded in more ways than one. Be that as it may, the news offered a bit of an interest and kept Sara's mind off of the very frustrating feeling they were not finding their way home any time soon. She hoped the DEO scientists had better luck than herself and Iris did. For their sake and for the sake of all of the people back home.

And boy, Sara wished she knew what the hell was going on. The new arrival of this Supergirl was a slight diversion, to the many problems.

Alex informed Iris and Sara the DEO scientist wanted to meet them. Henshaw also wanted to have a few words by them. Sara was feeling rather anxious to be honest. She took a look at the Legion Ring and shook her head.

"Damn, I really wish I could find a way to retrace my steps," Sara said.

"I know how you feel," Iris said. "The door's right there. I can feel it. It's just finding it and getting back home, that's a bit of a problem."
The two heroines walked down the hallway of the DEO. They moved in their civilian clothes, which was a lot more inconspicuous than moving around in their uniforms. They moved to the first security check. The entire base had been on high alert after the recent escape of Prisoner Nineteen, and potentially for good reason. The two heroines crossed the barrier deeper into the government base.

"So, what do we know about this world so far?" Iris asked.

Sara paused for a second and decided to recount the information.

"Well, there's no Black Canary on this world. There's no Green Arrow. I don't even know if I exist as me yet. There's a Batman however. And there's also an Oracle, and a couple more familiar faces here that I can see. I'm pretty sure that Themyscira exists even though Diana has not quite gotten around to leaving the island yet. And you're a television news reporter."

"And a white redhead," Iris said neutrally.

The two passed the next security check. Sara kept the ring close to them, just in case Karen was tracking them. She would hopefully find a way to break through the dimensional barriers and find a way back home. It was hope, the only thing they had to cling on.

"Ms. West. Ms. Lance, thank you for coming."

Henshaw was businesslike as usual. Sara watched his movements and something about them seemed…well they seemed like more of a replication of someone, then actually something that someone would do. Perhaps years of hunting for deception made her see things that were not there, but Sara doubted. She paid attention to Henshaw's body language very carefully when stepping into the room.

"Please tell me you have some good news," Sara said.

"Well, I'll let our scientists tell you and you can see for yourself whether or not we have good news or not," Henshaw said. "Doctor Preston."

A sandy haired doctor stepped forward and pointed towards the screen.

"We've retracted to the energy point where you entered our world three days ago," the doctor said. "The breach that brought you from your home dimension had been opened by some cosmic energy wave. The cosmic energy originated from your universe and sent you through the portal to our home dimension."

They already knew this, naturally. Still, they appreciated what he told them, because context would be everything in a situation like this. The second doctor nudged the first doctor.

"But, unfortunately, while we're confidence the breach still exists," the scientist continued while taking a deep breath. He considered a few of options. "All we have to is track down the breach and hope we can find a way to keep it open long enough."

The second scientist jumped in right where the first one left off.

"Unfortunately, there could be a problem. There's no way of telling whether or not the breach will lead you to your home dimension or not. It's an act of faith."

"So, I guess until we find a more stable way home, we're here."

"It would be for the best that you did stay here until we found a way to find a way to open a more
secure breach," Henshaw said. "And the best way of doing that is establishing a link to the other side."

"We don't know how many different versions of Earth they jumped before landing here," Doctor Preston said. "There are many, if not an Infinite amount of Earths. Trying to find a way to jump over them all could end up being a problem."

"My friend should be able to track her ring, at least in theory," Sara said.

She was less confident with the interdimensional disturbances being the way they were. The ring did work now, almost completely. Well, it worked as it time jumped her on this world and only back about two hours. This was the third time Sara had this conversation today after all.

"We're just going to have to work with what we have," Sara said.

"I'm more concerned with what else might come through that breach," Iris said.

It was a concern that many people in the room shared with Iris. There could have been any number of things which popped in through the breach. They just hoped it was not an even bigger threat than Thawne.

Vortexes of black and blue lightning flowed through a field. A figure zipped past and bounced off several glowing orbs. He could not move far and grew more agitated by the moment when trying to burst out of his containment.

"You will pay!"

The loud rattling voice echoed when the monster realized something happened to keep him there. The Speed Force held him in place and trapped him between multiple worlds. The orbs represented the worlds which had been so out of their reach.

The figure zapped against the wall one more time and fell against the ground. He howled in primal agony. The rage flowing through his body grew with even greater prominence. His huge fists battered the side of the prison which contained him. He would find a way out and would find a way to preserve.

A figure dressed in white appeared in the edge of the field, bathed in a glowing light. The trapped speedster made out two soulless black eyes, a wigged grin, and a scraggly beard and hair. His face looked particular demonic and even the sadistic speedster had to be taken about.

The voice spoke low and soft. "Zoom! Slayer of the Speedsters! Arise and face me!"

Zoom rose to his feet before the figure in the shadows.

"I offer you salvation!" the figure in the light bellowed. "All you have to do is take my hand and walk on towards the life, my child."

The eyes of Zoom flared and he tried to make a break for the door. The energy bombarded him back. Zoom growled and sounded more like a wounded animal than any human. His body flared when trying to move back and forth against the light.

"I need the Flash!" Zoom bellowed.

The figure chuckled beside Zoom. Zoom reached to grab the figure only to realize the figure
disappeared into a gust of light.

"Brother Hunter, you need to be more patient. This attitude is not becoming of you. You had so much promise. You have your role to play still, but if you had listened to me in the first place, you would not have been trapped."

"I NEED FLASH!" Zoom bellowed one more time.

The figure showed an immense amount of patience. He dealt with a sadistic child, there was no question about it.

"You must have patience, Hunter Zolomon. You must be prepared to go there. As of right now, your plan is unrefined. You cannot break out because your mind is too chaotic. It is too unfocused, and you, my brother, are too weak!"

Zoom disagreed with vehemence. His entire body shook when trying to find a way out of there.

"You have your role to play in his arrival," the figure in the shadows said. "The master is coming, and you will be one of his strongest heralds."

"I just want the Flash's speed!" Zoom growled. "I want revenge…revenge on all speedsters. I want to destroy every single speedster in the multiverse!"

"And to do so, you must be patient, child," he said. "If you accept my master is yours, you will get much more than the speed of one. You will become a god, feared and ready to strike your horrible vengeance down on the world. Zoom will once more be the name people speak in whispers."

"I will crush them!" Zoom growled.

"Yes, my child, but you must listen to me," he said. "I can release you from the cage that you've been trapped in by the Flash, well a Flash."

The Speed Force became aware of the entity's presence and would correct course.

"Deacon Blackfire," Zoom said.

"Yes, my child," Blackfire said.

"Show me the way," Zoom growled.

"I will show you the door, your path to salvation. You will strike fear into their hearts as you rip all hope out of them. And then, my master will rise once again."

Presently, Deacon Blackfire lingered in the body of Damien Darhk, using it as a vessel to carry out the necessary preparations. Darhk had not been his first choice. He wished to have the League of Assassins at his disposal by taking on the identity of Ra's al Ghul.

"I will open the breach and you will be free! FREE!"

"FREE!"

A blast of lightning came and Zoom dropped in the middle of Central City. He made it to Earth positioned first in the multi-verse chain.

"Flash, there's no where in the Multiverse you can hide from me now! Any of you!"
Zoom gave a demonic hiss before disappearing into blue lightning.

To Be Continued on February 4th, 2018.
Chapter One Hundred and Nine: Never a Moment's Rest

Many areas of Starling City existed purely as a cautionary tale and as a reason why you should not walk out onto the street past darkness. Many people walked into this area of this city. They left their homes to move about their daily life. It could have been something a mundane as going to the corner for a pack of smokes, or maybe to the grocery store. Many of these people barely made enough to keep the power on. They kept their heads down and tried to make an honest living.

Helena Bertinelli stepped against the Graffiti stained walls. A lot of the tags on the wall put in some very derogatory comments to Starling City's current Mayor, Moira Queen. She did a fair amount to help clean up the city. There were many who often felt that she would not do enough.

The Huntress moved over the shadows. She moved into position and could smell something. The very familiar, especially in this part of Starling City, smell of death penetrated Helena's nostrils. She walked through the entrance of the alleyway and made a couple of steps forward.

A gentlemen dressed in rags laid face down on the ground. The Huntress took a couple of steps forward. Did she smell burning flesh? Huntress walked a little bit closer to the downed figure and grabbed the side of his shoulder. She rolled the man over.

A strange triangle style symbol with a slash through it appeared on the man's forehead. The first couple of buttons pulled off of the shirt. A couple more symbols and some slashes came down his body. Several gashes dripped some mostly flesh wounds. Someone crudely carved the symbols into his shoulders and forearms. She followed the trail of blood. It led to a straight line to the wall.

Someone painted in an archway crudely. Two lines came into an modified "X" as well. The symbol caused Helena's nerves to make her feel really chilled. She had a sense that someone was there behind her. Helena could not figure out exactly who it was. There was a sense something was out there however.

'Okay, this is really weird.'

Helena heard something rustle from the alleyway. She held the crossbow out and pointed it from right to left in the distance. Helena's fingers aimed a bit closer to the trigger before pulling back. The feeling of the darkness surrounding her made her just a tiny bit paranoid.

"Huntress?"

Helena spun around and the crossbow aimed towards the figure moving in the shadows. Three figures stood in the shadows. One of them dressed in a dark hood, the other a green hood, and the other a red hood. Cassandra Cain, Artemis Crock, and Thea Queen all walked in.

"Sorry if we scared you," Thea said. "We're dealing with this entire murder. And the fact….""The usual person underneath the hood is gone?" Huntress asked.

"Is that obvious?" Artemis asked.

"Hey, kid, not as much as you think," Huntress said with a soft smile and a pat on Artemis's shoulder. "You do pretty good out there. You've got almost everyone fooled. And if people really
knew, it would be open season."

Artemis answered with a nod. She owed Sara a lot and the Green Arrow needed to be kept alive. Last time Artemis put the Hood on, she was really not ready to go out. Not mature enough, not sharp enough to deal with the pressure of protecting this city. Two years passed, close enough, and Artemis was more than ready enough.

"These symbols are kind of strange," Helena said. "Do any of you know what they mean?"

Thea and Artemis stared at the symbols. They were pretty strange and none of them could make heads or tails with what the symbols meant at all. Cassandra walked into the picture and crouched down. She studied the symbols for a couple of seconds. Something about them seemed familiar.

"You've seen these before, haven't you?"

Cassandra did not answer Helena's question right away. She dropped down to the ground, legs crossed together, and hands on face. Helena regarded the younger girl strangely and was about ready to intervene. Thea grabbed Helena's shoulder.

"Trust me. It's better you don't do anything. Just let her do what she does. Just let her go through the process."

Cassandra hung her head down and started muttering something underneath her breath. The eyes of the young girl snapped open. Thea and Artemis stepped back. One time she snapped out of a trance, she hurled a dagger halfway across the room. Cass did not attack them.

"Father's study," Cass said.

She rarely spoke of her father. David Cain was an unperson as far as they were concerned. He might have been long dead, but the mental scars and physical scars due to his intense training of Cass into the warrior she was still burned deeply into her.

"It means the end of days."

'Not making me feel better,' Helena thought.

Sara Lance slipped on the Green Hood. She stepped out into National City and looked from the right to the left. Sara never liked to spend her nights indoors. She did not have to go far in Starling City to find any crime. The big time-criminals might not be out every night, but there was always some kind of petty drug-dealer or low life causing problems for the innocent people.

'And to think, some people would have taken advantage of the downtime to rest. But, I guess it's an addiction. Or maybe it's a sickness.'

Things were very different in this city then they were in Starling City. Sara spent about an hour on the streets. She moved around and saw nothing. She stood on the rooftop overlooking a giant billboard advertising CatCo. In Sara's world, Cat Grant was pretty much just a gossip columnist for the Daily Planet and had not really moved up beyond that position. Needless to say, she and Sara had met.

This Cat Grant made a little bit more out of her life by the looks of things that the sleazy tabloid columnist in Sara's world. It was an encouraging feeling if Sara had to be honest.

A loud crackling sound made Sara jump straight up in the air. The side of a factory had been blown
open by a small group of armored people. The Green Arrow pulled the hood up and lowered down onto the ground. She could not have been more pleased at the prospect of finally having some action.

"Look at the goods! Come on boys, let's go!"

One arrow caught the attacker in the shoulder. The attacker cringed with the arrow digging into forearm. A trigger happy goon with a gun spun himself around three hundred and sixty-five degrees. The anger flooded through the body of the gangster as he held the gun.

"Come on!" the gangster yelled. "Come on! I'm not scared of you! Come out and face me!"

The Green Arrow nailed the gangster in the hand with another arrow and doubled him over. She flipped into the air and fired a series of three arrows. The bravado of the gangsters returned when she became visible. One of them activated a field around the armor which resulted in the arrows bouncing off of them.

"You're nothing but a chump," the gangster said. "I thought you were the real deal. Thought you were the Dragon…but you're nothing but some kid playing trick or treat."

"You've failed this city!"

The gangsters laughed and one of them hurled a grenade into the air. The Green Arrow flipped three hundred and sixty degrees in the air before sticking a firm landing. The ground underneath her rattled and forced the archer to try and adjust her footing.

"Let's beat it. We've got what we've come for."

One criminal out in the front stepped and screamed in horror. A purely demonic flash of fire appeared in front of the gangster in the front. The gangster's hands shook.

The progress of a flaming arrow came from the figure dressed in black. Said figured moved almost two fast and almost too swift for Sara's liking. She dressed in a black hood made of dragon skin. The arrows burned through the armor and knocked them down onto the ground.

This hooded archer moved with almost supernatural fever and took out the sniper. He had to throw his vest off before it exploded. The Green Arrow knocked the second sniper off of the roof. The sniper only staggered back until the Dragon bombarded an arrow into the stomach of the sniper.

Seconds passed when the Green Arrow came face to face with this other hooded figure. Seconds passed when both of them locked eyes with each other.

"Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery," a modulated voice from underneath the hood said. "But, it's dangerous for an amateur to fight out there."

The Green Arrow locked her eyes on the Hooded Dragon. She took great offense at being referred to as an amateur. It just was not an accurate assessment of the situation. Three arrows flashed in front of her face. They were so fast that Sara did not even get a hint they were drawn. She flipped out of the way and the arrows impaled into the wall next to them.

"This is your only warning. Stay out of my city!"

A flaming arrow impacted Sara's hood and caused it to catch on fire. She had to lose the hood, throwing it to the ground and stomping on it.

Her hood top had been damaged slightly. Sara looked up to see where the attacker had gone only to
see that she disappeared into the night and in a blink of an eye.

There had been more questions than Sara cared to ask and not enough answers to make her feel comfortable. She doubted this attacker would even be found if Sara chased her down.

Some very unsettling news reached the people of Starling City slowly. Several had been attacked and these strange symbols carved up over the city. There had been weird figures moving about in the city and no one quite knew what they were up to. All anyone knew was that whatever they were up to, it was not anything good.

Felicity buried herself into the research to try and find something, anything. She pushed the ear piece in and waited for Barbara to come on through on the other end.

"Yeah," Barbara said. "I know this is a shock, but I've run into some of the similar attacks in Gotham City."

The attacks were cropping up everywhere. Felicity wondered what could be causing them. The information she had on the symbols were imprecise.

"Some of them are based off of passages in the Book of Blackfire," Barbara said.

Felicity recalled Sara mentioning the problems she had in Gotham City. The Urn of Blackfire was the object that both HIVE and the League of Assassins were after. Joseph Blackfire existed as a cult leader during the seventies and eighties causing a reign of terror to exist for the people of Gotham City. Felicity eased back in her chair and dropped down onto it.

"Do you think…do you think something might have happened after Thawne grabbed the urn?"

Thawne, that reminded Felicity that Sara did not find her way back yet. Were Iris and Sara trapped in time, not able to find their way back? Were they…no, Felicity was not going to even think about it. The thought of them being gone was just too more for anyone to bare right now.

"Well, they were more vocal before then," Barbara said. "Especially considering his son…well the man who claims to be his son anyway. And he hasn't been seen since his little battle with the Joker."

That name, well Felicity never met him, but it caused shivers to go down her spine. The man who laughed never did anything she found particularly funny to be honest. Felicity was glad that was a Gotham City problem and she was safe in Starling City.

They waited for more bodies to pop up and hopefully more of those bodies would give them a sign that something was happening. A very edgy Felicity rose to her feet and prepped herself a cup of coffee.

'Got to calm down, got to relax,' Felicity thought.

Those were statements which resulted in a never-ending mantra in Felicity's head. If she had lost her mind, it would be very frustrating to be perfectly honest. Felicity pushed her hair back and gave a very deep sigh. The sighs just increased with Felicity spending the next few minutes trying to calm herself down and not lose all sense.

'Okay, that's not calming down."

The clocktower opened up and Felicity noticed Laurel popping her way in. Mari McCabe, better known as Vixen, stepped in a few feet behind Laurel. Both women wore those expressions that
caused Felicity to frown.

"There's not any good news, is there?" Felicity asked.

"I've heard of the attacks from Starling City and in Gotham City," Mari said. "There have been attacks all over, and there were some in Detroit."

The cult spread like many cults did. It started up in one place then the followers grew. These murders had to have been done with some kind of ritual in mind. Exactly what that was, Felicity really did not have the slightest clue. She never really felt comfortable diving down the particular rabbit hole of cult murders.

"I tracked the murderer all the way from Detroit here," Mari said. "Where's….the Green Arrow?"

"Well, she's still out there every night contrary to rumors," Felicity said.

Mari put her hands on her hips and took a couple of steps towards Felicity. Felicity looked up just in time to see the very intimidating woman staring down at her. A sense of dryness entered Felicity's mouth.

"Okay, let me try that again. Where's Sara?"

"She's…she's off somewhere," Felicity said. "It's actually a very long story."

"It is," Laurel said. "We're going to have to be more than enough to deal with it until she gets home."

Laurel refused to even entertain the notion as plausible as it might be that Sara would not find her way home. No, her sister would find her way home. She was a strong woman who refused to give up no matter how hard things were. And things could be pretty could be pretty hard.

'Stay safe,' Laurel said.

"The Cult of Blackfire rising again isn't encouraging at all," Laurel said.

"Yeah, Cassandra said these symbols are the harbinger to the end of days," Felicity said. "I wonder if we can get our contact from ARGUS in on this…but I guess Lyla is too busy pulling strings to use ARGUS's resources to find a way to track Iris and Sara."

That might have been out of ARGUS's capabilities, but Felicity had to give Lyla the effort of expanding effort in doing so.

"We're going to have to find this man and put him down," Mari said.

"That's the thing about evil cults. You take down one of the zealots, and two more spring up in their place."

Mari, Laurel, and Felicity turned around just in time to see Artemis step in through the elevator and make her way towards them.

"Homeless and Runaways are being targeted," Artemis said. "They're soft targets because they are people who won't be reported missing…mostly because they're already missing."

'Or no one cares,' Artemis thought.

"We're going to have to find one of them and force some information out of them," Mari said.
"The Huntress is already doing that," Artemis said. "When she finds something, she'll know when to call us."

All they had to do is play the waiting game as dangerous as it was. Mari and Laurel stepped back out. They were not two people to sit idle, especially when dangerous criminals were out and about. Artemis pulled her hood back up and followed them out of the door.

This left Felicity alone with her coffee once more to relay any news to the heroes as it came, whether it be any progress on finding Sara and Iris, or any more cult murders.

Alex Danvers experienced the rigors of a very long and stressful night. The cannons some gang members in National City used were not Earth based weapons. The closer of a look she took at them, the more she realized they were some kind of alien technology. This lead Alex to a long night of paperwork and some good old fashioned investigative work as she tried to get the bottom of the case.

A case which still taunted Alex more than it should have. She was no close to acquiring any information on the cannon and who was behind it now then she was earlier. Every single attempt to get her hands on any information made her run into a dead end.

She was very tired, and still met Sara as promised outside of the front entrance of the CatCo main headquarters.

"Long night?" Sara asked.

Alex answered with a very labored sigh and responded with a swift nod towards Sara. "Trust me you have no idea and that's a nasty burn you got."

Sara just responded with a simple shrug and turned her head off to the side.

"I got it when I was out and about," Sara said. "That's a long story…well not long…someone shot a flaming arrow at my hood."

A very disapproving look filled over Alex's face.

"I thought you might be the second hood," Alex said. "And you ran into her….didn't you?"

The two entered the elevator where they would be seeing Alex's sister, Kara. Who hopefully was able to get out of work. Cat Grant did push Kara to be her very best and Alex could not believe her sister could handle Cat's almost insane demands in the way she gave them. Alex recalled hearing that Cat's last three personal assistants before Kara quit in tears and some of them swore that Cat Grant could not be pleased.

Kara preserved, often times with a small on their face.

"And I'm telling you, what you're asking of me won't get done because the servers are not strong enough."

"Well, can't you make them stronger? I'm not paying you to tell you what can't be done."

Sara caught glimpse of a very attractive brunette with a startling set of green eyes from the other end of the window. She spoke with patience and relayed some technical specifications, some of which Sara understood, but much of it, she didn't.

"Things were a lot simpler back before we had to deal with tech people," Cat said. "I think you're
"Well, to be fair, I'm working well worth my paygrade," the girl said.

Alex half-cringed and half-smiled at the statement coming from the woman in question.

"You know something….I'll talk to the other members of the department. Maybe they have a way to get around this little problem of our servers crashing."

"Well, you've blown up since Supergirl showed up," she said. "Speaking of which, what uninspired person thought Supergirl was a good name?"

"Uninspired? I think you don't know what you're talking about. And for your information, Alice, it was my idea, and I've branded Supergirl, and put her in the public eye. And not a moment too soon because after Doomsday, the world needs a rallying force to surround. And Supergirl reminds them of Superman…rest his soul…and she's also a rallying point for young people, to give them a little hope, and maybe inspire them to do something more with their life."

"Well, I wouldn't have gone with Supergirl," she said.

"Well, that's why you're working for me…""

"Freelance, remember?" the girl asked.

"Fine…I'll let you know about your proposal once I asked around…now you're taking up precious oxygen, so get out of my office!"

The very frustrated voice of Cat Grant came up and the girl walked out of the obvious. Another girl, with dark-blonde hair, glasses, and a very conservative and bland dress stepped up. Sara caught sight of her.

"Hey, Alex!" the girl called.

The girl moved in and wrapped Alex up in a hug. Sara waited back in the office with a smile on her face.

"This is Sara, she's…she's a colleague of mine from out of town," Alex said. "Way out of town….Sara, this is my sister, Kara."

"Nice to meet you," Sara said.

"Yeah, you too," Kara said.

Sara mentally lightened the hair, shortened it, added a few inches to her height, inflated the cup size, and yep, she was a dead ringer for Karen alright. Slightly younger than she as well, but still, the point stood very clear.

"You got on Cat's nerves again, didn't you?" Kara asked.

The girl who had the spirited discussion with Cat made her way into the lobby.

"Yes, fifth time this week," she confirmed. "Cat would like to let me go, but she knows the entire IT department would collapse without me. No one is willing to put up with her demands…guess we're in the same boat, aren't we?"

Sara noticed the confidence and also the green eyes. Something about the demeanor of this girl was
"Hello, Alexandra," the girl said.

"Hailey," she said. "Nice to see you again."

Boy could Sara cut the tension with the knife. What the hell happened between those two which caused such strife. The two shook hands almost for Kara's sake. Both gripped each other's hands firmly and pulled away from each other.

"This is my girlfriend, Hailey Evans," Kara said.

"Everyone calls me Alia," the girl said. "Except for Catherine, who insists on calling me Alice. It's one of these things that you learn to let go."

Sara just smiled and Alia moved in to shake her hand. She eyed the burn mark.

"That's a nasty little ding you got there, love," Alia said. "Maybe you should get that checked out?"

"Fine," Sara said. "It's nothing…it doesn't even hurt, and it will go away."

"Fair enough," Alia said.

"So, Kara, do you want to head out for a bite to eat?" Alex asked.

"Actually, sorry, I made plans to go out with Alia," Kara said.

The expression on Alex's face was a bit maddening. Ever since Kara started to date Alia, they had been spending a lot of time together, and Alex and Kara had been spending less time together. That wasn't the only reason why Alex had a lot of discomfort around Alia, but she did feel kind of abandoned by her younger sister and best friend. And Kara wasn't aware she did it, because Alex did not want to cause strife with her by airing her grievances. And it would cause friction with Alex's mother, who did like Alia, and approved of their relationship.

"You and me, we can go out tomorrow if you aren't too busy," Kara said.

"Oh we...."

Alia's watch started to beep. She lifted it up and frowned before putting it down.

"Something's come up," Alia said. "Guess you can go out the two of you....or is it the three of you?"

"Actually, I've got to get going myself," Sara said. "It was a nice meeting you, Kara, and you too as well, Alia."

Something about Alia seemed very odd, just the way she reacted to Sara, especially when she saw the burn mark. Perhaps Sara was putting two and two together and getting five, but she doubted it.

Vixen and Black Canary moved out onto the streets of Starling City to hunt down the criminal which Vixen chased all the way to Starling City. They had been joined by Huntress.

A loud scream echoed from the alleyway. Vixen, Black Canary, and Huntress walked to see the robed figures standing over a woman of ill-repute.

"You will be absolved of all of your sins in death!"
The Prostitute screamed in horror. The Huntress moved in and fired an arrow into the hand of the man in question. The man turned around and hurled a knife at them. They moved out of the way, with Black Canary grabbing him and flipping him down to the ground.

Huntress helped the terrified prostitute to her feet and she ran off in the other direction as fast as her legs could carry her.

"What are you up to?" Vixen demanded.

"You can't stop it from coming!" the cult follower yelled. "The Genesis is coming and none of you can stop it."

"The Genesis?" Felicity asked through the ear piece. "I always knew Phil Collins was secretly the root of all evil."

"All will be purged. The obsolete will perish. The power will be great. All those who are out of touch, all of those who do not follow, will be deleted. Ree-tree-bute-shun will be at hand. It will be delightful!"

The cult leader laughed and Laurel stepped back.

"Mathias Blackfire."

"Oh yes!" the old man yelled. "The seven deities have given me a vision and in that vision the world will burn before the Genesis will bring about a great force. The Arch Demon is coming, and you will all meet your final end. Heroes will fall, blood will rain, and the great war will come! You cannot stop him. You cannot stop the coming of Trigon!"

The man's eyes rolled back as black mist came out of his nostrils and disappeared into the air.

"He's dead," Huntress said.

Black Canary shook her head. "The vessel is, but he's not."

Something very supernatural happened and the end goal was to bring back a terrible and ancient evil to enslave all of humanity. They needed to find out more about Genesis and stop it.

To Be Continued on 2/6/2018.
Chapter 110

Chapter One Hundred and Ten: Along Came a Supergirl

The trip to the new world caused Sara as many questions. Sara had been relaxed and at the same time very tense. She hoped to find a way home. Sara had no idea what happened at home. She had even fewer ideas of how much time had passed since she had been home.

The mysterious hooded attacker weighed on Sara's mind. It weighed on her mind so much that Iris's arrival barely registered until a hand slapped on Sara's shoulder. Sara turned around to catch a glimpse of the speedster who responded with a frown.

"You alright?" Iris asked. "No offense, but you're kind of more alert normally. I think there's something off."

Sara nodded. There were a lot of things which were off. The Legion Ring did not get them any closer to getting home. Coupled by the other mysteries and Sara was looking for a long time where she tried to piece together things which could not be pieced together.

"You haven't found anything, have you?" Sara asked.

Iris did not hear any desperation in her voice. Yet, the situation would have obviously called for some level of desperation. Sara leaned against the bottom of one of the billboards.

"No, I haven't found anything," Iris said. "The DEO is working to retracing our steps. The best hope is that someone back home can send a signal back to us to give us a good idea how many Earths we'll be able to cross."

One thought crossed over Sara's mind. "Is there any way that your team could track you? Didn't you mention Natasha could track your movements through that suit of yours?"

"Yeah," Iris concluded with a smile. "But, there's a problem, isn't there? They are going to have to track me through multiple universes. And that's a really big problem."

Sara would have to conclude they had a couple of really big problems. The biggest problem had been the lack of a functioning Legion ring. She was pretty sure there was some trick Sara missed. Sara did not want to tamper with it too much because it was silence.

It would be a lot easier once she figured out how to get them off of this planet. Until that happened, Sara had been stuck without anywhere to go. Sara supposed it was best to head back to the DEO, after Kara's girlfriend gave Sara the slip. She was pretty crafty.

A more paranoid person would think that she knew Sara was following her and had a little bit fun before disappearing. Sara almost would have been amused by it as well if there were not a couple of very frustrating things that were bothering her something fierce.

A loud explosion echoed from the distance which jarred for Sara and Iris. The sounds of sirens and the sound of screams filled the air. Iris turned her attention back towards Sara.

"Hold on tight, I'll be back in a flash."

Iris zoomed off as fast as her legs could take her and left Sara in the dust. Sara was not going to lie,
she really hated when her friend just ran off like that without any courtesy.

The Fastest Woman Alive switched into her attire. A large creature made completely of granite stormed into the picture. Iris doubled back to look up at him. The creature rumbled towards her with a loud growl and a fist which rose completely up in the air.

"Okay, you're not going to win any beauty contests."

Flash nailed the creature with the full force. The creature bounced Iris down off of the ground. She crumpled back like a piece of paper.

"I'm here to challenge Earth's champion!" the granite man bellowed. "Where is she? WHERE IS SUPERGIRL? WHERE IS SUPERGIRL!"

The thunderous growls coming from this man echoed in every single direction. The Green Arrow dropped down behind the man of granite and pulled back her bow. The arrow shot out and connected to the back of the man. The arrow bounced off of him. Sara repelled two more arrows at the attacker.

No effect, none at all, and the bus the Green Arrow stood on top of flipped over. She flipped down onto the ground. The creature moved forward and gave a hideous growl. His teeth gnashed together when approaching the battle.

Green Arrow and Flash both looked up in the sky. A figure dressed a red skirt, dark blue top, with a red "S" etched upon it and fluttering cape came through the air. It was Supergirl and she was here to save the day. She dropped down onto the ground.

"Get out of here!" Supergirl yelled.

The large alien raised his hand and shot three burning rocks at Supergirl. She caught them all in hand and crushed them into dust. The Girl of Steel flipped up into the air and nailed the monster hard. The monster staggered back with Supergirl dropping down onto her feet.

The progress of both the Flash and The Green Arrow followed the battle. The large man made of granite reared back his hand and Supergirl zipped out of the way. The Girl of Steel jumped up into the air and crashed down onto the head of the creature.

Flash played her part in getting the civilians out of harm's way. It was something she was so used to that it could be done often and many times, she could do it in her sleep.

"Lure them over here!" a voice yelled.

Supergirl smashed as hard into the rock hard abs of the man. She caught him with numerous punches and kicks before sending him into the weighting grasp of the DEO. A cage surrounded the creature who gave a bellow. He slammed himself into the cage.

"You'll pay! There will be others like me!"

"Yeah, I've heard that one before," Supergirl said. "You just sit down and think about what you've done."

The alien roared in anger and slammed himself across the cage. One could tell by his demeanor he did not appreciate being treated like a glorified child. He kept pushing and slamming against the cage to rattle it.
Alex looked at the alien. To her, it was just another escapee from Fort Roz trying to cause a public nuisance. The fact he attacked Kara put Alex on edge. Alex put a gun on the edge of the cage and pointed it at the alien. The grey-skinned alien just snarled at the human and her little weapon.

"Do you really think that's going to intimidate me?" he asked in a very harsh tone of voice.

"Who sent you?" Alex asked.

The sadistic alien brought out into a fit of laughter. The members of the DEO looked in for Hank Henshaw to step in. He peered at the alien for ten seconds. Said alien broke out into a wicked grin.

"She sent me along. There will be others coming along. They all want Supergirl's attention."

"Look," the Green Arrow said. "He's holding onto that stone."

The cage cell door opened just enough for them to grab onto the stone. The stone slipped into the hand of the DEO. Henshaw took it in his hand and studied it with a frown appearing on his face. What he saw did not seem to appease the gentleman.

Supergirl's eyes widened and her mouth hung open. No words came out of the mouth of the Girl of Steel when looking at the stone. She could see her sister react.

"Great Rao…that can't be…it's impossible," she said. "But, I know what I see, and it's something…."

"What do you see?" Sara asked.

Supergirl had only just barely acknowledge the presence of the Girl of the Green Hood. She turned around and saw straight past the hood with her X-Ray vision at the face of the girl she met earlier. Sara Lance, well that was interesting. Although it did make sense, with Alex's mysterious colleague coming into town the minute the mysterious archer in the Green Hood

"It's a communication stone created to send messages between members of the Kandorian Army," Kara said. "It was created by my aunt."

The look Kara cast across the room towards Alex showed the story.

"Are you hiding something from me?" Kara asked. "Did you know about the escapees from the Phantom Zone? Did you know that my aunt…."

"We weren't sure," Alex said. "We didn't want to jump to conclusions. And we still don't know why they waited so long."

To be perfectly honest, Kara thought that was a pretty good question herself. Why did they wait so long? There were a lot of questions in Kara's mind and not a lot of answers.

"It's Astra," Kara said. "She's still out there. She's alive."

"We don't know that for sure."

Alex tried to appease her younger sister with these words of encouragement. Kara appreciated Alex's attempt to make her feel better even though they fell upon deaf ears. She knew it was Astra for sure to be very honest. Why did Astra not come and seek her out?

The Phantom Zone changed people. Most of them were hardened criminals when they were sent there. Kara did not think her aunt deserved to be in the Phantom Zone. The Council disagreed. Kara
did not have that much time to reconcile what happened to Astra due to the impeding destruction of Krypton.

Sara stood in the background as a third-party observer to some kind of very frustrating family drama. She had no idea what to make of a lot of what was going on around her. She did recall something Karen told her a long time ago. People who went in the Phantom Zone did not come out the same. While she could not say this Phantom Zone and that Phantom Zone were one in the same the look on Kara's face told the story.

"You really should have stood back and waited for back up," Alex said.

"No one did hurt and I had back up," Kara said.

She popped her head over to the corner to lock eyes onto the Flash and the Green Arrow.

"They will hurt you because of who you are and who your cousin is," Alex said.

"I can take care of myself," Kara insisted.

Sara really thought she should not be witness to this discussion. She figured it would have been just as uncomfortable when she and Laurel got into a point of contention for the people around them.

"We live in a world without a Superman," Kara said. "Maybe that's why we need a Supergirl so bad."

Most of time people argued no news could be very good news. This time, Felicity Smoak could say without a shadow of a doubt no news could be the worst news. She looked out into Starling City. The city around her had gone very silent after Mathias Blackfire's encounter with the Birds of Prey. On the front of Sara and Iris, there was nothing on that end.

Felicity hoped to check in with her friends at Star Labs. They had their own problems with some mysterious speed entity pulling a grand theft human on Barry. Still, they were on top of the situation about as much as anyone could be. Felicity dialed up Star Labs and waited for the tell-tale ringing.

She almost worried something happened.

"Hello?" Caitlin asked. "Felicity are you there?"

"Yeah, it's me again," Felicity said. "I know you're having the same really awful last couple of days. But, I figure you would have some progress and maybe some good news."

The sudden hitching of breath and the hesitation to say anything of relevant were two signs the conversation was not going to go in the direction Felicity hoped it might. She held onto the side of her head and prepared for the ride, whatever it might be.

"We found two bodies in Central City park with carvings in them. And yes, we did a comparison and they're the same bodies that are popping up in Starling City and Gotham City and Metropolis and Detroit and…""

"That's the opposite of good news."

Felicity did not mean to sound too blunt and clipped and to the point. It was just the way her words came out.

"It's still very informative though, I'm not going to lie," Felicity said. "Is there any luck on the
tracking the alien ring with future tech front?"

"Sadly, no."

Felicity almost jumped about ten feet in the air when Karen dropped down behind her. It was amazing how she just suddenly popped into the tower. Karen just grinned and approached Felicity. She poured both of them a cup of coffee before sitting down. The glimpse gave Felicity a nice view down Karen's top which was just a tiny bit distracted.

"Did I startle you?"

A clearing of her throat brought Felicity's gaze direction up towards Karen's eyes. She would have been lying if there had not been a distraction.

"A little bit," Felicity said. "So, what's been going on with you...hang on a second?"

"Is everything alright there?" Caitlin repeated herself. "You kind of jumped and screamed and...well you never know. I know the Tower has been fortified."

Felicity understood how Caitlin felt concerned. She would have to do everything necessary to alleviate concern so they could be on the same page.

"Karen just stopped by to give me a status update on the Legion Ring," Felicity said. "Let me know anything that's going on in Central City. And I'll pass on the other two bodies to Laurel and Helena...even though they can't get over to Central City right away, it's valuable information for them to know."

"Thanks," Caitlin said. "And I wish I could tell you more. There is a lot of weird energy in the air, but I'm not sure what it could mean. It might not mean anything."

Felicity disagreed. She thought it meant a whole lot.

"And Barry's still running around, and he really has barely said two words the entire time he was here," Caitlin said. "He might be the key to bringing him back. It's just...he's not playing ball right now. And the one person who could talk some sense into him and get through to him is the one that's missing."

'Ooh, yes, that's a hell of a pickle,' Felicity thought. 'You need Barry to bring Iris and Sara home, and you need Iris to get through her thick friend's skull. Obviously, we're dealing with the ultimate Catch-22 style thing.'

"Yeah, Barry could help," Karen said. "In the meantime, I'm trying to develop tracking technology. There's just one small problem."

Felicity could only begin to imagine what their small problem was. She would hazard a guess it was actually a much bigger one than Karen was letting on given the run of bad luck they've run into as of late. Felicity opened her ears to it.

"I'm trying to develop a tracker with technology from the twenty-first century to track something from the thirty-first century. I'm sure you could imagine about how much luck I'm having."

Felicity simply whistled. She did not need to imagine because the thought just popped into her mind. It was not necessarily good luck.

"I'll keep you posted."
"Right," Felicity said. She slipped her ear piece in. "Hey, Laurel. Caitlin just called in that they found two more bodies. The cultists showed up in Central City."

Laurel sighed and gave her pained response.

"Thanks, Felicity."

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Twelve years it took to recover enough to begin her plans. Astra had been very ravaged after coming out of the Phantom Zone along with the other prisoners. Some did not make the trip. Others had been captured. Astra took the very best of the best and gave them the promise of a brand new Earth.

Non-Kryptonians could be used as muscle to do the most dangerous tasks. The prisoners Astra chose favored a more brutish and less sophisticated approach. They were the type who answered with blunt force. These types still served a purpose for as crude as that purpose was.

The next step of her plan was going to take place very soon. Astra's thoughts drifted over towards her niece. She would have very much wanted Kara to be on her side. Astra knew that Kara's curiosity would be grabbed by the message which had been grabbed.

Astra stepped into the room where several of her soldiers were busy working and others waited for orders. They all faltered without a whole lot of guidance which was unfortunate, but at the same time, very predictable. Astra's gaze fell across the room.

Everything gone much too silent for her liking, and it was not really something that Astra liked. The lights above them flickered.

She worried not about the DEO all that much. They could be ready for a fight. Astra had her fair share of encounters with overprotective government agencies during their time. They were all the same, ultimately and completely worthless in the end.

Another flicker of light and Astra looked up. At least two of the soldiers noticed something. A second passed before both of the arrows fired through and smacked them both in the chest to knock them over.

A figure dressed in a dark hood with arrows over her back dropped to the ground. The quiver over her back was just for show. A blast of fire appeared in the air and caught one of the Kryptonians in the chest. The Kryptonian doubled over from the impact.

Several more of the soldiers doubled over from a concentrated attack on the part of the Dragon. They all had no defense. Astra did not see them as dead. Killing them would prove no point and serve even less purpose as of right now. Still, the Hooded Dragon did make her point when going in and dropping down all of her enemies.

Non stepped into the picture. The Dragon stopped and turned her attention to Astra. Astra just nodded in acknowledgement of her presence.

"They were sloppy," Astra said. "They should have seen the attack coming."

"Good help is hard to find these days," the Dragon answered.

Astra nodded. Non, the man Astra had been married to, opened his mouth for a moment.

"What's the meaning of this?" Non asked. "What are you doing….."
The Dragon flashed behind Non, and nailed him in the back of the shoulder. Non dropped down onto the ground agonized from the force of the blow. The individual dropped to his hands and knees, blood pouring out of the side of his mouth.

"Get control of your beard next time."

She healed Non and allowed him up. Non staggered for a few seconds and glared the woman in front of him flush on in the eye.

"Without your powers, you'd be nothing," Non said.

"And without the yellow son, you'd be nothing other than a grunt with a couple of specialized skills. Funny how that works."

Astra stared across the room at Non. Non hunched over and moved out of the room to check on the troops on the other level. Even after leaving, the Dragon's gaze followed him and put him into a bit of an uneasy feeling. A smile pressed underneath that hood.

"He should learn to quit when he's ahead," Astra said. "He's good for organizing the army when I'm not around. And he does well enough to follow my plans."

"You've got him well trained," the Dragon said. "I can't say that I trust him completely though. And he was the one who got my sister sent to the Phantom Zone to cover his own skin. And she's still there."

"I know," Astra said. "Once we gain control of Earth, we'll find a way to bring her back. But….maybe I should warn you, Indigo has her own plans."

A stiff tone came from the Dragon. "Yes, I'm aware of that."

"I've been discreet," Astra continued. "But, she's always one step ahead. Given the amount of data Indigo has amassed I'm certain she's making her own plans to achieve her goals. We should remain ready for her as well as whatever the people of Earth. And Kara….

"Leave Kara to me," The Dragon said. "I think she'll understand what we're doing."

"And what of your plans with the League?"

A few seconds passed and the Dragon's eyes flashed underneath the hood. She looked very pleased. "I've gotten help from the Canary in acquiring control of the League. Also, the Daughters of the Demon were all too willing to stab their father in the back after I offered more. After I offered them more. So, I have my resources, and mine….are far more wide spread than a rag tag army of convicts and rogue soldiers."

Astra could not necessarily argue with these words coming from the woman in front of her.

"So, tell your army that they better not step on my plans again," the Dragon said. "While I respect you, I refuse to respect them anymore. And if they step one toe out of line, we really will find out if Non still has a spine or not."

Astra answered with a very respectful flinch at the very obvious threat directed at her husband. She looked the Dragon in the eye.

"So, Alia Dru-Zod, what's the next step of your plan?"
Alex paced back and forth. The news reaching them today had been frustrating in more ways than one. Sara kept following her progress with a frown on her face.

"Would it help to ask you to try and calm down?" Sara asked. "Because no offense, you're pretty riled up right now."

"Sorry, it's just there's a lot on my mine," Alex said. "I know I shouldn't burden you because...well you need to get home. I'm pretty sure you and Iris have your own problems back home to deal with."

Sara would have been more worried if Starling City had not been left in such good hands. She trusted Laurel, Thea, Artemis, Cass, and others, would hold down the fort. Central City, well they had a pretty good police department who was getting used to dealing with the unique threats the city offered. And Starling City did as well, although her father even admitted that the Green Arrow made life a whole of a hell lot easier.

"It's just...well, Kara and I have been kind of detached, and her dating life, it really threw me for a loop. It's not the fact she's into girls, it's the type of girls that she's into, that's really bothering me for some reason. And maybe it's just because my dating life has sucked a lot, that I haven't been able to get anything done, and I've been having such a hard time...and...."

"Maybe you're just upset that Kara's come to terms with how she feels, and you haven't."

Alex took a few seconds to stop. Sara's words nailed her with a blunt force.

"I can tell," Sara said. "I was confused like you at one time. It was a dark time in my life, and I was angry about anything around me. But I found someone...and life was a lot better. And if you're hiding your own feelings, that's not healthy."

"Are you trying to say....."

"Mmm, hmm," Sara said.

"No, no, no, it's not that, really," Alex said. "Alia just seems...well too intense for Kara...and dangerous, I don't want her to get her heart broken if something happens."

"And denial isn't healthy for you," Sara said.

Sara rose up to her feet, grabbed Alex's arm, and pulled her into a kiss. Alex's eyes widened in surprise with Sara pushing her tongue inside of the other girl's mouth. It lasted about ten seconds before Sara pulled away from the shell-shocked woman next to her.

"This...this is a mistake," Alex said.

"If you think this is a mistake, we can both walk back from this now. If not...well the next move's on you."

Alex threw her arms around Sara after a moment's pause and was the one who kissed her. She pulled the underside of Sara's shirt up over her head. She was sick of holding back and also very frustrated. Sara's hands roamed all over her body, and caused Alex to moan in pleasure.

Sara had Alex's pants off very quickly. It was obvious this was a skill which was long since practiced from the stunning blonde. Alex's thong panties covered her dripping sex.

"Oh, you're obviously pent up," Sara said. "Poor thing, you're soaked...too much time in the office
and neglecting your needs."

Sara pulled Alex's thong back. The inexperienced brunette caved into Sara's soft touches. The fingers of the talented woman brought the DEO agent to more pleasure than ever. Her nipples stuck out from the other side of her top. Sara pulled the rest of her top off leaving Alex's supple breasts in a bra.

The eagerness of which Alex clamped around Sara's fingers made the stunning blonde feel very good about herself. She delved deep into Alex and rocked her with an intense amount of finger-fucking. Alex's eyes glazed over the deeper Sara drove her digits inside of her. One, two, three fingers, all of them working in succession, and pumping their way into her.

"I have to taste this pussy."

Sara licked Alex's dripping slit, which caused her to feel a rush of lust going through her. Her toes curled. Alex wanted more and Sara gave her more. The lovely pussy sucking continued before Sara pushed Alex back onto the bed. She gave a gasp of surprise.

The next move found Sara on top of the bed and perched, ready to go. Her lips met with Alex's in a very sensual kiss. Alex's tongue pushed into Sara's mouth. The tongues of both women batted together. Sara kissed the side of Alex's face and moved in to get her neck.

Sara left no spot of Alex's body unneglected. She kissed Alex's neck, the valley of her cleavage, down her stomach, and down to her thighs, before giving a brief lick to the edge of her pussy.

"TOO MUCH!" Alex cried.

"If it's too much, I can stop," Sara teased.

Alex fired one of the most stern looks possible at her lover. "Fuck know."

Sara pulled off her pants and dropped them down to the ground. Alex rose up on the bed and noticed Sara's perfect ass in a thong. She always appreciated the view of women leaving, even though Alex had been in denial the reasons why. And Sara had such a perfect, fuckable, squeezable ass.

"Grab it," Sara ordered Alex.

Alex did not need to be told twice to reach out and grab Sara's ass. She squeezed it and moved in to worship the perfect work of art. A daring smile crossed over Alex's face. She pulled down Sara's thong and pushed her tongue into Sara's asshole. Years of repression came out in one movement, as Alex tongued the hell out of Sara's asshole.

"Oh, that's fucking good!" Sara yelled. "Keep licking me."

The older Danvers sister buried her face in between Sara's cheeks. Her hands clutched Sara's ample ass and gave it a squeeze before spanking it a little bit. Sara rubbed her ass into Alex's face. She went down onto Sara's ass and also tentatively rubbed on her pussy slit with her finger.

"Oh, you're good for some fun?" Sara asked. "That's right, show me how much you fucking love worshipping female ass!"

Alex did enjoy Sara's warm ass rubbing into her face. She grabbed the cheeks and gave Sara a playful smack on the rear while licking it. Sara's cunt clutched around the fingers of Alex's probing hand. She pushed deeper in out until they were soaked.
The beautiful brunette came back and Sara now were on top of her.

"Too bad I didn't come completely prepared," Sara said. "Arrows aren't the only thing that I have a collection of, you know."

Sara still could have some fun with Alex even without her high tech sex toys. It was a shame Alex would not take a dildo up her firm ass.

'Maybe next time.'

Sara kissed Alex and their breasts pressed together. Her warm pussy engulfed over the top of Alex's. Alex spread her legs to take Sara's pussy grinding on top of hers. It was an amazing feeling to put things bluntly. She could hardly even breath the more Sara engulfed Alex's tongue against hers. The two women exchanged a very passionate kiss with Sara pulling back from Alex.

They shifted into a sixty-nine position and tasted each other's wet pussy. Sara was more adept at the art of oral pleasure even though Alex was doing an admirable job of picking up as she had gone. The passes of the tongue made Sara's pussy shove up deeper and meet the very passionate licking and sucking.

Sara tasted Alex's pussy and drew in the eager juices from the lustful brunette. She could not have enough of Alex. Once the walls had been broken down, the girl eagerly gave herself to Sara. Sara went down on her.

Alex held onto Sara's thighs and pushed her tongue deep inside of her experienced lover's wet pussy. Sara gave even better than she received. Alex was just glad to keep up as well as she did without getting overwhelmed.

Naturally though, Alex came first. Her entire body had been rocked by waves of pleasure. Sara kept going down on Alex and causing her pussy to clutch against her tongue. Every single lick of pleasure made Alex see stars.

Alex never once let up on Sara's wet pussy and she appreciated that very much. Desire flooded through Sara's body. She wanted to pin down this beautiful woman and rock her entire world. Alex's eager tongue moved deeper into Sara. She wanted Sara to cum obviously and Sara was about ready to cum. Her thighs clenched together and released their fluids on Alex's face.

"Looks like I made a mess."

Both women pressed against each other, with Alex and Sara kissing. Sara licked her own juices off of Alex's face which made her whimper in delight. Her thighs spread for Sara to go down towards. Their pussies locked together with Sara pushing against her.

Alex could not believe it. Sara struck her nerve endings at the right angle to make her feel as if something penetrated her. Every single inch of Alex's insides had been driven hard. It felt so good. It felt beyond good, it felt great.

The two women rolled their hips back against each other. Sara knew exactly all of the right spots to hit. Alex's moans came from underneath her. Sara cupped the side of Alex's face and brushed her hair back.

"It's okay. Let it go. Cum for me."

Sara's words prompted the proper reaction. She rubbed herself against Alex's clit and made the woman buck up in delight. One gaze into Alex's pleasured face made Sara drive down onto her. She
humped Alex. The lack of added assistance, or strap on did not stop Sara from giving Alex everything she desired and then a lot more.

The hungry woman wanted more. She tried to exert some level of control. Alex did not fight too hard to take control.

"You're glad that I'm here to guide you. I'm glad I'm here to control how many times you cum and how often you cum. Aren't you?"

A dazed nod followed with Sara pushing her warm thighs down against Alex's body. They rubbed together with an immense friction. Alex came several more times in succession. Sara moved her hands all over the body and gave Alex plenty of stimulation to lead her through another orgasm.


Alex threw herself up meet Sara. Sara worked herself down against Alex. The lust flowed between both of the lovers. Alex's legs wrapped around Sara's juicy ass and held her in tight. Sara reached underneath Alex and cupped the beautiful agent's ass before slamming down onto her.

The rush of lust between both women could not be matched by anything. Alex finally threw herself up.

"Oh, I never want this to end," Alex said.

"I know," Sara said. "It's time for you to cum."

Alex trust up to meet Sara. Their pussies scissored together now as Alex's legs slipped away. The immense heat of two stimulated pussies rubbing together made both of the women cum at the same time. They became very sticky from their arousal.

Sara pulled away from Alex and flashed her a very slight grin. She held out a finger and motioned for Alex to turn around. The more inexperienced woman obeyed, bent over slightly at the bed with her ass presented and ready for Sara to do anything she wanted to with it.

It was inviting, and Sara just had to fuck Alex again while she bent over on the bed.

Kara stopped by outside of the door of her sister. She knocked on the door, but nothing. Kara heard moaning sounds and wondered if Alex had fallen asleep again with the television on. Kara peaked through the door from the X-Ray vision and got quite an eyeful.

"Is everything alright?"

Alia stood about three feet behind Kara.

"Alex is a bit busy at the moment," Kara said. "We should come back later."

A knowing smile popped over Alia's face.

To Be Continued on February 8th, 2018.
Non swept his way into an abandoned Lexcorp facility. A small army of Rogue Kandorians stepped behind him. They took their time in making certain that Non did not use them as a punching bag for his very real frustration. He had just been humiliated by the Dragon, and what was worse, Astra stood back and allowed it to happen. One of them moved close and Non turned upon him.

"She takes our vows for granted," Non said. "She doesn't appreciate everything that I've done. I've done everything that has been asked of me. And since she's shown up, it's been one problem after another. She thinks she can just shove me out and take me over."

The Kandorians did not know how to answer the question. Non put his hands on the front of two large metal doors and pried them open. Sparks flew from every direction. The anger the man felt as being treated as a glorified flunky reached a fever pitch. Those who followed him knew better than to incur the wrath of Non. They had no idea what he was looking for. The angry Kryptonian did not bother to clue them in on what the prize they were looking for either.

"I'll show her," Non said. "I'll show them all."

The Kandorians nodded and cleared some boxes out of the way this mere gesture. Non grabbed the edge of the vault and applied enough pressure to it to pop up. Non reached into the vault and rustled through the item. He looked through several metal cases. One of them lined with lead.

"Take this," Non ordered. "And open it."

The sacrificial Kryptonian soldier took the case in his hand, trembling very slightly. The lead lining meant it could be something they wanted hidden from Kryptonian eyes. It could also be some deadly trap. The top opened up and a small chunk of green rock flashed out. The soldiers nearest recoiled and started to weak under the swirling radiation.

"Close the case!"

The very brisk order had been followed. The search continued for the item Non was certain was there.

'Astra is going to learn to treat me as an equal and not as one of her subordinates. If I wished to take this kind of abuse, I would have continued kneeling before him.'

Those thoughts taunted Non. He could see them not respecting his status. The members of the army might not have said it outright. He could tell in their eyes that there were thoughts akin to a distinct lack of respect. He would make them pay for that.

A sound from above forced the Kryptonians to look up. A figure dressed in red and blue dropped down. She dodged a knife thrown by one of the Kryptonians. She somersaulted into the air and landed behind the general. The moving figure dropped the guard down onto the ground with a couple of huge punches to the back of the head.

Two more rushed the Girl of Steel. Supergirl blocked the attack and returned fire with a succession of punches of her own. She flipped over and dropped the man down to the ground. Another attacker grabbed her. Supergirl whipped her elbow back and caught her enemy from the face.
"Well, my darling niece," Non said. "You're all grown up."

Non reached around and choked Supergirl from behind. Supergirl broke out and landed on her feet to face Non.

"It's a pity that you aren't going to be able to enjoy the fruits of adulthood for much longer."

The two Kryptonian blurs charged each other. Supergirl avoided Non's punches. Each of them sailed over the top of them. Supergirl nailed him right on the underside of the arm and then grabbed his head before smashing him back down onto the ground.

"Interesting that you've learned to fight like that, girl," Non said. "But, I have assistance."

The three Kryptonians moved from the other side. The Girl of Steel caught one of them with an uppercut to the top of the head. The two other soldiers moved in. The Girl of Steel sprung halfway up into the air and dropped down onto the top of his head.

Non moved back towards the other vault. He reached in and grabbed a silver cylinder in his hand. The power source flickered to light. Non's lips curled into one of the more devious smiles possible. He could not help, but be excited with the power resting in the palm of his hand.

"At last!" Non bellowed in excitement.

A blur came off to the side and plucked the object out of Non's hand. The soldier angry came to the ground and turned to face the Scarlet Speedster who ripped it out of his hand. He flew towards her at the speed of light. The speedster dodged out of the way and Non crashed down to the ground.

Supergirl had about four of them holding her down. She pushed back with an elbow smash to the top of the head. The Girl of Steel grabbed the Kryptonian around the shoulder and head him back. She disabled him. The sun's healing energy would get him back up within a minute, unfortunately.

The Green Arrow dropped down to the ground. She drew back an arrow and fired it towards the ground. An explosion ricocheted off and made the ground shift underneath them. The Green Arrow flipped herself down onto the ground firmly to fight them.

Non rushed towards Flash who dodged out of the way. Each one of his punches hit the air. He put more energy into the punches than possible thanks to the glowing sunlight coming in from the windows. Flash nailed Non in the chest and dropped him down to the ground.

Three more Kryptonians dropped down from the sky. Flash zipped one way and the glass object flew out of her hand. Supergirl zipped into the air and caught the object into her hand.

"I got it!" Supergirl cheered. "Well, whatever it is anyway….."

Non grabbed her by the cape and shoved her down onto the ground. He put an immense amount of pressure on her skull.

"I bet you aren't fast enough until I crush her skull," Non said. "So, why don't you step back? We're getting out of here."

Sara released an arrow into the air which bombarded them all with a hyper-sensitive sonic blare. One of the Kryptonians fell out of the air and crashed open the crate. It broke open and several green rocks flew out. The soldiers recoiled from the attacks and even Supergirl looked a bit dizzy from what happened.
'Kryptonite, of course,' Sara thought.

She picked up the green rock. Non shot heat vision from his eyes at the fuse box and caused a fire. Flash already zipped Supergirl away from the Kryptonite and outside of the building. She returned and zipped all of the people out of there one at a time.

The Kryptonian fugitives hit the sky as fast as they could. Sara tied the green rock to an arrow. She had one shot and had to make it count. She shot the arrow into the air and struck the Kryptonian with the Green Rock. Ropes exploded out of the arrow head and fastened the Kryptonian to the green rock.

The Kryptonian dropped down to the ground. Sara stepped in front of him and picked up a jagged piece of the rock. The deadly space rock pressed up against his face.

"Talk!"

"Non's after the energy source….."

Sara picked up the cylinder from the ground and opened it up. He only had had what amounted to a pin inside. Sara would have to hazard a guess and say the people inside got intelligence.

"He wants to prove to his wife he still has some nerve after all."

Iris and Sara moved over. Kara sat on the ground hunched over. She checked herself to make sure no Kryptonian dust got over her this time. The bad guys got away and she hated that fact most of all.

"And Lena Luthor, the sister of the recently indisposed Lex Luthor, is making her fair share of waves. She has decided to help move us into the future by creating one of the best self-sustained sources of free energy in the world. Is she on the level and willing to help people achieve a better tomorrow? Or is she not unlike her brother and intending to cause us misfortune?"

Iris half-watch her counterpart give the news broadcast. Those were questions which Iris wanted the answers to. It was the same energy source which Non and his followers had been after earlier today. Iris brushed strands of hair out of her face.

'I guess what they say is true. Good technology can often be used for malicious purposes.'

Kara sat down against the table.

"You know, wearing a cape might not be the best idea when going into battle," Sara told her. "You saw what Non did."

"Hey," Kara said. "It's a family thing. Sure, wearing a cape might be considered tacky for some people, but it's tradition. And I wouldn't go against tradition."

A cold bottle of water came up to Kara's lips. She had been checked over for any damage in the battle. Some of those shots rattled her. The members of the Kandorian Army rattled the Girl of Steel. Kara leaned back and drew in the air around her with a smile.

"If we had any idea what the makeup of the power source was, then maybe we could figure out a plan on how to stop them," Kara said.

"Well, what do you think it is?"

Kara looked down at what little information the DEO brought up. She developed her fair share of
theories off of the bat.

"I think that they can open a portal to some kind of other dimension. It might be your home dimension or maybe some other dimension, but it's a dimension of some sort, at least I think it is."

Sara thought about it. This power source could potentially locate them a way home, that is if they could track the power source. She had a few key thoughts on her head about this.

Alex popped up at the door. Kara braced herself for what was certain to be another lecture about not thinking things through when she went off into battle. The lecture never came, in fact a smile popped over Alex's face.

"I think there's something interesting you should see. And it may be a way to get into LuthorCorp."

Sara wondered what Alex talked about. She walked down the hallway with the DEO agent. They watched a press conference on television and Sara blinked. She saw herself, dressed as a bodyguard, standing right beside Lena Luthor. She wore a very stoic look on her face.

"I think we have a plan to get close to Lena Luthor, before the Kryptonians do," Alex said. "It's kind of risky, so if you're not into it, that would be fine. But we could really use your help."

"I'm listening."

Alex smiled, glad to have that much to be perfectly honest.

"I'll find a way to drop your doppleganger away and you can replace her and get close enough to Lena."

Sara thought about it. There were so many things which could go wrong with this entire scenario she could not even begin to explain them all. Still, Sara figured they should try it because what did they have to lose at this point?

"Do you think you could pull it off?"

Alex's question almost insulted Sara to be perfectly honest. She could most certainly pull it off. It was not the first time she had to impersonate someone. This time, there would not be too much disguising needed. After all, she just played herself. What could happen?

The news of the latest press conference made Sara Lance, of Earth Thirty-Eight, sigh. Her boss ensured not to show any fear in spite of the fact alien terrorists tried to get their hands on her invention and cause troubles. Sara felt equal parts inspired and agitated by Lena's actions.

"She's secure, for now," Sara said. "I'll call you back if it changes."

Sara put the phone away and noticed a woman walking towards her. She reached automatically for the gun hooked to her belt. Defending herself pretty much came second nature, at least to this particular woman. The attractive brunette woman approached Sara.

"Hello, Ms. Lance," she said. "My name is Alexandra Danvers, special agent."

The skeptical expression coming over Sara's face made Alex wonder if the cover had been blown. Sara checked over her shoulder and saw no one before turning back to Alex.

"Which branch?"
"I'm afraid that's classified information," Alex said. "We have received word of an alien threat which tried to steal the LX19."

"And how do you know about the LX19?" Sara asked. "Or is that something that's classified as well?"

"Come with me, I'd like to ask you a couple of questions," Alex said. "It should take no more than an hour or two of your time."

Sara once again checked over her shoulder and looked towards the government agent. She wanted to see where this one was going and prepared to plan this one very calmly at least for now. Alex showed her the badge and it looked pretty authentic. Sara had pretty much had to go along with it for right now.

The two women moved off to the side. Sara watched Sara leave. She dropped down onto the ground. Sara checked her alternate counterpart out for a brief second.

"And for the record, if I had a chance, I would," Sara said.

One could almost hear the sigh coming out of Iris from the other end of the headset. "Of course you would."

No question about it, Sara needed to get closer. Iris had decided to do her best to get Sara in the front door. She had the necessarily security credentials at the very least.

"So, far, so good," Sara murmured out of the side of her mouth.

There was still plenty of time to mess this all up, unfortunately. Sara walked into position and down the hallway. Alex pulled off her part of the plan. All she had to do was keep alternate dimension Sara distracted for a few hours. Of course, if Sara knew herself, there would be many questions asked and she would be questioning everything, pretty every step of the way.

Sara walked down the hallway and came across a tall and well-built woman who looked like she should be kicking ass somewhere. She resembled an Amazon and Sara wondered if she had not been one, who had been broken off from paradise.

"Mercy Graves," Iris said. "She used to be Lex's head of security, now she's working for Lena. And Lena's keeping her pretty close according to this information because she pretty much knows where all of the skeletons lie."

The information received on the other end had been very helpful. Mercy gave Sara a once over.

"Ms. Graves," Sara said. "Has Ms. Luthor been secured?"

"Yes," Mercy said. "You can go up to her office to keep a further watch. You know what to do if they show up."

Sara acted likes he did and Mercy did not ask her anything. Mercy did follow close behind her however, but maybe that was to give extra security. The person who protected Lena Luthor must have been one of big importance, at least from what Sara figured.

'There's going to be problems.'

So far, no doppleganger showing up was a very good sign. Sara hoped this good sign could be kept on through the day and beyond.
Non diverting from the script put The Dragon on edge. She wished to have ripped him apart piece by piece, starting with that thing which passed for a spine. The Dragon checked herself though. Non was not important and could be crushed like a cockroach at anything.

Supergirl had been on the scene along with these two new players on the chessboard. The Dragon pulled down her hood, revealing Alia's face. She turned her head back and took a very deep breath before looking at the few images they grabbed. The girl in the Green Hood, or Sara Lance, she remembered. She fastened together a makeshift hood after the first one had been burned.

The second one on the other hand, well the speedster had been something new. Alia tried to figure out what role she played in this entire game. There were many questions in Alia's mind and not a sufficient amount of answers, at least no answers which she accepted.

"You play an interesting game, both of you."

Alia knew the LX19 was not at the facility, so Non had been good for something. They needed to open a portal to the Phantom Zone to locate Faora who had been trapped. Hopefully, she had not been driven mad. Alia spent months ensuring Astra had her priorities straight before they could move forward with the plan.

She studied the security footage from a couple more angles. Supergirl really did have so moves. She should, because Alia taught them to her. And Alia approved of Kara's attempts to use them very well. Granted, she could have done a lot better. Leaving herself open for Non to yank on her cape was just an amateur error which Alia was extremely frustrated about.

The news of the latest press conference of Lena played on the other television screen off to the side. Alia heard some of the refugees from the Phantom Zone mulling around over the press conference. Some of them licked their wounds, the ones who had not been unlucky enough to be dragged into DEO custody. Alia did not have any sympathy for them if they were foolish enough to do so.

Lena's lack of fear was an encouraging track. She already had a lot of doubters, who said either she would go insane like Lex did or go the way of Lex. Both of those displayed an unsurprising amount of ignorance at least in Alia's mind it did.

The wristwatch Alia wore began to beep. She reached in and pushed the button in. She noticed a message coming from Sara, one of her agents on the island at LuthorCorp. The message read that a government agent came to her.

Alia pressed a button and looked into the hallways of LuthorCorp where Sara walked down the hallway next to Mercy. Only it was not Sara, at least not her universe's Sara at the very least. Alia broke out into a frown and wondered what the DEO could be playing at.

'As if I didn't have enough problems.'

She was so close in achieving those goals, goals which could bring about a better time for the people of Earth and correct some mistakes. Alia could have cured Non. The DEO might have been involved had Non not tried to show that he was not a worthless worm.

Alia only had one thing to do. She pressed a finger into her watch and sent a message of only three letters.

"D-E-O."

Those three letters said more than enough and would get her charges attention. The door opened up
and two women stepped inside.

"General Astra wants to see you."

A slow burn turn caused Alia’s eyes to fall over the two cadets who looked towards her. They could see the chilling coldness burning through Alia's eyes when they fell upon them.

"General Astra wants to…"

Alia put a hand up and stopped them from speaking. They understood power if nothing else.

"I heard you the first time. You tell her there's a situation which demands my full intention. And you can also thank her that I believe the situation is thanks to her beard screwing things up by trying to prove his worth."

'And he did prove his worth to me today. Which was not that much.'

The two women left with their orders and left Alia to monitor the situation. Non had left sometime after Alia arrived, and Alia was curious to see where he might have gone. The old adage of keeping your friends close and your enemies closer rang to mind.

'Let's see what we have here,' Alia mused to herself.

Sara and Alex walked down the hallway. Alex had been surprised to see Sara check her watch at least twice, but perhaps she had been just bored for the conversation.

"I'm not the one you want for full detail from the security measures," Sara said. "I deal with some things, but not everything. I would think someone of your stature would be more on the ball with things like this."

The very thinly veiled shot nailed Alex hard across the brow. The woman in question gave one of those very brief smiles towards her.

"And your classified agency was pretty much on the ball today, weren't they? You really had to know that aliens had been going after the LX19 power source."

Alex placed her hand on her side and prepared to pull out a gun. Things could get very hostile in a hurry. Sara gave her one of the most knowing smiles possible.

"Then again, someone from the DEO does have the inside track. Supergirl tends to be your mascot these days."

That final word made Alex pull out her weapon. Sara snapped off a kick and knocked Alex against the wall. The two of them scrambled with each other. Sara nailed Alex with a vicious kick to the ribs and knocked her against the wall.

"I knew there was something off," Sara said. "You taking me halfway across the city showed me that, but you pretty much confirmed it. You couldn't quite make eye contact. The signs of someone who is a novice at true deception."

Alia confirmed everything Sara suspected for the last hour. A stun baton had been pulled out by Alex. Sara dodged her attack and grabbed Alex in a chickenwing lock before pushinger down to the ground.

"You're cute."
The alternate dimension Sara knocked Alex back down onto the ground. Sara opened her mouth and a Canary Cry knocked Alex down onto the ground. She only used half-force, because obviously Sara did not want to kill her. Just stun her and knock her out.

"You seem like the type who would be no stranger to being tied up."

Sara's quip brought Alex to a standing position. She walked Alex halfway across the room and plopped her down on the chair and tied her into perfect position.

Alex was unconscious for a moment. She took out the communication device and disabled the tracking in a matter of minutes. She stripped Alex clean of all weapons.

"I can't allow you to interfere with the Dragon's plans. Especially when she's so close to achieving them."

Sara walked over towards the computer at the desk. She hacked into the security encryption. They already had a backdoor to Luthorcorp's security network. It was a hole which would need to be closed pretty soon.

The powerful warrior bit down on her lip when accessing the security. Sara watched as her doppleganger walked across the hallways with Mercy. Mercy looked as if she suspected something, but was playing dumb.

"It's a shame someone with such a nice ass can be that sloppy," Sara said.

Sara double-checked to make sure her bondage girl was tied completely up without anywhere to go. The Canary Cry would put her down for at least an hour. The moment she was certain, Sara pressed the button on her watch which enacted an emergency Code 22, which was the LuthorCorp protocol for an imposter. Sometimes it had been a shape-shifting meteor mutant, but there could be other explanations as well.

Now, Sara waited. She had a few questions for the lovely Ms. Danvers when she woke up.

To Be Continued on 2/10/2018.
A sense of uneasy and chill spread over many of the people in Starling City. Two figures looked down from the rooftop. They just walked away from another one of the cult murders. Starling City's finest arrived to take care of the latest cult murders.

One of the figures wore a green hood. She was not the green hooded protector who looked over Starling City for the better part of the last five years. Regardless, she was the green hooded protector they had right about now. Artemis Crock moved closer, waiting for the man who had been moving around the scene of the last three cult leader murders.

Thea Queen, dressed in her guise as Speedy, leaned over the edge of the room as well. She wondered if this man, who had been sighted in the last couple of cult murders would show up. There was something deliberately sleazy about him to be perfectly honest.

"So, what do you think?" Artemis asked. "Is he one of Blackfire's minions or he's just some random crazy?"

"To be honest, right now I could go about fifty-fifty," Thea answered.

The man did not show up. Thea and Artemis waited for anything to happen. A buzz in their headset came on through. Thea pressed her fingers into the headset and activated it on the other end.

"Talk to me, Felicity."

The woman in question jumped on in the call. "Yeah, our boy hasn't show up just yet. There hasn't been any other cult murders tonight other than the one."

They were at five or six a day at first, then they trickled down to one, maybe two, and there was at least one day where there was not one.

"And we still have nothing from Star Labs, and they haven't had any more murders over in Central City just yet," Felicity said. "Barry's still running around and only barely acknowledging a word anyone is saying. And then….we don't really have anything regarding where Sara and Iris are or how we're getting home."

Each day brought them the hope of fresh news. No news happened and all of the hopes of everyone dashed. Thea put her hand underneath her chin and peered down from the edge of the roof. She waited for something, anything. Any hint of their man.

A man with hair trimmed short in the front and hair grown long in the front stepped out of the shadows. Starling City's police department moved to take the burned and disfigured body of the latest victim. Thea and Artemis moved into position to jump into the alleyway and slip across the street.

"We got him."

This was not an attack on him, rather an attempt to see what he was up to. The man moved very swiftly from one point in the alleyway to the next. He made good time and jumped over someone's car before landing on the ground. Something guided him.
It almost seemed as if like the man thought he was being followed or even knew he was being followed. Thea and Artemis came back and watched as the man moved through the entrance of a warehouse.

The two archers stepped into the warehouse and noticed it had been empty. They looked up towards the stairs and then directed their attention toward the catwalk. They moved around the edge of the facility and found absolutely nothing and no one in there.

Artemis tensed up and noticed someone opening a door to the side. The two archers slipped behind a stack of crates to just miss the notice of a small group of six men and women. Teenagers, by the looks of them, or maybe college age students, walked past the crates and into another room.

Thea and Artemis stepped to the other side of the room. They flipped down the steps and landed underneath them. They concealed themselves underneath the steps with several people walking into the picture.

Several floor plans of Starling City had been placed upon a tack board. Certain strategic locations had been circled and placed in a circle. Thea mentally counted at least thirty or forty people, at least the ones they could see. The man they followed walked to the front of the line. A table of cables had been lit. He pulled out a cigarette lighter and lit the final candle at the end of the row.

"We all follow the message of the departed Deacon Blackfire. For he was a champion for all of the oppressed in his city. We stood beside him as he gave his message. Some must fall so others would live and who fell the hardest was the Elite in Starling City. They had been rendered inefficient. They are responsible for the Undertaking of three years ago where the underprivileged were victimized of great."

"We do not forgive!" they shouted. "We will not forget."

The candle signifying the latest victim flashed into the air. The man lifted it into the air and shined the bright light into the room. All of them rumbled in excitement. Some slapped their palms across the table quickly with a certain amount of brutality.

"Moira Queen is our target. Her lies will be exposed. And she refuses to acknowledge our plight. But we will bring her suffering. Her privilege is not her shield. Her flesh will burn in an inferno. Hellfire will reign down upon Starling City and righteous vengeance will be ours."

A second gentleman stepped up to the podium with a very sadistic smile on his fall. All eyes fired up towards the stage at him.

"We will plant this explosive device in her Limo and justice will be performed!" he yelled.

Artemis and Thea did not say anything. They knew it was time to move now they knew they plotted murder. Thea shot an arrow to the ceiling and caused the lights to shatter.

"You will be annihilated!" the leader bellowed.

Artemis added her own input with a tear gas arrow shooting through the air. A loud blast of gas filled the area and blinded them.

Some of them scrambled up the steps at the sound of sirens. One of them picked up a wooden chair and rushed over. Artemis dodged the attack and jumped up to kick the man in the ribs to take him down to the ground. She flipped up and slammed an arrow into the back of the man's leg.

Starling City's finest came down the steps. They all scrambled in position and arrested those who did
not get out. Captain Lance lead the charge while making his way down the steps.

"You can't stop me, you can't chain me!" the leader yelled. "The power will be ours and Moira Queen will be deleted!"

The flash of light erupted from his body. Mathias Blackfire jumped to a new body and left his latest vessel to drop down on the ground in a state of confusion.

"I want a word with you," Quentin said to the Green Arrow.

Artemis had been dreading this conversation. Laurel had said that she would take care of the Sara situation, and try and break it to her father gently. However, the fact that this entire string of cult murders came up meant that it was more difficult to come on an answer?

"I swear I haven't been breaking into any rich asshole's mansions to steal their money," Artemis said.

"No, nothing like that," Quentin said. "I want to know where my daughter is. Sara, where is she?"

Artemis spent a second hesitating in the answer. It had been hard to lie to a woman's father to be honest especially when he looked her straight in the eyes. Her heart raced a couple of beats.

"That's a good question."

Thea, bless her, had managed to find something on the ground. She pointed it out to Quentin.

"I think this is a notebook on all of their intended targets," Thea said. "Never mind the planned attack...."

Quentin lifted up the notebook and looked at it. There were some names, some addresses, and also something very weird at the bottom. Someone scrawled down an extremely weird set of numbers. It appeared to be a code for something and code had been written very frantic.

Sara could not believe this had gone off without a hitch for the most part. She walked a few steps behind Mercy who stopped suddenly at the end of the hallway just before she made her way to Lena's office. She pulled out a cell phone and a code appeared on it.

Mercy turned around and pulled the gun on Sara. Sara stepped back a couple of inches.

"I knew there was something weird about you today," Mercy said. "Come quietly with me and there's no reason for you to get hurt."

"Listen, there's a very good reason why I'm here," Sara said.

"Just come quietly," Mercy said. "I'm not telling you a third time."

Sara raised her hands and faked coming quietly. She nailed Mercy with a glancing kick which send her spiraling back. Mercy rebounded from the attack as quick as possible and came back with a couple of punches in the process. Sara dodged them, bending down at her knees. She wound up and caught Mercy with a jumping roundhouse kick to take her down to the ground.

Mercy reached for her gun. Sara kicked the gun out of her hand and put it into her hand. Mercy rose up and stared Sara down with the gun. She nailed Sara and grabbed her around the head. The two tussled down to the ground with Mercy hooking onto Sara's neck and trying to squeeze her unconscious.
Sara grabbed Mercy's stun gun from her belt and zapped the one in the inner thigh. The martial artist broke free and connected with a huge snap kick to nail Mercy directly in the back of the head. Sara waited for Mercy to stagger.

She blocked the punch and came back with a couple more uppercut punches before flipping Mercy down onto the back. Sara slammed a fist into the back of the neck to stun her.

"Sorry, but your power source is compromised. And it might be my only way back home."

Mercy rose to her feet and went to Sara. One of the gates came down to the ground and slid underneath the gates. The gates slammed down onto the ground to prevent Mercy from going after.

"Ms. Luthor, we have a problem."

There was no answer. Mercy's cell phone had become garbled. She moved towards the doors open to realize that had been sealed shut on all end. Only a minute longer passed before Mercy moved around to the other end of the building to try and find another way around.

A never-ending ringing blasted through Alex's head. A well-placed plan from the DEO had gone up in smoke and not exactly for the first time either. It would not really be the last time either. Alex tried to break free, but her vision was still compromised.

"Even if you had one of those signal watches Superman gave to his pal, it wouldn't do you any good. There are dampers which prevent Supergirl from hearing anything."

A splash of water came into Alex's face. She came face to face with Sara, well her Earth's Sara. Alex's weapons and all of her equipment had been out on the table. Her suit had been stripped off.

"You don't have anything to be ashamed about," Sara said. "And I was rather professional in my searching for you."

Alex scoffed which only caused the alternate dimension version of Sara to lean in and press one single finger on the side of Alex's chin. Alex quivered underneath Sara's warm touch. She had been a bit twisted, and just as attractive as the heroic woman Alex had gotten to know.

"You've slept with her, haven't you?" Sara asked. "I can see you look at me and see you're confused. I'm not a bad person really. Well, not all of the time. I just do things that people might consider a little bit sketchy."

Those words came from Sara's throat and Alex looked very skeptical by them. Sara took one of the equipment and analyzed it.

"The DEO has improved since the last time I've had a chance to hack into some of their equipment," Sara said. "It's a good thing. I won't argue with it. It keeps us all on our toes. And the Dragon, she enjoys the challenge you bring. You know who she is, or you at least expect it."

Alex refused to rise to the bait and answer her sexy captor's question. The alternate version of Sara Lance just leaned out towards her. A strand of hair brushed away from Alex's mind.

"Talk to me, girl," Sara said. "Why did you go to all of the trouble to get me out of the way and get other me in? There must be a reason, so spill it, sweetheart."

"The LX19."
A raised eyebrow came from Sara a couple of seconds later. She walked over towards the window for a second. Alex nervously watched her stop by a table and think for a second, she would have grabbed some kind of implement of torture to make Alex talk. She had stood up under some pretty harsh conditions, but everyone had their limits and Alex was going to reach hers in no time flat.

"That's amazing," Sara said. "The problem is, I don't know anything about where the LX19 is. Those facilities where you might think they are, there are nothing but dummy sights."

"You don't know anything?"

The infiltration would have not been successful to begin with. It was a very galling thought to wrestle with. The LuthorCorp security guard placed a hand on Alex's shoulder and gave her a smile. That beautiful smile was kind of sinister as well. It was like she was playing with Alex, like a mouse playing with a spring.

"I know enough to know that only two people know the true location of the LX19," Sara said. "Or the potential."

"So Lena Luthor and…"

The statement had been left hanging. Alex hoped to lead her captor into spilling information.

"Well, it looks like your intelligence is not up to date as I thought."

That very calm statement had come from Sara. True, it did seem that the DEO's intelligence was not up to par. Alex tried to find a way to break out of her restraints.

"Well, if it gives you something to do, then go for it."

Sara moved over to monitor the progress of the LuthorCorp Security Network. Something happened which caused her to raise an eyebrow. Mercy had been running around the facility and had been locked out on a floor. Her attempt to access the building made Sara look rather suspicious.

"The DEO must not have done this," Sara said. "There's someone else in the building."

Alex raised her eyebrow. Sara reached over and tried to contact her boss to get something from her. Unfortunately, the phone did not ring through and Sara could not get ahold of her no matter how many time she tried.

Sara had not been the only one who should not have been there. Someone had been posing as Lena's staff, which could in fact be a bit of an issue.

Sara rushed around and tried to make her way through the door. The good news was she gave the security guard the slip. With all good news, came bad news and the worse news being that Sara, no matter how hard she tried, could not break through the security system.

'What's the point in having an access card if it can't access anything?'

She scrambled up a cart on the floor which gave Sara full access to a vent. The vent popped open and Sara climbed inside. The vent had been equipped with motion sensors. Not the most ideal thing, but Sara was in a hurry. She moved towards the other side of the vent and kicked it open.

The vent clattered to the ground and Sara dropped down to the ground. She entered some kind of research facility area. Several tables laid in wait covered with tarps. Several large pieces of
equipment hung across the walls. Sara stepped closer into the picture.

"Hold it."

Sara turned around and came face to face with the same hooded woman who burned her hood a few nights before. The Dragon, and Sara prepared to fight for her.

"As much as I'd like another crack at you, I don't really have time for this, not right now. There's something wrong."

The two women stood side by side with each other. The Dragon did not shoot an arrow at her this time, even though her hands set firmly on the bow to look towards the woman.

"You weren't the one who compromised this base, was it?" Sara asked. "Or did you just lock me out somehow?"

"You've found out the Kryptonians are after the energy source," the Dragon said. "And you've figured out that the energy source has the potential to send you and your friend home."

Sara could not argue with this point. This was exactly what was going on. The real question was, how did the Hooded Dragon know this? The Hooded Dragon's eyes from underneath that hood stared Sara down. Sara did not attack unless there was some kind of threat to her person.

"I need it as well. My sister is trapped in her prison."

The Dragon pushed down her hood.

"You're Sara Lance, and my name is Alia Evans."

The hood pulled down to reveal the dark-haired girl with her piercing green eyes directed towards Alia. Those eyes shined like emeralds and yet, they had the hint of someone who could cause death.

"I called for help," Alia said. "And I've tried to clear the way for her to come. She should be arriving soon."

"I should have known," Sara said. "Are you a member of the League of Assassins….actually is there a League of Assassins on this Earth?"

There was something about her fighting style which sounded familiar. A very slick smile appeared on the face of the dark-haired warrior.

"Yes," Alia said. "And yes."

A superfast blur popped through the ceiling and the one and only Supergirl dropped down in front of them. She had been very surprised to see Alia's hood down. Less surprised she was, was to see Sara standing next to her.

"I got your distress signal," Kara said. "So, what's up?"

"Non and his crew are making another play at the energy device," Alia said. "And I have a feeling that he's enlisted the help of Indigo….and I've also lost touch with Canary on the other side."

Sara had many questions, and not that many answers. The trio needed to move whatever the reason would have been. They moved to the door. Alia placed her hand on the door and tried to focus on the energy flowing from within. The door protested her attempts to break the door down.
"She must really like you," Kara said to Sara. "Then again, she does have a soft spot for other you, so I guess it makes sense."

A soft smile came over Kara's face and also a look of thinly veiled envy. She placed her hand on Sara's shoulder and made the other girl look over at her.

"It took us three dates before she revealed to me who she was underneath that Hood," Kara said.

"Who trained her exactly in the League?" Sara asked. "Or do you know?"

"Not my story to tell."

Both girls viewed Alia as she tried to lock into the system one more time. The sheer blinding determination coming through the face of the green-eyed warrior pretty much said one thing.

"Yes, Indigo's here. We don't have much time until she finds a way to get to Lena."

Unfortunately, for Indigo, Lena was on the top floor therefore it would take a lot to get to her. Unfortunately for the trio of women, Indigo could find a way around these security measures and make their lives very difficult. And she was already making their lives very difficult.

Lena Luthor sighed. She thought that Lex made it look so easy. Then again, given that Lex pretty much went off the deep end, trying to measure up to him might not have been the best thing in the world. The phone lines in her office were completely dead.

"Mercy, if you can hear me, give me a sign."

No answer and Lena walked up towards her fortified office doors. The book shelves behind her held the secret entrance to a panic room which was fortified from the outside and gave her a couple of means to defend herself. Underneath the rug in her office, she had another means of escape. And then on the ceiling, there was a trap door to the roof where a helicopter had been waiting.

These many methods of escape might have seemed like overkill, but honestly, Lena just intended to hedge her bets.

The doors opened and one of the bodyguards stepped into the office. Blonde hair, sunglasses, a modest length skirt, and blouse which fit the bodyguard firmly, she as a stunner to be honest, and looked like she could kick some serious ass. Lena had been surprised.

"I've been sent by Ms. Graves," the bodyguard said. "The LX19 is compromised, and we need to get you and it out of the building safely. They won't rest until they have you and they will torture you."

"Oh?" Lena asked. "This might explain I can't call anyone on the phone."

"Yes," the bodyguard said.

Lena reached for the concealed weapon underneath her desk. Luthors knew when they were being played. It was just a matter of figuring out what game was being played.

"Just give me the location," she said.

"It's classified, which you should know."

Lena shot the bodyguard straight in the chest. A huge gaping hole appeared in the chest of the bodyguard. Said bodyguard grimaced and turned her way towards Lena. The hole healed up like
nothing happened.

"Just to think, we could have done this the easy way."

A wire shot out and hooked onto Lena's head.

"The hard way it is. Fine, I enjoy the hard way."

Indigo ensured the doors were completely fortified. Lena looked at her with defiance.

"You're not going to get away with this," Indigo said in a bland voice. "Security is coming to take you down. I'll never tell you where the LX19. Your plan will fail."

Every single one of Lena's statements had been snatched out of mid-air. She just opted for a glare of hatred.

"Yes I will get away with this. Security won't make it past those doors because not even Superman could break down those doors in time to save you. Thank your brother of that one."

A long pause allowed the taunting nature of Indigo's words to sink in. Lex had built this place to keep Kryptonian guests out. It had been built very well.

"You will tell me where the LX19 is even if I have to rip it from your pretty little brain. And my plan is in the process of succeeding."

Indigo prepped Lena's mind to be invaded and downloaded. Lena refused to say anything, but it did not matter.

"Anything else, or did I just about cover it?" Indigo asked.

Lena screamed as she felt her own mind being invaded. Indigo smiled, she had a strong mind, but that just meant she would have to try harder to download the information. She would have thought to use Non as muscle to accomplish those goals.

To be honest, Indigo thought this was a much more amusing plan, to watch the Luthor heiress scream. The information downloaded straight from Lena Luthor's game. She purged all of the non-vital information, such as the issues Lena had with her adoptive mother.

To Be Continued on February 12th, 2018.
Chapter One Hundred and Thirteen: World's Apart Part Three

Lena thrashed around the wall in frustration. She tried to keep a clear mind and an even head the deeper Indigo pushed into her brain. Every single second the computer pushed into her head was one of pain. Lena felt memories bubble to the surface she would rather not deal with right now.

"Just quit struggling and let it happen," Indigo said. "You're going to be fine. Just think of the location of the LX19 and there will be no more problems. Open your mind and let me inside!"

"I can't!" Lena howled at the top of her lungs.

Indigo frowned, she was intending to go for the hard way. And if she intended to go in the hard way, so be it. Lena took a few seconds to glare at her. This glare only just mildly amused the android the deeper she pushed into the inside of Lena's mind. Lena thrashed back a little bit.

"You're really strong-willed with an even stronger mind," Indigo commented. "It doesn't matter. It never matters. I will find it no matter how you're hiding it in your brain."

Indigo flashed through useless memory after useless memory. She discarded them the deeper she delved into the mind of the woman. One frustrating problem reached the surface. Indigo pulled away from Lena and allowing her to fall back on the chair. The heiress collapsed down with a deep breath. Indigo brought up a three dimensional-holographic map of Lena Luther's mind.

The Luther Heiress took some time to regain her bearings. Several minutes passed with Indigo flipping through the memories. For a machine, Lena noted a fair amount of frustrated emotion appearing on Indigo's face.

"They have to be here," Indigo said. "I know you know where it is."

"Do you?" Lena asked. "Maybe you should check your databanks? They might be in a need for upgrading."

Indigo's eyes flashed over towards the human. Something happened and Indigo wanted to know what it was. She flipped through the mental map she created of Lena Luther's mind. The only information of the LX19 showed it existed. Indigo found no information with her searches.

"It's not there," Indigo said. "You don't know where it's being kept."

"I know where it was," Lena said. "The first time the Kryptonians moved it, I had a trusted friend move it. You're never going to find it, unless you find her."

Indigo caught the link of the hooded person who Lena handed the object to. Two and two together and Indigo calculated the problems developing from this exchange.

"You won't get it from my mind," Lena said. "No matter how hard you try, it's not happening. She moved it the first time they went after it."

The data Indigo acquired as not sufficient enough to make another play. She moved over to grab Lena and pull the woman up to a standing position. The woman did not back off from Indigo's actions. As a matter of fact, a bright smile popped over her face.
"Why are you smiling?" Indigo demanded. "This is an illogical…"

The door blasted open and had been sent flying. Supergirl zoomed into the office and pulled Lena out of Indigo's grasp. The Dragon dropped down onto the desk next to the Green Arrow. The Green Arrow fired an arrow at Indigo who caught it with an energy field.

"You're not too bright," Indigo said.

A triggered explosion sent Indigo crashing back into the wall. The Green Arrow moved over to the side and allowed the Dragon to move on in. She pulled out a crystal and fired it at Indigo. Indigo disappeared into a cloud of date. She appeared behind her adversary. The Dragon popped around and caught Indigo's arm.

Indigo flipped out of the attack and both of them crashed through the nearby window all the way down. Sara prepared to jump down to assist, but thought better of it when she realized it was a very long drop down. Sara stepped back to join Supergirl and Lena off to the side.

"I'm going to have to regain control of the security," Lena said. "I'm pretty sure she's done something to it."

Alia flipped up off of the ground and teleported Indigo back into the office. Indigo staggered back and tried to escape. An arrow shot from her hand and caused an EMP to flow through the office and fried all of the electricity. The Green Arrow stepped back and aimed another arrow at her.

"You might be able to stop this Earth technology," Indigo said. "You will not stop me, you hooded….."

Alia nailed Indigo in the back of the neck which disconnected her power circuits and dropped the woman down onto the ground.

"Hand me the drive, quick."

Kara slipped the drive into Alia's hand. They planned out this somehow and made Sara very impressed. Kara passed the drive off to Alia who connected it to the back of Indigo's head and started to get to work.

"How are you?" Alia asked.

"Fine," Lena said. "Just got a bit of a headache after Indigo got the drop on me. And to think, you warned me this was going to happen."

"We better get a look at you," Alia said. "We don't want any nasty surprise she left to come back and bite us."

"No," Lena agreed. "We don't."

Temptation visited Felicity to ram her head up against the desk. The notebook Thea and Artemis found showed a potentially vital clue providing they could crack the cyphers. The patterns appeared erratic to the naked eye. The blonde hacker thought she could potentially navigate around them.

"Let's see," Felicity murmured. "You got any idea where this is going? I'm pretty stumped."

Barbara stepped inside with several armfuls of computer discs. She did not answer the question straight away. Everything had been hooked up at the computer and she started to move through
several books which had been transferred to disc.

"Did you transfer all of the Gotham City public library to computer disc?" Felicity asked.

"Yes," Barbara replied bluntly. "Although these are only all of the books on the occult. And I have a feeling that's where we're going to find our answer."

Felicity shuddered in response. She reached over and took a closer look at the ten pages of notes she made, angry, frustrated cross outs and all. Felicity hoped for some kind of big break in figuring this out. She hoped there would be a big idea which would just blow the lid off the frustrating she was feeling. The woman's lips curled together in very thinly disguised frustration while taking a deep breath.

'Damn, really wish something about this would make sense.'

Barbara flipped through the documents without showing any emotion. Felicity never simultaneously admired and had been annoyed by a person as much of the same time.

"It's hard to get rattled when you've been looking into cases from Gotham City since you were a teenager," Barbara said. "Although, I won't lie, this is one of the biggest scope cases. Starling City, Central City, Metropolis, Gotham, Detroit, New York, and Chicago, all of them had cult murders."

"What are the law enforcement saying about it?"

Barbara threw her head back. "It depends on the city."

They have not had anything from their usual parties tonight. Most people did not even connect the crimes. Some did, but they were not exactly the type of people Barbara would consider to be top-line sources. She curled her tongue against her lips and frowned.

"Just checking in," Laurel said. "After the cult members scattered, there has been nothing left. I think the first phase of their plan has passed."

"Given the next phase involves assassinating the Mayor of our home city, I'm not exactly comfortable," Felicity said.

"Jade's working security detail, and so is Diana," Laurel said. "It might not be foolproof. Moira wants to stand tall. She's not going to let anyone back her down. Thea's a bundle of nerves because of it as you expect."

"Hey," Felicity said. "I understand what she's feeling. I think we're all on edge because our friends are currently somewhere where we can't pull them out. And no matter how hard we try or how many times we try and break them out, there's just nothing. It's enough to make you scream, you know. And now, I think…well it doesn't matter what I think."

Felicity thought she found something. Three of the numbers corresponded to a serial number of a carved stone. A demonic looking entity flashed on the stone.

"Barbara, look at this," Felicity said. "That look like the sort of thing a creepy cult might be after?"

Both computer hackers studied the image of the stone. Barbara drew up some more notes on it. Each piece of detail showed the stone stretched back several hundred years, thousands of years even. An image of some natives in South America popped up, and the figure in the shadows who looked very demonic stood over them.
"Is that…is that him?" Felicity asked. "Raven's Dad….Trigon, I mean."

Barbara answered with a nod and brushed the strands of red hair out of her face. This entity, even through pictures, shined with a certain horrific evil. Barbara felt very uneasy. Terrified was actually very close to what she felt, closer than what Barbara felt comfortable in admitting at that.

"Yes, it is," Barbara replied. "There's trouble there if it's him."

"Where is Raven in all of this anyway?"

Barbara shuffled through more of her notes and tapped the pen on the edge of her nose. "Good question. Wished I knew…." A rustling of the ground underneath them caused Barbara to jolt upright straight. Barry Allen, dressed in a modified Flash costume, appeared in front of them. Felicity and Barbara both stood up. Barbara positioned herself in front of Felicity, having no idea how Barry would react to them.

"Okay, Barry," Barbara said. "Talk to us….or go, because we got a lot of work to do…." "Told you, Barry's away."

The sinister flicker of the speedster's voice and the slightly garbled tone he had made Barbara and Iris both stand on the edge. They eyed Barry and he just stared back at him. Barry lifted up a sketchpad and slapped it down on the desk. The possessed man scrawled something on the paper. He sped off without saying another word and leaving Felicity and Barbara to look at what he drew. Barry sketched a gateway on the paper. The words "Zoom, Trigon, and Blackfire" all were written underneath the paper and underlined. Two of the names were known, but the third one, well they did not know anything about it.

"I think if we all communicated a bit better, we would have had less of a misunderstanding."

Kara sorted at Alia's words. Sara just eyed up the other woman with a soft smile and a shake of her head. She raised her eyebrow.

"You think that might be the case?" Sara asked. "Hey, Iris….."

Iris sped over to joint them. She came face to face with the Hooded Dragon who was not that much hooded, in fact, she was Kara's girlfriend. Alia reached over and shook her head.

"It's a pleasure to meet you, Iris," Alia said. "Sorry I got a bit rough with your friend, but she isn't the first one who tried to be a hero out there."

"Well, I don't try to be a hero," Sara said. "I have to be one…but I see what you mean."

She understood how Alia might react to seeing someone running around and trying to fight criminals. Without any inside information on Sara, it did not look too good. Sara, Iris, Alia, and Kara.

"Lena's giving her statement to the police," Alia said. "I gave her a checkup and she'll be fine…but we have to have a discussion about the LX19."

"Yes," Sara said. "We really need to get home."

"And I want to see you get home," Alia said. "I'm almost finished with an interdimensional gateway
which will extract my sister from the Phantom Zone. Modify it a little bit, and it's a one way ticket home, if we can lock onto your Earth."

"Yeah," Sara said. "You think it will work."

"Positive," Alia said. "Well, I still have a couple more modifications I need to make and a field test, and there's a matter of locking into exactly where your Earth is. Lena's been working on something else…or rather finishing something that her brother started working on."

Sara could hardly wait. Two people came down the hallway to join them. A very miffed looking Alex Danvers crossed the room with her arms folded when staring down at Alia from the other end of the hallway. Alia just gave her a smile.

"You weren't hurt," Alia said. "And the DEO almost jeopardized my plan to get Indigo….of course, I should only blame myself because I should have given someone the heads up, or maybe told your sister to clue you if. If you and Henshaw didn't think you knew better that was."

"Might have helped a little bit," Alex said.

Boy the tension in the air could be cut with a knife. Sara chuckled and turned her head to come face to face with herself. The alternate universe version of the same woman stared at each other.

"I like what you've done with your hair," alternate universe Sara said with a smile. "Although, green really isn't my cup of tea."

"It's a tribute to a fallen friend," Sara said. "And you got the drop on us. I should have known we should have been smart enough not to fall for such an obvious ruse."

Her alternate counterpart laughed. "Yes, you should have. I think you were trained in the League of Assassins, just like I was. Only, I only came back when Alia liberated me. Then again, it was only because of her trainer which she did."

"And for about three weeks I was Ra's al Ghul," Alia said. "Before, I lost a duel to Nyssa so she could acquire the rights to that moniker. To be fair, it was hers by birthright. Talia was kind of miffed."

"Kind if relieved," Alternate Sara said. "Her older sister was much more able to take control of the reigns of the League. She ran opposite against Ra's for years."

Sara mentally checked marked another change, being that Nyssa was the older sister in this universe, as opposed to the younger sister in her universe. She wondered what other changes and tweaks this universe is.

"So Nyssa's older, I'm a white ginger…is Oliver Queen born female or something?" Iris commented.

"Don't you mean Olivia Queen?" Kara quipped.

Sara was intrigued and she only had one question to ask.

"Is she hot?" Sara asked.

Alex cleared her throat. As much as the banter, they really needed to get on top. Alex turned her attention to Alia.

"You said you had Indigo?" Alex asked.
"No, unfortunately one of her drones," Alia said. "I’ve been creating a program which should be able to remove the corruption of her programming."

Alex could not help, but make a further comment. "And make her your servant, right?"

Alia answered with a very evident grin. Alex figured and turned to Kara. The two sisters locked eye to eye with each other.

"She's your girlfriend."

Barry Allen zipped back into Star Labs which caused Caitlin to jump halfway off of the desk. She put her hand on the edge of the desk and took a deep breath. Barry did not say another word. Sapphire and Natasha moved around the alleyway.

"I suppose we really can't do anything without knowing where they are," Natasha said. "Unless he knows where they are…have you asked him?"

"You know him better than I do," Sapphire said. "So, why don't you ask him?"

"Barry?" Caitlin asked. She was ignored. "Creepy entity whose is inhabiting Barry's body."

Barry twisted his head around a couple of seconds later and stared at Caitlin. Those eyes threw her off and did things to her which made her very nervous. Barry flickered his gaze from one side or another.

"You want to know where Iris West is," Barry said. "I'm afraid I can't help you. Chasing Thawne back in time caused damage to the time stream. It wasn't the first rupture that happened, but this time, they've gone too far."

"Are you saying that they should have let Thawne get away with destroying the timeline?" Caitlin asked. "What's going on? What aren't you telling us?"

Barry turned away from her. Caitlin's hand started to swirl around with icy mist. Her patience was about shot, after seeing one of her best friends vanish off of the face to the Earth and the man who she looked up as a father figure turning out to be a psychotic speedster. And now another one of her best friends had been inhabited by some cracked personification of the speed force.

"You're going to tell me what's going on and YOU'RE GOING TO DO IT NOW!"

Caitlin blasted Barry into the wall and froze him down to the ground. She stepped over on top of Barry. Sapphire looked up, mouth agape.

"Hold it," Natasha said. "You don't want to do this. That's still Barry's body there and any damage that's done, is done to him when he gets back."

Caitlin took in a deep breath, her powers getting the better. She was in control, in control, she had to be in control. Natasha held Caitlin back from attacking Barry even further. She kept a gentle hand on Caitlin and a narrowed eyed gaze directed at Barry's downed body.

The scientist could not believe she lashed out like this. Caitlin took several deep breaths in attempt to calm herself. The words "I'm in control" had been muttered like some kind of mantra.

"Zoom has been unleashed!"

"Zoom?" Caitlin asked.
"I've been sent here to stop Zoom, but the Chosen One must rise again!"

"Who are talking about?" Caitlin asked. "Who is the Chosen One? Who is Zoom? Who unleashed him….I need you to tell me and I need you to tell me this now, because you're putting lives in danger and I don't like it all."

Caitlin shot a icicle out of her hand and it came inches away from striking Barry in the ear. She took a deep breath and tried not to lose it. Barry vibrated out of the ice and stood to his feet.

"You know that will only slow me down for a minute," Barry said. "It's your turn to listen. This is far greater than you realized. I need Barry to be prepared….Iris is not strong enough. This timeline is a mistake."

Those words caused Caitlin to just fold her arms. A couple of deep breaths calmed her nerves and prevented her from lashing out against Barry.

"Just who are you?" Natasha asked.

"I'm not the Barry you know," Barry said. "I was at one point. I'm a Barry Allen from an alternate timeline which had been destroyed and thus had been merged for the speed force. I'm using Barry as a vessel to prepare you for what's to come."

"Yeah?" Caitlin asked. "And how do we know you're not Thawne pulling another scheme?"

The three women inside STAR labs all fixed their eyes on the face of the man before them. The problem was, they had no idea. Barry flickered his eyes towards them.

"You don't," Barry said. "You don't know anything. And you don't understand how complex this situation. Zoom was not supposed to rise in this way. And it's only beginning. The corruption, it might be too late to stop it. Maybe, we're wrong. Maybe there's another way….maybe you should bring them home."

An envelope pulled out from behind of Barry's back and slammed down on the table. He zipped out without another word and before Caitlin could react. Natasha put a hand on her shoulder and prevented her from doing anything.

"So, do you think he's telling the truth?" Sapphire asked.

"I don't know," Natasha said. "And that's something that scares me."

She unclipped the envelope and allowed the blueprint to slide out. Caitlin's eyes followed the progress of the drawing of a gateway. Several complex calculations were written all over it. Caitlin studied it as did the other two girls. She peeked out from behind the blueprint and directly at Natasha.

"You're the engineer here," Caitlin said. "Is any of this doable?"

"Yes," Natasha replied. "I'm going to have to call Karen and see if something could be done. But I'm pretty sure we have our first step in bringing our friends back home."

Hope sprung eternal as for the first time in several weeks, something had gone right. And they could not be more happy because of it either. They would finally find out what happened.

'I'd be lying if I said that I wasn't worried,' Caitlin thought.

Lena Luthor parked herself at the edge of the table. She spent the better part of the afternoon talking
to the police and Alia insisted she had been looked over a couple of times to make sure there was no trouble.

"We have a bit of a snag, unfortunately," Lena said. "You've miscalculated something."

"Wait, how?" Alia asked.

Alia had been so unused to making mistakes it make her very uncomfortable at the moment. The doors opened and lead Sara and Iris into the office. Lena made sure the office doors were closed.

"I understand why you're here," Lena said. "It's fortunate that one of my security officers looks like you."

"Yes," Sara said. "You know why we're here and I'm sure Alia has told you that we want to get home. I'm not saying that this Earth is a bad place it's just….

"There's no place like home," Lena said. "If only this situation was so simple as clacking your heels together."

A smile crossed over Sara's face. "Unfortunately not, otherwise we would have done it yet."

Iris and Sara settled down in the office where the plans for Alia's energy portal were laid out. The very obvious annoyance cropping over Alia's face showed there might have been a slight problem.

"We have an issue," Alia said. "Namely we need to create a portal powerful enough to sustain the LX19 power source."

"I thought you already did," Sara said.

"Yes, but, I miscalculated," Alia said.

Lena jumped on in where Alia left off to explain where they were going.

"It's like this. The portal will fry if it is cracked open in its current state and you can't jump on in. It would take us months to rebuild the portal, even with the help of a speedster. And we would have to know where your Earth is….the only other option we have is if we have a signal from the other side."

"Alia mentioned you developed a device."

Lena raised her eyebrow and Sara clarified what she meant.

"I mean, some kind of device where you can in theory communicate with other words," Sara said.

The two brunette women exchanged a nervous expression with each other. Lena walked over and opened to the closet. She wished the device did not resemble an electric chair so much. The headband on it hung from a wire.

"You're going to need enough residual temporal energy, otherwise you're just going to be hearing static," Lena said. "Neither Alia or I could tap into it…but neither of us have been universe jumping."

"I'll see what I can do," Sara said. "Plug me in and hope it doesn't fry my brain."

Iris opened her mouth and prepared to offer herself in Sara's place. Sara stopped her from saying or doing anything. "It has to be me. You have to be here to run interference in case something happens.
I'm in for it."

The two women spent no time in getting Sara situated into the chair. She could feel a buzzing feeling. It was like being plugged into static headphones. Sara relaxed her mind and tried to use the meditation tactics that she performed in the League of Assassins.

Her mental avatar left her body and floated from this Earth, through several energy portals. Sara crossed thirty-six other Earths from this one until she landed outside of Star Labs on Earth. She watched as Karen and Chloe stepped through the doors.

"HEY!" Sara yelled at the top of her lungs.

Of course they would not hear her. She was a ghost floating on the outskirts. Sara tried something and floated closer. Her form absorbed into the back of Chloe's body. Karen turned around at the very visible shudder from her personal assistant.

"Is there something wrong?" Karen asked.

"Karen, it's me, Sara!"

This nearly caused Karen to jump up and crash into the edge of the archway leading into Star Labs in surprise. Sara's voice coming out of Chloe's mouth was most certainly the last thing she expected to hear.

To Be Continued on February 14th, 2018.
The news and the knowledge that Sara claimed to have jumped into Chloe's body threw Karen for a loop something fierce. Karen stood for about ten seconds. Actually, more than a claim, because Karen heard Sara's voice coming out of Chloe's mouth. It was all sorts of strange and it made Karen wonder what the hell was going on.

A mirthful smile appeared on Chloe's face which was more like the type of smile Sara gave then Chloe, well at least as close as she could with this body. Karen grabbed Chloe's shoulder and caused her to jump up.

"I know you think it's weird," Sara said. "Hell, I think it's weird, and I'm the one doing it. I'm a long way home and I need to tell you a couple of things but….."

Karen zipped off in the other direction just before Sara could finish the explanation. She wondered if Karen believed a word she said. Sara looked up in the sky and could see Karen returning. She returned with Laurel, who dressed in full Black Canary gear. She dropped Laurel down on the ground. Laurel looked around in confusion for a couple of seconds.

"You're not going to believe this," Karen said.

"Yeah," Laurel said. "After all I've seen over the past couple of weeks, past couple of years, my suspension of disbelief can stretch pretty far so what….."

"It's me, Laurel," Chloe said. "It's me, Sara, and I'm in Chloe's body. I'm not here, physically, but I managed to walk about thirty-six Earths over to get inside of Chloe. She just happened to be there when I landed, and I'll give her this body back."

"Sara?" Laurel asked.

Her first thought was this was some kind of scheme where Blackfire played mind games. Laurel opened her mouth to protest. She did not really want to harm Chloe, but if this was some demonic entity posing as Sara, than something had to be done. Laurel spent the next couple of minutes contemplating whether or not to attack.

"Fine."

Chloe walked over to Laurel and leaned into her. She whispered something into Laurel's ear. Laurel's eyes widened. Karen pushed back to try not to listen to, although she heard the words "maple syrup" in the conversation before Chloe's body pulled away from Laurel. Laurel tried not to betray her emotions with a jubilant screen.

"So, that's Sara?" Karen asked.

"Yeah," Laurel said. "That's Sara….and it's really good to see you, or hear you or…something."

Sara took a few seconds to see her sister. Boy, it was good to see her, and also, she was a bit agitated about something. She grabbed Laurel's hand and squeezed it tight to make her jump up a little bit. Laurel relaxed a little bit.
"Sorry, I'm just glad to hear your voice," Laurel said. "But, where's the rest of you other than your mind and your body?"

Sara sighed in response. She had a pretty long story. Karen raised an eyebrow and was now looking at her. A very sheepish smile came from ear to ear over her face. Karen patted Chloe on the shoulder and made Sara stand up straight in her body.

"Yeah, I took the Legion ring and intended to bring it back to the present. But, you see, something happened, and I got bounced to another Earth. And I've found out the Legion Ring won't bounce me back."

A flickering came back into Sara's mind with a couple of deep breaths. She almost slipped away from Chloe's body.

"I have something to show you," Karen said. "I know it might not be that much longer before you get pulled back or something, but we think we have a way to bring you home."

Karen scooped up Chloe over her arms and zipped her into the lab. Laurel followed them in. Sara's gaze dropped down and noticed a blueprint of an energy gateway with several calculations. She tried to commit many of them to mind, along with the designs.

"Barry brought this over," Karen explained. A raised eyebrow made Karen backtrack a little bit from what she was saying. "Yeah, that's a pretty long story, and we don't have a time for it. Especially when you are stranded on this Earth Thirty-Eight...if I'm right."

"Yeah, I took about thirty-six steps over thirty-six different Earths before I found my way home," Sara said. "And I now feel the collection slipping away. It's going to be..."

"I've got something," Karen said. "I should be able to make contact with the Earth you've been on hopefully. You just got to hold tight."

"We're working on a way back," Sara said. "I'm seeing if your portal design would be feasible. Maybe if we build it on both ends, we'll double the chances."

"Of it's feasible," Karen agreed. "And I hope you bring my ring back one piece as well."

"I've got it in my pocket, ready to give back to you," Sara said. "I'm going, bye, see you later!"

They knew Sara had disappeared from the Earth. Karen got some data from the strange energy which entered and exited Chloe's body. Chloe staggered forward and then almost fell back. Laurel caught her before falling down on the ground.

"Sorry about that," Chloe said. "I must have zoned out."

Chloe pulled away from Laurel's grip. She was inside the lab when about two seconds ago she was outside of the lab and alone with Karen. Chloe stood inside of the lab with the Black Canary and also a whole lot of confusion in her eyes.

Sara snapped back against the chair in the LuthorCorp lab. The bands holding her snapped back. Sara started breathing heavily and resembled someone who ran a marathon while dressed in several leathers of clothing. Lena looked at her and Alia waved her hand at Sara's face.

"I'll be fine. Get me water. And a pen and paper."
Alia already held a bottle of water. The ice-cold water hit the back of Sara's throat. The dry feeling of her mouth and also her body shook from the pain. Sara took a drink from the water.

"Are you alright?" Alia asked.

Sara shrugged in response. "I've had worse. And yes, I made my way over, and made contact with my sister and a friend of mine."

Alia answered with a nod. She appreciated Sara's strength. There were a couple of thoughts going through her mind. Sara took the notepad and started to sketch down several complex calculations.

"I saw this gateway when I was over on the other side," Sara said. "I'm not sure how close it is to the one you've developed. But, I'm sure you can figure it out."

The good photographic memory of Sara came in handy to write the information down. Alia opened her mouth in shock. She studied the first few calculations and could have slapped herself for not thinking of it.

"It's it," Alia said.

"Who came up with this?" Iris asked.

"Barry did, according to Karen," Sara said. A few seconds passed with Iris raising her eyebrow. "According to Karen, it's a long story. I don't even know why, it's just…well I'm glad we have something functional."

"We do have something functional," Lena said. "We're going to need to generate the energy to kick up the shield though, and I'm not sure how that could be. We're going to have to create something which moves pretty fast."

"This isn't as much of a portal," Alia said. "It's a tracker designed to track breaches. Of course, there's a difference between tracking various levels of breaches and opening them. And we can't hold them open without enough energy."

Iris thought about something. It was actually something they were developing at STAR Labs before they unmasked Wells. She thought about it and had a pretty good idea something would work. She was not a scientist though, well Iris pretty much learned a lot more than she did working with Caitlin and Natasha, and then spend enough time around Barry, and some of it would rub off on her.

"Can you build a speed treadmill?" Iris asked. "You know what a speed treadmill is?"

"A super powerful treadmill which can withstand super sonic speeds?" Lena asked. "Yes, I believe I can build something like this….of course, that's genius!"

Lena looked a bit excited which surprised Alia.

"Yeah, it is," Alia agreed. "We can use the tracker to locate the breach, the LX19 to lock onto the energy, and use the Speed Force Treadmill to build up enough energy to keep the breach open…although we need to establish a connection to the other side."

"Karen's already working on it," Sara said.

"Do you have any blueprint for a treadmill?" Lena asked.

Iris sketched out the blueprint she remembered Wells working on. She sketched it down the best
possible. Iris sketched around the center of the circle and took a deep breath.

"Yeah, that's what I remember seeing down in his basement," Sara said. "But, I'm sure we could use a second opinion if you really want."

Lena and Alia positioned themselves on the other side of the desk. They looked at it. Alia saw it about ninety-five percent complete. She made a couple of adjustments while Iris and Sara looked on.

"It's not bad," Alia said. "But, I think that if we increase the durability on the machine, we should be able to generate energy faster and more efficiently."

All of the girls nodded with Sara rubbing her ear in response. It still felt a bit off to be in someone else's body, even though there were no really big physical side effects.

"How long?" Sara asked.

Lena made a couple more notes before breathing in and looking back at Sara.

"I'd say about six hours for the tracker and about eight for the speed treadmill. Fortunately, I've got more than enough people and resources to get them built at the same time. And then…there's also the other problem."

Sara took a long drink from the water and thought it over. Was the at least eight hour time period the most ideal thing? No, Sara could not say it was. However, she would have to say it's pretty much the best they could hope for.

"I say you two know what you're doing," Sara said. "I guess, I'll help keep an eye out for Indigo."

"Don't worry about that," Alia said. "Now, we've explained everything to the DEO, they should be the ones keeping an eye out for her. As long as they understand what's going on, everything should be fine."

Sara answered with a brisk nod and a smile in response.

"And more importantly if they don't get in my way again," Sara said

Laurel dropped back outside of the Clocktower. She had a million things in her mind. Still, relief was one of the best emotions in the world, especially after what happened. She had to check up on Felicity and Barbara to see whether or not they had mad anyway.

"I'm going back to help Caitlin, Natasha, and Sapphire," Karen said. "And make sure Chloe isn't shaken up too badly."

The two girls answered with a smile. The Kryptonian heroine answered with a smile. "Let me know if you need anything."

Laurel smiled and made her way up to the Clocktower elevator. A little bit of nervousness flowed through the body of the blonde crimefighter. She leaned back against the edge of the wall and tapped on it. It was only a one minute trip up to the top floor. Yet, despite this, Laurel felt as if she really had a lot of thoughts just swarming around her mind.

'Boy, nothing ever is that simple any more.'

The elevator opened up. Barbara looked up from her work and smiled. Felicity sunk back on the chair and took a long drink of coffee.
"I heard from Sara."

Felicity fortunately had been pointed away from any human beings when she spat her coffee up against the wall. She coughed and gagged from the coffee. Laurel reached over and grabbed a towel to help Felicity clean up. The trio sat down with each other. It took a couple of moments for one of them to get their bearings and that one person was Barbara.

"You heard from her?" Barbara asked. "Or did you see her."

"I better start at the beginning," Laurel said. "It all started when Chloe and Karen were on their way to Star Labs, when Chloe suddenly started to speak in Sara's voice."

She would need to explain everything. Hell, Laurel did not get all of the questions answered during the conversation with Sara. Laurel doubted very much Sara could have stayed for much longer. It might not have been healthy on her mentally and it could cause some damage on Chloe physically and mentally for Sara to inhabit her body. She explained as much as possible.

The two other women listened without saying anything until Laurel gave a visual indication she was done with the explanation.

"So, exactly how did Sara get inside of Chloe?" Felicity asked. She blinked and flinched at the utter wrongness. "Okay, I mean, how did she get inside of her body."

"She projected her consciousness inside of Chloe's body and used it as a means to communicate across thirty-six different words," Laurel said. "There are infinite worlds out there, apparently. At least that's where Karen figured."

"Hey, remember when we used to deal with asshole drug dealers and douchebag businessmen?" Felicity asked. "Because, I sure do. Now we're dealing with the multi-verse and evil demons who threaten everything that we're after."

Felicity intended for that statement to come off a little bit less bitter than it did. She dialed things back with a more humble smile.

"We found our more information about him, by the way," Barbara said. "And then there's…a couple of other things we have to figure out."

The more questions they had, the more someone changed the questions. Barbara bit down on her lip and sketched down a couple of notes.

"We know Trigon is a very powerful demonic lord who has a cult of followers," Barbara informed Laurel. "We know that this cult was very fanatical and a few of them were members of the Court of Owls."

Laurel answered with a nod. The Court had been driven out of Starling City after Slade had pretty much destroyed their power base. They scaled back to Gotham due to the fact Batman took advantage of their weakened state to cause some serious damage to them.

"But, there are your usual fanatical people there," Barbara said. "All they care about is trying to get a little bit of power even though people like Trigon would soon crush them."

"When will people learn," Felicity murmured underneath her breath.

"He seduced and impregnated a woman years ago to create a perfect disciple who was supposed to bring Trigon to Earth upon her sixteenth birthday," Barbara explained. "However, she refused to go
along with her father's plans and refused, despite being threatened. And Trigon is still trapped in his realm, as she took steps to prevent from getting out."

"Rachel," Felicity supplied helpfully.

Laurel figured that much out to be perfectly honest.

"He's found a new disciple in Joseph Blackfire and his cult," Barbara said. "And I'm thinking this decoded message states how they're intending to do it."

"Or some extremely convoluted scheme to throw us off of the trail while they accomplish their goals," Laurel offered. She rose up and moved across the Clocktower to look out into Starling City. "So, do you have any luck with figuring out who Zoom might be?"

Barbara answered with a shrug. Zoom might have been a phantom, just disappearing into the night. She threw her head back and took out the pages of notes.

"There's evidence that the Justice Society on their last mission stopped Trigon from rising and lead to Blackfire's fall," Barbara said. "At least his latest fall, but there's whispers that he's back, at least in spirit."

"If he does work for Trigon, I don't think he would die that easily," Felicity said. "Even his picture makes you think he's glaring into your soul."

The sadistic looking picture of Deacon Joseph Blackfire picked up. It was when he had been picked up on a conviction in Gotham City after he had been charged for victimizing the children of his cult members. The very thought of those allegations would haunt the nightmares of those who heard them. Blackfire resembled someone who crawled out of the swamp with sunken in dark eyes and scraggly looking beard.

Nightmarish described this individual very much.

Damien Darhk appeared at the edge of alter. One of his aides followed him. Darhk turned his attention to the man who smiled at him.

"Soon, Starling City will be upon its darkest hour," Darhk said.

"Yes," the aide agreed. "Soon it will decay and once it decays we will rebuild."

Darhk's eyes rolled in the back of his head suddenly. He could feel sparks of energy. Darhk steadied the grin upon the crystal vials in his hand to prevent them from dropping out of his hand. He drew in a couple more ragged breaths when his aide looked at him with glee.

"Did you see it?" he asked. "DID YOU FEEL IT?"

The aide's excitement propelled through the room. Darhk took a couple of deep breaths to steady himself.

"Yes, I feel it," Darhk agreed. "She's made contact, the archer has made contact. She is trying to return home."

Darhk felt more at peace with himself with the insane energy bubbling to the surface. The Urn of Deacon Blackfire opened up some brand new possibilities. The minute he touched the urn, Darhk thought he might as well have been a brand new man. Power personified through his body. The
wicked grin etched on the face of the HIVE leader spread from ear to ear.

"Yes, she's going to only return to get destroyed. Hope is dead after all."

"Yes, hope is dead," Darhk agreed. "And now, I must address my men. Tonight is a very important night and I'm going to make sure they're all ready."

The aide gave a smile. The restoration went ahead as planned and soon they would fix the decay which spread through Starling City. Mathias Blackfire observed the divine father grabbing a greater foothold inside of Damien Darhk. The end would be here.

Darhk stepped forward with a very present grin on his face. He was smiling and why not? Every single member of HIVE stationed in Starling City prepared to hear his words. They all looked up to him with the rest he did not achieve when the title of Ra's al Ghul had been denied to him. Everything Darhk accomplished would be vengeance. The trophy of the pretender's decapitated head signified greatness to the HIVE leader.

"Tonight, there will be a reckoning which will take place. And the reckoning takes place on this night for one special reason. But, first, you all know the world is full of chaos. And Starling City is a symbol of this chaos. A broken system not only the fabled League of Assassins could fix."

Anyone who worked with HIVE learned a long time ago never to bring up the League of Assassins or the fact Damien Darhk had been once a apart of them unless he brought them up first.

"Tonight, one of the cancers of Starling City will be making a speech. Moira Queen, who caused much strife with her greed, has been rewarded by being the most powerful woman in Starling City. She's part of the larger decay and part of the problem which is causing a chaos in the world. She will soon fall at the feet of us all."

Darhk paused and looked around at them.

"She'll announce whether or not she intends to run for Mayor once again," Darhk said. "My vote is we take that decision out of her hands and out of the hands of the people in Starling City. Democracy is a charming idea in theory, until you realize people never are clear what is in their best interests."

"Be strong!" Darhk's head said. "For tonight, is our revolution!"

"REVOLUTION!" the members of HIVE chorused.

"Share in our power!" the aide yelled.

Several vials of red liquid passed around. Darhk watched as they drank the contents from the vials. A smile popped over his face when observing them drink in the power. Power, Darhk intended to spread. The Genesis would be at hand and Starling City would be the first city to fall. He would destroy the cause of the decay for it spreads.

Darhk stepped back just in time to meet his wife. Ruve's eyebrow raised when focusing on her.

"Are you feeling alright?" Ruve asked.

Darhk raised an eyebrow. "I've never felt better in my life."

The husband seemed in a pretty happy mood which did not stop the wife from worrying. Especially when said wife was also in high standing of HIVE and her husband not being mentally well could have caused several years of plans to burn out of control.
"The other Hive leaders have their concerns," Ruve said. "They are concerned you've lost sight of our plan to purify everyone and start a brand new world order."

"I've told you that only the best and purest of humanity will be selected," Darhk said. "Those who are part of the decay will be eliminated. And the decay may be wider spread, anyway from eighty to ninety percent of the Earth's population is obsolete."

"Yes, obsolete," Ruve said. "So, you've told me...and the high council they wish to speak for you. They're concerned about your recent decisions."

Darhk looked a little bit threatening. His fingers brushed the hair back and he took a deep breath.

"They don't have anything I feel is important to discuss now," Darhk said. "They said they would give me the opportunity to go forward with the plan in Starling City. And why are they stepping back now? Tell me this because I'm having a little trouble figuring out why the council would get cold feet now of all times."

Darhk just gave a smile to his wife.

"All part of a grander plan," Darhk said. "You're a smart woman. You should understand where this is going. We need to crush Starling City, and giving it hope before yanking it away in it's darkest hour, well I think that will serve us well."

"The leaders won't take no for an answer," Ruve said. "And I admit that I'm...well ever since you got ahold of the urn, things have changed."

"I'm fine."

Darhk roughly grabbed his wife by the shoulder. His hands did not slip around her throat, but the threat had most certainly been there.

"I'm fine," Darhk repeated. "Those who keep questioning my vision won't be. They will burn for their sins."

He released Ruve from his grip. Ruve never looked at her husband in fear before. He never once rose his hand or spoke a coarse word to either her or her daughter. She held some control over him at certain points, and normally, he would have gone forward with a meeting to appease her.

Something changed and she did not like the changes. They terrified her.

Sara rested at the safe house. She felt fine, a bit shaken and a bit tired. All they had to do was wait for a bit longer and they would be on their way home.

At least that was the theory, and Sara hoped it as correct. She had a very bad feeling something might delay them. Indigo's Prime Copy still lingered out there and she was going to head after the LX19.

A knock on the door brought Sara's attention towards it.

"It's unlocked."

The lovely Kara Danvers stepped into the room with a big smile on her face.

"Alia convinced me to bring this over," Kara said. "She would have done so herself, but she's been busy."
"Oh, pizza," Sara said. "It's been a long time."

"According to Alex, it was just the other night you had pizza," Kara said.

"Trust me, when you spend time fighting for your life, time is a bit messed up," Sara said. "But, thank you. I think I love you."

Sara smiled at Kara and placed a hand on Kara's shoulder.

"Too bad I already got a girlfriend, right?" Kara asked.

"Well, yes, in theory," Sara said. "But, I'm pretty sure you've been in threesomes with other women before. The question is, was alternate me one of them?"

Kara grinned and leaned closer to her. "Wouldn't you like to know?"

"And was your sister one of them?" Sara asked.

"Actually, that's one road we haven't quite been down yet," Kara said. "There's a lot of awkwardness there...not sure how we're going to smooth it."

"Hours of mind-blowing sex could work," Sara said. "I wonder if you kiss as good as Alex does."

"Are you kidding?" Kara asked. "I kiss way better than she does, or so I've heard, but I guess we did kiss that one time, so I'm not sure if it really counts or not...."

Kara's watch started to beep just as Sara received a phone call. For once, someone saved Supergirl.

"DEO," Kara said.

"Iris, looks like Indigo's been located" Sara said. "Looks like we're going to have to pick this up later, Ms. Danvers."

Sara pulled on her hood. Kara offered her a ride.

"Need a ride?" Kara asked.

"Oh, I'll ride you any day," Sara said.

'And I spend way too much time with Felicity,' Sara thought.

Regardless, Kara tried to maintain a straight face as Sara wrapped her arms around Kara's neck. Her hair did smell pretty nice from this vantage point. Sara went to the DEO, aboard the Supergirl express.

To Be Continued on February 16th, 2018.
Wind blew through Central City from someone moving at the speed of light. The people in the City searched around very eagerly for their hero, the Flash. Unfortunately, their particular hero was not what they were used to. The Flash did not stop and talk to the people around him. Hell, the Flash was not even who he used to be. The fact the Flash was a he and not a she also threw a lot of people for a look.

Years ago, Barry Allen from an alternate timeline ascended and became part of the speed force. He had to go around to alternate dimensions to ensure that there were no threats. One of the dimensions had been this strange timeline which manifested out of the error of another alternate version of himself. Now, Barry found himself in his alternate universe body, detached emotionally from the situation, and ready to do what was absolutely necessary.

Most people would have been very confused regarding the situation and how to deal with it. The Speed Force understood everything and more importantly understood what needed to be found. Hunting Zoom factored into the most importance. Everything else skewed very much secondary to finding one of the more dangerous entities in the entire universe. Barry kept moving from the left and to the right. Something rattled off to the side which forced Barry to spring up.

A figure blasted out of the shadows and knocked Barry down to the ground. A figure dressed completely in black with blue lightning surrounded him. Barry peaked up and noticed him cycling around like some kind of cycle from hell.

"You!"

Barry pushed himself up to a standing position and locked eyes onto Zoom. People feared Zoom and thought the entity had been the furthest thing away from human possible. And they were right. Zoom blasted at Barry and knocked him down once again. The Flash ripped through the air and stood up.

"Nothing can stop me," Zoom said. "The Speed Force thinks that they control their champions. But, I was never its champion. I was never its puppet. The speed force never controlled me. They have had the power I had. They never had the control I had."

Zoom whipped behind Barry and grabbed him around the head. Barry shot away from Zoom and landed on his feet. The Speed Force clapped his hands together and channeled an immense amount of energy. The static cling burned the vessel somewhat. The Speed Force concerned itself very little with practical injuries, rather it decided to keep moving forward. The Speed Force energy jolt slammed into Zoom and knocked him off of the ground.

"You're not fast enough."

Zoom knocked Barry backwards. Barry crashed down onto the ground. Zoom's insidious expression burned a hole through Barry when staring him down.

"No," Zoom said. "There's no one who is faster than me."

Zoom popped behind Barry and caught him with a series of punches. The champion returned fire with more punches. Zoom blocked most of the punches before getting knocked back. Both of them landed on the other side of each other. Barry and Zoom fired their energy at each other. No one
moved, until Zoom came up underneath and cracked Barry hard.

Barry caught Zoom's vibrating hand and he screamed as the speedster pushed him back. Zoom broke free and caught Barry with two flowing blows.

"No one is faster than me. And no one is stronger than me."

A blur shot from the heavens and popped Zoom in the face. Zoom crashed down onto the ground with a solid crack. Zoom looked up and came face to face with Power Girl.

"You were staying?" Karen asked.

"You're not my target," Zoom said. "Flash is. And this messenger is the key of fighting her and taking her speed. You are not worthy of my time or my interest."

Zoom zipped off to the other distance. He could feel the object of his obsession moving closer. Power Girl blasted down the street completely after Zoom. The two raced down the street until Zoom opened up a breach in time and space. Power Girl grabbed onto him with her fingertips almost brushing against the back of his head.

The energy blast popped Zoom through the portal on the other end. Power Girl dropped to the ground having left Zoom to disappear off into the night.

"He's gone."

Barry's very casual expression caught Karen completely off guard. While Karen had not been directly involved in Barry's latest round of weirdness or possession, or whatever, it frustrated her.

"What the hell is happening?"

A simple question and Barry drew in a deep breath. Karen caught one sight of his face, blistered and burned. The Speed Force seemed less than sympathetic to Barry's plight.

"He is a danger to all," the entity declared in a very hideous monotone. "He will bring danger to us and he will bring danger to the speed force. He will bring chaos to all of our existences by attempting to control our way of life. He will bring chaos to everything in his attempts to control the speed force."

Karen sighed. She did not have time to decrypt what Barry said. She had an incoming call from Star Labs which needed to taken.

"Good news is we're one step closer to bringing Sara and Iris back home," Caitlin said. "I guess there's some bad news to go to the good news. And that is, we're going to have to work together on both sides."

Barry clicked in the ear piece hooked to this costume. He could listen in on the conversation that way. Zoom would have noticed the steps they were taking to get Iris home. Therefore, it would be essentially the best way to bait some kind of trap.

"Tell me what to do," Barry said.

"Wait, you want us to trust you?" Caitlin asked. "You want us to trust you? Now of all times. You haven't been upfront about everything you know."

"The sooner we do this, the sooner Iris gets home," Barry said. "And the sooner we catch Zoom and
the sooner I leave Barry's body...because once Zoom's presence has been cleansed from this world, I'm going to leave."

"You sure about that?" Caitlin asked.

"I have no desire to be on a mortal plane any longer than I have to," the entity said. "We'll be back to Star Labs and work ther.e"

Iris could very well be the bait they needed to trap Zoom and trap him once and for all. The entity did not really care what happened to her, as long as they had Zoom.

"You can let go now."

The teasing tone from Kara just caused Sara to drop down from her back. The two walked into the DEO where Alex and Iris stood next to each other. The other members of the DEO, with Henshaw being the most prominent, studied a strange looking transmission. They could hear the blipping coming from the other end and a strange looking sound also taunting them.

"So what do we got here?" Sara asked.

"We're tracking a small group of rogue Kandorians," Alex said. "We think they might lead us to the rest of them, or at least to one of their leaders."

Kara shook her head. The DEO was really going about this all wrong. If Alex noticed her little shake of the head or something like that, then she had no acknowledgement.

"Instead, we picked up this," Alex said.

One of the scientists of the DEO clenched the edge of the console. The DEO boasted of some of the top and tightest security on the planet. It would take a miracle for someone to break down that wall and get inside of the security, at least so they thought. Unfortunately, miracles could and did happen every now and again.

"Just keep working to make sure whoever is trying to break it doesn't get it," Henshaw said. "Do we have any idea who is breaking in?"

"Indigo," Kara said.

Henshaw figured about as much. He had been very weary towards Supergirl ever since her connection with the Dragon had been verified. The Dragon resulted in a player on the chessboard.

"She's trying to drag us into a trap," Alex said. "She has to...but I wonder about something...."

Sara entered the conversation and proceeded to steal the words straight from Alex's mouth. "She wants the LX19. We know that much. Other than that though, I don't know what she could be planning. She has a lot of plans, she has to be."

"Someone like her always does."

The doors pushed open and two very excited, if not slightly stressed out, agents of the DEO made their way into the ring. Henshaw locked his eyes on them and motioned for them to speak.

"Non and his men are heading East towards the LuthorCorp Manufacturing Plant C," one of them said.
"I don't think it's there," Kara said.

Henshaw stuck out a hand and directed his next statement towards Kara. "Maybe it's not there, but there's something valuable there. Something which might not be the LX19, but it's still completely dangerous."

"And if Non's going there, I'm going there too."

No one argued Kara's fierce determination. Some could in fact say though said determination had been born out of a small level of pettiness due to the fact Non just got the drop on her last time. Kara would not necessarily argue with them. Still, these rogue invaders had to be stopped by all means and who was better to stop them than Supergirl. She almost zipped off until Iris put a hand on her.

"We're going with you," Iris said.

Kara nodded. She could not argue. There was really no time for her to argue about any of this. All they had to do was head out and get ready. He watched Alex over her shoulder. Alex had been preparing to get together a group of DEO members. Kara just hoped they did not get in her way.

Iris stepped three steps, something whipped her head back. Iris dropped to one knee where a hideous pain enveloped the back of her head. It had been far and beyond anything Iris ever experienced in her life. Something kept ripping through her skull and forcing her to breathe. Iris shook her head, trying to clear the cobwebs.

"No!" Iris yelled at the top of her lungs. "NO!"

"Iris!" Sara yelled at her.

Iris watched a demonic image flicker in her mind. Something in blue lightning and something very horrible, drawing in close. She heard a whisper of "I'm coming for you, Flash "echoing through her mind. A firm hand jolted Iris out of her.

"I'm fine," Iris said. "Just some kind of speed force fatigue thing."

Sara flashed Iris a look which plainly stated she thought that this explanation was complete and utter bullshit. Iris tried to flash a smile towards Sara which had not been returned as much as Iris would have liked it to.

"We'll find a way home."

Indigo made plans both carefully and logically which would lead to her directive being achieved. She made a few adjustments to the portal Non's followers had been scrapping together. They had some rudimentary skills, but nothing which would essentially be of value in the real world. They cut Indigo's word in half so points for it, she suspected.

"Your plan isn't going to work."

The Phantom Zone prisoner turned around and noticed Astra staring her down. The calmness and the contempt flowing through Astra's eyes showed everything.

"You think so, don't you?" Indigo asked in a very collected tone. "This portal is functional, other than a power source. Other than the LX-19."

"You've modified it," Astra said. "What are you doing?"
"I'm building a New Krypton," Indigo said. "It's a more logical world. By my calculations, humanity will wipe out this planet by the year 2550, by the most conservative estimates."

"Step away from my portal," Astra warned her.

Indigo answered with a smile. "How soon do you forget who has freed you from your prison? You would have been inside of the Phantom Zone by now, still burdened with your own regrets. And you have many of them don't you."

Astra only glared at this machine. How dare it speak to her in such of a manner? Astra only wished to ram her fist through the chest of this vile individual. Indigo stared down with a small smile pushing against her face. Astra tried to calm herself and be more contained.

"It's only missing the LX19," Indigo said. "And one other thing."

"It's missing a Kryptonian who has been submerged in a yellow sunlight to power it."

Non and his followers stepped inside. They all surrounded around Astra. Non moved in closer towards his lovely wife, who had not been devote to him. He blamed himself, allowing Astra to dictate how his life had gone. The two came eye to eye with each other.

"And you will serve your troops well, General," Non said. "It can make up for the fact that as of late, you've done nothing, but disrespect me. I'm your husband, and yet you treat me as if I'm lower than dirt."

"Respect is earned," Astra said. "And if you have been acting like a spoiled child who has been entitled to respect, pardon me for not distributing any of it."

The two troops moved in towards Astra. Astra slipped the knife off of her sleeve into her hand and prepared to fight them. Non had rounded up others. Astra knew the risk they would by gathering them all. Many did not like them. Many were bitter about the coup she performed when driving Zod.

"You are blinded," Non said. "You don't have the best interests of Krypton in mind."

"And you think Indigo does?" Astra asked. "You are a sheep, Non."

"And you are frigid," Non said. "You are blinded by your duty, by your niece, by your daughter, and by….."

Astra lashed out and nailed Non with a full force punch. Non flew back against the wall. His men moved over to grab Astra. Astra twisted out of their grasp and stabbed one of Non's men directly across the chest. Blood spilled out after she dropped him to the ground. Astra whipped out of the attack and repeatedly stabbed her enemy dropping him to the ground.

"If it wasn't for me you would still be kneeling before Zod. All of you would."

Non's men all grabbed Astra and restrained her. She fought out of the attack.

One blur came out and knocked Non's men over across the ground from Astra. Supergirl dropped down the ground. Flash appeared on the other end and tried to grab Indigo who flashed away from her just before the fingertips locked onto the woman in question.

"Damn it," Iris swore at the top of her lungs.

Non rose to his feet and grabbed Supergirl around the neck. She flipped over onto the ground and
stuck the landing. Supergirl motioned for Non to get to her.

"I haven't snapped you in half because of respect for your aunt. Given she doesn't respect me anymore."

"Oh, you've finally grown a spine," Kara said.

This caused Non to see read and lung at Supergirl as fast as possible. An arrow fired from the opposite direction and nailed Non in the chest. The arrow discharged red solar dust which covered him. Supergirl nailed him with one punch in the face and knocked him down on the ground.

"I think I got that red dust on myself," Supergirl said with a grimace. Flash did not hesitate to move over and to start wiping Supergirl clean of the solar dust. The dust started to fly harmlessly in the air. "Thanks."

Astra picked up a large knife and looked down at Non. He was there and Astra held no sympathy for this man. He deserved to be slaughtered.

"No," Kara said. "Aunt Astra, don't."

Kara's words stopped her. She might have been the only one to pull Astra off of the ledge.

"He can be returned to the Phantom Zone for his treason. It's more than he deserves, but we kind of need him for an exchange. And he was responsible for putting her there in the first place."

Astra figured her niece knew. Everything was coming together nicely. The DEO moved in where the rogue Phantom Zone members were down on the ground.

"I suppose you're here to arrest me," Astra said. "It's a pity you have far bigger problems to deal with right now."

"Yes, we do," Kara confirmed. "Indigo's escaped."

Alia always found a sense of accomplishment and pride as a project. Lena and this Earth's version of Sara, surrounded the portal. The gateway had been completed to the specifications which had been sent through. Alia put her hand on her face and then looked over at the table.

The breach tracker laid out on the table as well, ready to be used as the means to bring everyone back home. Alia figured all they needed to do was trigger it.

"So we're done," Sara said. "Do you think the people on the other side are working just as efficiently?"

"You have done a good job."

Indigo turned up one more time. Alia, Sara, and Lena stood up to face her. They did not seem too surprised she was here. Indigo had been distracted by this fine piece of technology just standing to the right of her. Indigo smiled and approached it with a soft hand caressing against it.

"It's perfect," Indigo said. "It's perfect."

Something flowed from the tips of Indigo's hand and all through her. Indigo just absorbed pretty much everything around her in one influx of energy. The power increased around her.

"And you've made contact with another world!" Indigo cheered. "Oh, you are that good. I can now
use this portal to go from one world to another and then….."

Alia plunged something into the back of Indigo's neck. The crystal inserted into the slot caused Indigo's arms to fly back and forth with an intense jolt of energy.

"Only, you won't be going far. Not without the hard reboot of your system."

Inhumane shrieks showcased the fact the crystal did its magic. Indigo reached for anything, anything to escape. The prime copy flew through an energy portal while absorbing the dupe on the ground. Indigo's eyes rolled up in the back of her head.

"I've been waiting for this for a long time," Alia said. "And I have to thank Kara for helping me with this one."

It was long overdue to be perfectly honest. Indigo thrashed and tried to escape the pull. Her eyes rolled in the back her head before dropping down to the ground. Alia would have her rebooted to system standards in no time. She stood against the wall.

"It will be about two hours before she gets reset," Alia said.

Something crackled through the air. Alia looked up just in time to see a black blur shoot from the portal and land down onto the ground. The blur picked up an immense amount of speed before flying completely out of the window. Alia could not get a good enough look at it.

She got enough of a look of it though to realize they were dealing with a huge problem. Alia tapped the ear piece in her ear.

"We have a little bit of a problem," Alia said.

"Now what?" Kara asked.

"That's a good question."

The stars were aligned and everyone who was anyone in Starling City were out for Moira Queen to see whether or not she would be elected. Several members of the Mayor's office walked past the very detailed security. One of the members of the staff turned to another.

"Queen really has been better than the last four or five Mayors of Starling City."

"How do you figure?" another staff member asked.

The first staff member responded with a smile. "Well look at it this way. If she steps down tonight, she will have left office on her own two feet, and not in a bodybag, or even in handcuffs. I don't think she should run again."

"Well, it looks like she might," another staff member said. "But, she hasn't really been talking to any of us."

"These cult murders have her wound up."

A shudder came from another staff member before he made the next statement. "These cult murders have me wound up. They have pretty much everyone in the city wound up. I don't know what the hell is going on. Did you hear?"

The staff members moved in to each other to speak. The other members of the staff had their
attention on this man for the news they wanted to receive.

"They found some of those loonies hauled up with a plan to car bomb the Mayor," the staff member said. " Granted, there's a bunch of millennials there. You talk about how certain people are oppressed, and you rile them up."

"Rile up a bunch of white people, apparently," one of the black members of Moira's staff. "They are the ones who are talking about racism, and all that. They are the ones who think they can speak on behalf of all of us. Must be projecting."

The other members of the staff shrugged and stopped their gossip to move through the final security check point. One way or another, sound would have to give tonight.

Jade and Cass stepped in. They looked up to see Artemis perched on the rooftop. They really hoped that worse would not come to worse tonight.

"Ready?" Cass asked.

"About as much as I'll ever be," Jade said. "Let's go."

Artemis disappeared, and Jade caught attention of Laurel and Helena, who melded amongst the crowd, ready to change out in a moment's notice.

"So, nothing strange yet," Felicity said. "I'll keep an ear out there."

All of them nodded in response. Thea stepped into the picture, standing by her mother. She wanted to give her support as much as possible. She snuck a thumbs up to Artemis.

"Your girlfriend is on the rooftop about to put an arrow through anyone who looks at me cross-eyed?" Moira asked.

Thea stumbled at her mother actually noticing Artemis on the rooftop.

"She's nowhere near as discreet as Sara is."

Moira had been meaning to ask where the hell Sara disappeared to, but given the chaos undertaking Starling City, there had been other things on her mind. Moira walked up to the stage to face them all.

"People of Starling City, thank you all for coming out here tonight," Moira said. "We have been through a rough last couple of years, and the last couple of months. But, I know that you're all strong and you will come out on the other side. We will all stand together and…..."

A loud blare came through the loud speaker. He sounded less like a blare and more like a "bleet", almost like a sheep being caught in the fence.

Several mercenaries appeared atop of a van. They all wore armor and Sheep Masks as well. The leader stepped into the picture as security moved in.

"We will no longer be enslaved by the machine Starling City. We will rise up and we will destroy all of those who are obsolete like Moira Queen."

A large metal canister dropped to the ground and released gas straight into the crowd. Everyone ran for cover as the gas overtook them.

"Oh, shit!" Barbara yelled over the ear piece. "You better get the fuck away from there and try not to breathe!"
Moira Queen moved down the stage by her aides. One of the men broke through the crowd and threw a canister at the ground. One of the bodyguards blocked the canister before Cass tackled the goon to the ground. The canister still broke open and gassed everyone involved.

The screams echoed as people began to panic and Moira felt dizzy. She looked into the crowd and saw a figure in the mist. His face looked gaunt and grim, and very twisted.

"Oliver?"

"Mother, you killed me," Oliver said. "How could you?"

To Be Continued on February 18th, 2018.
Chapter One Hundred and Sixteen: Decoded Part Two

Non's wrists bound together and he had been forced to his knees in a very humiliating position. Astra stepped into the picture behind Non who refused to even make eye contact with anyone. Several of their followers stepped in to give the speech. Many of them shifted about very nervously and waited for the proper moment for them all to do something. Astra swept their gaze over them.

A groan came from the Kryptonian on the ground. The ropes burned his wrists and they were tied so tight, that the circulation had been pretty much eliminated. Non struggled to get to a standing position from where he was until Astra forced him back down.

"Allow me to have dignity," Non told her. "Kill me."

Astra placed one finger onto the back of Non's neck and pressed into the nerve ending. It caused the muscles in his legs to go completely numb. "Given what you've done, you have no dignity. We could have done this the easy way. But you just had to do it the hard way. And now you've left me no choice."

The Kryptonians all watched Astra nervously. They also peeked through the shadows. Some of them knew Astra's enforcer was not far behind if she was here. Their stomachs collectively turned into knots the longer this conversation had gone.

"It's time for all of you to make a decision," Astra said. "I appreciate the loyalty some of you have given me. Others, you are only loyal to me out of opportunity."

The accusing eyes of the General washed over each and every one of them. The Kryptonian survivors all glared back at Astra. Some of the most dangerous prisoners faltered. This woman or her sister put many of them in their containment in the first place.

"You have only waited for the right time to stab me in the back," Astra said. "You can join Non and return quietly back into the Phantom Zone. Or you can remain here. But be warned. Any betrayal has zero tolerance. I will kill you."

Some of them wondered whether or not they should try their luck. One of the guards looked, and rushed the stage to attack Astra. He held a knife in hand and was ready to stab her.

Kara Zor-El blocked down from behind the supporter of Non and grabbed him around the arm. Both struggled for position and fought for the knife. Supergirl twisted the man's arm around and hit him with some violent punches. Each one rocked her enemy more than the last one. The Girl of Steel flipped herself over on the ground and landed hard. Two more guards rushed her at once.

Supergirl blocked the attack from the guard. She whipped back with an uppercut punch to drop him down onto the ground. Supergirl flipped herself high into the air and stuck the landing behind another guard. She rocked her enemy with a huge roundhouse kick to drop him down to the ground.

Non moved his way to his feet in a standing position. Astra nailed him across the back of the head and dropped him. The attempt had been appreciated in some weird way, but there was nothing happening that was going to allow Non to get out of there on his own two feet.

Two of Non's supporters rushed out of the side entrance. The Green Arrow flipped herself over onto
the ground, stuck a very firm landing and shot an arrow at the ground at the supporters leg. The explosion knocked him back against the wall.

Another one tried to run. Flash zipped off to the other side. The attacker ran backwards and Flash zipped back onto the other side as well. The supporter lifted up a huge chunk of pipe and swung at the Fastest Woman alive. She dodged three shots in succession before holding onto the pipe and punching away at her enemy. The Flash came down behind her enemy and took him down onto the ground.

Iris caught herself and looked up in time to see a black cloud and then a blue flash of lightning. Flash slammed down onto the ground and then the figure grabbed her around the throat before throwing her back off of the ground.

They disappeared into a warp on the other side of the city. Iris struggled to climb back to her feet. This hideous speed demon dropped down to the ground on the other side of her. She looked up in horror as the speed demon charged her form all ends.

Iris dodged the attack from the speed demon and returned fire with a series of rapid fire punches. Each punch clipped the air as the speed demon avoided them with swift precision.

"Just what are you?" Iris demanded.

Not who are you, what are you, and Iris thought that statement was appropriate. This menacing force nailed Iris from behind and slammed her up against the wall. She could feel her body tense up.

Two arrows flying at the speed demon had been blasted by lightning. The Speed Demon zipped over and flipped the Green Arrow down onto the ground. She did a backflip and planted face first onto the ground. Every ounce of wind knocked out of her body.

"You may call me your executioner!" he yelled.

Supergirl blasted down and knocked the speedster out of the position. The speedster flipped head over heels and landed firmly on the ground. The wind knocked out of him when Supergirl threw herself at the speedster with reckless abandon. The Girl of Steel avoided three attacks in succession. Supergirl wound back and knocked the speedster into the wall.

The speed demon rolled over with an evident grunt coming from him. The demon reached back and rammed his fist against the ground. The ground rattled and caused vibrations to run through the ground. It knocked Green Arrow, Flash, Supergirl, and the DEO agents all back.

"Another time, Flash," Zoom said. "You can't hide from me forever."

A loud bang came and Zoom vanished off into the light. The members of the DEO watched him leave, and Alex turned around to face the hooded girl.

"What the hell was that?"

Sara responded with a shrug. "Good question."

Panic gripped Starling City in an iron fist. Barbara Gordon sat at the table in the Clocktower. They had been busy deciphering the script, but this was an entirely new and very real problem. Felicity, Laurel, and Thea stood around very nervously.

Off to the side, laid Moira Queen who had been strapped and restrained to the table. Her body coated
in sweat, despite being given every item to calm her down. Her hips thrashed up off of the bed and then a loud scream came out of her body.

"OLIVER I'M SORRY!" Moira yelled. "Oh, god, please…this is all my fault….ALL MY FAULT!"

"I can't stand seeing her like this," Thea said. "She's…it's just….."

The Queen Heiress had no more words to describe it. She decided to take out her frustrations and there were many by punching a heavy bag off to the side. It might not have made her feel that much better, but it was somewhat liberating to be honest. Thea pulled back and then punched the bag a couple more times.

Laurel waited for the call to go completely through on the other end of Star Labs. Caitlin had received the sample they got through the air.

"We got good news and bad news," Barbara said. "The good news is that the sample burned out pretty quickly and hasn't lingered. They used the Scarecrow's fear toxin formula, but they really didn't understand how to make it work properly."

"And you say this like it's a bad thing," Thea said.

"Well, it's just more dangerous to the people who had been in the blast zone," Barbara said. "Which, since it's crude, and since it was homemade, we're going to have to someone deconstruct the formula. There's no antidote right now, and…well, we hope for one I think."

Every single second Thea watched her mother thrash on the bed, the more her anger rose. Really wanted to put her fist through something or her arrow through someone. These cult leaders, some of them had been rounded up, but others ran free.

"I think we have more bad news though," Felicity said. "One of those chemicals is manufactured by an offshore plant. And the plant is owned by Damien Darhk…you remember that guy?"

"Leader of HIVE," Laurel said in a distracted voice.

She would not lie, this particular situation had gone from bad to worse and made her frustrated. Sara's predicament and uncertain future made Laurel even more anxious. There was a pretty good chance Sara would be on her way home sooner rather than later. And there was an even bigger chance something would go wrong.

For some reason, this was more nerve-racking than the five years Sara spent away. Or maybe it was because Laurel had gone through it once, and did not go through it again.

"HIVE and an evil cult working together," Barbara said. "Anyone find it a bit funny this happens just after Darhk gets his hands on the Urn of Blackfire?"

Moira thrashed about at the bed one more time.

"No, you're dead!" Moira yelled.

Thea's eyes narrowed and she reached over. All she could do was sit beside her mother's bed and hold her hand. Just like Moira did many times when Thea was sick.

"Stay away from her Malcolm!" Moira yelled. "You're not taking her…no…she's…you have no right!"
Thea understood exactly what her mother was seeing under the crude fear toxin she had been poisoned with.

"So, you're pretty sure that you can get a cure?" Laurel asked. "Good...I hate to bother you at all this time...with Karen there, you should be able to get it done with three hours."

Thea sat her mother's head up and forced Moira to drink the water. Thea drew back her breath and gave another couple of sighs.

'It's just really gone from bad to worse.'

The drumming of the fingers came up. Alia, Lena, and Sara Lance of Earth Thirty-Eight, stood before the android. Indigo's eyes opened up. Alia put her fingers underneath the chin of the woman and ensured she would wake up.

"You're with me, aren't you?" Alia asked. "Give me a sign and say that you're with me, Indigo."

"I am with you," Indigo replied. "And I'm sorry...all of the corruption has been removed by my programming. It was...difficult, but I'm here to serve the survivors of Krypton."

"What were you doing?" Alia asked.

Indigo's eyes flashed as she moved through her data banks to uncover the information needed. It had been a very good question about what she was doing.

"I had been trying to follow the breaches," Indigo said.

"Breaches?" Alia asked. "You found them?"

Alia would not lie, having Indigo on their side would make their job a lot easier. They had the portal, they had the breach locator, but having something more refined to hunt down each breach would make their lives a whole lot easier.

"I've attuned to them as they opened," Indigo said. "Someone opened one recently. It's a gate way to the Earth which helped spawned this chain of fifty-two different Earths. Each of them unique in their own ways."

Alia figured about as much and had been very glad to have some verification of there being fifty-two different worlds. It matched up with her studies in the multi-verse quite nicely. Indigo stepped to her feet and moved over to the computer off to the side of the office.

"With your permission and with your consent, I can access one of the breaches in the multi-verse," Indigo said. "Maybe we can track where we're going."

"Do it," Lena said.

Alia trusted Indigo now she had been purged of all potential corruption and Lena had just cause to trust her as well. Indigo stepped over to the computer and moved. She punched up some images and suddenly a jolt of energy came through the room. Indigo hooked her finger into the computer to shield it from any potential power fluctuations which might result in it becoming fried.

"I know what I'm doing," Indigo said underneath her breath. "Let's do this. Right here, and right now."

A small breach opened up directly in Lena's office. The breach lasted only about ten seconds and
closed up. The strange surprise of warmth and cold came through their office.

"It's unwise to leave these breaches open for long without a speedster to navigate them," Alia said. "They could result in instabilities which could ruin the entire world."

"And that's what you were intending to do?" Alia asked.

Indigo's expression turned to the closest thing to shame the computer could ever muster. "I intended to do so before my defects had been discovered yes. I make no apologies, but I only state facts."

The door opened up and Astra stepped inside. She looked at Indigo who responded with one of the most respectable nods humanly possible.

"The speed demon you mentioned attacked Ms. West," Astra said. "And it's currently on the move."

Astra spoke in a way to de-humanize this monster. However, she did not know what gender this speed demon had been other. It could have been a man, it could have been a woman, it could have been one of the other thirty-one different genders many planets throughout the universe had identified, even though Astra thought gendering had gotten quite absurd on some worlds. Or it could be something else entirely.

"You want me to answer a question," Indigo said. "But, you're too proud to ask it."

Astra tried to protest she had not bene too proud. The protest ceased to be when she could not say with a completely straight face that she was not too proud. Indigo just smiled and responded with a nod while putting her hand on the side of Astra's.

"It's very possible to extra Faora from the Phantom Zone," Indigo said. "And if you exchange her for Non, it would be the smoothest thing. I thought that match was illogical to be perfectly honest."

A loud crackle came through the distance.

"For now, we should focus on the breaches and what came through them," Indigo said. "And whatever came through is.....it's on its on its way to the DEO headquarters."

Alex's voice cackled over to Astra's ear piece. "Are you there?"

"Yeah, I'm here, and you better get that speedster of yours ready," Astra said. "The thing that attacked her is heading straight for the DEO, and I think it's going to break through your security at any minute."

Several agents of the DEO lined up all in a row and prepared themselves to fight, and fight very hard. They armed themselves with weapons the likes of which had never been seen more. One of them clicked the energy cannon into place and took a deep breath.

Hank Henshaw moved over to the scanner. The device clocked superfast items. The blur came across the radar at the speed of light. A red zig-zag of light shot off to every direction.

"Here it comes," Hank said. "And it's pretty fast."

"The shields on the outside should hold him though," one of the scientists said.

Iris paced back and forth. The first time she had been taken off guard. The second time she would be ready. And she was not the only one who was ready.
"So, what god do you think you pissed off?" Sara asked.

"All of them?" Iris joked.

The lights of the DEO complex flickered back and forth. Everyone stood in the background and waited for the other shoe to drop. A figure blasted into the DEO building at the speed of light and past the shields. Alex held her hand on the weapon and tried to stand up.

This thing, whatever it was, was beyond not human. It was complete chaotic energy.

"Don't…it can be hurt," Kara said. "I did it."

"You merely delayed me, Supergirl," the force growled. "And I will crush everyone in this world, starting with its champion speedster."

"What are you?" Henshaw asked.

He heard some kind of feedback loop and his ears started to ring.

"One of you has the ability to read minds," Zoom said in a very matter of fact voice. "You've found out that's a folly, when my mind has repelled you."

The members of the DEO formed a wall with weapons pointing at him.

"I am Zoom! To all speedsters, I am the reaper. I am the thing that they fear the most of all. And I am here for the thief, the one who has speed powers she does not deserve. I will take them from her and I will be stronger. So, Flash, come out, and face your destiny. You come out and you face me! And I will execute you!"

Zoom spoke a very confident game and made all of the members of the DEO stand on edge when they looked across the room. The terror in their eyes kept flashing when Zoom stared them down. This monster really knew how to get under their skin.

"I will annihilate everyone in this Earth if necessary!" Zoom bellowed at the top of his lungs. "None of you can stop me. And even your hero, she's not strong enough to take me down!"

Supergirl's eyes narrowed at that assessment. Zoom had been dangerous, but she was pretty sure she could take him down and keep him down. She was a bit faster than the Flash after all.

"NOW!"

Three cannon blasts shot Zoom and backed up against the room. The same anti-speed weapons they used against Flash backed Zoom off a little bit. The light from them absorbed into Zoom.

Zoom ran through the light and put his hand through the cannon before smacking into the arm of the adversary. The sound of bones cracking echoed through the DEO. Zoom grabbed the DEO agent and slammed him onto the ground. The other agents held their weapons on Zoom.

"Your attempts to take me down are as useless as they are amusing."

Zoom's vibrating hand came closer to the back of the neck of the man he pushed down onto the ground. Seconds passed with Zoom digging his foot into the side of the man's neck.

"Are you willing to die to protect this thief of…"

Flash knocked Zoom back and sent him flying into a case. She pressed a button to try and seal him
inside of the cell. Zoom came out of the cell behind Flash. The two speedsters circled around each other and moved closer to each other. Zoom and Flash circled around each other. Zoom's teeth came into a very hideous snarl when staring across the room at the speedster in question.

"I'm going to take your speed, Flash!" Zoom growled.

The speedsters clashed together with both of them knocking into each other. They struggled with Zoom slamming Iris against the wall repeatedly. Iris struggled and tried to grab onto anything to fight back. She caught Zoom with an uppercut punch to the chest and then a legsweep taking him down. Iris flipped Zoom down onto the ground. Zoom crashed down onto the ground.

"You're more than speed."

"I had a good tutor," Iris said.

The two rushed against each other with Iris deflecting some of his attacks. She held her own just as much as humanly possible before flipping up over onto the ground. Iris's fingertips flashed with lightning and she blasted it at Zoom. Zoom blocked the attack and kept circling Iris.

The Green Arrow clipped Zoom in the back of the leg with a tracer before they all disappeared into an energy portal. The crackling of energy filled the room as they dropped completely down from where they were.

"Where did they go?" Kara asked.

Alex looked at the tracker that Sara was using. She frowned and it could not be right.

"Are you sure you calibrated this thing properly?" Alex asked.

She received a blistering look from Sara from halfway across the room. Alex threw her hands back in a very apologetic way. She was sorry she had to ask, but she really did have to ask to be perfectly honest.

"Yeah, I am," Sara said.

"Then why does it look like they're on top of us?"

Sara racked her brain before coming up with the right answer. "It's because they're in the speed force."

Barry Allen sat in Star Labs with his arms folded together. He resembled a statue. It started to unnerve one Sapphire Stagg who assisted Caitlin in creating the antidote for the fear toxin.

"Well, it's a good thing Daddy's money didn't go to waste," Sapphire said.

"Good thing Stagg Industries worked with Crane in the past," Caitlin said. "Okay, it might not be a good thing, but...."

"No, it lead to nothing good," Sapphire admitted. "It still....well we had information which we might have not had and it added to the antidote."

Karen stepped into the room next to them. The antidote had been ready and almost completely cooked. All they had to do was wait for the right moment.

"I've talked to Lyla," Karen said. "ARGUS is moving into the city, but they have intelligence of
some kind of object which HIVE is using as a way to disperse chemicals. And they may be releasing the fear toxin into other cities."

"Good thing the counter agent is nearly ready."

One more look towards Barry who sat there like a bump on the log, his arms folded. Sapphire reached up and picked up an eraser off of the desk. She flicked it at Barry's head much to Caitlin's dismay.

"Sapphire!"

The eraser bounced off of Barry's head and he gave no indication whether or not he felt it. Sapphire shook her head and reached for a cup of water on the desk. Caitlin caused the water in the cup to freeze and the cup to drop from her hand as it broke from the ice stretching it.

"I don't think that's a good idea," Caitlin said. "I'm sorry but….."

A light flashed on the tablet next to them. Someone had given them a message from the other side. Caitlin picked up the tablet and read the message flashing on it.

"Particle Accelerator Room."

Barry slowly rose through the chair, picked up the eraser on the ground, put it calmly back on the desk. He moved at the speed of light in a flash, ripping the spare costume off of the rack as he moved over.

"And now, that costume has been tagged so we can track him wherever he goes," Natasha said as she sat at the computer. "And now, we should….."

The security cameras all punched up to reveal Barry Allen moving over. He stood at the Particle Accelerator room. Natasha leaned in closely and waited to see what Barry's next play was. Barry leaned in to the energy warp and used his fingers to part it before disappearing through it.

"He's one his way to the other side," Natasha said. "To Earth…..Thirty-Eight isn't it?"

They all responded with nods in confirmation. Caitlin wondered where the hell Barry was heading. He was there on the other side of the portal on the way to Earth Thirty-Eight.

"Sara hasn't tried to possess anyone just yet, has she?" Caitlin asked.

"No," Karen said.

Karen listened for the buzzer to come off. The antidote finished cooking and was ready and willing to go. Caitlin and Sapphire collected it to vials. They make sure to express fly a vial to Starling City to treat Moira Queen who had been blasted up close by the antidote.

"We can't cure these people soon enough," Sapphire murmured.

They all came to agreement with that.

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To Be Continued on February 20th, 2018.
The abandoned Church of Blackfire, Starling City Chapter, caused everyone to shiver when they stepped onto the scene. Artemis took the first few steps past the front gate. The archer turned her head from the left and then to the right before allowing a sigh to pass through her body. Thea stepped closer towards her. Laurel followed, with Helena, Barbara, and Cass following her.

'Okay, let's do this,' Artemis thought to herself.

The tension could be sliced with a knife given all of the chaos which was taking place. They tracked some of the cultists to this location. It should have been obvious they would be here. Artemis spun her head from one side to the other. Her heart pumped a little bit more, causing the blood to flow through them.

The rustling of the gate made them all jump. Thea, in particular, flashed her eyes forward. She wanted to hurt these people and hurt them bad after all of what they've done. All of the strife and all of the damage they caused, they deserved to be hurt bad, worse than bad in fact. Thea clutched the edge of the bow and arrow, her hand shaking madly as she brought a frustrated sigh out from her.

"Come out," Thea murmured.

Nothing came out. No one came out, and Thea's tension could be cut through the air. Artemis and Laurel stepped further to the area. Someone moved through the shadows and ramped up the tension even more. The group of heroines all stepped on in.

A glowing ball rolled out onto the ground. The immense heat emitted from it forced everyone to fall back from the utter chaos involved. The ball exploded into a gold light, which caused them to all go out.

"That's it!" Thea yelled.

Thea fired an arrow at the figure moving through the shadows. The arrow stuck into the wall of the church. A sinister rush of the wind forced Thea to look up. The tension, the knots appearing in her stomach, it became almost too much for her to suffer. Her eyes closed shut and another deep breath came from her. The power flowing through the air rose goosebumps on her air.

"I sense frustration. But do not worry. The city will be brought to a higher plane soon."

The words rushed through the air. Thea stepped in instantly. She watched a scraggly looking man dressed in a trenchcoat from the shadows. He held what appeared to be some kind of pipe like device in his hand. Thea stepped closer to the man in the shadows.

"We render you obsolete," the man said with a wicked grin.

The latest vessel of Mathias Blackfire stepped into the distance. He was not along. Several men
dressed in black formed a wall around him. Thea got a close enough look at them all, as did the others. They were not your usual garden variety cult members. They were something far different and they were something far more dangerous.

"Yes," Mathias declared peering across at the distance at each and every one of them. "I can see the chaos growing in Starling City. I can see a brand new era starting. And I can feel the worlds splitting apart causing a rif….

Thea and Artemis both put arrows through the cult leader at the same time. He gasped when blood pulled out of his mouth. His finger pointed towards both of them.

"You are a false…prophet!" he gasped. "Eliminate…them!"

The HIVE representatives stormed forward. Laurel crouched down onto the ground and unleashed her Canary Cry. Some of them staggered back and the sheer force rendered the ones closest to the situation very unconscious.

And what did render them further unconscious was Cass going behind one of the drones. She grabbed the drone roughly about the area of the arm and snapped the drone's arm behind his back. The drone collapsed down to the ground and Cass nailed him with a series of punches to the back of the head. Cass flipped up to the ground and slid against his knee to crack him.

Helena dodged a huge roundhouse right from one of the bigger drones. She caught the arm and fired back with a series of punches to the side of the neck. Helena hooked the drone's arm and flipped him down onto the ground. Helena twisted the arm and snapped it back. The Huntress rolled over to her feet with a crate coming close to smashing through the side of her head. Helena aimed a series of punches to the side of the head of the drone.

Laurel's throat squeezed from one of the drones with him clamping her mouth. An arrow shot impaled into the back of the drone's leg forced him to drop Laurel. A dazed and confused woman opened up her mouth and unleashed one of the more blistering Canary Cries possible to the drone to double him over. Laurel cracked her fist into the man's stomach to double him over. More punches cracked him deep and hard against the stomach. Laurel dragged herself back into the perfect position and waited for the drone to come to her.

The drone charged Laurel and swung his arm out. Laurel blocked the arm and turned it around before taking him down to the ground.

Thea fought like a woman possessed against them. She fired an arrow into the exposed part of the chest plate which slowed the large brute down. She jumped on his back and fired a series of punches to the back of the head.

"What are you doing?" Thea asked. "Where is the rest of the gas?"

She received no answer from the drone. Said drone crashed down onto the ground from the attack and Thea bounced back up.

Some of them disappeared into the church once more. Helena put a knife through the back of one of the drone's knees and then took him down.

"You're going to tell us what you're little plan is," Huntress said. "Or else, I turn you over to my friends and they take you apart."

"You won't stop it," the drone warned. "There's a new strain of fear gas released into the water supply….and it's too late to stop it….one of our agents has a remote detonator."
"Who and where?"

"I don't know," the drone said. "All I know is that it's not me."

"Felicity," Laurel said. "We have another problem."

"So what else is new?"

Iris West did not know exactly what hit her or the force of which it hit her and she figured it had to be the point. She sat in the middle of the speed force. It was almost like everything, in every direction, was beginning to rip her body away. She looked up through the breaches and saw flashes of different worlds coming around her.

And speaking of flashes, Zoom tore through the air like a bat out of hell and slammed his big fist into the head of Iris. Iris had been rocked by a huge punch which launched her halfway up into the air and forced her to crash down onto the ground.

"Okay, get it together," Iris said.

She had to get it together, for everyone's sake. Zoom circled around her and moved in every direction. Zoom's hand rippled out of nowhere and the attack sent Iris flying. The Fastest Woman Alive zipped and flew through several portals. The final destination crashed her down onto the ground.

Iris rolled over and bent her fingers at the ground. The residual numbness caused her to collapse down onto the room. Zoom flew out of the portal and grabbed Iris around the back of the neck. The reaper drove her halfway across the world. The scorch marks were left with Iris being dragged on the ground.

"Get away!"

Iris broke the grip just in time. She collapsed down to the ground, breathing like a mad woman. Zoom appeared on the other end of the portal and lifted a hand to Iris. The ground slammed as she tried to run sending Iris flying into the air. Zoom caught her around the waist and crashed her down to the ground. Iris rolled over with her shoulder being dislocated from hitting the ground.

Zoom blasted her in the ribs a stinging jab. Another jab cut through the air drilling Iris in the ribs. A third jab seared her flesh and made her stagger. Iris swung her fists around trying to get a hold of Zoom. No matter how hard she tried, Zoom just could not be touched. Stinging jabs and then a few violent haymaker punches sliced through the air. Each and every one of them rocked Iris's entire world.

'Ooh my god, what are you?'

A blur shot through the air. Zoom peered skyward to see something flying at him.

"Supergirl."

This time had been ready for the Girl of Steel. Zoom's fingers discharged the kinetic energy he absorbed into one big lightning bolt to catch Supergirl directly in her "S". The Girl of Steel dropped down to the ground, the wind and the energy taken directly out of her.

"Now where we were?"
Zoom hoisted Iris up by the throat. This thief of speed kicked her arms and legs together and tried to vibrate out. Zoom dropped her and then hoisted her up again. The continued toying like a cat playing with a mouse resulted in much frustration on the part of Iris West. She slammed into the side of the wall. The wind left her lungs as she groaned.

"I was going to kill you."

The Fastest Woman Alive came to the realization death was coming and Zoom would bring it. She had no way out of this one, no matter how hard she tried.

A rumbling through the air slackened Zoom's grip around her. Another breach popped open and a figure dressed in red flew out of the portal. Iris could not hold herself up for way too long.

Another Flash appeared next to Zoom. Zoom growled at the presence of this second speedster. His hideous gaze fell upon the person in front of him.

"You will pay!" Zoom yelled. "You will pay for interfering with my plans."

Both speedsters rushed at each other at the speed of light. The second Flash nailed Zoom hard. Zoom stepped back and grabbed the second Flash around the neck before being ran into the wall. Flash broke free by vibrating through Zoom. The attack only discomforted the reaper of speed.

Iris joined her counterpart in railing Zoom in the face with a double punch. Two speedsters punching Zoom at super speed discomforted the Reaper. Iris came from the right and the second Flash came in from the left. Their punches continued a brutal and violent assault upon this monster.

"You will…."

"Heard it before!"

Iris whipped her hand back and caught Zoom flush with an uppercut punch to send him sailing through the portal. Zoom landed through the portal on the other end. The wind left his lungs. Both Flashes reared back and then knocked Zoom through the portal.

Kara rose up, finally having been joined by Alia, Sara, and Alex. Zoom flew through the portal before their eyes. Then Flash disappeared and the other Flash disappeared.

"What happened?" Alex demanded.

Kara shook her head. The lightning Zoom blasted her with still burned her, although the more she stepped into the sun, the better she felt.

"Well, a second Flash showed up, and then….well you saw it," Kara said. "They're gone…what took you three so long anyway?"

Laurel hoped Felicity tracked the device perfectly. The Black Canary, the Green Arrow, and Speedy moved down a very narrow tunnel. The sickening smells of sewer filled their nostrils the closer they approached the edge. There was something really bad happening.

"They're close," Thea whispered. "I don't think those are Sewer Workers?"

Artemis wanted to know who had the trigger. They could force it out of these goons though when they approached. The time came nearer for them to do something. They all hooked some kind of device with cylinders jutting out of it. The hooded girl threw her head back and sighed.
'It just seems like once a year we have to deal with some doomsday device which is capable of ripping apart half of a city,' Artemis thought. 'Just another Wednesday Night in Starling City.'

Hive members and other mercenaries crowded around. One of them held up a radio device to his hand and it cackled to right.

"It's ready, Mr. Darhk," he said.

"Excellent," Darhk responded over the radio. "You have ten minutes to clear the area, no more. And once the area gets cleared, then Starling City falls into eternal darkness as they are crushed by their own fears."

Artemis crept out of the shadows, with Laurel and Thea. The three girls understood what they had to do now to get into position. Artemis drew back her bow and fired at the back of the leg one of the nearest mercenaries to cause a searing pain to go through him.

The other mercenary turned around and pointed the weapon down the tunnel. Laurel rolled over and caught him with a punch to the side of the head. She grabbed the attacker around the head. Laurel punched the attacker three times in succession dropping him down to the ground. Laurel received the arms one the attackers around her throat. She elbowed him in the back of the head.

Canary Cry was a no go in these tunnels. Laurel figured it would be just as likely of her to injure Thea and Artemis as it would be to injure the HIVE goons. Thea dropped down and cracked the arm of one of the goons back. Said goon fell down to the ground from the impact of his arm whipping back.

Thea and Laurel stood back to back to battle the HIVE goons. Artemis rushed over towards the bomb. One of the larger knife wielding mercenaries moved over to block her progress. The two scrambled to fight each other. Artemis drilled her adversary across the head and punched him repeatedly before flipping him down onto the ground. She scissored him around the arm and flipped him down before punching him repeatedly. She sprung back up and then bounced to her feet.

"Okay, Felicity, please tell me we have some good news here about the bomb," Artemis said. "We're going to need to…"

A loud beeping stopped Artemis's words from going out. Frustrated did not seem to be an ample enough word to describe what Artemis honestly felt at this point in the time. The bomb rose up into the air, almost as if it had been powered by drones.

"Did you really think we would let you disable our bomb this easily?" a taunting voice came from the other end of the radio. "Did you heroes really think it would be that easy to win the day? You must be so blissfully naïve it's almost cute."

Artemis gritted her teeth and the bomb floated out of the sewer. This was one situation where firing an arrow at it.

"Let the bomb go," Karen chimed in through the headset.

"What?" Artemis asked.

One of the HIVE heavies tackled her to the ground. Both struggled for position swinging for the fences as they did so. Artemis grabbed the goon arm the neck and twisted his head. The forearm dug into the HIVE goon's throat and brought him to the ground. Artemis pulled herself up and looked skyward. The hovering bomb came higher and higher away from Starling City.
Superwoman came as fast as she could. The bomb was about ready to dislodge. She threw three of the vials into the air and blasted them with heat vision just as the bomb disengaged its load into Starling City. A vapor cloud appeared as the more comprehensive virus started to spread.

The virus intermingled with the antidote. The vapor cloud changed colors. A change of colors did not necessarily mean the antidote was working to be perfectly honest. Karen scanned the air particles and sure enough, not only did the antidote was spreading, but it was curing everyone in Starling City.

They would still be shaken and cold over the next couple of days which beat being in a complete stage of never ending fear.

Everything calmed down or at least calmed down for as much as it could at this particular point in time. Karen returned to Star Labs to see the trio of Natasha, Caitlin, and Sapphire busy at work on the computer. Caitlin had a pretty pleased smile across her face and why would she not be pleased? They had saved Starling City from a crippling terrorist attack. That was a good enough reason for them to feel pretty good about themselves.

"So, the air is clear and the bomb has been destroyed," Karen said.

"Yeah, it seems like you guys do that a lot," Caitlin said. "But, I'm glad… the CCPD commandeered one of the warehouses Felicity located. Turns out the device they built there was not complete and one of the pretty much confirmed that they were not planning an attack on Central City any time soon."

"So, everything but Starling and potentially Gotham was a diversion," Karen said.

Then again, any attack on Gotham City could very well be attributed to the Scarecrow. Although, last she heard, Jonathan Crane had been locked up in Arkham. She figured about as much as late. Things could have most certainly changed in a blink of an eye.

"The Revolving Door Prison System that is Arkham Asylum,' Karen thought. You got to love it sometimes."

A breach opened up and everyone jumped back. Caitlin screamed as Iris dropped down to the ground. She joined Natasha into rushing over to Iris who was on the ground. She looked like someone who had her head dunked into water. Iris shook her head a couple of times to clear the cobwebs and draw in a deep breath.

"I'm okay, I'm okay," Iris said.

"You're back!" Natasha exclaimed giving Iris a huge.

"And a bit tender from flying through about thirty-seven different Earths, and through the speed force," Iris said wincing at the hug.

Natasha pulled back with a sigh. Caitlin took Iris up by the hand and lead her to the medical station. Iris pulled away.

"I need to make sure there's nothing wrong with you," Caitlin said with a stern look on her face. Any protest had been cut off. "Iris, I'm serious, you were there, and now you're not and you came back looking like something ran you over. And then there's…"

"Where's Sara?" Karen asked.
"I don't…she should be finding her own way back, I guess," Iris said. "I don't really know….but we got to make sure he didn't follow us back. If he's here, we're in danger."

"Who?" Caitlin asked.

"Zoom," Iris said.

Sapphire's eyes sized up and Karen turned around to look at her.

"Sara?" Karen asked.

"Yeah, how did you guess?" Sara asked. "Iris, glad to see you made it back, and without me as well."

Iris West had the decency to look a little bit sheepish at those words coming from Sara. "Sorry, I'm really sorry….I'll open up a tunnel to get you home. Now that I'm on the other side, it should be a lot easier, I think."

"Don't worry about it," Sara said. "I've got a couple of things to take care of while I'm here. Why don't we say we talk again in a day? I'll signal you to open your portal while we open ours and you can come get me."

"Sounds like a plan."

Sara departed from Sapphire's body. No sooner did that happen, the second Flash blasted through the portal on the other side. Iris looked at the second figure. The figure pulled off of his mask and revealed the one and only Barry Allen which shocked Iris to the core to be perfectly honest. Her mouth opened wide and then shut.

"Barry," Iris murmured underneath her breath.

Shock did not even begin to describe what Iris felt. She turned to Caitlin and Natasha. Both of them shrugged their shoulders in response.

"We don't know what's going on," Caitlin said as her eyes locked firmly onto Barry when he left the room. "Maybe you can get through to him….if he's still in there."

Iris plopped herself down onto the chair. She had a feeling there was a long explanation involved. Caitlin just gave her an anxious smile.

"Maybe I should start from the moment you left."

Sara stepped back to the Safe House. She was slowly getting used to plugging her brain into a machine and then plugging her brain into someone else's brain. She stepped back in. All she had to do was wait for everything to be configured properly. Lena said the LX19 power source would settle, and Alia wanted to test the portal first to do the prisoner exchange between Non and Faora. Sara did not argue with them, they were the ones who created it after all.

"So did Iris make it back?"

Kara made her way into the room. Sara was not going to lie, the skirt did an excellent job of showcasing Kara's fabulous legs.

"She is," Sara said. "And we've decided the best way to send me back safely as well."
"Well, looks like things could be quiet for a while," Kara said. "I mean, Zoom disappeared. Non and his followers are going to be sent back to the Phantom Zone and….."

"We have some unfinished business to take care of," Sara said.

"Oh?" Kara asked. "You're going to have to remind me what that is."

Sara flashed a small little smile towards Kara and kissed her on the lips. Kara put her hand on the back of Alia's head.

"Are you kissing my girlfriend?"

To be fair, this was not the first time Sara heard this particular statement, although nine times out of ten, it had been from a guy and not from a woman. She turned around and watched as Alia sauntered her way in. She dressed in a pair of tight pants and a top with the first couple of buttons undone.

"We were caught up in the moment," Sara said.

"I don't agree with what you did," Alia said. "Kissing my girlfriend before you kissed me is so far out of line."

The green-eyed girl just smiled and crossed the room, getting ever so closer to Sara. Their lips came close to touching before Alia dominated Sara with a kiss.

Sara pushed back after her initial surprise of being caught off guard. Sara remembered what happened the first time Nyssa kissed her, how Sara had not been as confident as she grew to be later. How she allowed Nyssa to take control before it was easier.

Alia's lips dominated Sara's with passion and with intensity which could not be beaten. The green-eyed witch's fingers pushed against the back of Sara's head and tugged on her hair.

"This is the most forceful any woman has been with me for a long time," Sara said. "Other than Nyssa."

"Ah, well she can be a handful," Alia said. "And so can you on this Earth…not that I like to compare and contrast."

Kara folded her arms. She had managed to get Sara into their bedroom, but somehow, she was feeling left out. And not the first time a version of Sara Lance had been in their bedroom again.

"And your mother took me in and trained me," Alia said. "So, in some way, we're kind of like sisters."

Sara thought that revelation to be pretty interesting.

"I have no problems with this."

"Well, to be fair, I'm also fucking my cousin so it isn't too far of a leap," Alia said.

"And your cousin is being neglected," Kara said with a pouty expression on her face.

Alia kissed Kara. Sara moved to the other side of Kara to steal a feel of those warm legs, while pulling Kara's skirt up.

Fucking a girl while she was in uniform always turned Sara on, she was not going to lie.
A few more hot kisses planted on Kara's lips before Alia stood back and passed the baton directly off to Sara. She would want to see the alternate Earth counterpart at work. Sara pushed her hands through Kara's hair and smiled.

"You're beautiful," Sara said. "And I'm going to taste you."

Kara shivered as the older girl's tongue probed the inside of her mouth. Sara, no matter the Earth, always had been in complete control of what she wanted sexually speaking. And if what she wanted was Kara, then by all means, she was going to take her.

The shirt rolled up to reveal Kara's flat tummy.

"Alia's right, you should really wear an outfit that exposes more skin," Sara said. "You have nothing to be ashamed about."

A few kisses planted on Kara's belly and caused her to whimper. Another kiss came down and then Sara teased the belt of her skirt. Kara's panties coated with juices and the heat needed to be let out. Fortunately, Sara held her with that by pulling down Kara's panties to expose her perfect pussy.

Sara smiled at the beautiful and tight looking cunt. Just a small strip of blonde hair stuck up enticingly for Sara to stroke. Kara's slit received a good stroking from Sara. Sara leaned in and kissed Kara down her thigh and then went down between her legs to suck her pussy juices.

The screams coming from Kara made her sound like one oversexed angel. Sara's wet little tongue planted a path down Kara's pussy walls. Kara elevated her hips even more.

"You're...amazing!" Kara cried out with the pleasure.

Alia moved over onto the bed and kissed Kara on the side of the neck. She moved down to Sara and slowly stripped off her clothes while Sara ate Kara's pussy. Alia could have stripped off Sara's clothes in a blink of an eye. She wanted a slower and more sensual way to strip Sara of her garments, to prepare her to be fucked and to be pleased. It allowed her to feel every inch of Sara's tight body.

The touches made Sara take out her aggressions on the pussy of the girlfriend beneath her. Kara's moisture pooled against her face. She had been eaten out very skillfully by Sara. Sara pulled up.

Kara smiled at the beautiful look of her juices clinging to Sara's face. She had been eaten out very skillfully by Sara. Sara pulled up.

Kara's tongue vibrated at a frequency Sara never felt before. It was more intense than any vibrator and made Sara gush in no time. She hated losing control like this and would make this woman pay for making her resolve get pushed so much.

Suddenly, a sex toy had been presented to Sara. It was not STAR Labs standard, but given the circumstances, it would have to do. She strapped in and climbed against Kara's back.

"I can't wait to fuck this super tight pussy," Sara breathed in Kara's ear. "I'm sure Supergirl just has to have a super pussy."

"Why don't you find out?" Kara asked.

Sara ground her toy against Kara's entrance. She cupped Kara's butt and gave it a squeeze working against her all of the way. The lubrication guided the cock into Kara's warm entrance. Sara pushed in andrammed deep into Kara.
Supergirl floated off of the bed while Sara held onto her and plunged into her. The Green Arrow made her shot and the target was Supergirl's wet quim.

"You were thinking about this when you were riding on my back earlier," Kara breathed. "And… you know what, so was I!"

Sara pumped her way into Kara's slick slit while wrapped around her back. Every smack of flesh against each other only made Sara more excited and more willing to indulge some of Kara's most sinful desires. The flesh connected together.

Every time Sara plunged into her body, the Girl of Steel could feel a rippling effect grow within her. Sara really knew how to put her through the paces, no matter what Earth she came from. Kara felt the burn of the thighs with each strike of Sara going deeper and further inside of her body. Sara was making Kara cum and she could not be any better.

"You're a gift to all," Sara said. "Supergirl really is a treasure."

"Well, unfortunately everyone can't appreciate me like this," Kara said.

Alia floated next to them. Kara, on sheer instincts, went straight for Alia's cunt and licked at it. Kara's warm tongue pushed rapidly against Alia's cunt and got her nice and wet.

"Finish her," Alia groaned.

Sara would like to take her time feeling up the body underneath her. She was different from Karen, not quite as mature, but still quite lovely in her ways. Sara plunged her cock deeper inside of Kara stretching her out all of the way. Kara passionately screamed slightly muffled by Alia's pussy.

Every inch of Kara contorted and stretched out to the degree. Her nipples received attention. Kara's perky breasts felt the pleasure of being squeezed and played with.

She came on a constant basis. Sara pushed her down onto the bed with a few more thrusts before pushing against Kara's ass and squeezing it.

"My turn."

"You don't really have patience, do you?"

Sara pulled out the dildo from Kara's wet pussy and then grabbed Alia by the hair. She shoved the dildo into Alias mouth to make her taste Kara's juices. Something which Alia had been quite familiar with to be perfectly honest and she appreciated Sara forcefully throat fucking her.

Those moans came out as Sara used Alia's tight throat as her own personal fuck hole. Alia's eyes watched as Sara plunged as far into her throat as humanly possible. Sara's nails dug into the side of Alia's face with each thrust growing even more intense.

"Mmm, mmm, mmm!" Alia moaned with the huge cock just digging in deeper into her mouth and throat. Alia hung on and slammed it deep inside of her mouth.

"I like your throat," Sara said. "But, I really want the rest of you."

Sara ran her hands over Alia's breasts and gave them a squeeze. Alia breathed in with a moan as Sara's hands moved over her breasts squeezing them and making them hers every step of the way. Sara moved down Alia's waist and then cupped her pussy. She closed her eyes with Sara teasing the wet hole.
"Oh, no, I'm after something different," Sara said. "After you burned my hood, I think I'm going to take this out on your ass."

Sara's slick digit slipped in Alia's warm hole. Alia just looked up with a grin which challenged Sara and also inspired her to do something more.

"If you think you can take my ass, then have it, sis," Alia said.

Never one to back down from a challenge, Sara ground her finger up and down Alia's puckered entrance. She got off a whole lot on the desire of taking Alia in her asshole and making her pay. The finger pushed deep against her asshole. The heat drove Sara absolutely made with lust and the need to fuck Alia's thick ass hard. Her pussy burned up from the pleasure.

"I'm going to fuck you."

"Yes, we've established that."

Sara slapped her cock against Alia's thigh and then worked it down. Her cock just prepared to penetrate Alia. Alia's asshole opened up nicely and took Sara's cock inside of it like a pro.

Nails digging into Alia's ass made her feel the burn. Sara came closer to penetrating her and making her feel so good.

On the bed, Kara sat up to watch Alia's ass being taken like it always should have. Kara would have never had the nerve to do so. Watching Sara take Alia anally caused Kara's entire body to flush with pleasure. The costume she wore, as crumpled as it was, grew tight around Kara. One hand teased her nipples which poked out through the fabric. The other moved down and rubbed her pussy.

"Fuck," Alia breathed.

"Yes, glad you're with the program," Sara said.

Sara drove the toy deep inside of the annals, or maybe anal, of Alia. Alia grabbed onto the bed. Her large tits bounced with each slam in her. Sara reached up and cupped the breasts. They stood high and proud and firm as any set of breasts. Some time was spent appreciating it.

"Maybe you'll learn your lesson next time," Sara said.

"Not without reinforcement I won't."

The cocky smile caused Sara to reinforce her thrusts into Alia's ass. Each thrust brought Sara further and deeper inside of Alia's tight ass. The ring of her anus stretched against Sara the further and deeper she plunged into her. The few thrusts made Sara just smile when she pulled out of Alia and then push into her.

Kara masturbated herself to an intense orgasm and then another one. The Girl of Steel dug her fingers inside of her and pulled them out. She slurped her fingers naughtily while tasting her juices.

Alia came hard on the bed prompting Sara to do the same moments later. Sara penetrated Alia's ass a few more times before leaving her on the bed.

Kara realized someone else other than herself sucked her fingers. She looked up to see Sara in perfect position. A warmth spread down ending up at Kara's core.

"Having fun?"
Sara knew she was going to have plenty more fun before she left tomorrow. The sun had not even set yet, so her night just started. She kissed Kara and fingered her pussy and ass as the prelude for more fun.

Kara laid there and allowed Sara to have her way with her body. It made her feel so good and Sara knew how to make her feel good.

'The more things change, the more they stay the same.'

To Be Continued on February 22nd, 2018.
New Bonds Forged

Chapter One Hundred and Eighteen: New Bonds Forged

Iris finally got her feet back on the ground after spending so much time in an alternate dimension. She did love the world she had just been in a lot. She was not going to lie to be perfectly honest, she was pretty much glad to be back to more familiar surroundings.

A lot changed since she had been gone and there were a lot of interesting questions which she had to figure out the answers to. Iris stepped into Star Labs and came face to face with Sapphire, who had been a good enough sport to allow Sara to take her body again to give Iris one final update. And not take her body in the way Sara normally took Sapphire's body either.

Sapphire gasped the second something happened. Her eyes shifted, the tell-tale sign someone was being possessed. A smile popped over Sapphire's face when staring across the room at Iris.

"So, I hope this is going to be the last time where I'm going to have to do this jump," Sara said. "There's no offense meant to anyone involved, but it's really weird being in someone else's body."

"I'm sure if Felicity was here, she would make a comment which ends up sticking her foot into her mouth," Iris said with a smile.

Sara answered with a laugh, that Felicity would. She was pretty good for doing something like that. Sara pretty much had to regain her bearings. She brushed a lock of Sapphire's hair away from her eyes to look at Iris. And yes, it was kind of weird to be brushing someone's hair away from her face, but that was just the oddness.

"The portal will be opened in about two hours," Sara said. "I know Natasha and Caitlin know what to do…you can come back through your portal to make sure the breach is stabilized."

Iris confirmed she understood everything coming out of Sara's mouth with a nod and a smile. Pretty much everything turned upside down today. She wondered if everything would ever be the same again. Life always held some interesting surprises, unfortunately.

"Alia and Lena believe they can create a device which allows us to cross from Earth to Earth without any problem in the future," Sara said. "They said they should have it finished within the next hour."

"Really?" Iris asked. "That's handy."

"Yeah, it might," Sara said.

They never really knew whether or not they needed some extra help from the other Earth. Iris appreciated the thought of having Kara or someone else coming over. Unless the device was calibrated to just their two Earths. Iris would have to ask when she got back over to pick up Sara.

"So, what are we going to do about these breaches?" Iris asked. "Did they open when Thawne was mucking around in the timeline? Or did they only get opened when he got erased from existence?"
Something nagged at Iris about Thawne being erased. Should she remember him if he did? Would the same people be involved at STAR Labs at this time, with the Flash being created at the same time, had he? Iris just had a nagging feeling that it was not as cut and dry as they thought.

'I'm beginning to think that time travel is just bound to give even the sanest of people a headache,' Iris thought to herself, the frustration bubbling in the back of her mind.

"There's something we need to talk about with the breaches," Sara said.

Iris's full attention had been on Sara at that moment now. "Oh? What about the breaches?"

"Indigo speculates that they have always been there in some form or another," Sara said. "They were just flung open when something happened. And there's really no way to safely close them right now with the instabilities…although they close themselves tight enough unless someone knows they are there."

The keywords came out of Sara's mouth. They are closed unless someone knew the breaches were there. Iris took a second to collect her wits and think about what she had to do. One thing was for certain, there could be some dangerous threats coming out of that breach.

'Zoom,' Iris thought to herself.

"I'll see you in a little bit then.'

Iris answered with a nod and watched as Sara departed from Sapphire's body. Sapphire's head snapped back. Iris handed her a glass of water. One of the aftershocks of having someone in your head had been the sudden dryness of the mouth feeling and Iris could see how frustrating that would be to someone.

"I can't get used to that no matter how many times it happens," Sapphire said.

A knock on the door caused Iris to look up. "Come in."

The door opened up to involve the presence of Caitlin Snow into the room. Iris stood up to her. "Two hours….everything is ready, right?"

Caitlin, with her jaw set, nodded. "Yeah…and we can hopefully get to the bottom of this when Sara's back home."

Artemis almost hated to relinquish the title of Green Arrow back to its former holder. Then again, there was another part of her who felt relieved. Starling City sounded quiet on what might have been her last evening on Patrol. She had not even had to shake down a jaywalker.

Black Canary stepped a little bit closer to her. Everything calmed down in Starling City. The screams of fear which came through last night were gone, but there was an increased sense of dread growing from all of them. Laurel put her hand on Artemis's arm.

"I really wish we had done more than put a dent in HIVE," Artemis said.

She knew it was asking way too much to take them down. HIVE was a vast criminal organization with numerous resources out there. Those resources caused them many problems. Artemis really hoped that something would happen soon which would break them out in the open.

"Hey, guys," Thea said.
"Thea, how are you holding up?" Artemis asked.

"Mom's…well she's not screaming in fear, but she's still going to be in bed for a few days," Thea said. "And she doesn't really like it as I'm sure you could imagine."

Moira Queen was a strong and self-reliant woman who pushed through adversity by any means necessary no matter what the result was. Artemis could see why she would absolutely despise being put to bed.

"To be fair though," Thea said. "I guess most people who were struck by the first fear-gas bomb are."

Laurel motioned for Artemis to follow her. The two of them dropped down from the sky. They moved to one of the old warehouses. The Undertaking caused a lot of damage and opened up many of these warehouses for criminal gangs large and small to take over.

'Malcolm Merlyn, the very thing that you tried to prevent is happening tenfold,' Artemis thought.

Laurel crouched down to pick the lock of the warehouse. Someone had gone to the trouble of locking the warehouse and naturally she wanted to find out why that was. She stepped inside of the warehouse and searched around. The eyes of the Black Canary fell upon some crates.

Artemis covered her with arrow fire. The substitute Green Arrow watched as the Black Canary moved towards the back of the warehouse. She opened up the crates to reveal they were full of nothing other than bubble wrap.

"There was something here," Laurel said.

The younger girl would have to agree there was something here, to be honest. Her lock of hair brushed away a few seconds. Artemis did not even hear anyone come in for an attack. Not a creature stirred in this warehouse, not even a mouse. Artemis did wonder what the hell was going on and what HIVE and the cult were up to.

"They must be one step ahead of us," Laurel said.

"We're going to have to find a way to get in front of them."

Artemis tried to look on the positive side. They stopped the fear gas from blanketing Starling City in never-ending terror. That was something they could take to the bank and cherish. Artemis walked around to the back of the warehouse.

A dock was near the warehouse and also something stained the wood of the dock. Artemis stepped closer towards it. The presence of the Black Canary followed out of the warehouse. Artemis pulled a portable scanner out and flicked it on. She started to scan the residue for anything of value.

"There must be something here," Artemis grumbled sliding the scanner across the dock.

The scanner would have picked up something, but so far, there was nothing. Artemis wanted to punch something. Several deep breaths got her calm. HIVE was one step ahead of her.

"Don't worry, we'll find them," Laurel said.

Her question pierced the armor of the normally composed Canary. "When, Laurel?"

The wind blew with the silence increasing around them. No one could answer that question of when
they would do something of value. All they could do was keep up with their frustration as it were.

"Well, I've got something you might be interested in," Felicity piped in over the network.

"Is it good news or bad news?" Artemis asked.

"Well, I don't know, neither or both or something," Felicity said cutting off her rambling by slapping her palm across the desk. "It most certainly moves into the very weird news category. The person who leads the cult, Lance nabbed him. He has no idea what happened during the last seventy-two hours. His mind is completely fried, and he keeps swearing he doesn't know."

"I'm inclined to believe him," Laurel offered. "After all, no one can hold up to intense interrogation for that long."

Alex Danvers showed up at LuthorCorp and had little problems with the security. She watched as Sara, Kara, Alia, and Lena all moved around the portal. The final adjustment had been made and all they had to do was wait for the Flash to come on through the portal and take Sara home. So many thoughts came to Alex's mind right about now. She stepped closer towards Sara who spun around.

"I couldn't very well let you go without saying goodbye," Alex said. "After all we did together."

"I remember," Sara said. "I already said goodbye to an old friend today."

Lena's hands found the side of her hips when she looked at Sara over the edge of the work glasses she wore. "Is that the reason why Ms. Lance had to call into work today because of she claimed that something tied her up."

Sara would not confirm or deny anything with a smile. Kara and Alia looked very amused and Alex shook her head. Regardless, Alex reached in to lightly tap Sara's hand. Sara cupped her hand and pulled her into place.

"I'm really upset about having to let you go," Alex said. "And not just because of the sex, and the sex was awesome, the best sex you ever had."

"Wasn't it the only sex you ever had?" Kara asked.

Alex ignored her sister's words with a smile. It was not true, although the few times Alex had been in bed with someone, it had not been memorable. She considered them trial runs really, for the real thing. And Sara was the real thing.

"The only sex worth mentioning," Alex corrected her. "I don't know where you learned some…well, it's just amazing."

"I'm glad to have blown your mind beyond all words," Sara said with a smile. "And don't worry….I'll be around sometimes. And I'm sure if you ever feel an itch which needs scratching….you can pop over and visit my world for a change and see how messed up it is compared to one."

Alex did not know whether or not she bought into the thought that their word was not messed up at all. Regardless, before she could argue the merits of it, Sara swooped in and kissed Alex. Alex's body relaxed as Sara's warm lips worshipped hers. The DEO agent grabbed the back of the head of the archer and pushed her tongue deeper inside. The two lovers met tongue to tongue with each other. Sara pulled away from Alex and left her smiling and left her in a bit of a daze.
"There are just so many reasons for me to find a way to sabotage that portal right now," Alex said.

"You undo my work, and I'll kick your ass before taking it," Alia said.

Alex just shook her head. She was almost certain that Alia had been trying to get Alex involved in a threesome between the two of them and Kara. Now, with each passing day, she grew more convinced.

"So, this is goodbye," Kara said.

The gateway popped up and Iris returned. She showed up dressed in the Flash costume and dropped down.

"Sorry about the abrupt way I had to leave," Iris said. "I wasn't expecting to be chased all about hell by some kind of demonic speed reaper who is after my abilities. I don't know how I get myself into these messes. I really don't."

"It could be a part of your charm, really," Alia said. "I wish I had any insight on this, but I'm as lost as anyone."

"No, wait, time out," Alex said with a smile. "You don't know something? That's…that's pretty shocking."

"Alexandra, you're just asking for it right now," Alia said.

Kara shook her head at the banter between two of her favorite girls. She turned over to Sara and Iris. Kara wrapped her arms around Iris and gave her a hug. She turned around and gave Sara a lingering hug before kissing her on the lips.

"Of course you did," Iris said.

"Hey, she's hot, and you would have as well," Sara said. "Plus those legs…mmm."

Kara just shivered as Sara put her hands on said legs. They were really a prime piece of real estate which Sara could not help herself in touching and teasing. The tempting touch ended and Sara gave Kara one more kiss.

"Okay, seriously though," Kara said. "If you need our help, we're just one Earth away. Or about thirty-six of them."

"Depending on shifts in the multiverse," Lena popped up. "And it was a pleasure meeting you both….we're going to have to get together in the future."

Lena flashed Sara a smile which she returned. Sara put her hand on Lena's shoulder and decided to move down to shake her hand. The two women stepped away.

"Well, if you stop by, I have a friend I think you would get along with," Sara said.

Kara just nodded with a smile. "Sounds nice."

"So, I guess we're heading on home," Sara said.

"Right," Alia said. "We will be meeting again, trust me."

This was one thing which Sara Lance had no doubt about. Alia said her goodbyes to Iris and Sara. The kiss she gave to Sara lasted a good few minutes though and left Iris tapping her foot much to the
amusement of the Danvers sisters.

The two broke apart from each other. Alia's eyes shifted and she smiled.

"We will be meeting again and it will be sooner rather than later," Alia warned her.

Sara just responded with a smile. She turned around to face Iris who held her hand out. Iris scooped up Sara in her arms and the two went face to face with each other.

"Why is it you're the one who gets the overly passionate goodbyes?" Iris asked.

"I'm good at networking."

Sara stepped back into the Clocktower. The moment she stepped in, Cass rushed in and grabbed her in a hug which could have crushed her ribs if Cass did not restrain herself the second later.

"Welcome back," Cass said. "You're missed."

"I noticed."

Sara pulled away from Cass and leaned into her. She planted a small kiss on Cass's lips before moving away from her. The sound of Felicity working away, as usual, was a welcomed reminder. It had been way too long since Sara had been the way.

Felicity had several cups of coffee in front of her and most of them had been drinking.

"Too much caffeine is going to leave you unfocused, you know."

"Yeah, you try deciphering an eighteen hundred-year-old scroll where much of the language on it has been lost to time without putting a coffee IV in your vein, Sara," Felicity said in a sulky voice. She stood up straight and almost spilled the cup of coffee onto herself. "Sara? You're back!"

"Yeah, I'm back."

Felicity moved up and threw herself at Sara. Sara grabbed her arm to prevent her.

"I'm sure this is going to happen about six more times tonight," Sara said. "I want to conserve my ribcage."

Felicity responded with a nod and moved back. She could hear at least three more coming down the stairs. They were in deep conversation with each other when coming back around. The door opened up and Laurel came on in.

"We're going to have to find out their next move. The fear gas attack was only the beginning of something bigger. I don't know how, I don't know why, but there's just something bigger… ."

"A lot happened when I was gone, didn't it?"

Laurel, Thea, and Artemis all looked up to see Sara standing in the middle of the control room at the Clocktower. Laurel rushed over and cut the line before greeting her sister. Sara had to stop Laurel's momentum from causing them to both crash into the wall.

A kiss, a steamy, passionate kiss, had been shared between the two sisters. Sara's hands grabbed Laurel's lower back and she moved down. The familiar dance the two of them shared was very much alive and well. Their tongues parted away from each other.
"Well, I don't think I can top that," Thea said. "But, why not?"

Thea moved closer to Sara and the two lovely women kissed each other. Sara's fingers grabbed Thea's face and worked her tongue inside. The two met tongue to tongue with each other, with Sara's overwhelming Thea's. The battle of passion continued.

Sara turned around and Artemis just smiled at the shameless display. Thea slid away with an unapologetic look on her face.

"Now that you shoved your tongue down my girlfriend's throat maybe....."

A kiss shared between the two of them shut Artemis up. Artemis's knees grew progressively weak the deeper Sara's tongue shoved into her mouth. Her entire world spun around with Sara pushing her tongue in and out of Artemis's mouth to work her over.

"Well, that was eventful," Felicity said.

"Sorry, it's just been about a month since Sara's been gone," Laurel said.

"Really, that long?" Sara said.

She had been busy on the alternate Earth getting everything in order. The girls on this Earth had been pretty busy in their own right getting everything in order right about now. Sara's lips pursed together before inviting all of the girls to sit down on one of two sofas in the room. Laurel took a spot next to Sara and clung a bit tight to her.

It was not the first time that Laurel had been upset about not being there to protect her little sister. The Gambit made Laurel feel both angry at what happened and very frustrated she had not saved the signs and prevented Sara from getting on that ship that day. Then again, things worked out, for the most part.

Laurel would have wanted to get more closure for Oliver for one thing, after he just vanished after the crash of the Queen's Gambit. She held Sara's hand through the entire time.

"HIVE?" Sara asked. "Well, it's time for me to have a talk with Nyssa to see what she knows about Darhk and his maneuvers."

"Maybe you should speak to Dad first?" Laurel asked.

Sara could not argue that point. It seemed like a good idea to see to their father after what happened. She must have worried him sick just disappearing even though the trip was not planned.

Winds kicked up in the forest in North Carolina. Several HIVE goons wheeled an old man in a wheelchair. An oxygen tank hooked to the old man's chair. One of the HIVE goons stopped the chair and allowed him to get a breath of Oxygen.

A figure dressed in a black raincoat with dark hair with a white streak through it stepped up. His scraggly beard and eyes showed complete and utter madness. He motioned for the HIVE goons to move to me.

"This isn't what I had in mind when they said they were taking me out for fresh air," the man in the wheelchair said weakly.

"Edgar Prince," the man said in a rippling tone. "You are a strong soul, a brilliant soul, with a
stronger mind. But your body has grown weak."

"Old age," Edgar said. "It's a trainwreck."

The figure at the top of the hill rose up and looked around. A wicked smile crossed his face.

"Tonight, brothers and sisters, we experience something glorious. We experience the Rebirth of One of the Greatest Criminal Masterminds in the world. Mr. Edgar Prince is a shell of what he once was. He was truly broken, but now he can be rebuilt through the rebirthing process. Soon, he will be strong once again. Soon he will reborn in strength. Soon, one of the Greatest Enemies of America's Society of Justice!"

The members of the group all rose and started to chant.

"Be strong, Mr. Prince," Mathias said. "We will rebuild you into something stronger. You will thrive and will survive! The power will come from this lake and you will be reborn in your glorious true form."

"Yes."

Damien Darhk stepped into the picture. Several HIVE goons stood on either side of Darhk when they approached. Darhk broke out into a smile looking at the old man from the wheelchair to the latest vessel of Mathias Blackfire.

"It's time to return an old friend to greatness. He will be useful in our coming plans for Starling City."

"I'm afraid those days are over," Edgar said. "Any plans you have…"

"Haven't you listened to my words?" Mathias asked. "Haven't you listened to anything I have said? Will you be reborn in a far greater form than you are? Purity will come to you. You will be stronger. You will build with strength. The power will come within you one step at a time. Once you enter our Lake of Reincarnation, Egghead will rise again to get a second opportunity of life!"

"So, you're going to dump me in some cold and polluted lake?" Edgar asked. "Well, it was a nice run."

They rolled the wheelchair out and Edgar had been ripped out of the wheelchair. At that age, this could kill him. Hell, he was one bad organ failure away from dropping dead. The members of HIVE hoisted up Edgar and dropped him into the water.

He sank to the bottom like a stone. The HIVE members all watched.

"We just chucked an old man in a lake and killed him."

This was not stated in disgust but rather a matter of fact. The lake started to bubble underneath them. Mathias grew very excited pumping his fists up high in the air in celebration.

"Wait for it," Darhk said. "Wait for it."

Edgar Prince popped into the water in all of his youthful glory. His mind strengthened even more so much that the top of his scalp burned. All of the health defects faded and Edgar breathed without the aid an oxygen tank.

"IT WORKS!" Mathias bellowed. "IT WORKS! JUST LIKE THE PROPHETS CLAIMED!"

The World's Greatest Criminal Mastermind rose from the waters with a smile on his face. The
nemesis of the original Black Canary and the second generation of the JSA smiled. Egghead returned from the edge of death and was ready to show this new generation what a true criminal was.

"How do you feel now?" Darhk asked.

"I feel….eggcellent."

To Be Continued on February 24th, 2018.
Chapter One Hundred and Nineteen: Back in Saddle

A very unsettling feeling gripped the people of Starling City over the past couple of months. Thea Queen and Artemis Crock felt this among other things. They stepped into a shipping yard in one of the less safe parts of the city. The two crept over through the shadows. Artemis leaned back a couple of inches to survey everything around them.

"Crime really has been up more than it should," Artemis murmured.

"Not just crime," Thea said. "There's an increased drug trade as well, and there are more strange attacks."

It was not like the cult murders a couple of months back. The person who was behind that was still unfortunately at large. It was easy for this particular person to be at large when they had the ability to jump from body to body as easily as some people changed their shoes. Both of the archers stepped closer to the scene of the crime.

They peered through the fence where several large crates laid. It looked like the motherload had been delivered no matter what was in those crates. And both girls figured that there was something in those crates after all. They stepped closer and closer. One man scratched his nose and moved his hand up to light a cigarette. The smoke filled the area.

"Three on the left," Artemis said. "And six on the right. It shouldn't be too hard."

Thea thought Artemis was correct. It should not be too hard, but there were times where it had gotten very hard over the past couple of months. Thugs turned to not be what they used to be. They attacked with more fury and someone recruited from the very deep pool of Starling City low lives.

The younger of the two vigilantes pulled back her bow and shot one of the guards in the back of the leg. The guard dropped down to the ground. Two more dropped down to the ground from Artemis rapid fire arrow shooting them.

"Someone's here," one of them reported before receiving an elbow to the back of the head.

Said thug dropped to the ground. Artemis hammered the back of the guard's head and dragged him to the shadows. A vicious uppercut punch dropped the guard down to the ground. She grabbed the guard by the arm and twisted said arm before dropping him down to the ground. Artemis slid back with a smile on her face. The smile grew a bit less prominent the moment another guard charged out of the shadows.

Artemis avoided a swinging punch from the guard coming after her. She ducked two more punches and then came back with an uppercut to the chin. The guard dropped down to the ground from Artemis hitting the guard with all of her might. She stepped back and then jumped up high into the air. A vicious curb stomp to the back of the head planted the guard.

Thea moved over to one of the larger crates only to receive a tremendous punch which rocked her world. A larger henchmen came up. His fingers flared with some kind of spark. Thea dodged the attack as electricity came through his knuckles and at her.

'Great,' she thought. 'Now HIVE is recruiting metahumans as their enforcers.'
The next thug slammed his hand down onto the ground. The vibrations rocked Artemis where she stood. She held onto the ground taking a deep breath and looked up just in time to view the goon coming at her. Artemis dodged the punch which knocked a hole through the gate.

She caught the goon’s arm on the backswing and twisted it around. Artemis slammed him down to the ground by the arm, and then snapped it. She rolled over to reclaim the dropped bow and. Artemis fired three shots to the side of the man and another one to the shoulder. The pinched nerve ending dropped him to the ground.

The electricity based thug whipped his hand into position and came close to nailing Thea. Thea avoided his attacks and shot an arrow at the fire hydrant. It broke open and the blast of cold water nailed the electrically based thug which shorted out his powers. Thea took him out with another arrow and dropped him down to the ground.

A third enhanced HIVE thug rushed over. A loud crack echoed before he could reveal his powers. Thea and Artemis turned to see Cass in the shadows. Cass put her fingers on the side of the man’s neck and had a hold of the pressure points.

"Talk," Thea said.

The man opened his mouth to say something, but a blast of energy shot through him. The man's pupils turned milky white before collapsing down onto the ground. Cass pulled back from him and shook her head.

"They keep getting kill switched when we get closer," Artemis said.

Thea sighed, she knew, Artemis did not have to remind her. They moved towards the crates and sure enough, they contained various drugs, some of them among the rarest possible.

"This doesn't make any sense," Thea said. "I don't think HIVE's plan is to become glorified drug dealers."

Still, getting whatever was in these boxes off of the street was the high priority as far as Thea was concerned. There were many teenagers, like she was a few years ago, who would give into temptation. They might have frustrating home lives or sought the artificial high these drugs brought. Thea was in that position. She wanted to escape the real world.

It was wrong to do that because it only offered you a temporary reprieve.

"One of these resembles Vertigo," Artemis said.

Thea shuddered with not so fond memories of her run-in with that particular drug.

"What's the other one?" Thea asked.

"Well, I think that it's some new drug they're trying to flood the market with," Artemis said. "It's something called Stardust. It was based on another drug which….."

"We have another truck," Felicity said. "Going West on 9th Avenue."

"I'll take care of them," Cass said. "Go."

Artemis and Thea did go. They hoped Sara would get back from her trip to Nanda Parbat soon and they would shed some light on this.
Sara made the treacherous climb up the mountains. For the first time since Talia had taken over the League of Assassins. The view was a bit nicer as several recruits, many of them female appeared before Sara and parted the ways when they walked up the mountain. She came across Rose Wilson who offered her a nod.

"Our leader is waiting for you," Rose said. "Why don't I show you in?"

"Thank you," Sara said.

Rose was all business leading Sara inside of the temple. Talia sat at the top of the temple with three bodyguards dressed in robes with Kabuki masks. They all parted ways when Sara stepped into the temple.

"Nyssa will be arriving shortly," Talia said. "Sit down, you've had a long journey."

"Longer than you think," Sara said.

Talia gave Sara a very obvious smile and clapped her hands. She heard whispers of Sara's disappearance and sudden reappearance. Herself and Nyssa had been very busy reconstructing the various League factions. A chair had been pulled out. Sara dropped down on the luxurious seat belonging to the Daughter of the Demon.

"There's no progress on your old friend, Shado," Talia said. "She's still infected by some darkness, and my best healers have been unable to purge it from her."

"I think that same darkness has affected Damien Darhk."

Nyssa appeared at the front door. Sara smiled and moved over to embrace her wife. The two of them exchanged a kiss. Talia respectfully turned to enjoy the view out of the window to give them a moment to enjoy their reunion in privacy with one and other.

"It's good to see you have returned well," Nyssa said. "Then again, many have written you off before and you've bounced back better than ever so perhaps we should not be too surprised with your recovery."

Sara would have to agree she bounced back more times than not better than ever. Her lips curled into a brief smile while she sat on the chair. Nyssa sat on a third chair which Talia's guards helpfully presented towards her.

"HIVE has stepped up their game," Nyssa said. "And it's curious. They had been avoiding the League of Assassins when my late father was alive."

"Yes, they seem to think of me as a less formidable enemy," Talia said. "That's a mistake they're going to take to their grave if I have anything to say about it."

Sara smiled, having no doubt about that fact. Talia was not one to be counted out at any rate. Nyssa decided now would be the best time to give her report.

"The most curious thing is they are more afraid of Darhk than anyone. One of them babbled that Darhk had been stricken and infected with something awful. It was something that made him unrecognizable to them all. He's….he's more of a monster than ever before."

Both Talia and Sara blinked. Nyssa simply shrugged in response to their blinking.

"It's the most information I've gotten out of anyone so far. I think I should be fortunate that I got that
much out of them to begin with."

Sara admitted that they all had a point. Her lips curled into a frown.

"HIVE has built a network of supporters," Nyssa said. "Oh, and Lyla may be interested in this information. HIVE may have one or more agents in HIVE."

"Well, Waller might have an idea if someone has stepped in to infiltrate HIVE," Sara offered. "Waller, knowing Waller, is on her guard and she regulates information at the top very tightly."

Almost too tightly, as Sara recalled very bitterly. Lyla knew a lot of information and was about as high up as anyone else. Sara recalled, and had been reminded constantly, Lyla did not know everything.

"I'll pass on the information."

Iris West had been back in Central City for a while and everything just seemed wrong. What was most wrong was the number of tests, an entire battery of them, that she had to undergo. Iris would be the first to tell you how much she hated going to the doctor as a little girl. And while her doctors looked nowhere as good as they did now, it was still frustrating.

"So, how many more of these tests are you going to give me before you can say I'm normal?" Iris asked.

"Well, technically given the Flash thing..."

Iris cleared her throat which cut off Natasha's statement. Caitlin shook her head.

"I think what Nat was trying to say is that we're this close to declaring that you're not impaired by your encounter with Zoom in the speed force," Caitlin said. "Granted, the Speed Force itself could have told us this given that he's been hanging around the lab quite regularly."

Caitlin cast a dirty look in Barry's general direction. She had been fed up with the attitude of the entity as of late, and she was in mutual company. Iris stood up as Sapphire walked over to unhook her from the testing area.

"If I'm done," Iris said.

"Yeah, I think you're done," Sapphire said. "And good luck."

The other half of her sentence "because you're going to need it" did not quite leave Sapphire's mouth before Iris stepped out of the room. She had been very frustrated since coming back from Earth. Zoom, whatever Zoom was, still lurked out there in the shadows. Zoom stalked them all and Iris was growing increasingly frustrated with the fact that she had another phantom speedster to catch.

Then there was Barry, oh boy was there Barry. Iris stepped into the room.

"I need to talk to you."

Barry sat with his eyes glazed over. Iris snapped her fingers in his face repeatedly.

"Damn it, Barry, talk to me!" Iris yelled in his ear. "What the hell is going on? I know you're in there, even with this thing there who won't let you go. It's driving me completely nuts."

"Don't worry," Barry said. "Barry Allen is still here, the one you know. And in a sense, a part of me
is Barry Allen, a part of me is not. When he ascended, he became one with those who had burned out their powers. Flashes through Infinite universes make up the Speed Force."

Iris tried to grab Barry by the shirt. Barry popped up behind her. She turned around and glared at the entity inhabiting her best friend and brother.

"Listen here," Iris said. "I want real answers and not vague statements. When are you going to let Barry go? He's done nothing wrong."

"Not in general, but he is responsible for the fractures in the timeline," Barry said.

"That was Thawne!" Iris yelled almost waving her arms. She wanted to throw something, or scream or scream while throwing things.

"Thawne was a part of it, but Thawne has been dealt with," Barry said. "Barry will be released when the damage is fixed, whether it takes a week, a month, or a hundred years."

Iris took a few seconds to dig her nails into the side of her face. She wanted to scream one more time. The Speed Force refused to relinquish its hold on Barry.

"Past time travel exploits have caused flickers throughout time and space," the entity told Iris. "And Thawne's latest time escapes, and yourself and Ms. Lance's quite frankly sloppy attempts to correct course have caused further ruptures. It released not only Zoom, but it loosened his chains as well."

"Who are you talking about?" Iris asked. "You mean to tell me there's something worse than Zoom."

"You have no idea," he said.

Iris snorted, boy that was for sure.

"Okay, tell me what to do, and I can go back in time...."

"That's something stupid that I would do before I ascended," Barry said. "Each trip to go back in time corrects more ripples. Barry created the circumstances which lead to Oliver Queen's death, Sara becoming the Green Arrow, and you gaining those powers. I will not permit any further time travel. There are changes which are subtle now but could have dangerous consequences. And attempting to fix them will just accelerate those consequences."

Iris gritted her teeth. True, she did not seem to know the first thing about time travel, but there were times where it almost felt like the Speed Force was talking out of something other than his mouth.

"You're not telling me everything."

"I'm not telling you everything," he agreed. "Because, there's a lot that I know that the human mind, even the enhanced human mind cannot comprehend."

"So, I'm stupid,' Iris said.

"No, just woefully unprepared for the consequences," he said. "Let's face it, you get off on the thrill of becoming the Flash. It's your way to do the very thing that your father tried to shield you from. You wanted to be a Detective growing up, just like Daddy. He put his foot down, didn't he? And now you can become something."

"Don't...don't talk like you understand me," Iris said. "You're not Barry."

"He's still here," Barry said. "And I was him."
"And he didn't do anything!" Iris yelled. "Because this Barry didn't technically go back in time!"

Iris felt like she was having the same circular argument constantly.

"Zoom continues to lurk," the entity warned her.

"Yeah, Zoom," Iris said. "If Zoom's defeated, will you go away? Will Barry come back?"

"If that's what you wish," Barry said. "But be warned, what you wish is not what you truly need."

He zipped off and left Iris in the dust with a lot more frustrations. Iris turned around and heard a buzzing in her ear.

"Hey," Laurel said. "Are you busy?"

"I need something to do right now," Iris said. "What is it?"

"I'm in Central City," Laurel said. "I'm tracking down a lead on HIVE, and….you want to help me?"

Iris shook her head. She wanted to do something other than argue with an entity possessing her best friend or get ran through tests. "I'll be there in a Flash."

The second Iris left, Natasha left the lab. She turned to Caitlin and Sapphire with a smile on her face.

"Okay, I've got the security feeds backed up and….." Natasha said before trailing off. "SHIT! CAITLIN!"

Caitlin moved overseeing Natasha act like she had seen some kind of ghost. It became very obvious why as a rift opened up and the one and only Harrison Wells dropped down into the subbasement through a rift. Sapphire joined them and all three women exclaimed the same thing

"Oh shit."

Edgar Prince, better known as Egghead, performed a jaunty stroll around the room. He had a spring in his step, a smile on his face, and a song in his heart. He looked over towards the HIVE subordinates.

"Men we are on schedule," Egghead said. "That's good….I've been given a second lease on life and I intend to Eggspolit it every chance I get."

Egghead chuckled as he read the latest reports.

"Oh, the Green Arrow and her crew, they must be upset," Egghead said. "The trail of false breadcrumbs I've laid down for them to follow."

The doors opened and Ruve stepped inside. Egghead turned around to her with a smile on his face.

"My dear, I must say you look quite eggscelent today….."

"I wish to speak to Damien," Ruve said. "Have you seen him?"

"Yes, he's around here somewhere," Edgar said. "He said he was busy, and only to bother me under the most eggstradoiary circumstances."

Ruve gave a courtesy eye roll at the man's verbal tick of adding the word "egg" onto certain words.
She had to get down to business. Edgar moved over and knocked three times on the door. A long pause followed before the door opened up. Darhk stepped out of the room. Edgar raised his eyebrow at seeing the blood-stained Darhk's hands when he left the room.

'And to think, most men end up with a different kind of fluid on their hands when they want to be left alone,' he thought.

"Towel," Darhk ordered.

One of the goons handed Damien a towel and he casually dried the blood from his hands. Ruve gave him a look which plainly stated she wanted to talk and talk right now. Darhk humored his wife by following her down the hallway. They moved down the corridor into a more secure meeting area at the facility.

"Is it prudent that a Gotham Wild Card is allowed so much free reign in this organization?" Ruve asked. "You know how that city is just breeding with sickness….."

"Yes," Darhk said. "I've cleared it with the rest of the leaders. They expressed their concern, but I made them see the light."

Ruve could only imagine the lengths her husband went for the compliance of the other HIVE representatives. She locked sight upon her husband's eyes. Damien just responded with a slight smile as she shifted. She was not exactly very comfortable these days which the changes of her husbands demeanor.

"You do remember our vow," Darhk said. "About how you would honor me as your husband."

"Yes, and I remember you taking a vow that you would honor me as your wife," Ruve said. "And it was to honor you within all good reason."

"And I've given you plenty of good reasons to honor me," Darhk said.

"Yes, but the plan....." Ruve said. "Do you really think it's going to work?"

Darhk reached over and gave his wife a very firm squeeze on the shoulder. It was not meant to cause Ruve any harm or discomfort. It did show her however that her husband was in further control than she had previously thought. This new demeanor in her, something was very wrong.

"We talked about this before," he whispered. "Sacrifices need to be made to build a better world... and we need to start now."

Darhk took a second to look at his wife. She did not feel comfortable with this. He would make her see reason.

"The League of Assassins would not hesitate to use our daughter as a bargaining chip," Darhk said. "Which is why I have had her move to a safe house under the protection of my most trusted associates."

"You...you had her moved?" Ruve asked. "Why was I not informed about this?"

"I had to act quickly," Darhk said. "The sooner I have your support, the sooner the world can be saved. And the sooner our daughter could be brought back."

Ruve almost thought in her wildest thoughts that Damien had been using their daughter as some kind of bargaining chip, as leverage against her to get her to comply. Surely he had not changed that
much.

"Use your influence," Darhk said in an icy voice. "Use your influence to get the other HIVE leaders on board with the plans."

Darhk placed his hand on the shoulder of his wife and gave it a firm squeeze. She jumped up completely to stare Darhk in the eye.

"The sooner it happens," Darhk said. "The sooner our daughter will be returned safely home. But, should you fail, there's no guarantee that there's a world where she can see adulthood."

Ruve almost reached into her pocket to grab a knife she kept in their at all times. She held her anger in, knowing that Damien was the only one who knew where her daughter was.

"What's the latest on Central City?" Darhk asked.

"It's being handled," Ruve said stiffly. "The Black Canary is causing some difficulties, but….we should be able to take care of her."

"Yes, she will burn for her sins"

Darhk's voice grew harsher while turning around to stop Ruve from seeing his pupils dilate and go completely black. Dinah Laurel Lance would burn for the sins of her father, her mother, and her sister, all of the Lances would burn for what they did in the past.

Nyssa and Sara spent the next couple of hours comparing notes with each other. Sara chewed back on her tongue and let out a very prominent sigh.

"He has a chess master which is thinking about three or four steps of my team," Sara said. "And not only my team, but he's thinking ahead of the League."

Nyssa was under the impression that Damien Darhk was a cockroach which was a low priority target for her father. He would be killed considering the opportunity. Now, Darhk changed and he really transformed HIVE into something else. There was a very fresh perspective on what HIVE was no. Nyssa clutched the side of the bed. Several notes had been taken and much more had been scrawled out.

"There's some kind of end game here," Sara said. "I don't know what it is. We just haven't seen it. We're going to have to get a hold of someone pretty high up the food chain to even get an idea of what the plans are."

Nyssa gave her wife a ghost of a smile. "That might not be as hard as you think. There are rumors the HIVE leaders are disenchanted with the direction Darhk is taking his part of the organization. And he is trying to muscle in on them. They are impatient, and there will be a war."

"And the League will be there to pick up the pieces."

Nyssa had no idea what Talia had planned. She only had worked as her sister's chief advisor and had given advice. Whether or not Talia took it or had been stubborn, it was another thing entirely.

"We'll work together to figure this out," Nyssa said. "And I'm glad to see you come home…you're going to have to tell me the story of your trip."

Nyssa flipped a lock of dark hair away from her face and locked onto Sara's face with a smile.
"But, for now."

The two leaned over and kissed each other. Nyssa wrapped her arm around Sara's waist and pulled her into a stunning kiss. Sara responded with a kiss of her own, digging her tongue into Nyssa's warm mouth.

Sara moved quickly and undid more of Nyssa's garments. She allowed the top of the outfit to fall to the ground. Nyssa's perfectly round breasts came into Sara's grasp. She squeezed them and made Nyssa whimper in a lustful groan. Sara slowly ran a finger against Nyssa's nipple which caused it to stand outright for Sara to grab and to toy with.

The lovely couple stripped themselves naked. Nyssa's fingers ran down Sara's back while kissing her and cupping her ass. The two made up for lost time by indulging in each other. The kisses grew deeper and their fingers roamed endlessly over their bodies.

Sara sighed when Nyssa had her down on the bed. Kisses connected with each inch of Sara's toned flesh lighting her up. Nyssa kissed Sara's beautiful muscular body. She felt the firmness of Sara's thighs and then moved down to her belly button to give it a sharp little kiss.

"I've missed this," Sara commented.

"As have I."

Nyssa teased Sara's slit with a few licks. Her beloved squirmed underneath the probing tongue. The more pleasure Nyssa gave Sara, the better this little encounter was going to turn out. She just had a feeling this was going to end in one of the most amazing ways possible.

The tongue dipped into Sara's warm womanhood. Sara grabbed Nyssa's hair and rocked her hips up. Nyssa went down on her with practiced ease and sent jolts of pleasure coursing through Sara's body.

Sara closed her eyes to feel Nyssa's pleasurable swipe of the tongue through her. A few seconds passed before Nyssa pulled up. The skilled assassin positioned herself at Sara's face. Sara grabbed Nyssa's ass and then parted her thighs. Both women indulged in mutual pleasure to munch on each on in this sixty-nine position.

The hands of Nyssa cupped over Sara's back and spread her legs. The more Nyssa dug her tongue in, the more Sara responded. Both women dueled as hard and swift in the bedroom for control as they did on the battlefield or during a sparring contest.

Both squirted juices over their faces. They spent the next couple of minutes rubbing against each other. Both Nyssa and Sara pulled away from each other. Nyssa pushed her hand against Sara's face and then leaned in to give her a kiss. Both tasted the other on their lips.

Nyssa switched to the next action and slid her fingers into Sara's gushing pussy. She worked her beloved over by pumping herself into Sara's delicious pussy. She pulled out and tasted her fingers before moving down to kiss her.

Sara took advantage of Nyssa's diversion by rolling her over. The stunning warrior wrapped her legs around Nyssa and held her down to the bed. Sara grinned and leaned down before feeling up Nyssa's body. Her warm body just felt like it burned up underneath Sara's touch. Sara leaned down and sucked Nyssa's hard nipple making her squirm.

The two lovers moved together. Sara, always being prepared, moved in deeper to suck on Nyssa's clit. Nyssa shifted underneath Sara. Her warm tongue lavished plenty of attention on Nyssa on the
bed. Nyssa threw her hips up off of the bed to meet Sara's touch. And her touch, her warm hands, brought Nyssa closer to the edge.

"Not yet."

Sara licked Nyssa's asshole and caused her to feel a rush of energy. The student really did suppress the teacher in many ways. Sara alternated and used her warm tongue as a powerful weapon to bring the pleasure through Nyssa. Her toes curled the second Sara pushed into her asshole.

The back entrance had been well lubricated for Sara to make her next move. She slid her finger inside Nyssa's tight rear entrance to feel it clamp down against her. Nyssa's eyes closed and then she shuddered the more Sara played around with her asshole.

"Fuck," Nyssa breathed. "You're amazing."

"I know," Sara commented. "And I'm going to take this ass."

Nyssa rolled over onto her hands and knees. Sara bound Nyssa's hands behind her back. It was a gesture of trust the two of them had. Sara felt up Nyssa's legs and then secured the rope around her. Nyssa was tied up and ready to go. Sara ran her hands all over Nyssa's body.

"Fuck," Nyssa breathed. "Oh, beloved you're amazing."

Sara petted Nyssa's lower back and then moved down to squeeze that fine, well-toned ass. A strap on came onto Sara. She lubricated the tip of it with Nyssa's own pussy juices. She climbed onto Nyssa and aimed towards her asshole.

"Take me," Nyssa said.

The bound woman squirmed in an attempt to get Sara inside of her. Sara spent the next couple of minutes ruthlessly toying with Nyssa and making sure to enjoy making the woman squirm underneath her. Sara's tempting touch just increased with intensity. Sara spent some time squeezing on Nyssa's nipples and pulled back.

"Oh, you're going to get what you've come here for alright."

Sara ran her cock into the waiting asshole. Nyssa opened herself up as much as possible. Sara popped her finger into her mouth to get her finger nice and wet. Then she plunged the finger inside of Nyssa's warm back passage and made sure her asshole had been very much lubricated.

"Fuck me here," Nyssa said.

"You got it," Sara said.

The hardness of the cock pushed its way against Nyssa's asshole. Sara grabbed Nyssa's back and carefully edged into her tight back entrance. Sara lowered herself deep into Nyssa from behind. She pulled almost all the way out and then plunged into her ass again.

Stars flashed right before Nyssa's eyelids. She wished she could grab onto the bed. Her hands had been tied in more ways than one. Sara plunged deep into Nyssa's asshole ramming into her.

"Build for fucking," Sara said.

"Not as much as yours," Nyssa breathed.

"Yeah, I know."
Sara tightened her grip on Nyssa's hips and drilled her repeatedly. Every fourth or so time Sara plunged into Nyssa, she slapped the ass of the vixen underneath her. Sara rolled her hands up and caught Nyssa's nipples before giving them a squeeze and a tug.

Sweat rolled down Nyssa's sultry body. The skilled assassin found her back passageway manipulated by the skilled actions of her beloved wife. Sara pushed her hands against Nyssa's back and struck her with a constant series of thrusts into her ass. Sara plunged deep into Nyssa from behind and repeatedly stretched out her asshole.

"Mmm, yes," Nyssa breathed. "YES!"

Sara plowed Nyssa from behind. The repeated thrusts into her back entrance made Nyssa's entire pussy squirt all over the bed. Sara caught some of the juices on her fingers before rolling up.

"Say that I'm the master of your ass," Sara said.

"You're the master of my ass," Nyssa said.

'For today,' Nyssa thought.

She submitted to Sara's tender affections and also the beloved woman's fingers shoved deep into Nyssa's mouth to cause her to suck down on the juices. Hunger danced all through Nyssa's body as she received pretty much everything she craved and then a little bit more.

"Yes," Nyssa moaned at the top of her lungs. "YES!"

Her screams only increased the further Sara pushed into her. Sara clenched Nyssa's cheeks with her fingernails and rocked back inside of her ass.

The constant level of cumming repeatedly rocked Nyssa. Sara really mastered every inch of her body. The endless thrusting in her made Nyssa repeatedly cum all over Sara's hand. Sara rose said hand up and made Nyssa eat her own juices.

"That makes me so fucking hot," Sara said while stroking her own clit. "You cumming so much makes me want to cum too!"

Sara struck Nyssa's tight asshole and came nice and hard. Nyssa came hard as well. She collapsed down onto the bed with Sara planting herself repeatedly in Nyssa's tight asshole until she was finished with her.

The moment Sara pulled out, the strap on slipped off and she wrapped an arm around Nyssa's waist. She kissed Nyssa on the ear several times and smiled.

"We made up for lost time."

Nyssa turned and kissed Sara. She stroked Sara's golden locks and smiled through the kiss. They had plenty more time to work through. Her pussy still needed more of Sara's skilled affections.

Thanks to everyone for all of the hits/favorites/follows/kudos/comments and I'll see you for the next chapter on Monday. Thanks for Reading.

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To Be Continued on February 26th, 2018.
Sara made her way straight from Nanda Parbat and made her way to the ARGUS headquarters. She heard Lyla had been doing a lot of back and forth work. And dropping this latest bombshell, which might not really be a bombshell come to think about it, was going to rock many people's lives. Sara stepped to the front of the entrance and walked down the hallway.

She did not have to walk all too far until coming across Lyla who leaned against the wall. Lyla’s expression perked up the very second she saw Sara.

"It's good to see you back," Lyla said.

She offered Sara a professional handshake, showing a great deal of restraint with her greeting. The two of them walked down past some chattering agents. Sara could not tell what they had been working on during the time they had been here. Sara's mind had most been on something else.

"I'm sure you could tell that ARGUS has their work cut out for them as of late," Lyla said. "HIVE has stepped up their operations."

"Yeah, and they might be one step ahead of you in some ways," Sara said. "I don't know what to say, but there might be a HIVE mole working in the deepest level of ARGUS."

Lyla took this particular revelation about as how Sara predicted she would. She combed through her dark hair with a momentary frown and looked Sara dead on in the eye.

"Waller has been pretty guarded as of late," Lyla said when she was pretty sure no one was around to hear. "You thought she had her secrets before. Now her secrets have increased tenfold."

Sara figured as much. Waller had been born and bred off of numerous secrets. She normally told Lyla more than most, but Lyla would be foolish not to think she had known everything. And now Waller had gone completely dark. Sara wondered if Waller had found out about the mole, and was taking steps to flush them out. They could get desperate.

'Guess, we're going to have to wait and see,' Sara thought to herself.

"Hey?" Felicity asked. "I'm sorry to bother you…can you hear me?"

"The frequency works in this building?" Sara asked. "I'm really surprised to hear your voice…and it's good to hear your voice again, Felicity."

"Wow, not too many people will say that," Felicity said. She sounded amused, but then adopted a professional manner. "So, while you were away, we've been trying to figure out HIVE's next move. Thea, Cass, and Artemis have been hitting the streets of Starling City."

Felicity took a deep breath and one could almost hear the frustration burning into the tech support girl's voice as she spoke the next statement.

"It wasn't a complete bust. They got a good chunk of drugs off of the street, but the war on drugs is always a never-ending battle. There were a lot more where that came from, unfortunately. Someone is doing bootleg Vertigo, and there's something else called Stardust on the streets, which is,
unfortunately, getting pretty big."

Felicity took a deep breath and continued to go in with her report.

"Laurel was in Central City for a little bit, but whatever rumors about HIVE over there turned up into a big pile of nothing."

Lyla spotted a figure in the doorway. She motioned for Beatriz to step into the room. The ARGUS agent stood a bit tall and proud when focused on Lyla. She gave Sara a courtesy nod while slipping into the room.

"So far, all of the HIVE strongholds have been cleaned out," Beatriz said. "Someone is onto us, and they are moving around their inventory. They have fortified the two strongest ones as well."

"It's as we thought," Lyla said. "They have a new strategist, and he's playing a shell game with us. He's toying with us."

Damien Darhk, one of ARGUS's ten most wanted, was someone they held an interest in. However, there was this new player on the table at ARGUS which also held a huge amount of interest as well. They were going to have to watch him and figure out his next move.

"Right," Sara said. "I think it's time to get back to Starling City."

It had been way too long since Sara had not taken a personal interest in Starling City. Lyla smiled and leaned out the door.

"Yes, you can come in now."

A very tall and very stunning blonde woman stepped into the room. Sara had been blown away by her. Gorgeous blonde curls, shimmering green eyes, a body to die for all wrapped in a pilot's uniform. Sara smiled, she had thought that Lyla had some pretty good tastes.

"So, this is the pilot you told me about?" Sara asked. "Ms. Blake?"

"Yes, Zinda Blake," she confirmed. "It's a pleasure to meet you, Ms. Lance."

It was most certainly a pleasure. Sara needed someone to fly the plane which Carol Ferris so lovingly commissioned for her. Then again, Carol did mysteriously disappear a while back, or maybe she just dropped off of the grid. Sara really did not know. They said Carol took an extended leave of absence.

'It's face it, I needed a pilot,' Sara thought to herself. 'Iris and Karen can't spend half of their lives running me around. Lyla would only pick the best. Also, it helps that she's hot.'

It had been like getting back on a bike after a long time off. The Black Canary and the Green Arrow joined side by side to patrol the streets of Starling City. They picked up like nothing had happened during the time they had been away. The Black Canary turned her attention towards her hooded sister.

"So, it's been a whole lot of nothing over the past couple of days?"

A labored sigh came from the Canary. "Unfortunately, it has. It feels like we've been running around in circles. I went all the way to Central City, but whatever HIVE was storing there, it had been moved."
"I'm beginning to think someone in HIVE is putting that information out there, to make sure we keep running around in circles."

Laurel groaned, yeah, that thought entered her mind as well. The big problem had entered her mind as well, unfortunately. And that could result in a lot of headaches on their part if everything was just one game. Especially if a really legit piece of information really did come out regarding HIVE.

"They want us to start discounting real leads or not take them seriously," Laurel said. "It's a psychological game they're playing with us."

Sara saw the point and looked around. The streets had been pretty quiet tonight, to the point where Sara became slightly unnerved by how silent everything had become. She leaned up against the wall with a more steady heartbeat coming out from the other side of her chest.

"They don't," Sara said. "But, I take everything seriously. And eventually, this investigation is going to pay off."

"Well, I don't know what to make of this," Felicity said.

The frustrated tone in the voice of their tech support put both the Canary and the Arrow on edge. Sara decided to turn her full attention to Felicity.

"Well tell us what you think and maybe we can sort it out together?" Sara suggested to her.

Felicity dove headlong into the explanation. "I've been taking a look at some of the security cameras in the park of town where Blackfire's Church was kept."

Everyone in the call all shuddered at the same time. Sara more so than anyone, because of the dark feelings she had when closing in proximity to Deacon Joseph Blackfire, it had been a pretty awful feeling to deal with. And her awful, frustrating feelings were not going away.

"Yeah, what about it?" Sara asked looking over her shoulder. Every time she heard that name, a prickle came down the back of Sara's neck.

"Well, there are blind spots where the cameras don't even transmit a signal," Felicity said. "And I'm beginning to think someone is having cameras removed in a certain area. And it's at the Sandman Mattress Factory on Fifth and Vox."

"Why?" Laurel asked. "Why in the world would someone want to be shielding a Mattress Factory from a security camera?"

Sara wondered if this was part of the shell-game the new leader of HIVE had been playing. She gripped the bow in her hand. It could be something or it could be nothing. Sara needed to always go in with the attitude that there was no such thing as a nothing lead. There was always something going on, one way or another. She moved in and the Black Canary followed in hot pursuit.

The two of them moved into the shadows and they saw something outside of the Sandman Mattress Factory on Fifth and Vox. Sara peered over and saw some men dressed in thick armor, the military issued or at least a pretty good counterfeit of military issue. She noticed a figure dressed in a white suit with a yellow tie. His bald head shined in the light. It was almost like he looked bored.

"Gentlemen, we have it," the man said. "I want to eggstract the cargo and move it to its destination. ARGUS is going to hit this destination in Eggproximately three hours and nineteen minutes. We need to move quickly."
Sara frowned, that man sounded like Edgar Prince, better known as Egghead. The last time Sara saw him, he was an old man in an assisted living facility. Now he was a younger man in his thirties or maybe his forties, masterminding a HIVE operation.

"Prince?" Sara whispered. "Egghead?"

"No way," Laurel said. "He's....shit they didn't, did they?"

Sara nodded, it did seem that way. It was either a Lazarus Pit or HIVE had found a way to clone one of the World's Greatest Criminal Masterminds and restore him into a younger body. They loaded something into a truck. Prince disappeared into a limo which also followed the truck. And then two more trucks met them from across the street. Sara was pretty sure they had HIVE soldiers in it.

"Got it."

She tagged the back of the truck with the Cargo with the arrow. The Black Canary and the Green Arrow followed the trucks as they moved. They did not let the trucks out of their sight from the rooftop. Both of the women moved very anxiously to their final destination.

The limo and one of the guard trucks split off from the cargo truck and the other truck. Sara and Laurel made a decision and separated.

"Would you be surprised if he knew you were here and was doing this as a way to split you up?"

Felicity nervously offered.

"No."

Sara hovered on the edge of the rooftop as the truck stopped in a towering yard. It did not appear to be the place where a criminal operation would be taking place. Yet, Sara learned to expect anything and that deception was king, during her time in the League of Assassins. She watched as two dozen HIVE guards made their way out of the truck. They did nothing, other than stand out there.

She held her arrow and slammed it into the ground. The arrow contained a sonic pulse. She modified archery with a modified version of the Canary Cry to perform the best of both worlds. The HIVE drones on the ground scattered. Sara dropped down to the ground.

One of them rushed her instantly. Sara flipped over the man's head. She blocked the punch and grabbed him by the arm. Sara flipped said goon down onto the ground and twisted his arm. The arm popped back with Sara coming back around.

Another goon threw a motor at the hooded archer. She avoided it smashing into her before drawing back the bow and proficiently launching an arrow into the stomach of the HIVE goon. Sara flipped into the air and came down across the back of the head.

One of the goons swung a huge chain and it wrapped around Sara's arm. He paused for a second with a sadistic grin popping over his face. The evident thought that he had Sara now, or so he thought, reaching his mind. Sara turned away and cracked the chain down to send her attack crashing down to the ground. Sara drove her elbow down across the back of the head of the attacker.

"You're nothing, archer!"

Another goon armed himself with a nail gun. Sara dodged the hot nails and then shot the object out of his hand. Sara cracked the man in the mouth sending him crashing down to the ground. Another goon grabbed Sara from behind. She cracked him in the mouth. A knife flew from out of nowhere.
Sara dodged that knife and then crouched down before whipping off an arrow to the chest. Said goon dropped down to the ground instantly.

One of them guarded the back of the truck with his own body. Sara fired an arrow into his wrist to pin the man to the truck. An agonizing howl followed as the man tried to free himself from the truck side. Another arrow caught him in the knee which agonized him.

One more had been left. He picked up a large wrench on the ground and swung it like a baseball bat. Sara avoided the swing and the wrench clanked against the ground. The attacker rushed towards Sara one more time.

'Strike two,' Sara thought as she avoided the swing of the wrench.

Sara avoided the wrench from going into the side of her head. An attack nailed the goon on the side of the neck. Sara then fired an arrow at the attacker's shoulder. He staggered over and dropped the wrench. Sara nailed him in the side of the head with a running kick. The goon snapped back onto the ground before she backed off from him.

"Now onto the truck," Sara said.

"Need any help," Felicity said.

"Can you hack bio-metrics?" Sara asked.

"Do, I look like I'm the Hacking Jesus?" Felicity asked. "That's something that's…well, I'm good but if that's military grade, I don't think I can help you."

Felicity admitted she was not capable of something, which was pretty big for her. Sara picked up the goon, the leader of them off of the ground. She put her nail underneath his eye to force a bloodshot eye open. It scanned and revealed the back of the truck.

Sara stepped into the back of the truck and saw a large box. She dragged the man inside just in case there had been another bio-metric lock she would have to crack. He grimaced underneath Sara's grin and she scanned the crate. The crate broke open.

The Green Arrow moved in to reveal the contents of the crate.

"What is it?" Felicity asked.


"Oh, is HIVE ruthlessly recruiting five-year-olds now, enticing them with bubble wrap," Felicity said in a dry voice.

Sara did not know. She noticed put alongside the bubblewrap a taunting note. Sara lifted up the note and eyed it.

'I'm one step ahead of you,' Sara read silently. 'You'll learn HIVE's plan when the rest of Starling City does. And I'm sure as you Eggspect it's shocking. Just like my Eggstrodinary explanation.'

Sara grimaced. "Even in writing, he has the tic. Even in writing."

"What now?" Felicity asked.

"Our resident rotten egg, Egghead," Sara said.
"You mean a guy you talked to last year who was currently in a wheelchair, on oxygen, and on the verge of kidney failure," Felicity said. "That the doctors gave less than a year to live. That Egghead?"

"Yes, Felicity," Sara said. "That Egghead."

Sara stepped out of the back of the truck. All of the HIVE goons were on the ground and Sara could tell instantly their kill switches all had been activated. They were quite expendable, Foot Soldiers to be discarded at a moment's notice.

"Laurel?" Sara asked. "Please tell me....."

"Nothing," Laurel said. "He got away."

Sara could have thrown her hands up in the air in frustration. Tonight had not gone the way she intended, and she figured that this entire mess was going to get even worse.

She moved up the steps to the Clocktower. Thea, Artemis, and Cass were still on their drug-busting run. HIVE had been fronting these low-level drug operations, to get a profit to front their other operations. Sara hoped to cut out at least some of their money.

Now, a ghost from her mother's past returned and had been the Chessmaster behind the new and improved HIVE. Nyssa called them cockroaches, with Darhk being the king. And while it was true, they were pretty organized. More organized than the League was at this point, who had been fractured. Talia and Nyssa had been putting together the fractured pieces.

"Sara?" Laurel asked. "Are you okay?"

Sara took out her bow and arrow and launched an arrow at a practice dummy knocking its head off.

"You're not okay," Laurel said.

"No," Sara said. "I'm not."

Sara stepped in and she moved over. Felicity, as always, worked hard at the computer to see what she could find out. The limo just vanished as Black Canary was following it. It turned the corner and it was not there.

"There has to be a logical explanation here which doesn't amount to magic," Felicity said. "Diana has her Invisible Jet. Maybe HIVE has an Invisible Limo."

"Don't discount that," Sara said. "There are other explanations as well, but that's beside the point."

Sara peered out into Starling City and allowed a sigh to escape through the back of her throat. She tried to figure out what she knew beyond a shadow of a doubt. HIVE's operations crossed over three cities.

"There are points in Gotham, Starling, and Central City where HIVE is working," Felicity remarked helpfully. "And I'm pretty sure their operations are in many more places. What is HIVE's plan anyway?"

Sara wished she had an idea. She moved around and punched away at the heavy bag in the back of the office. A deep breath came from Sara. The harder and faster she punched on the bag the more it rocked against the chain hanging from the ceiling of the Clocktower's gym. She moved back into the
room where Felicity was busy at work typing on the computer.

"If you're asking me to look up all of the events of relevance in Starling City, then I'm ahead of you."

A smile came over Sara's face, grateful that Felicity had been one step ahead of what she wanted. Sara really wished, perhaps foolishly, they were not one step behind.

"I really wish you didn't have to come back to this mess," Laurel said.

The younger sister shrugged and put a light grip on the hand of the older sister. "I'm not too upset about it, well not really. It would have still happened."

HIVE caught them blindsided and now they had to figure out what the plan was. And no doubt, it was many plans. Sara leaned over her shoulder to listen for Cass, Thea, and Artemis who had not returned back from their patrol just yet. Felicity moved hard into working on the computer. Her lip biting down in frustration made her look like she was about ready to scream about something.

"Bad news?" Sara asked.

"Oh no," Felicity said. "I just punched up the events happening in Starling City, within the next seventy-two hours and….well you can see it about as well as I can."

Whoever said there were no second chances in life obviously never met Edgar Prince. The self-proclaimed World's Greatest Criminal Mastermind took a half of a step back from the plans which had been secured from one of his hackers. Edgar never really got into the world of computers, even when they started to become a thing in the twilight of his career. His old associate, the Calculator, had a knack for dealing with them. Edgar considered them to be a passing fad.

Their prominence in this modern age proved that the World's Greatest Criminal Mastermind was capable of many things.

"Is that it?" Edgar asked.

"Yes, sir," the hacker said. "They…well, we got them. And you can see all of the exits marked in blue and all of the security camera blind spots outlined in red."

"Yes, I do see."

Edgar smiled when peering over the edge of the security plan. Starling City Plaza was a meeting spot. One of the most prominent locations in all of Starling City for people to meet, and Moira Queen made her little Plaza a target the moment she declared the security to be improved and all of the old flaws to be eliminated.

"It's time to show them what we're truly capable of," Edgar said.

His little corner of HIVE worked on their part of the plan. A plan which Egghead, unfortunately, had not been let into the loop on, as Darhk kept many of his cards closely guarded against his chest. Edgar figured about as much. He walked down the hallway and smiled. He walked down where several HIVE agents talked excitedly with each other. One of them, the commander looked up.

"As we speak several dignitaries are coming their way to meet Moira Queen tonight," Edgar said. "This is her first public function since that awful attack on Starling City months back."

It lacked the sweet sophistication of how Edgar would have pulled off this plan.
"Are you ready?" Edgar asked.

"Alpha Team is in position," the commander said. "We're going to join them."

"Eggscelent," Egghead said drumming his fingers. "I feel Moira Queen's big return to work will not go quite as Eggspected."

She challenged Edgar, and now he had to accept the challenge. It was time to move.

Thanks to everyone for all of the hits/favorites/follows/kudos/comments and I'll see you for the next chapter on Wednesday. Thanks for Reading.

To Be Continued on February 28th, 2018.
Several large folders spilled out of the arms of Moira Queen. It took her a couple of minutes to adjust to walking with such a heavy amount of papers in their hand. She spent the last few weeks either in the hospital or recovering from being in the hospital. It would be one problem if Moira just had been exposed to the fear toxin and could go on about her life blissfully ignorant of what she saw.

Moira saw one key detail in the back of her mind. She remembered her deepest fears manifesting in physical form before her eyes. Moira found it a struggle to reconcile with the things she pushed into the back of her mind. They broke out once and would claw their way out again. A strong hand came against the back of her arm and made Moira stand up a bit straighter. She turned just in time to notice Jade squeezing her shoulder. The gesture had been appreciated by one of her bodyguards.

"You want me to take some of that off your hands?"

Moira appreciated the gesture, but at the same time shook her head. "You're going to need all of your hands and wits about yourself."

Talking a good game to the press was one thing. Moira had no idea if the security measures would hold with the recent attacks going through the city. Moira stepped through the doors of the City Council Plaza and kept taking deeper breaths yet. She tried not to be around anything which would trigger an episode. The problem as she saw it was those episodes would enter her mind at the worst possible time.

'Just take it one step at a time.'

So she did, so she did. Moira Queen stepped over the line and into the building. An older man smiled and patted her on the shoulder.

"It's good to see you back to work, Mayor Queen," he said.

In some ways, in many ways, it was good for her to be back. Her heart jumped to see some of the people smiling in the room, some of them drinking, some of them carrying out. They were having a relaxing time, stealing a few minutes away from the very real fear something could happen.

"I'm glad to be back," Moira said. "Trust me, there were times where I didn't think I would pull out of it. But…."

Moira allowed her tone to drop a little bit. A woman a few years younger than Moira came in and offered her a glass of wine. Moira shook her head.

"Sorry, I'm trying to cut back," Moira said. "I wouldn't want the citizens of Starling City to think their Mayor spent half of her life impaired, do we?"

The City Councilmembers broke out into a fit of laughter even though Moira just responded with one of the most solemn smiles possible. She was glad that some amusement could be found from this particular plight. The frustration just built in Moira's mind.

It was a very good thing her detractors, well most her detractor sat least, lost a great deal of balance.
It allowed Moira to step forward and get everything she needed to get done, done.

"Are you going to run for Mayor or are you going to step back?"

"I've come this far," Moira said. "I might as well tempt fate and see if I can get even further."

Some of the dignitaries just looked through the floor. It became crystal clear to them the Mayor had been aware of some of the conversations going on. How she managed to achieve something no Mayor of Starling City had in some time. She stood in office, able to leave on her own terms, and not in handcuffs or worse in a body bag like many of the previous Mayors left the office.

"Perhaps I should quit while I'm ahead," Moira agreed. "But I've always been as many of my detractors have called me a stubborn bitch."

The doors of the Starling City Plaza locked tight. A large video wall on the plaza had a screen saver which shifted into that of a giant egg. The egg vanished a moment to reveal the face of a middle-aged bald man who broke into a smile on his face.

"Tonight's a beautiful night," Egghead said. "It's a shame that several hundred people are going to Eggspire. Just to prove a point."

He waited to make a move until the Starling City Plaza had been packed. Moira put her finger up to call for help.

"I wouldn't bother. I've prevented all external communication outside. Up to and including watches which emit a sonic pulse. You're not getting out of there anytime soon."

Moira had been no stranger in negotiating with men who wished to have something big and did not care how many people they would have to hurt to get it.

"What do you want?" Moira asked.

"A second chance to show the world what I am," Edgar said. "Another opportunity to demonstrate why I am the World's Greatest Criminal Mastermind, even after all of these years. To be perfectly honest, those who pass as criminal masterminds these days are insulting. It makes me almost want to cry."

"The doors are locked!" one of the security guards yelled.

Another paced back and forth like an angry dog before pointing a gun at the window. Maybe they could get them open that way.

"I wouldn't do that!" Egghead sang. "Any rupture against the building could disturb the bombs before they are ready to go off. And you have another forty-five minutes to make peace for yourselves. Unless I get what I want that is."

"What do you want?" Moira demanded again.

"She knows what I want," Egghead said. "Or at least she better figure it out soon."

That cryptic statement caused one rotten egg to disappear. Moira spent the next couple of minutes in deep concentration, trying to convince herself that he was bluffing. She simply could not risk it though, given how many lives were at stake.

Laurel stopped outside of the Starling City Plaza. Black Canary and Green Arrow had unfortunately
been a little bit late to the party when dealing with this situation, due to an attack on a shopping center by HIVE goons which demanded their attention. The moment Black Canary and Green Arrow got in close, they scattered.

"It was a distraction," Laurel said helplessly. "It was a well calculated and cruel distraction."

As much as Sara hated to admit they had been duped, they, unfortunately, had been duped. They had been duped by a genius who slipped in underneath all of their noses. She looked up and watched as Lyla stepped in.

"There's some kind of interference which is preventing us from making contact with anyone inside of the Plaza," Lyla said.

Sara pushed a finger up to the bridge of her nose and spent the next couple of minutes mentally counting to ten. She returned back to the conversation after that.

"Then we have to find a way in the Plaza. And I think the best way to do so is to go in from underneath the plaza."

"Unfortunately a bad idea."

Nyssa popped up behind them. Sara smiled at her, not surprised she had been involved in this. Nyssa offered a smile in return before heading down to all business.

"The tunnels underneath the palace are swarming with HIVE operatives. Either this is a trick, another one or they don't want anyone there."

The fact there was any doubt unsettled Sara. She tried not to lose sight of what mattered and what mattered was the fact there were people down there who were in serious amounts of danger.

"Felicity, there's….I just have a feeling there's something under that Plaza or otherwise inside of the Plaza," Sara said.

"Communication block is pretty tight," Felicity said. "I've been unable to access the bomb if any bomb exists down there despite my best efforts. And I don't think it's a bluff. Something tells me it's not one."

"I agree," Sara said. "How about finding us a way inside where we have to deal with the least number of Ghosts possible."

The sound of fingers flying across a keyboard almost brought a fond smile to Felicity's face. Felicity leaned back a fraction of an inch and took a couple of breaths. One could hear the woman's chair creaking in the background before she returned to typing.

"Yeah, I'm on it," Felicity said. "And I've found you a way in. It's in the Storage Plant across from the Plaza. There's a tunnel leading down. It's blocked off kind of so you're going to have to force you're way in."

"I know what she's talking about," Nyssa said.

"I do as well," Lyla said.

ARGUS used that tunnel in operations in Starling City, and it appeared from all indications ARGUS was not the only one who used the tunnel. Nyssa gave Lyla every single indication.
"If the bomb's down there, I think that you can get to it," Felicity said. "I have the full faith of your capabilities anyway to get in past the bomb. Not that I don't normally, but you know in a situation like this."

"Your faith is appreciated," Sara said. "I can get in if HIVE is kept off of my back. And I'll find something, a way to disable in the bomb."

"Let's go then," Laurel said.

They had no idea how much time they had to deal with this bomb. They doubted it was all that much time, unfortunately. The seconds ticked on by. Laurel lead the way, with Lyla and Nyssa following, and Sara slipped in behind them, ready to go.

One of the thugs itched his armpits at the same time as taking a long look around the tunnel. Cramped and musty and not that all comfortable described this tunnel a lot of the way. One of his fellow thugs kept casting him one of the dirtiest looks to end all other dirty looks.

"Will you quit doing that?"

"Sorry, if I'm uncomfortable," one of the thugs commented. "I can't believe the Eggman is making us down here."

"It's Egghead, genius," one of the thugs said in a low voice. "This isn't Sonic the Hedgehog."

The dripping of water coming down the tunnel put all of them on an uneasy movement. One of the thugs fingered the knife in his hand and grew very tense. He wanted to take the knife and put it in between someone's eyes very badly. His deep breath came in and out in increasing levels of frustration.

"So, do you really think it's up there?" he asked. "A bomb, I mean."

"Darhk doesn't want us to ask too many questions," the field leader said. "You better not start asking questions of other people."

The dregs of society which were the ghosts of HIVE all responded with sighs. Their frustration increased even more with each passing second. They were in the middle of a tunnel which could collapse down upon them at the worst possible second.

A disc flew and impacted the wall. One of the HIVE drones stared at the disc mouth open for about five seconds. It finally clicked in his brain they should take steps to get out of the way of the disc. 

"EVERYONE GET DOWN!"

The disc exploded and sent a cloud of dust flying through the tunnel at them. The thug doubled over and choked. He had been blinded by the dust. A figure swooped in from the dust and grabbed the same thug who yelled around the throat. Her nails dug into the back of the HIVE henchmen's neck before wrapping him around the back of the head with a repeated series of strikes to the neck. The man dropped where he stood before the attacker took a couple of steps back and looked forward.

The Black Canary stood head-on against one of the thugs. The thug picked up a huge brick and tried to nail her. Black Canary dodged the brick smacking her in the face. She popped up and caught the man flush in the face with a vicious uppercut. She hooked the man's arm and flipped him to the ground. Black Canary hyper-extended the arm and then drove repeated elbow strikes into the arm to knock him out.
One of them grabbed her around the waist. A knife to his thigh prevented the henchmen from holding onto the Black Canary for too long. She popped around and nailed her attacker in the side of the head. An arrow caught the man in the chest over her head.

"Go!" Black Canary yelled.

Black Canary dodged a flare gun fired in the face. The attacker received a series of kicks to the side of the head. Each one rocked him until the Black Canary wound up and toppled the tree.

'These drones are sure built to take a lot more punishment than we thought they were.'

Lyla caught one of the attackers and dropped them on the ground. She wielded two guns at once and then nailed them with expert precision. The gun dropped the goons down onto the ground. Lyla took a step back and then fired one more time at them.

The Green Arrow slipped through the tunnel. She caught a sniper with an arrow. He had been perched on a ledge and squeezed up there, the man did not look like someone who was all that comfortable, at least in Sara's mind. She kept running to the edge to reach her destination.

Black Canary kicked another man who prepared to pull a grenade on her. Sara shot another arrow filling the room with smoke. She slipped on a pair of goggles to get through the room. The other women behind her had Sara's back, she just needed to keep pressing on and forward. Sara swung off to the other side.

A large and tall door guided by high-tech drones blocked Sara's path. The drones, shaped like eggs, a very sleek and handsome looking black, turned their attention to Sara before firing upon her. Sara flipped out of the way and fired an arrow at the drone. The drone blasted the arrow out of mid-air.

"Where did he get the drones?" The Green Arrow asked.

Lyla grabbed one of the HIVE goons and wrestled him to the ground. She applied an insane amount of pressure to the side of his neck, dropping said goon on the ground. She looked up to study the drones.

"I don't know," Lyla said.

She backhanded one of the other goons who scrambled to their feet. The ARGUS agent took a few seconds to look on at the drones and realize something very peculiar about them. She drew in a frustrated breath when coming back from the drones.

"They are more advanced than anything ARGUS has ever built," Lyla said. "Including the ones that Waller had built to monitor enemy countries."

Sara did not even flinch at the not so surprising revelation Waller had drones hovering outside of the border of enemy countries.

"I'm going to find a way around," Sara said. "I'm going to find a way around and get past those drones."

---

Edgar Prince held a bottle of champagne in his head. The self-proclaimed World's Greatest Criminal Mastermind spent the next couple of minutes contemplating one of life's greatest mysteries.

'Is it arrogant to declare victory before it already happens?' Edgar asked himself. 'I mean, I have the entire world in the palm of my hands. It's just one step away from me achieving what my goal was
Three options presented before Edgar Prince and all of them were extremely favorable. It was true that a couple of the options yielded a more favorable outcome. Blowing up half of the city was not exactly something he felt comfortable with being forced to do. The heroes were good and they would do something.

The Green Arrow and friends finding a way to deactivate the bomb and finding a way around his special surprise, well Edgar anticipated that to be a possibility. This outcome would make him strive to do something better and be more efficient next time.

The third way, well Edgar just smiled. It was what they liked to call a game changer, this third outcome. He could not help but smile.

"You really think this plan will work?"

Ruve hung outside of the doorway. She had been skeptical about many things regarding her husband's mental state. Now that he had their daughter hidden away as leverage for compliance, Ruve lost a lot of respect and trust she once held for the man. He was not the Damien she knew. Ruve, always dutiful but now to her daughter, worked on bringing the other HIVE agents around. She used a lovely combination of threats and blackmail to do so.

"Hmm," Edgar said. "Well, I don't deny there are ways this could go horrifically wrong for HIVE... and I suppose myself."

The World's Greatest Criminal Mastermind chuckled at the thought of something going wrong because of a misstep.

"I will have to say that I've looked at all of the possible outcomes, and I've come up with a plan which will spell the end of the Green Arrow," Egghead said. "Or at least bring her to her limits. I can see a couple of telltale signs. The grind of protecting this city over the past three years is slowly weighing on her. All we have to do is move in for the kill and take her down."

Egghead checked the clock. Twenty-three minutes until his sadistic choice would be revealed to the heroes. The clock and the time ticked down on second.

"Ruve, you're needed downstairs."

Damien Darhk stepped in. The two passed each other in the hallway. Edgar raised an eyebrow as he watched the not so happy couple pass each other in the hallway.

"Trouble in paradise, Mr. Darhk?" Edgar asked.

"Merely just a reality of being married," Darhk said. "You have your days where you disagree and days where you forget your duty."

Edgar thought it was not his business to pry. Granted, him thinking this did not make him any less curious.

"So, your plan," Darhk said. "How is it going?"

"The Green Arrow and her friends are already inside the tunnels underneath the Plaza," Egghead said. "They've run into a few surprises as you can see."

Egghead punched up the security feed underneath the tunnel. Several prominent egg shape drones
guarded the edge of the vault. Damien spent the next minute trying to hold in some thinly veiled amusement at what he was seeing.

The entity buried deep in Damien Darhk's body, taking over more of his life, had been even more amused by that. Darhk could only just barely shield his contempt.

"Egg-shaped drones," Darhk said. "This is your big plan to take down the Green Arrow?"

Edgar's smile crossed his face. This man held no imagination and obviously did not think Edgar had it all under control.

"A few trinkets is not going to be enough to stop her for long," Darhk said. "You should kill her."

"And what would the fun in that be?" Edgar asked. "Tonight, the Green Arrow's usefulness will be simply Eggspired."

Sara checked the wall to the right and then moved around to check the wall to the left. An evident humming noise from behind the wall indicated Sara better hurry. If there was a bomb, it had to be behind that door. Sara noticed a red light scanning the ground.

'Finally, a blind spot.'

This triumphant thought came to Sara's mind. She drew back her bow and launched an arrow into the air. The arrow sizzled the air and created a hologram which the drones focused on. Sara zipped behind them and fired three arrows at the back of the drones. The electromagnetic pulse fried them and dropped them down to the ground.

Sara stepped to the edge of the door. She had to get the door open somehow. She nudged on it and the door busted open to give Sara enough room to step inside.

Immediately, the second Sara passed through the door, something went on around them. She looked up and went face to face with a huge black egg in the center of the room. Lines, almost like cracks, came from the bomb. Sara lightly brushed against the crack and retracted her hand immediately because of the immense heat.

Three drones appeared above the egg. They click to life in a battle formation. Sara held herself firmly on the ground and took a very deep breath as she waited for the eggs to get into position. She frowned when looking up high in the sky at them.

Two of the drones backed off and the third hovered down. The egg cracked open and a large view screen popped out. The face of Edgar Prince popped out with a big grin on the egg.

"You're looking better than the last time I saw you," the Green Arrow said in a low voice.

"Yes," he agreed. "But flattery won't get you too far, I'm afraid."

A second passed as Sara wondered what happened. The countdown timer on the bomb froze. It was still active all things considered.

"You have gotten far, and I couldn't be more pleased with you," Edgar said.

"Flattery won't get you far," Sara fired back.

A smile came over the face of the most rotten egg of them all. "Ah, touché…Miss Lance."
Her last name had been spoken very quietly as if it was their dirty little secret.

"Be that as it may, you could disable the bomb," Egghead said. "You could end it all."

Sara wondered what the hell was going on. The timer stopped and could be started again, she figured. Sara stood at the edge of the bomb.

"It's a trap," Sara said.

"Yes," Edgar said. "You do have the mental capacity to disable my bomb. But, as I'm sure you might have figured out, there's something else on my sleeve. By disabling my bomb, by turning it off completely, you also disable the mechanism holding back a broadcast signal."

"What broadcast signal?" Sara asked. "What is it broadcast?"

The sickening smile on the face of the World's Greatest Criminal Mastermind made Sara want to just fire an arrow through the view screen. She held back calmly and carefully.

"You could stop the bomb, my dear Miss Lance," Edgar said. "But, it would trigger a signal which would broadcast information about your identity."

"It's worth it if it saves lives," Sara said.

"Oh, you didn't let me finish," Egghead said. "Your identity, and the Black Canary and Flash and Batgirl and….you understand where I'm going with this?"

"How?" Sara asked. "You…you….."

"I told you I had a lot of time on my hands at that assisted living facility," Egghead said. "I figured you out, and Laurel and Miss West, and Miss Gordon…and the list just keeps complying, doesn't it?"

Egghead took a moment to just break into a smile.

"You disable my bomb and you expose them to the entire world," Egghead said. "And now, this is the point where I believe you're going to contact Ms. Smoak. You're going ask her to try and disable the broadcasting signal so I can disable the bomb. Go ahead, and do it. I'll be waiting, but I'll ask you one final question."

Sara's hands shook violently as she held the bow.

"Are their lives worth more than keeping the secret of you and your friends? The clock is ticking. The bomb will be active within the half hour and this time it will tick to completion…unless of course, you disable it completely."

Sara connected the bomb to the computer. She clicked on the earpiece which worked.

'It only worked because he allowed it to work,' Sara thought. 'You're just a fucking pawn in this game.'

"Felicity, I just talked with Egghead," Sara said. "I need you to verify if there's a broadcasting signal coming out of this bomb if it gets deactivated."

"What's it broadcasting?" Felicity asked.

"Our secret identities," Sara stated grimly.
Felicity groaned and got to work.

Thanks to everyone for all of the hits/favorites/follows/kudos/comments and I'll see you for the next chapter on Friday. Thanks for Reading.

To Be Continued on March 2nd, 2018.
Chapter One Hundred and Twenty-Two: The World's Greatest Criminal Mastermind Part Three

Time ground by as Sara waited for Felicity to confirm what she feared this entire time. Seconds, minutes, hours, all of them flew by. The Green Arrow leaned up against the wall and waited for the fact. She waited for Felicity to potentially tell her a way around it.

The good news is was Sara was pretty sure the bomb being disabled would be a piece of cake. One could argue it not to be the easiest thing in the world. Sara disagreed one hundred percent. They could without a shadow of a doubt disable the bomb.

Everything coming after disabling the bomb anyway, it was an entirely different story. Sara waited as seconds felt like hours. The time remained frozen on the bomb. Sara hoped it remained that way even though she suspected without any action, Edgar would just reactivate it.

'Come on, Felicity,' Sara thought to herself.

The HIVE goons in the tunnel did not bother her. And why would they? Sara already found herself in a tremendous predicament without her. She brushed the locks away from her face and took a deep breath while waiting for the answer. Time ticked by once again.

"Sorry about that."

Sara threw her hand up in the air and then pulled back. "Don't worry about it, Felicity. And don't apologize. Tell me whether or not he's bluffing. Because I need to figure out what I can do."

"I'm not....I'm not sure....I'm not sure if there's anything you can do," Felicity managed. Her voice shook and great a little bit more steady, although it was not too steady. "I can tell you that Egghead is not bluffing. There are two signals coming from the bomb. You disable the bomb, you trigger the upload. You disable the upload and you trigger the explosion."

Confirmation, cold and chilling confirmation struck Sara. Some people said the truth could set a person free. Sara disagreed one hundred percent about the truth setting someone free. The truth became Sara Lance's prison. It became something which just trapped her.

"I can either stop the upload or the bomb, but I can't stop both," Felicity said. "Now, my theory is both can be stopped if there were two people working in absolute harmony. One second off, and you're screwed. Either your identity gets blown or those people get blown up. Not exactly what I would say a good thing."

Felicity took a deep breath.

"Yeah, I know somedays I wish there were two of me either," Felicity said. "And Chloe and Barbara are not picking up, so I can't get them on this for an emergency cram session. Maybe I'm insane, but I really think that...."

"Prince distracted them away."

Edgar Prince covered all of the bases and earned his self-proclaimed title as the World's Greatest Criminal Mastermind. Sara gave the man all of the credit in the world at covering the bases. Sara
would have to take her hood off of him.

"I don't know what to tell you," Felicity said. "He's not bluffing. You're either going to kill people or it's going to be bye-bye to your secret identity."

"It's not just my secret identity which is going to be on the line," Sara said.

The thought struck Sara instantly. She wondered if it was even possible to pull this madness off. There was only one way for her to find out if she could.

"I need to speak with you!" Sara yelled. "I know you're listening. I bet you were listening to me. You were excited that I was sweating this."

"Perhaps."

Egghead's formidable head appeared against the drone just seconds later. Sara watched the World's Greatest Criminal Mastermind crow in his moment of triumph.

"The clock is ticking, Ms. Lance. I don't think you like anything about this. But, you have to make that crucial decision. It's like being back on Lian Yu."

Sara's hand tightened around her bow until her knuckles turned white. Egghead traveled down some pretty dangerous roads. Roads which Sara did not want to go down herself.

"You made the wrong choice there and it haunted you every second of your life," Egghead said.

"Look," Sara said brushing the painful reminder of the decisions she had to make on Lian Yu out of her mind. "This is between myself and HIVE....you're going to have to leave the others out of it, please."

"Hmm, I'm willing to make a deal," Egghead said. "Are you implying that you're willing to sacrifice your own identity, the aura the Hood gives you to save your friends and the people in this city."

"I said that I would do anything to save this city," Sara said. "And I'm going to have to sacrifice it all."

She did not make the decision lightly but given everything she had to go through, did Sara have many other options? She looked at the bomb and for a terrifying second, Sara thought Egghead turned the bomb back on to screw with her. The bomb flickered and then shut completely down in front of Sara.

She touched it. The bomb felt very cold. Sara pulled her hand away from the bomb.

"You have twenty-four hours," Edgar said. "You have twenty-four hours to make the announcement yourself. Otherwise, I'll have my cake and eat it too...and you'll be the very last one to be outed."

Sara clutched her fist around the bow once again. She had been given time to him to plan something. It was another level in the game, the very sophisticated game Edgar Prince was playing. Sara knew that he knew that she might not be able to find something.

"I'll make the decision," Edgar repeated. "And I have my options. Laurel, Iris, Barbara, Thea, Artemis, really, it's just a matter who to out first. All would have great ramifications I'm sure my colleagues would be proud to egsploit."

"I let the world know that I'm the Hood," Sara said. "And you'll never say a peep about who my
"Yes, my lips will be sealed," Edgar said. "I'll be sure to tune in to see your unraveling."

Sara returned to the Clocktower and paced around. She had been more stirred up than a nest of hornets rapidly poked and prodded with a stick. Felicity stood across from the room and she was staring at Sara.

"You're going to wear out the carpet like that," Felicity said. Sara spun around. "And if you had laser eyes you would burn a hole through my body right about now. You're not going to…"

The Clocktower Elevator Door opened up. Quentin Lance walked in. He took himself a few moments to be impressed by the setup. The setup turned next to his daughter moving around the room having been wound tighter than a cheap watch. Sara stopped and turned to look at her father.

"Dad," Sara said. "What's the latest?"

"Well, I'm sure you know that everyone is out of the Plaza, safe and sound," Quentin said. "The SSPD can't get down the bomb, not past those damn drones."

Sara felt her father's frustration. Quentin decided to lean back and take a deep breath.

"We didn't see any sign of those HIVE goons moving about the tunnels, though," Quentin said. "I guess someone called them off."

Quentin spent the next couple of minutes thinking about what he said. Sara leaned against the chair, nails dug into her cheek. She reminded him of Dinah right before she finally said that their marriage was no longer working and it would be best they separated. Dinah always looked like that when she was about ready to give some bad news.

"I prefer to have this conversation once," Sara said. "None of you are going to like what I have to do."

Already, Quentin had a very bad feeling about this. The door opened up to reveal Laurel. She exchanged a pleasant smile with her father. Nyssa followed, and Lyla followed. Nyssa took the extra seat on the other side of Sara and immediately she caught on something was in fact wrong.

"You look like someone who is about ready to make a decision she's going to live to regret for the rest of her life," Nyssa said.

"It's because I am," Sara said. "All of you should sit down. All of you. Because you're not going to like what I'm going to have to say."

Laurel and Lyla sat down. Felicity, who already knew, leaned back in the background. She was about ready to interject. For once in her life though, Felicity remained silent. She was not going to pry into this, this was a family manner in some senses.

"Edgar Prince has information regarding the secret identities of many of the customed heroes, not just here, but in Starling City," Sara said.

"Who?" Laurel asked.

"Well, me and you for starters, and then Batgirl and Flash as well," Sara said. "And then, Tigress and Speedy, he knows who they are as well…and I'm going to assume he knows more, but that's all
that he told me."

An unspoken agreement between two sisters followed. They both agreed Egghead only told Sara these names because he knew they would get to her. Sara nervously shifted a tiny bit against the couch and broke out into a very evident sigh. She closed her eyes and allowed her frustrations to just build to a certain level.

"He could be bluffing," Quentin said.

"He told me exactly who they were, Dad," Sara said.

Quentin let the air out of his lungs. That was the exact opposite of bluffing, unfortunately. Edgar held all of the cards and boy did that tricky bastard know what he was doing. Quentin would have to give him some credit, as dubious as it might have been.

"So, what are you going to do?" Lyla asked. "You're not doing…"

"She's not," Nyssa said. "She can't…after everything, she just can't."

Laurel had been beyond words. She had an awful thought Sara was going to do something which was beyond reckless. One could see the nervousness growing in Sara's body language. She drew in a couple of breaths and decided to just let the grenade drop.

"I'm going to come clean tomorrow at Noon as the Green Arrow. It's going to be a live press conference."

"NO!" Laurel yelled.

"Absolutely not," Quentin said. "Sara….I don't…I don't….I don't want to have to go through this…we're going to find him. We're going to find that rotten bastard who is blackmailing you!"

Quentin had been beyond all rage. Laurel decided to take the conversation.

"We're going to find him, and we're going to figure out what information he has," Laurel said. "We're going to bring him in. You don't need to do anything…you don't need to expose yourself as the Green Arrow. You can't…you're life is going to be over again, and I can't….I can't…."

"I know," Sara said. "I know."

"ARGUS just needs a little bit more time," Lyla said.

"Yes, ARGUS is compromised, remember," Sara said. "And Prince has boxed me in time and time again. I'm trapped. I don't have any way out of revealing myself to the world. It's not vanity that he's called the World's Greatest Criminal Mastermind. He's very real, very real."

Sara turned to her father who was on the edge of swearing up a blue streak and potentially punching a wall.

"Dad, I know this is bad," Sara said. "And you're going to have to hunt down your own daughter… and there's going to be some heat. But don't worry, I can disappear. And there is going to be more heat if both of your daughters are revealed."

"Yeah, I know," Quentin said.

"And there's Detective West," Sara said. "If Iris is revealed. And then there's Commissioner Gordon, we don't want him to get into trouble. He's the only thing making sure the GCPD runs right and
"Gotham doesn't go into insanity."

"What the hell is it with daughters of cops dressing up in costumes and fighting dangerous lowlifes?" Quentin asked, more to himself than anyone else.

Sara just smiled and patted her father on the top of the hand. "And then there's...there's Thea, and the fact Moira's career will be over."

Quentin snorted, that woman was made out of Teflon. If she did not get sent up the river and ended up becoming Mayor of Starling City after nearly trying to sink a good chunk of it, she was going to be fine. Still, he didn't want Thea's life to be ruined, or any of them really.

"And then he could just out ARGUS as well," Sara said. "And then there are any other nasty bits of information he has ahold of. I don't know everything that he has his hands on."

Sara took a few seconds to look at the bag on the ground. It contained the tattered remains of the burned Hood that Alia put a flaming arrow through. The new Hood, the more durable one, she wore, was gifted to Alia as an apology gift. It was more lightweight, durable, and protected her even more. She put her fist through the bag and sighed.

"Sara," Laurel said. "It's going to be okay."

She really wished it was like when they were children where Laurel could hold her sister through a terrible storm and make her say it was okay. But, this was not okay, this was a nightmare. This was a nightmare and a half.

"What about your wonder hacker?" Quentin asked. "Surely she can..."

"I've tried!" Felicity yelled. "But, he's...he's smarter than I am."

It took a whole lot to get Felicity to go through. Hell, he was able to stay a step ahead of Barbara, and she made Felicity look like a noob when it came being a hacker.

"Barring divine intervention striking down HIVE, and frying the server, were are so boned," Felicity said.

"Then, we better head to church," Quentin grimly concluded.

Artemis heard about what happened and she punched the air. She moved from the top of a gargoyle and descended down to the ground. She almost splattered on the ground. The HIVE goons moving through this facility had been her last check.

'Early morning on the day where Sara is going to make the biggest mistake of her life,' Artemis thought. 'She doesn't deserve being hunted down. Not after all of what she's done to this city.'

The HIVE goons moved into place. Artemis held her bow and pointed it at them. She fired at the lead goon and dropped him down to the ground.

Flames from the flamethrower shot through Artemis. She dodged the attack. Two arrows cracked through the air. One of them sliced through the arm of one of the attackers and dropped him down onto the ground. Another attacker grabbed Artemis around.

"You've made a big mistake."

"Yeah, I think your parents made one first, asshole."
She kicked the man in the ground. Tigress jumped into the air and fired three arrows in succession at the man. It knocked the gun, the belt, and dropped him down to the ground. Artemis flew up high into the air and crashed down across the back of her enemy's head. She stepped back with a smile.

Two more HIVE goons to come. The vigilante had a pretty good feeling about this. She shot one of their legs out. The arrow pierced his ankle. Artemis cracked the thug in the mouth and then pushed him against the wall. A bloody smile came over the thug's face as Artemis dug her fingers into the man's throat.

"Where is Egghead?"

A bloody smile was the only response Artemis could hope for. She raged and choked at the man even more.

"I'm not fucking around, you bastard!" Tigress yelled. "Where is Edgar Prince?"

"You think you can stop him," the HIVE agent said. Warmblood wrapped around a toothless smile. "The Green Arrow is going to be exposed. Not that you're going to be alive long enough to see it."

A blast fired at Artemis who dodged it. Artemis tried to draw the bow. The bow flew out of her hand from the drone. Said drone armed its weapons systems and pointed at Artemis. Artemis had been completely defenseless without anything to use against it.

An electromagnetic arrow fired into the back of the drone. Sparks sizzled from the drone to crash it down onto the ground. The drone fell down into oblivion.

Sara stepped into the picture and looked down at Artemis.

"What were you thinking?" Sara asked.

"I was thinking that I could find something to bring me to Egghead and stop this myself," Artemis said. "You don't deserve this. This is fucked up."

"I know," Sara said.

"It's not fair you have to be the one to throw yourself under the bus to protect anyone else because some guy came back from the dead and started screwing with everyone's lives," Artemis said.

Sara placed her hand on the younger girl and steered her out of the warehouse. The two walked down into Starling City with Artemis wondering what the hell any of them did to deserve this.

"The past eight years of my life have been full of things that are not fair," Sara said. "I dealt with everything else. I'll deal with this."

'You will break,' a whisper entered Sara's mind.

Sara shook out the thoughts. She had heard the taunting voice which taunted her during her trip back in time. No, Sara would not break. Sara would preserve despite all of the odds being stacked against her. She had been strong before and had withstood hell on Earth, all of the worst conditions. She escaped from the inescapable prison and everything that went along with it.

"Nothing?" Sara asked.

Lyla had been working around the clock and calling in favors. Nyssa...well she was conducting her own hunt. She just told Sara to be strong and not to give up hope before leaving. Nyssa did not think
too much about Sara having to do this, and to be perfectly honest, Sara did not do with it.

"Let's get back home," Sara said.

"I'm going to see Thea," Artemis said. "If that's fine?"

"Of course," Sara said.

News of Sara's plan reached Moira Queen. The press conference she planned to hold at Noon today was coming around the corner and Moira wanted to speak to her before it happened. She understood better than anyone else what it was like to be put in a no-win situation.

"You wanted to see me?"

Sara's bag slung over her shoulder as she entered the room. Moira motioned for the chair for Sara to sit down. It was thirty minutes to noon, plenty of time to get there. Not nearly enough time to find out a way to get out of this particular situation.

"I'm not here to talk you out of doing what you're going to do," Moira said. "I know that your mind is made up and there's nothing I can do to convince you otherwise."

"Good, I'm glad," Sara said. "I'm doing this because I have to protect everyone, and yes, I know that none of my friends want me to play the protector. My family, my friends, everyone, this is going to protect them."

Sara took the cup of coffee Moira gave her and drank it down. Moira spent the next couple of minutes looking at someone who had obviously spent the last evening pacing. Her hair was in absolute disarray. Moira leaned across the table and put a hand on Sara's shoulder.

"My Dad and Laurel, yeah they're going to get some heat off of this one," Sara said. "But, you know, they're going to be fine. I hope that this...well, I hope giving Egghead this victory makes him drop his guard."

"That's a lot to gamble on," Moira said.

Sara knew it was. She was playing a very dangerous game to be perfectly honest. She made one misstep and pretty much everything she planned would end up going up in smoke. Sara threw her head back and leaned on the desk.

"I promised that if anything happened to Oliver, I would protect this city, and do no matter what," Sara said. "And to do so, I have to let myself be thrown under the bus. I can't undermine the rest of the protectors of this city. I just can't allow it."

The dead-eyed stare Sara gave sent chills down Moira's back. She had been impressed with the girl's determination.

"I won't allow it."

Sara's phone rang. She snatched the phone and picked it up to see who was coming through on the other end.

"Sara, have you see Artemis?" Thea asked.

Sara took a few seconds to recover from that question being bombarded into her. "I thought she was with you."
The door opened up and one of Moira's aides came into the room.

"The Green Arrow is on television," the aide said without taking a breath. "She's giving a press conference and she's on television right now."

Sara could have hit the floor screaming. This was not how she wanted this to go down. Everything clicked and the walls were in motion right now.

The citizens of Starling City watched an anxiousness as the Green Arrow stepped forward to the edge of the podium. One could see her in the light and she looked a bit nervous, at least judging by her body language. Several deep breaths came from the person in question before she got ready to speak.

"I've come into Starling City three years ago," the Green Arrow said. "I've come to a city which was overflowing with crime. Where criminals had full run of everything. I can to this city, to save it. I had to become something else, I had to become someone else, but I did it."

The Green Arrow paused and forced the next few words out.

"I made some friends, made some allies, found people that I could rely on," the Green Arrow said. "But now, there's a dangerous criminal mastermind who wants to expose them and their identities to the world."

The Green Arrow let them all stare down at her. It took every single ounce of energy she had not to have a breakdown right here on the stage. It was frustrating to be perfectly honest.

"I have to make the sacrifice for them all. It has to be done."

Two hands placed on the edge of the hood and she dropped it for the entire world to see her face, which looked terrified at the revelation she had to make.

"My name is Artemis Crock. I first showed up in Starling City three years ago. I showed up around the time the Green Arrow did. I am the Green Arrow."

And to be honest, she was the Green Arrow several times over the past couple of years. It was just not consistent. She filled in for Sara and played her double when a duplicate Hood had been needed. Artemis made sure everyone got a good look at her in the costume. The cameras locked onto her face.

"I am the Green Arrow," she repeated. "My name is Artemis Crock. I am the Green Arrow."

She made sure everyone picked it up. After everything Sara did for her, it was the very least Artemis could do. She just had to wait for the fallout.

Artemis caught a glimpse of Thea standing in the crowd. She was not there earlier, having just arrived. Thea met Artemis's eyes, and she looked on in stunned horror. Stunned silence as if she could not believe what Artemis had to do.

And there was a huge part of Artemis who did not believe it either. She departed from the stage quickly knowing that the order to arrest her would have to come down soon.

Thanks to everyone for all of the hits/favorites/follows/kudos/comments and I'll see you for the next chapter on Sunday. Thanks for Reading.
To Be Continued on March 4th, 2018.
A couple of hours passed after the press conference and numb shock did not even begin to describe the feeling of Thea Queen. Her eyes closed for a couple of seconds. Granted, she was preparing for someone to out themselves today. Maybe, she hoped against all hope someone would pull some magical solution out and find a third option here which did not mean no one had their secret identity.

Artemis leaned against the wall and avoided contact with pretty much everyone in the room. Even though anyone was just Thea, Cassandra, and Felicity, at least at the moment. Artemis thanked her lucky stars Jade was not there because she would have a few words about how reckless she was.

"What were you thinking?"

Thea just barely managed to get over her numb shock to tell Artemis this one thing. Artemis scrunched up her face in thinly veiled frustration and sighed.

"I thought someone had to do something," Artemis said. "It was better me than Sara. And before you say anything, there's more upside of me being outed out there than….”

Artemis reached in and grabbed Thea's hand. The sweat coating Thea's palm showed how frustrated the girl was with the entire situation. Artemis could hardly blame Thea at all for the frustrated feelings going through her. She was also frustrated with it.

"Sara did not ask me to do that," Artemis said. "She did not need to ask me to do it. I made the sacrifice that was necessary."

"And it's just a matter of time before you're going to be arrested," Thea said.

Artemis dropped Thea's hand. To be honest, being arrested was not the worst thing in the world at least in her mind. There were many alternatives which she saw as quite frankly worse. Artemis stepped closer to the edge of the room and broke out into a couple of flustered sighs when looking up at the ceiling. It had been a hell of a day to be perfectly honest. She did not even know what to make of this day.

The door opened up. Sara turned up. The longest and most uncomfortable pause in the world followed as Sara stared Artemis in the eye.

"Did you really think that saying you're the Green Arrow as the best idea?"

Sara did not yell. She did not scream. She did not say Artemis was stupid. Still, there was an underlying current of frustration in Sara's tone and in her eyes which forced Artemis to shift a little bit. She was kind of uncomfortable with what Sara was saying and doing.

"Yeah…not the best idea, at least I don't think," Artemis said. "There are a couple of worse ideas though than me being outed as the Green Arrow. And there's more upside here…and besides….."

Artemis tried to find the silver lining to the storm cloud which had been created. Hard as it might be, she did find something.

"Prince didn't broadcast the information."
Sara's phone rang. She gave a very visible jump. Sara stepped closer to the edge of the Clocktower and answered it.

"Yes," Sara said.

"I have to admit, it was clever, almost recklessly so what you pulled off," Egghead said. "You sacrificed one of your pawns to make sure you stayed ahead of the game for the day. I have to take my hat off to you for that one. Well played, Ms. Lance."

The praise made Sara feel dirty. There was no use in telling him that it was not her call what Artemis did. She had no reason to justify anything to a criminal.

"I'm going to allow this to go and sit on my gold mine for the time being," Egghead said. "Besides, this is provocative enough as is."

The chuckle coming from the phone only made Sara want to crush the item in the palm of her hand. The next few seconds were the longest in Sara's life.

"The girlfriend of the Mayor's daughter is a vigilante? I must say, that's not something that her many rivals could eggsplote to get her out of office. Granted, I'll give you that it's not as damning as her daughter-in-law, the CEO of Queen Industries being a vigilante, but it's still pretty damning. Wouldn't you agree, Ms. Lance?"

Sara held the cell phone out for Felicity to trace the call. She knew deep down it would not be that easy, but still, it would be foolish enough not to try.

"And to top it all off, she's also a daughter of a known criminal with a record of stealing from Starling City's elite herself," Egghead said. "People forgot those old charges, but you just know the media will dig them up. If there's anything the news media can do, it's bringing up a past scandal."

Egghead chuckled in response. Sara took the next few seconds to keep a calm and cool head even though it was very much frustrating to do so.

"I'll leave you to figure out the next play, Ms. Lance. Good luck, and it's a pleasure doing business with you."

Sara hated the fact that Artemis did this. A small part of her understood why Artemis did this. Artemis always felt she owed Sara, even though Sara just gave her an opportunity to be something more than a petty thief. Sara stepped into the shadows and sighed.

"You looked troubled, beloved."

Sara turned her attention. Nyssa's appearance would have brought a smile to her face under most normal circumstances. These days, Sara found it a bit difficult to be happy and a bit difficult to smile. It had been a very frustrating last couple of days.

"I'm going to go out on a limb and say that you're having the same amount of trouble that I have finding HIVE," Sara said. "I wouldn't be wrong, would I?"

Nyssa shook her head and motioned for Sara to follow her. She moved across the way to a house and opened the door. Sara recognized it as one of the League Safehouses in Starling It. It had been stocked with food, weapons, and other supplies an assassin would need while on a job.

"Unfortunately, you're not mistaken."
The lights turned on. The room design was very simple with bare wood panel walls and a cool tile floor. A green worn couch sat on the side of the wood. Nyssa and Sara moved into position to the back of the room and sank down on the couch. Sara took a few seconds to sigh. Nyssa reached over to the cabinet and opened the bottle of wine. She dripped a small amount of wine into a glass and produced a vial of clear liquid. She tipped the liquid into the glass. The glass did not bubble and ooze like it would with most poisons.

Satisfied the bottle of wine had not been tainted, Nyssa poured both her and Sara a nice glass of wine. They settled down on the couch.

"It's not easy."

Nyssa spoke in a very candid voice to Sara. Sara took the glass of wine and drank it with a sigh. She spent a couple of minutes just contemplating over the time she got back. One of her mother's greatest enemies returned and was younger than ever.

"Artemis did the same precise thing that you would have done in this situation," Nyssa reminded Sara. "And you were about ready to give up everything you worked for just to protect them all."

No dispute came from Sara. She drank a little bit of the wine and took a couple of seconds to ponder the next move. It was not going to be easy at least from what Sara figured.

"I'm not sure Artemis really knows what she's getting herself into," Sara said.

Nyssa just cracked into a smile. "I think you've forgotten whose sister Artemis is."

Sara did not forget and in the back of her mind, she did wonder what Jade's reaction. Jade currently still worked with the security detail for Moira's office. The threat to the Mayor of Starling City always existed, always had been there. Sara knew Jade could not pull away from that.

"She's had to have found out about this by now," Sara said.

"Oh, naturally," Nyssa said barely able to keep a smile from appearing on her face. "And she's going to get Artemis a lecture about this, but I think…in some twisted way, she would be proud of what her sister did. And how much guts it did and how she was smart enough to deceive a lot of people."

Sara took a second to frown at Nyssa's logic. Nyssa reached in and caressed her beloved's cheek for the next few seconds before laying it all down on her.

"She did it," Nyssa said. "She pulled it off underneath your nose, Laurel's, Lyla's, and even my nose. I should have seen it coming."

"Hindsight makes a fool out of many of us," Sara said.

"And yet it prepares us for future battles," Nyssa said. "Unfortunately, we can't see an infinite number of possibilities. If we could, we could figure out what Hive is planning."

Ever since the attack a couple of days ago, HIVE had been very quiet. Sara did not think that silence was bliss to be perfectly honest. She thought there could be some problems with HIVE coming down the pike.

'I could have weathered this storm more easily,' Sara thought to herself. 'Oh, Artemis, I'm sorry, but...you don't know what you've gotten yourself into right now.'

Speaking of storms being weathered, Sara knew there would be a shit storm coming regarding
Artemis's outing. She had been busy combing Starling City looking for leads for HIVE. So far, there had been nothing out of the ordinary regarding them.

'Hope Moira could hold it up.'

The moment the press conference occurred with Artemis declaring she was the Green Arrow, Moira Queen prepared for some kind of fallout with the press and also some of her rivals taking shots at her. She had been used to deflecting criticism.

"Mayor Queen! What do you have to say about Artemis Crock declaring she's the Green Arrow?"

"Well, we're investigating her claims to see if there is any validity," Moira said. "We can't rule out the possibility that she was coerced or blackmailed to make a confession. And she was far from the first person to claim to be the Green Arrow."

'Only the first person to do it in a public setting.'

A constant barrage of questions followed from the Press. Moira wondered how any of them could hope to get their question heard when they were constantly speaking to each other. Moira turned to her press secretary who was earning his pay after today. Then to Jade, who adopted a very stony expression as she guarded Moira's person against any attack, and given some of these vultures.

"She confessed though!"

"Yes, and it's our duty to investigate claims to make sure there's a base to them," Moira said.

"Are you sure you're not in denial because she's rumored to be blinked with your daughter?" one of the reporters asked.

"I'm performing this investigation to the letter of the law," Moira said. "Unlike most people these days, I do not let my feelings get in the way of facts. There are laws for the reason, and we need to investigate when someone makes an outlandish claim like this."

"Mayor Queen, Artemis Crock has arrested three years ago for theft, released, and then the charges had been mysteriously dropped due to lack of evidence. If she was the Green Arrow, do you think she threatened the Westfield estate to drop the charges?"

"I wasn't Mayor when this investigation was taking place," Moira said in a crisp tone. "And given that the former District Attorney and the Mayor at a time are no longer with us, and she can't communicate with the dead, I can't help you. I can only remind you of the official record."

Moira cleared her throat and spoke clearly.

"The charges against Artemis Crock have been dropped due to lack of sufficient evidence she was involved. And the lack of credibility of the only witness who claimed to see her crime."

The members of the press started to talk over each other again.

"You can have me on the record for saying this," Moira said. "If Artemis Crock truly and obviously was the Green Arrow, then why would she sloppily allow herself to get caught? I think we have to look into all possibilities."

A lot of pressure, externally from the outside, and internally in Starling City, had been put on Moira to issue a warrant for Artemis's arrest. Not necessarily based on her activity in the Hood, but rather
due to her past activity. There were also people claiming that they had run-ins with her, and then there were a lot of people claiming they suffered injuries and mental duress thanks to their encounters with the Hood. Many of them petty criminals who had long since been released from prison.

'All jump on the bandwagon,' Moira thought to herself.

"There will be no further questions, thank you!" Moira yelled.

Moira stepped back into her office and noticed the latest commercial with her opponent in the election, the enigmatic, Ruve Adams, who had been backed by some of Moira's rivals. Moira had not known much about this woman which frustrated Moira to no end.

The sound had been muted, but there were images of Moira's confession about her role in the sinking of the Queen's Gambit and the Undertaking. To say Moira had not been surprised would have been the understatement of the century.

The members of the press still rustled around as Moira's security tried to wrangle them like angry cattle. Ranchers could use a cattle prod to back the cattle off. There would be a severe ethical violation to use the same tactics to wrangle the members of the press, unfortunately. Unfortunately, it existed.

'And she's really going over the Queen's Gambit angle hard,' Moira thought.

Moira's recent exposure to fear toxin brought Oliver into her mind. Her regret of allowing Oliver to go on that trip with his father was more prominent than ever before. She tried to keep down the fear and the frustration. The Mayor of Starling City looked up just in time to see Jade slip into her office.

"There are much more efficient ways to deal with people like that," Jade said with disgust in her voice regarding the press.

"Yes, but not during an election season," Moira said. "Your sister….you heard from her?"

Jade just took a second to look around Moira's office for any listening devices. She would not put it past anyone to slip something into the walls to pick up even more incriminating information on her. Politics was a very dirty, disgusting business the more Jade thought about it.

"No," Jade said. "I hope she's finding the first exit out of town though."

"Well, the order of investigation has been misplaced," Moira said. "I'm going to have to write up a new one, draft it, and that will take anywhere from two or three days. It would be a pity of Artemis skipped town before the investigation started."

Moira turned herself away from the plight of Artemis to the plight of her son. She saw the closed caption on the screen which spelled out Ruve's main campaign simply.

"A mother sacrificed her own son to further her own agenda. What do you think she'd do to the people of Starling City?"

Moira had been asking herself the same question constantly. She walked a tightrope between good and bad. The Moira Queen of old would have found information on Ruve by now and threw it back in her face just as hard as she gave. Unfortunately, Moira tried to be a changed person. For the sake of her only remaining family.

Perhaps she had gone too soft and people had taken advantage of her need to please those who could not be pleased.
The HIVE goons waited for their next order. The television played clips of the press conference and also Moira's deflection of the question. The field commander chewed when watching the television screen. The images of the kid revealing herself to be the Green Arrow flashed over the screen in front of them.

"You can't….I can't believe this," one of HIVE operatives said. "After all of this time, it turns out its some punk kid who is the Green Arrow. To think, we've been getting scored on by a brat."

"Yeah, well I heard that they're going after her soon enough," another HIVE officer said. "If you ask me, last time she put an arrow into my shin, I would like to have some time alone with her. It would teach her some manners."

"Guess we don't have to worry about her anymore."

Egghead stepped from the shadows and watched the conversation for a few seconds. He broke out into a wide smile. Thug banter always puts a warmth into his heart.

"Are you going to blow her cover?"

Ruve stepped into the room fresh off the latest press conference. A second passed with Egghead just breaking out into a very obvious smile.

"You've been handed a perfect opportunity. You should have seen Moira Queen squirming, trying to do everything in her power not to bring her daughter's girlfriend into custody."

The World's Greatest Criminal Mastermind broke into a very devious and very knowing smile. He turned around to look Ruve directly in the eye.

"I've handed you a Golden Goose. Why would you strangle it when it's laying you such nice eggs?"

Everything just came back to his obsession. Ruve remained composed and professional mostly for one simple reason. She drew in a breath as hard it was to do so.

"I enjoy seeing them all squirm. I'm not going to react unless I feel like it's necessary. This is better than I could have imagined. And it works out for HIVE's plans as well."

Ruve could not doubt it worked out for her plans to become Mayor of Starling City. She thought reminding people of Moira's role in her own son's death would be the biggest gold thread she could spin. Little did she know there was another gold thread she could spin regarding her daughter's girlfriend being a dangerous vigilante.

"I need your help for something," Ruve said. "I wish to speak to you in private."

Egghead raised an eyebrow. He would have to admit, his curiosity had been piqued a little bit. The two stepped into the next room and away from the HIVE operatives who were talking with each other. They made their way into the next room with Egghead shutting the door behind them.

"We should not be disturbed," Edgar said. "Now, ask away."

"I want you to track down the location of an individual," Ruve said. "Namely my daughter, who my husband has moved to a safe house."

"To allow for your compliance, yes, I know what you're talking about."

Ruve put her hands to her side and looked towards the man. She was not aware anyone overheard
the discussion she and Damien had some time ago. And to be honest, the fact Edgar Prince still breath showed Damien was not aware of that particular conversation being overheard either.

"Can you do it?" Ruve asked. "Can you find her?"

"You're asking for a big favor," Edgar said. "You're asking for a lot...but perhaps we can work out a deal of some sort. In exchange for certain considerations in the future."

Ruve's glare towards Egghead could melt lasers.

"Nothing, unprofessional, I can eggsure you," Edgar said. "But, I have big plans for the future."

"You find my daughter and we'll talk about your considerations," Ruve said. "Until you have even the slightest hint of where she might be, then you have nothing to disgust. And you tell no one, or our deal is off."

"I wouldn't dream of doing so," Egghead said.

The two left the room a second later and Ruve went on about her business like they had never had this conversation.

"I'm almost insulted she's even entertaining the possibility I could fail at this endeavor."

Laurel turned around the corner and made her way up the steps. She took a deep breath. The last couple of days had been hard on all of them. And it had been hardest on Thea and Sara especially. She stepped into the gym with Sara sitting on a mat on the ground dress in a tight black tank top and a pair of tight shorts, with her shoes and socks lying forgotten on the floor. She crossed her legs deep in thought.

Sara tried to exorcise certain frustrations from her mind. The more she tried to get them out, the more it just came back to her. She took a deep breath and bounced up.

A familiar and very warm arm wrapped around Sara's shoulder and guided her off into the other direction.

"I've put the sins of my entire campaign of Green Arrow on the shoulders of one girl," Sara said. "I can't believe it."

Laurel escorted Sara across the room. Both of them sank down on the workout bench off to the side.

"Artemis chose to expose herself as the Green Arrow," Laurel said. "And...."

"She was the Green Arrow at certain points, the truth in this lie just makes it worse," Sara said. "I never should have dragged anyone into this...."

"Sara, it's fine," Laurel said. "You didn't put a gun to our head and tell us to join you. We all stood beside you. Some of us would have stood and fought the good fight whether or not you were here or not."

The younger sister nodded. She did not mean to let the frustration of this situation get the better of her. The haunting doubts in her mind had been there since traveling back in time. Sara had the opportunity to change the future where none of this would have happened. She had been tested with temptation and decided to let history take its own course.

And now, Sara had felt that Artemis was being punished for the sins of Sara's mistakes. Laurel's arm
"You're truly upset because you can't figure out what HIVE's next play is," Laurel said.

"Yeah, that's part of it," Sara admitted. "Egghead's finding a way to get under my skin."

Maybe it was time to talk to their mother and see if she had any insight on how to deal with the World's Greatest Criminal Mastermind. Dinah and the rest of the second generation JSA had been enemies of Egghead and his Criminal Underground. Egghead, Egg-Fu, Siren, King Tut, the Minstrel, and Doctor Light, all of them dangerous criminals in their own right, and all of them enemies of the JSA back during their prime.

"I should talk to Mom," Sara said.

"You should," Laurel agreed as she parted Sara's hair. "I know this is our darkest hour, but we'll get through it. We're getting through it together as always."

A smile popped over Sara's face, they would, wouldn't they? The two joined each other in a kiss which made Sara feel so much better.

"Come on," Laurel said.

The two moved their way from the gym into one of the bedrooms sat the Clocktower. Laurel stripped off her jacket and put it on the chair. The two girls circled each other before going into a passionate kiss with each other. Their hands roamed endlessly against their body and tugged against their clothing.

Tension needed to be relieved and they were going to relieve it in the best and oldest way possible. Laurel pulled Sara's tank top over her head to expose her bra-clad chest and worked those tight shorts down.

The two sisters embraced each other on the bed, making out in only their bra and panties.

Sara and Laurel met with a very steamy kiss. Their fingers pushed against their hair with Sara indulging into Laurel's mouth. Her tongue explored without any shame. Laurel returned fire with a kiss with an equal passion and equal hunger going through her body.

"OOOH!" Laurel moaned at the top of her lungs the second Sara pushed tongue first into her older sister's mouth.

The contour of Sara's thigh received exploration and attention from Laurel. Laurel could run her hands over her sister's legs for days. She pulled Sara up to cup her sister's ass. Laurel raked the side of Sara's back and then bent her down on the bed.

Loud and passionate kissing continued. Sara pulled away from Laurel and then leaned back. She unhooked Laurel's bra to reveal her breasts. Those nipples stood up proudly for Sara to take a couple of nibbles of. Laurel gasped the second Sara ran her fingers down Laurel's flat and trim belly. She closed her eyes the more Sara played with the seductive blonde and allowed her to writhe and squirm on the bed.

"I have you," Sara said. "I wonder what I can do with you now."

Sara just smiled and planted kisses down Laurel's belly. Laurel shuddered the more Sara moved down. She grew closer and closer to Laurel's panties. She planted a kiss on the pattern on the edge of
it prompting small shudders to come over Laurel.

"You're going to eat me out before I fuck you."

No question about it, Laurel could hardly wait to taste her sister's gushing pussy. Sara climbed over the top of Laurel and stood up. Her panties came down to see Sara's beautiful cunt. Laurel prepared to do the right thing as a devoted big sister and eat Sara out to ease her stress.

Laurel's tongue performed a work of sexual art down her slit. Those fingers brushed against Sara's meaty backside as well and came close to teasing that particular hole. Laurel danced around the edge of Sara's opening and took a few seconds to suck on the outer lips. Her mouth lavished Sara's opening. Sara threw her head back and moaned when grinding herself all over Laurel's face.

The frantic licking continued as Laurel sucked on Sara's nether regions. The honey flowed out of her loins like it was no one's business. Laurel's eyes closed as she sucked at Sara's moist lips. The center received a pleasurable touch. The juices flowing out of her was like a drug which Laurel wanted to indulge herself in even more.

Sara came all over Laurel's face. The cascading rush came over her body. Laurel's hands moving over the back of her legs made Sara twist and lean back. Her body contorted as Laurel continued to lavish her attention on her. Sara got off on her sister's heated actions. Each lick of her pussy became more daring and more frantic than the last.

"You're so amazing," Sara cooed. "You're simply the best!"

She needed this more than life itself. She needed Laurel's tongue to keep up with its pleasure. She needed it with the floods coming out of her and coating the side of her sister's face. Hunger danced through Sara's eyes the deeper Laurel pushed her tongue inside of Sara's wet pussy. She grabbed the side of Laurel's face and dropped down onto her face. It was simply amazing to receive her sister's tongue so far and so deep inside.

"Yes," Sara moaned. "OH FUCK YES!"

Laurel licked Sara's juices out of her pussy. They kept flowing and feeding her. Laurel went further into Sara and kept sucking on her hard. Sara bumped and ground all over Laurel's face.

The two parted ways and Sara laid on top of Laurel's warm body. The shameless incest between the two of them kicked up to another level. Sara got off at flipping off all social taboos by indulging in her sister's lips and cleaning her own juices off of Laurel's face. Laurel's eyes closed and showed she enjoyed it.

"Sara."

The musical whimper of her own name only made Sara want to go down onto Laurel even further. Laurel's thighs spread apart for Sara's finger to push into her body. Sara's fingers connected with Laurel's clit at the right spot. The perfect amount of pleasure sent a few thrusts up her body. Sara coated Laurel's juices around her finger and the moved it up.

"Taste how horny you are."

Sara fell into an endless valley of pleasure as her sister shamelessly sucked the juices off of her wet digit. Laurel's lips wrapped around her moved how stunning this little encounter was. Sara slowly stroked Laurel's thigh and moved down between her legs.

"Fuck me," Laurel said.
"In due time," Sara said. "I've got to make you want it even more."

Several kisses hit all of Laurel's triggers. Sara started at Laurel's face and then moved down her body. The second Sara finished with Laurel's front she had been flipped over so Sara could access her back.

Sara leaned in and kissed Laurel on the back of her neck. Her fingers brushed a couple of beats ahead of where her lips would be. This action served its purpose to tease Laurel.

The next thing Laurel knew, she could feel something hard brushing against her entrance. She spread her firm thighs to allow Sara access to her. Sara's fingers danced down her body.

Laurel could not be certain when Sara got the strap-on in place. All she knew as it was now inside of her body and filling Laurel all the way up to the brim. Laurel's walls spread to receive it.

The nerve sensors on the strap-on sent a pleasure wave through Sara's body. Laurel reacted to every touch from Sara. Sara grabbed Laurel's waist and pushed in a little bit deeper to her. The inner core melded to her. Sara closed her eyes and enjoyed the rush coming through her body.

"Don't hold back," Laurel said.

This statement reminded Sara of how much tension she had been feeling. And given Laurel willingly offered herself as stress relief, Sara reared back and drove into Laurel's tightness. Her warm pussy closed around Sara's fake cock. She pulled all the way out and then drove inside of her. Sara's fingers grabbed Laurel's ass and squeezed it before pushing inside of her harder.

Laurel bit down on her lip to stifle the muscle relax of crying. She could very well lose herself and shatter all of the windows in the Clocktower. Sara grabbed onto Laurel's hair with one hand and then pumped inside of her body with the other hand.

"You're just your little sister's bitch, aren't you?"

"Yes," Laurel said.

She no doubts would take some kind of stance of aggression with Thea, Barbara, or Felicity, and dominate them. Sara stood on top of Laurel and pushed into her. Sara slipped a finger into Laurel's mouth and encouraged her to suck to get the digit nice and wet. Sara slid it down and then brushed it down Laurel's body.

"Good girl, you may come."

Laurel's muscles reacted to Sara's words. She pumped her juices all over Sara's intruding cock. Sara pushed deep into her and also slipped her wet finger inside of Laurel's ass. She was getting it nice and wet for one thing.

"All that Yoga is doing you good," Sara said.

"Well, I've got a high standard to live up to," Laurel said.

"True," Sara said with a smile as she moved into Laurel's tight ass and then pulled out of her.

The hard cock brushed down into Laurel's back passage. Sara grabbed her sister's firm ass and squeezed it before opening up her most taboo hole for the intrusion. Laurel's eyes closed the second Sara invaded her ass.
"You better believe this ass is mine."

It was Sara's to do with whatever she pleased and Sara would do a lot of wicked things to Laurel before it was all said and done. She pulled almost completely out and then shoved deep inside of her. Her warm asshole stretched the further Sara plunged into her tight asshole from behind.

The complete domination Sara held over her older sister's ass had been reinforced. Sara plunged her dildo deep inside of Laurel's asshole from behind. Sara pushed deep inside of her from behind and filled her asshole up with so much cock.

Sara stepped up her game and pounded her way into Laurel's ass. She was feeling good and she could tell Laurel was as well.

"You're cumming all over the place. From your baby sister fucking your ass. You love it. You're a slut who loves to take it in the ass from her baby sister. Aren't you?"

Sara knew Laurel could not deny that fact. She pulled completely out of Laurel and plunged deeper inside of her tight ass. She pulled out and then pushed deeper inside of Laurel and made her cum one more time.

Laurel threw her head back in a fit of lust. Her entire body had been taken on a roller coaster ride. She endlessly took Sara in her ass from behind on a repeated and constant basis. She dug into any surface she could reach with Sara just going to town.

"Cum for me. Show your little sister how much you love this."

An explosion of sexual release filled Laurel's body. Sara touched her thighs and then pushed her fingers into Laurel's pussy. One hand remained on her ass at all times holding it in place for Sara to plunge deeper inside of her.

Laurel's heavy-lidded expression made her get thrown into this little encounter. It was almost sinful how good Sara was making her feel. How many times she was making her cum.

The hard plowing came a bit rough. Sara knew Laurel could take it, otherwise, she would not be put through the paces as hard. And Sara put Laurel through the paces very hard.

She came again and again and again. Laurel almost screamed until Sara gagged her sister.

"Be good."

Always good, Laurel thought, even though Sara made her into quite the naughty little anal slut. Sara's fingers pushed deep against Laurel's body and allowed her to cum even harder.

Sara let herself go now and drove Laurel into the bed. Laurel's eyes grew crossed over as Sara finished up inside of her sister's perfect ass.

"SARA!"

"Scream my name again," Sara whispered.

Laurel did and Sara fucked her all the way through the night. Both sisters saw stars in their mutual pleasure.

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Thanks to everyone for all of the hits/favorites/follows/kudos/comments and I'll see you for the
Sara arrived in Central City. The first chance she had, Sara intended to slip away from the city. She walked up the pathway to the front door and paused for a couple of seconds before knocking on the door. Her mother's car was in the driveway so Sara knew Dinah was home and hoped she would be willing to talk about the past as the Black Canary. It had been a subject Dinah had not liked to talk about that much due to the fact of how her career ended.

Hard to fault Dinah at this point, Sara understood one hundred percent why Dinah clammed up and refused to talk about the past like this. This little bit of history was something Dinah intended as always to put behind her. The door opened and Dinah stopped at the doorstep dressed in a white bathrobe.

"Sara, it's good to see you," she said sounding a bit tired in the process. "Why don't you come in?"

Sara took the invitation and followed her mother into the room. Her mother stepped into the kitchen and finished fixing a cup of coffee. She brought one for Sara and the two of them sat down at the table in the living room area to discuss some things.

"So," Sara said sipping her coffee. "I'm sure you heard about the entire Edgar Prince deal."

Dinah spent a couple of seconds sipping on her coffee and tried to best figure out how to answer that question. "I've heard alright."

An anxious moment followed between mother and daughter as Sara waited to see whether or not her mother would say anything. Sara spent some time reading the body language of the older woman beside her. Dinah obviously wrestled with something eternally as if she debated on how much information to give Sara.

"I don't understand," Dinah said. "There's a lot about what happened that I don't understand. But this is something I understand the last of all."

"How so?" Sara asked.

Dinah dropped the coffee on the table so she could give the full and undivided attention to the conversation with her daughter. "Edgar coming back to full health, I understand there are ways. He came back, but….I think that there are problems with how he's acting. This is not the Egghead that I fought. Sure he could be cruel, but there was a certain code of ethics he played by."

Another drink of coffee gave Dinah plenty of time to contemplate on her next words.

"Given what he pulled, the code of ethics simply isn't there anymore," Dinah said. "I don't know what to say about it, I really don't. He's acting strangely. He's acting…..I don't know."

Age and perspective changed a person, this was something else. Sara reached over and grabbed her mother's hand lightly.

"The pit changes people when they are exposed to their waters," Sara said. "They come back, but it takes a while for them to return to their old personality. And some of them…it takes even longer."
Sara considered a drink of coffee but thought better of it.

"And some never do."

Sara mentally drew on her own experiences with the Pit. Nyssa put her in the pit once and it mentally took Sara on one of the worst roller coaster rides of her life. She came out on the other side alive, and Nyssa swore never to do it again. The Pit at Nanda Parbat was the purest and safest of the Lazarus Pits to use and even then, it was not without his problems.

"And some of the strange point to the heightened evens of the Cult of Blackfire," Dinah said. "The past comes back around eventually…and I feared that it would not be enough to keep him in the grave."

"Well, if he's behind this, I'm not sure what I'm going to do."

"Whatever you do, don't allow your emotions to become his plaything."

Lady Shiva stepped out of the hallway dressed completely in a towel. A huge part of Sara was not surprised Shiva was here.

"Your emotions will become his plaything," Shiva said. "Joseph Blackfire preys on the weakness and insecurities of people. And a strong exterior gives him more to play with. You have a lot of guilt riding in her mind and your soul. It inspires you in some ways."

Shiva placed a hand on Sara's shoulder.

"And it leaves you open in many other ways," Shiva said. "The emotion baggage you've never been able to shed makes you an ideal target for attack. He's always lurking around the corner of your mind. Even more strongly since whatever happened during your disappearance a couple of months back."

Sara's closed her eyes and recalled her crossroads decisions of whether or not she should sabotage the Queen's Gambit and allow history to play out the same way.

"Like mother, like daughter," Shiva added.

It had been true, Dinah's mind snapped back to the final night as Black Canary. The screams of children echoed in her mind as they burned. Blackfire's disgusting face came from the shadows before she attacked him. The attack caused the church to come half-tumbling down, and her back to be destroyed in the process.

If it wasn't for the skilled work of Leslie Thompkins, Dinah would have died on that particular night. She would have left her two children without a mother, all because she had to go out and play hero one last time.

'You live for the rush,' a voice from the distant past. The adrenaline is more important than your children. This is your sin, Dinah. And you would do it all again if given the chance.'

"Artemis should have never taken the rap for me," Sara said.

"Well, she's Crock's daughter alright," Shiva said. "Her lack of sense is….well….she is very loyal to you at least."

"It doesn't help me at all," Sara said. "And those old charges being brought up."
She did confirm something today. Sara figured that Egghead acted a little bit off after the resurrection and now Dinah confirmed it. And Dinah also believed that Blackfire's hand was in this. Sara's thoughts had been penetrated more and more by the voice haunting her mind.

Star Labs greeted Sara. She stepped through the front door and noticed Barbara had already swung by. Barbara had a look on her face like she was in the middle of solving some great mystery. Iris also paced around and picked up a little bit of momentum.

Iris West stopped in her tracks and she moved in to greet Sara with a hug.

"Thank you for stopping by," Iris said. "We have a new problem, well an old problem to be honest. It's a pretty big problem."

Sara figured about as much given the frantic expression on Iris's face. She put a hand on the shoulder of the speedster and the two of them quickly joined by Barbara, passed through the doorway of Star Labs.

"I've been also following down a lead on Egghead which is putting him somewhere in Central City," Barbara said. "We have a small problem though. He is using means of communication which isn't technological."

Sara figured that might have been the reason why Felicity had not been able to find her.

"Or at least very primitive technology," Barbara said. "It's not on any network at any rate. He's going old school, and I guess I'm going to have to go old school as well."

"What?" Sara asked. "Are you going to have to shake down every single HIVE operative you find and hope they cough you up some information about Egghead?"

A brief flicker of a smile crossed over Barbara Gordon's face. "That's exactly what I'm going to do."

Iris darted from the left to the right. Sara noticed Barry briefly in one of the labs and then he was gone. Iris told Sara about that particular situation, even though Sara did not spend that much time thinking about it. It might have been cruel to think about things this way. But, Sara had her own problems.

"Okay, I know the answer to this, but as your friend, I'm going to have to ask anyway," Barbara said. "How are you feeling?"

Sara took a second to consider the question and smiled to place a hand on top of Barbara's. "I'm holding up about as well as I can, to be honest. You know, just going through things one day at a time and hoping something breaks."

"And how's Artemis?" Barbara asked.

"She seems fine," Sara said. "I wish I could find a way to get her to disappear though."

Artemis refused to leave Starling City despite a couple of opportunities have presented themselves. Sara admired the girl from her steadfast resolve in sticking through a hopeless situation. Said resolve made Sara want to scream until she was blue in the face though.

"I'm going to have to show you this," Iris said. "And you're not going to like it. Or believe it."

"Well, I know I'm not going to like it," Sara said. "And as for me not believing it…well, this year has
really opened my mind up."

Iris stepped to the front and pulled up the footage. A breach opened in the basement of Star Labs. A figure popped out of the portal and hit the ground almost running. The image of Harrison Wells flickered on the screen. Sara's mind went through a couple of interesting possibilities. She thought about one thing.

"Is this another one of Blackfire's games?" Sara asked

"I've also run into Zoom the other night."

"And you should not have engaged him," Barry said. "You're not ready."

Iris turned around, angry at how he suddenly appeared next to her. And angry how the Speed Force had just taken a permanent residence in Barry's body for reasons which Iris did not think were good enough to take a hold of someone's body.

"Listen to me and listen to me well," Iris said poking Barry in the chest. "The sooner I beat Zoom, the sooner I get you out of here. And the sooner I get you out of here, the sooner Barry's going to get his old body back. Don't think I really like having you around at all."

"You're making a huge mistake," the entity said.

He zipped off and Sara turned to Iris.

"So, Wells is back or so it seems," Sara said. "Do you think it's Thawne?"

"I don't know," Iris said. "We took care of him and now if he's back, there's going to be some huge problems."

Her priority should have been the dangerous speedster zipping about Central City. Thawne being back made two dangerous speedsters zipping through Central City. As much as it pained Iris to admit it, that might have been a bit too much for her to handle and that was very frustrating.

"The continued call for Artemis Crock to be locked up has continued to go with the Elite of Starling City. Several members of the Starling City Elite have gotten together to file a class action lawsuit against Ms. Crock, the city, and Mayor Moira Queen for damages done to them. They have suffered severe mental duress by the attacks by the Green Arrow. There are also many felons the Green Arrow put away who have had their lawyer petition new trials."

Lawrence Crock watched the television with fury bubbling over his body. He growled and wrapped a hand around the edge of an iron bar. He lifted up a weight in the training room of the Suicide Squad. Crock watched the television and watched his daughter give that confession.

"Green Arrow, just wait until I get out of here," Crock said. "You're going to pay…and that son of a bitch, Egghead, he's going to pay as well for doing this for my daughter!"

Crock could not believe some relic, some fossil, who fought the JSA, was the one who he had to make pay. He was going to have to knock this Egghead down a peg or two. He continued to lift the weight and then climbed to his feet. Sportsmaster stepped across the room. The ankle bracelet pinged when he came closer to the door.

"Yeah, I know," Crock said.
Crock punched away at the heavy bag. His fist imprinted into the side of the bag with punch after punch. Each punch grew angrier by the moment.

"That son of a bitch. That fucking son of a bitch. I will kill that son of a bitch!"

More punches hit the second of the bed. The rest area from the side saw Harley and Cupid step out from the room.

"It's awful that my poor beloved has been exposed," Cupid bemoaned. "I'm going to boil Egghead… ."

"My daughter is not your beloved," Sportsmaster said in a disgusted tone of voice.

"Oh, shut it, you homophobe," Cupid said. "I didn't think you would be this way. But given how much of a dude-bro you are, I suppose I shouldn't be surprised."

"Listen, I don't care if my daughter's with another woman, whatever makes her happy," Sportsmaster said. "In fact, I'd much rather her be with a girl than a guy."

Sportsmaster got up into Cupid's face and stared her down. The woman did not back off from the larger man. In fact, she looked about a second away from jumping at him and clawing the bastard's eyes out.

"What I don't want is my daughter hooking up with some crazy bitch," Sportsmaster said. "And you are a crazy bitch."

"What did you call me?" Cupid asked.

"I called you a crazy bitch," Sportsmaster said.

Harley Quinn watched the conversation go back and forth like a tennis match. It was more amusing than anything else on television to be perfectly honest. And she waited for the first punch to get thrown.

Cupid jumped at Sportsmaster and knocked him down to the ground. Sportsmaster struggled as Cupid reached in an attempt to claw his eyes out. He pulled herself up and then got nailed right in the groin to double him over. Sportsmaster stepped back in agony.

"Do you think I'm a crazy bitch now?" Cupid demanded.

"Yeah, you are," Sportsmaster grunted.

He took down Cupid with a leg sweep and then put her in a heel hook style grab. Cupid struggled as Sportsmaster tried to hold onto the over and tear her leg off.

"Okay, okay, break it up!" Harley yelled.

Sportsmaster and Cupid broke it up. Harley looked at them with an angry glare in her eyes.

"There's something rotten here," Harley said. "And I don't mean Deadshot's breath either."

"I'll say," Crock said. "My daughter isn't the Green Arrow. I'd know if she is, but I fought the Green Arrow up close. And if it was my daughter, I would have seen it in her fighting style in an instant."

A father always knew and Crock needed to get out of here. That old bastard Egghead was going to pay for what he did and Crock was going to have a few words with the Archer who framed his
daughter for crimes she did not commit.

Iris did not quite follow what Sara was doing. She dressed as the Green Arrow, who the world currently thought was Artemis Crock. She stood a few feet behind the archer and she had so much to say but did not know how to get it out of it.

"You were going to out yourself as the Arrow first, weren't you?" Iris asked.

"Yes," Sara said. "I had no choice to…if I didn't…well he would have exposed everyone and everyone includes you and Barbara."

Iris could not envy Sara for this particular decision to be perfectly honest. Would she have done the same thing to save her friends if the situation had been reversed? Oh, you better believe Iris would have done it.

"The Green Arrow is in Central City now that the Green Arrow is in Starling City," Sara said. "I hope that I can throw some doubt."

"Artemis is holding up well," Iris said.

"I wish she would have found a way to get out of touch," Sara said.

"Didn't you say the SSPD is watching her like a hawk?" Iris asked.

"Dad said he's only doing the minimum amount of work possible to keep an eye on her," Sara said. "It won't be long though before Moira has to sign the order to break in."

'Especially with everyone jumping on a class action lawsuit like vultures,' Sara thought. 'And some of them, I didn't even attack as the Green Arrow.'

Everyone wanted to get a piece of the money. Greed had been a pretty terrible thing, unfortunately.

"Maybe if I put doubt in their minds, then they're going to start questioning everything he says," Sara said. "It's the only play I have right now."

And Sara did not forget the reason why they were here, to follow up Barbara's lead on HIVE. She bit down nervously on her lip and looked off to one side to the other. It was a nice looking factory. And the most interesting thing was, it was not abandoned. Granted, the person who owned it had some very shady deals he was involved with. So, Sara could not be completely happy with it.

Batgirl motioned for the Green Arrow and Flash to follow her in the shadows. The two crime fighters did as they were asked, moving in the shadows.

So far, no HIVE agents had been lurking about the area. Sara thought they should have run into someone by now and the fact they did not put them all on wit's end. She drew in a deep breath and pointed the arrow off to the side. The arrow came from the right to the left and so far, there had been nothing coming around.

Batgirl crept to the entrance taking the lead. They made their way down the pathway to several open crates. Flash zipped from crate to crate checking to see what the contents were. She backed off the second that the crates were looked over.

"All cleared out?" Sara asked.

"Yeah," Iris said. "There's something going on. Something weird."
They moved out the back door and moved over to a barge which was half loaded with something. Several pallets containing trunks were yet to have been loaded on the vote. The three crime fighters split into opposite directions to start their search of the area.

Sara was beginning to feel something was up. The dock was much too quiet. Sara looked over the edge of the dock and out into waters below. She wondered if they had some secret underwater facility. It would not be out of the realm of possibility for HIVE to have one. Sara twisted her neck around and frowned when searching around. Her heart thumped a couple more beats.

"There's something there," Iris murmured a half of a second later.

Something bubbled from underneath the water and Sara put her hand up. Barbara, quick to move, took out a portable scanner and skimmed it over the edge of the dock. Something was coming up from the water and moving at them pretty fast.

"It's…it's a shark," Barbara said.

"Well, it shouldn't bother us if we're not in the water," Iris said.

Sara took half of a step back and implored both of her partners to do the same things. She had a bad feeling about this which only grew with time. The docks rumbled and a large figure burst from the docks. Water sprayed anywhere as this menacing creature rose up and dropped down with a sickening thud.

"Flash!" he growled. "Finally!"

A large humanoid shark burst out of the water and made a grab for Iris. Iris dodged the attack of the shark just seconds away. The shark smashed up the dock and moved with surprising speed and agility for something so large. Iris dodged the attack.

Sara blasted an arrow against the back of the shark's head. The shark did not even flinch. A second arrow was caught in the monster's mouth and crushed. The twisted steel dropped down from the ground. The giant shark rushed towards them one more time and smashed the ground.

"I've got you now Flash!" the monster yelled.

Barbara threw a grenade onto the ground and temporarily blinded the beast. She really missed Killer Croc right about now. The shark charged Barbara and just knocked her off to the side on its one-track mission to nab Flash.

"I don't suppose you have anything in your belt that deals with sharks," Iris said.

"Sorry, left my can of shark repellant Bat Spray in my other utility belt," Barbara said in an anguished tone.

Iris came up against the huge shark beast and fought for everything she had. The monster grabbed Iris and slammed her down onto the ground as hard as possible. The wind knocked from Iris's lungs from the attack. She struggled to make it up to a standing position before collapsing back down to the ground. The monster hoisted her up off of the ground.

A beam of light sliced through the air and nailed the creature in the back before Sara and Barbara could make a move. A second beam sent the creature retreating back into the wall.

Sara caught the person coming on to the end and made a movement to follow him before he got away.
Harrison Wells tried to stick to a role as an observer of this other Earth until he knew the lay of the land. The moment Killer Shark, one of Zoom's meta-minions, struck, he had no choice but to interfere. Wells kept close to the shadows and drove Killer Shark away.

'Time to go,' Wells thought.

The Hood looking in his general direction meant it was time for him to go. While it was possible that the Hood did not see him and things were different here, Wells did not want to take any chances. When the Hood looked at you like that back home, you drew your very last breath.

Although the green of the attire was very new, and Wells did not have time to contemplate fashion before running off into the other direction.

An arrow fired directly into his knee and caused him to drop down to the ground. Wells groaned in agony the second that he came face to face with three women.

'Well at least it isn't my neck,' Wells though.

"How the hell did you get back?" Iris asked.

"I beg your pardon," Wells managed. "Listen, I saved your…life."

"How did you do it?" Iris asked. "I saw the time wraiths drag you back into oblivion, how did you do it? How did you escape?"

"I think," Wells groaned as Iris did not loosen her grip. "I think you have me confused…with someone else."

"We'll see about that, Thawne," Iris said.

Wells wondered who this Thawne person Flash was talking about was. Flash sped him all the way away from the scene before he had a chance to proclaim his innocence.

Even though Harrison Wells could not begin to guess what he did to inspire such ire.

Thanks to everyone for all of the hits/favorites/follows/kudos/comments and I'll see you for the next chapter on Thursday. Thanks for Reading.

To Be Continued on March 8th, 2018.
Harrison Wells sat in the middle of a cell. He could not find a way out. All he could do was wait for the people who nabbed him to come back around and grab him. Wells took a few seconds to crane his neck back. The air made his mouth completely dry.

"I know you're out there," Wells managed a few seconds later. "I can hear you moving around out there. And you need to listen to me. You need to listen to me really soon. Time is running out….Zoom is coming. Do you hear me, Zoom is coming?"

Wells wondered if his words had just fallen on deaf ears. He puckered his lips in an attempt to get some moisture flowing against his lips. It was a frustrating endeavor for him to get anything going in this cell. Wells put a hand on the cell and looked in the direction of the cell’s camera.

"I know you can hear me. And I know that you must realize how much danger you are if Zoom gets to you. And if not, let me tell you. Zoom is very dangerous. He will not stop. Not until he gets what he wants. And Zoom will not rest until he gets your destruction. And that means he will rip you in half and drain you of every last ounce of speed until he's satisfied."

Wells decided not to point out the fact Zoom would never be satisfied. He would always have that need for speed which would grow more and more as time had gone on. The captive scientist leaned against the cell walls and tapped his fingers.

Sara listened to every single word Wells said. He most certainly caught Sara's interest. Iris paced back and forth a moment later.

"He does seem different," Iris said.

Barbara shrugged her shoulders when looking back at Wells in the cell. Something about him did seem very different, she would have to agree with Iris. She could not place how different things were there. Barbara paced back a little bit in the cell.

"I'll talk to him," Sara said. "If he's lying, I'll know."

Sara stepped back behind the wall. Wells looked up, seconds of fear passed through his body when he came face to face with the Hood. Those eyes behind that green hood just locked onto Wells like beacons of darkness. The scientist took a second to adjust his position and stare back at the woman from the bench he sat on.

"You know a lot about Zoom," she said in a low voice. "What can you tell us about him?"

Wells took off his glasses and pinched the bridge of the nose. "Zoom is more dangerous than anything you have ever fought. Tell your speedster friend she has no idea what she's getting yourself into."

There was more to the story. There's always more to the story. Sara saw it the very first instant she locked eyes with this version of Wells. And she wondered if this was the Wells she knew. Or, in the interim, Thawne had got much better in deceiving here.

"He's a dangerous, hideous monster," Wells said in a very fractured tone. "He is the thing I regret
most of all. If I had not been so stupid, he would not have been born."

"Wait, you created Zoom?" Iris asked.

Wells took a second to look at this Earth's Flash. It was obvious that she did not know what she was getting herself into. The world was pretty dangerous out there, and she was just a pawn now, a pawn for the likes of Zoom and anyone else who threatened everyone out there. And there were other factors in play.

"Yes, it was my biggest regret," Wells said a second later. "If I could change history, I would. If I could go back and stop myself from performing, I would."

Wells put a hand on top of his cell and allowed it to settle. He supposed it was lucky they did not kill him. This Earth's Hood was less violent than his Earth's version of the Hood, and he thanked anyone who would listen for that particular small favor.

"You should let me out of this cell," Wells said. "You're going to need my help...Zoom and the man who released him, they are dangerous."

"There's more you're not telling us," Sara said. "This is more than a regret. This is personal."

Sara took a second to survey Wells and see that he was hiding something. Regret swam through the eyes of the scientist when he turned away and sighed.

"It's my daughter," Wells said. "Jesse. Zoom has gotten to her."

"Is she dead?" Iris asked.

Wells threw his head back and snapped. "No, no, no, she only lives because Zoom and his partner, they're both amused with taunting me. He said that Jesse is suffering for my sins."

It went without saying that Wells thought that this entity had a point. It had a big point, and Wells could not help but feel a combination of guilt and regret for everything that happened. Wells tilted his head back. If only he could turn back the hands of time, then life would be a lot simpler. But he did not have the power to do that.

'You've doomed your own flesh and blood,' a soft Southern voice whispered in the back of his head. The only good thing you've ever produced, the one out of your family with potential. She's doomed to be Zoom's prisoner forever to do with what as he wishes. And even I cannot keep the monster on his chain for very long."

The taunting voice followed Wells every so often. He tried to learn to block it out.

"Something odd," Sara murmured. "You're not hearing voices are you?"

Wells wondered if he should even share what he was hearing. The voices continued to taunt Wells for the next several minutes, digging deep inside of his head.

"Wells is no speedster. He's not Thawne."

Barry turned up so fast that Sara spun around and fired an arrow at him. He zipped off to the side and the arrow stuck to the wall by the time he was in the hallway.

"How do you know?" Iris asked.

"I told you, I ascended the speed force," Barry said.
He was there and seconds later, Barry Allen was gone. Iris decided to make a calculated risk on behalf of the team and hope she did not live to regret opening this cell and letting another Harrison Wells out.

Zoom flew off of the handle. Everything did not go his way. Another one of his minions, Killer Shark, fell to the Flash. Although she did have help, and now Zoom rushed back and forth down the wall. The need for speed surrounded his body. Anger and rage possessed the dangerous speedster the more he zipped back and forth. His rage increased every second he stood in the middle of the room.

"Shark should have been dangerous enough to get her!" Zoom raged. "I'm going to have to send someone else to take her down. She will be mine. Everything will be mine."

Zoom's face contorted into pure rage. The mask on his face became who he was more and more. The demonic twisted mask almost resembled a burned skull than anything else.

'Brace yourself, for the creator has come.'

Now, the voice of the man who broke him out of prison returned to taunt him. Zoom tried not to fly out into an amount of rage. He slammed his fist through a large cinderblock hanging from the ceiling. Zoom vibrated his hand towards a practice dummy he outfitted in the uniform of this universes Flash. It disappeared into dust.

'Is this one of your Doomsday prophecies?' Zoom asked. 'I have my own problems not to deal with your mumbo-jumbo.'

'Oh, my brother, you are so very wrong,' Blackfire preached. 'This is a problem which affects you greatly, Brother Zoom. For your creator has returned from the depths. You remember him, don't you? The Harrison Wells of your Earth!'

This statement caused Zoom's eyes to widen. He smashed several of the bricks in the building. Zoom picked up a desk and took a calming breath. He allowed the desk to drop to the ground. Zoom placed his hands on the desk and growled.

'Remember, you're in control,' Zoom thought to yourself. 'You are in control of this. No matter what. Don't you dare slip. Don't you dare slip.'

'Your control is not as assured it was before, my brother,' Blackfire thought. 'The one who creates always has the power to destroy. And Wells will not rest until he corrects his past mistakes.'

The moment these words left Blackfire's mouth, Zoom's lips just contorted into a smile. He responded with an insidious round of laughter at Blackfire's statement.

'You have forgotten one thing,' Zoom thought. 'I hold the key to Wells. And the key is his lovely daughter. Harrison Wells will not dare raise a hand to me, not if he wants to see Jesse alive again. I have him right where I want him. He will do anything to get his daughter back.'

'And that's what should worry you,' Blackfire thought. 'He could find a way to bring your destruction.'

'Don't presume anything, Deacon,' Zoom said. 'I will enjoy having his daughter at my mercy, begging for the agony to stop. Fearful she will never see the light of date. Perhaps one day, I will show mercy and put the child out of her misery.'
"It is unwise to play with your food, Zoom," Blackfire warned him. "Hubris has doomed men…and your past sins doomed you. You were sentenced to die on the night you got your gift. And now, I have freed you from the shackles."

"Yes, I know," Zoom said.

"There is no Hunter Zolomon anymore. There is only Zoom. And Zoom will rise as the fastest there is."

Low-profile and Artemis Crock were two things which did not necessarily go hand in hand. She thought about running, but there would be no real point in that. She stretched out and moved from the Clocktower. Thea called her, as she had every couple of hours. Artemis knew all of the routes out of the city and appreciated the look, but she could it.

"I regret nothing," Artemis thought to herself.

Her heart skipped a couple of beats as Artemis walked across the street. She hoped to just get a coffee and something to eat without any drama. Unfortunately, with her luck the way it was lately, that could not happen. Three thugs moved in front of her. And three more thugs moved in behind her. Artemis took one look at her surroundings and realized she had been blocked in by all sides.

It was not the first group of petty gang members who tried to make a name for themselves.

"Well, if it isn't the Green Arrow," one of the gang members said in a distinct Brooklyn accent. "Not so touch when you're not in the shadows, taking pot shots at people, are you?"

Artemis got a very careful lay of the land. One of them held a pipe, another held a chain, another held a crowbar, and the other thing did not have any visible weapons. Artemis prepared to assume they had something concealed. The gang bangers surrounded her.

"You see, I figure something funny. Given how you've put so many big-time criminals behind bars, I figure I'd move up a little bit in the world. I'm going to be a big man if I'm the man that took down the Green Arrow."

"Are you sure you're not compensating for something?" Artemis asked.

One of the thugs moved closer to Artemis. Another came close to wrapping a chain around her throat. Artemis spun around and nailed him in the face as hard as possible. Blood and bits of tooth flew into the air after Artemis caught him in the mouth.

"You bitch!" one of them swore.

The crowbar swinging though rushed towards her. Only to have his crowbar caught by a figure who came out of the shadows. Jade popped out and nailed him with two blows to the neck. She grabbed the crowbar and flung it to knock out two more goons and dropped them to the ground.

"You wanted to make a name for yourself," Jade said. "But, it's unfortunate that name is mud."

She stomped the back of the goon's head and drove him into the gravel and the ground. Jade stepped back.

"You're dead meat, bitch!"

Jade motioned for the thug to bring it on. The thug withdrew a knife. Jade caught his arm and twisted
it around. A loud pop cracked his hand. Fingers shattered with Jade pushing her adversary down to
the ground. She ripped the knife out of his hand.

Three more gang members came off from the shadows and were ready to attack. Jade drove the point
of the knife into the hand of the man and caused blood to spurt everywhere.

"Any of you others want to try me today?" Jade asked.

The thugs all threw their heads back and shook their heads. Jade kicked the bleeding man down at
the feet in front of his fellow gang bangers. She gazed upon the goons with a sadistic smile crossing
her face.

"You better get your buddy out of there before he bleeds out."

The goons scrambled and lifted their fellow man off of the ground.

"Oh, and you better stay away from my sister if any of you know what's good for you. The next
time, I'll slice more than your hand."

The gang members grabbed their leader and bolted as fast in the other direction as humanly possible.
Artemis turned her attention towards her sister who gave her a very brief smile. Artemis figured she
should say what was on her mind right away.

"I had this handled, you know," Artemis said.

"I know, but I handled it quicker," Jade said. "And you and I have a have a talk. Keeping a low-
profile does not mean going out on city streets where there are gang bangers who want to do you
harm and make a name for themselves."

"I was just leaving for five minutes to get a fucking cup of coffee!"

Jade grabbed her sister warningly and the two of them disappeared into the alleyway. She kept the
bloodied knife as a souvenir of her escapade and also a bit of a warning.

"We're going to have to have a talk about your protection again. And you should take it seriously."

Artemis rolled her eyes. "Yes, mother."

Both of them cringed at the unpleasant reminder of what happened to their mother. The reason why
Artemis stole from people and had these old charges which were being thrown up in the first place.
Every second she stood served as a painful reminder to this.

Iris West stood against the wall and took a deep breath. She had the strangest sense of deja-vu when
stepping in to run this speed force. She took a couple of moments as Wells observed her.

"The sooner you start, the sooner we can figure out how close you are to beating Zoom," Wells said.
"And now, go!"

At least he did not say, "Run, Iris, run" because that would have sent chills down her spine. Iris
blasted off and moved around the edge of the maze. She circled around it several times and just let
the wind beat into her face. The speed just whipped around her as Iris turned around the corner.

She ran this speed course what seemed like hundreds of times. Every time, Iris pushed herself to be a
little bit better, a bit faster. She circled around the corner, with her heart beating several beats per
minute when going around the corner. Iris moved at fast speeds beyond anything she had ever done
in her life.

Iris blasted around the corner as fast as possible. And ran and kept running. Iris moved around towards the last leg of the course. Her entire body shook with excitement when crossing the finish line.

Wells lifted up his stopwatch. He looked at it and then turned around to look at Iris. "That's pathetic."

Iris had opened her mouth very wide in surprise at the commentary coming from Wells. She could hardly even believe what he said.

"What?" Iris asked.

"I said what I said and I meant what I said," Wells said. "Your time is not good enough."

"I ran as fast as I could," Iris protested.

Her nerves, which had been about shot thanks to this entire Speed-Force possessing Barry thing, and Zoom running around, moved. The fact she had to look Wells in the face again, after Thawne, wearing the face of the same man, deceived them all, also did not help with Iris's growing agitation.

"That's the point!" Wells snapped. "You ran as fast as you could and you could not run fast enough!"

Caitlin and Natasha stepped into the room. It took a while to get used to the alternate Wells being here, and Caitlin was very disturbed most of all.

"There's a problem, isn't there?" Caitlin asked. "Is he causing a problem?"

"The only problem here is if West is our best hope of defeating Zoom, then we're doomed," Wells said. "She ran the speed course and was nowhere near as fast as I could have hoped."

"I think she's improved since she started," Caitlin said. "Perhaps you're being too hard on her."

"And maybe you're just coddling her so she can't reach her full potential," Wells said.

Sara stepped into the side of the room and frowned. Natasha stepped closer into the room and looked Wells dead on in the eye.

"You know, the other Wells may have been an evil asshole in the end, but at least he was personable most of the time," Natasha said. "You're just a dick."

This particular criticism fell on deaf ears. Wells thought he told them what he needed to hear. If they wanted to be a bunch of special snowflakes about everything, that was their problem, and not his.

"He might not have framed it in the kindest manner, but he's right."

And then, Barry came around. This time Sara saw him coming and did not shoot him with the arrow.

"You're not fast enough," Barry said. "Zoom won't slow down to let you catch him. And he won't rest until he has your speed. Every single bit of your speed."

"And you won't let him go until I beat Zoom," Iris said. "And how do I do that?"

Barry did not say anything which Iris took to mean that even Barry did not know. The Speedster turned herself around and looked at Wells who got up and looked around Star Labs.
"This place is shoddily run," Wells commented. "You might as well run this operation out of someone's basement."

"Well, I'm sorry we didn't consult you how we ran our lab!" Iris snapped as she glared at the man in question. "And you just came here and inserted yourself, like you had been here the entire time. You know something…we never asked for your help. And you're here, just trying to run things like you own the place. On this world, you're nothing other than a criminal."

Wells hurled the pad and pen up in the air.

"You know something, you're right," Wells said. "I'm here because of my daughter. I really don't give a damn if any of you live or die."

Iris stood with her mouth open.

"If you want your help, you need to stop it with the attitude," Wells said. "I'm going to figure out a way to deal with Zoom, and I don't need your help."

"Yeah, you do," Iris said. "Otherwise, why would you have come all the way to this Earth?"

Wells did not say anything. The battle of wills took place between both sides. Neither backed down from the other with the clock ticking down. Finally, Sara stepped in.

"Take five, and we'll return to this when we all have a chance to cool off," Sara said.

"Good idea," Wells said. "I need to take a walk."

Iris watched Wells leave. She could not believe that prick coming here and trying to run the place. Caitlin and Natasha walked away from the entrance.

"I can't believe I'm saying this," Caitlin said. "But, I really miss Thawne."

"Well, I'm not sure if I'd go quite that far," Iris said. "I get your point."

Sara put a hand on Iris's shoulder and steered her down the hall.

"I don't agree with his tone, but you're going to need to get faster," Sara said. "Or find a way to make Zoom slower."

An instant passed with a smile crossing over Caitlin's face. "Actually, that's not the worst possible idea. If you can't get faster, we're going to have to get him slower."

Natasha snapped her fingers. "We'll get on it right away…maybe Barry can help us."

Iris shook her head, she doubted it very much. The Speed Force only came and go to lecture her and disappeared. Iris really wished she knew someone who could perform a speed exorcism.

"Thanks for sticking around," Iris said. "Even though I know you're in the middle of your own thing."

"Hey, I'm always here," Sara said. "If you need me, I'll be in touch."

Six well-armed men watched an armored truck pulled up. Six more well-armed men stepped to the truck.
"The sooner we can get this out, the better," the field leader grunted. "I don't like this."

"The Green Arrow has her own problems now," one of the other goons said.

"There's still the Canary, and we are in Central City," the field leader said. "If we see her, we can't even run. We're not winning a foot race against the Flash."

"I reckon this will slow her down a bit," one of the goons said cocking a rocket launcher.

They heard a loud crack. Skyward a breach opened up. They had been all too used to this breaches opening up at the worst possible times. It was nothing most of the time.

This time something dropped down from the breach. The figure dressed in red armor from head to toe with spikes jutting out of it and a red helmet covering the figure's face. The helmet's eyes glowed red. Two crossbows had been attached to each arm of the armor. The figure lifted a single hand and hard-light arrows appeared before shooting them enemies in the chest.

The HIVE goons did not have a chance to fight her. They all dropped to the ground with blood spilling.

"Eat this!" the goon with the bazooka yelled.

The figure in red nailed him with an arrow to the shoulder and another to the knee. The thunderous attack brought him down to the ground. The armored figure moved over and then went for the last remaining HIVE goon.

"If you're that Red Arrow kid, you're making a mistake," the goon managed. "You're dead, kid, you're dead."

"No, you are!"

The modulated voice was very rough. The HIVE goon wondered if he had just bitten off more than he could chew. The figure ripped a finger into his mouth and ripped half of his teeth out to prevent a quick suicide. The man's mouth bled with an agonizing pain going through his jaw.

"I'm something else. My name is Arsenal. And you may need to get breath long enough if you tell me whether or not you've seen this man."

The arm held up and a holographic projection of Harrison Wells appeared before the face of the shaking goon. His mouth, dripping with blood curled into an agonizing expression.

"Wells?" he asked. "Yeah, I saw him out by the docks earlier. He was nabbed by the Flash or something. Taken by to Star Labs by the looks of things."

Arsenal drove one fist into the head of the goon and dropped him. The spike tore through his forehead and ripped a microchip embedded in his brain. Arsenal kept it close for safe keeping.

"Wells will pay for what he's done."

Brain matter and blood dripped out of the head of the goon as the armored figure moved off. Anger and a need for revenge brought Arsenal to this world.

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Thanks to everyone for all of the hits/favorites/follows/kudos/comments and I'll see you for the next chapter on Saturday. Thanks for Reading.
To Be Continued on March 10th, 2018.
Sara spent the better part of the last couple of hours following up on leads. She brushed a strand of blonde hair away to stop the vision from behind blocked. Her entire body just shuddered for a moment.

'Everything so far, it's been just a huge pile of nothing,' Sara thought. 'I'm not sure HIVE is in Central City, or if they are, their operations aren't as....maybe I should be focusing on Starling City.'

The lack of focus Sara held caused her to almost run headlong with someone who came around the corner. The woman in question, who held a Styrofoam box, almost fell back onto the ground. Said box slipped from her hand as Sara stuck her hands up to avoid her dropping it down onto the ground. Both women stood by each other with the messy situation having been avoided.

"Oh, so sorry, I wasn't watching how I was going. It's been a busy morning and....hey, Sara, I didn't know you were in Starling City."

Sara smiled at Patty Spivot, who had almost dumped semi-warm coffee all over her. It would not be the first time Sara had that pleasure from someone, but that was another story entirely. She made sure all of the items were put back into her hand.

"Yeah, I had a couple of things I had to take care of," Sara said. "You know, for business."

"Oh, well that's important," Patty said. "I'm just dealing with all of this weirdness going on right now. I know people from Gotham would be laughing at us thinking a few stray meta-humans is weird, but it's not like we're equipped for it. The city budget isn't bad, but....we are grateful for Flash every day she pops in to save the city."

Sara could tell how grateful they all were for Iris every single day. And to be fair, the Central City Police Department did a fine job. They were just in over their heads in some respects.

"The number of strange murders has doubled," Patty said. "And Barry....well, he's still on his extended leave. I hope he gets better soon....but I guess when you get kidnapped and held captive by a madman for several months, you're not going to recover too quickly."

Sara leaned back for a second and held onto the wall. True, Barry might have trouble getting over that. Little did Patty know the other problem Barry had to deal with these days.

"You've been working hard then?" Sara asked.

Patty broke out into a half-smile. "Yes, I've been....it's been a lot on my plate, and I suppose you could tell I was distracted this morning."

"Yeah, I could tell," Sara said without skipping a beat. "As long as you keep focused out on the field, then it's fine. I don't think anyone wants anything to happen to you, Iris especially."

The expression on Patty's face fell into frustration. "Yeah, Iris, especially."

Sara picked up on some non-verbal cues. "There something going wrong between you two?"
It would have been pretty awful if Sara had been in the middle of some kind of relationship dispute. It was not her place to intervene, but at the same time, Patty's expression looked very grim. Then, her mouth turned into an "O" shape and Sara looked up towards her with a very evident frown.

"No, no, nothing like that," Patty said in astonishment. "It's just…well…I'm concerned. She's been acting very strangely as of late. It's just…I'm not sure how to approach this."

Boy, Sara wondered if Patty was ready to be thrown into the deep end. Did she even know that Iris was moonlighting around the city as a speedster? Sara most certainly did not want to ask that. She suspected that Patty, like any good investigator, had her ideas about the identity of Central City's Protector.

"Talk to her, maybe," Sara said. "I wish I have all of the answers, but I don't. Still, you can get a lot done by just talking to someone. Bad communication never does anything with anyone."

The Central City Investigator just nodded in response. "Right, talk to her. Just outright ask her what's going on, and hope I get a straight answer. Hopefully, she's not as stubborn as her father is when he's guarding information."

Patty did not mean for that particular statement to slip out. It was just one of those things which did. She opened her mouth. The radio hooked to her belt went off which caused Patty to feel relieved. The relief turned into stunned disappointment when she heard the news.

"Wells, I don't believe it," Patty murmured. "Um, nice talking to you, but I got to go."

Sara could figure out without any effort at all that message meant they discovered Harrison Wells returned to Central City. She moved out of the building to check the Red Sun to see if there had been any bits of news which she missed in the meantime.

A newsflash on a mysterious archer dressed in red popped up on Sara's screen. She read the news with a surprised look on her face. Needless to say, it caught her interest.

Later that evening, Sara had been on the hunt for anything unusual. HIVE was not the only thing which caught her attention tonight. This mysterious new archer also caught her interest and made her wonder what the hell was going on.

A figure swooped in the docks. Sara moved on in and looked from the right to the left. She had no idea if HIVE finally had their own archer or there had been some well-meaning citizen who thought they were inspired by the Green Arrow. Or some nutcase who wanted to play hero and start putting arrows in people.

Sara came around to the docks and saw several men laid out on the docks. Wounds covered their chests, necks, and legs, characteristic to arrows being put into them. Yet, there were no visible arrows on the dock. These ghosts only received the injuries with little of the evidence.

'Could be meticulous enough to clean up,' Sara thought.

The scorch marks on the ground made Sara wonder though. A trail of blood lead from the docks into one of the warehouses. Sara stood off to the side and looked around. She had a sense whoever attacked had been long gone tonight.

She stepped into the warehouse. Heavy breathing brought Sara's attention further into the warehouse. The loud thumping of someone's heart only increased Sara's interest in the warehouse area. She
looked from the left to the right.

"Come out!"

No answer for a second. Sara could hear the shudder coming from the man in question. A sound of paint cans falling over brought Sara further into the scene.

'Pretty sloppy attempt to escape, I'll say.'

Blood dripped down onto the ground. One of HIVE's officers slumped against the wall with heavy breathing. His hands clutched firmly to the gun the deeper. He looked anywhere but Sara. Whimpers came out of him.

"What happened?" the Green Arrow demanded.

The frantic man twisted his head about. He saw something very traumatizing. The man looked hardened, with many scars on his face. He had fewer wounds. No arrows in him either, which made the Green Arrow wonder what the hell was going on here.

"Tell me what's going on!" the Green Arrow yelled.

Yelling at this man obviously was not of any help. The man clutched his face and whimpered for another couple of minutes. Sara reached for him. He made no attempt to fight back. Terror spread through the man's face as he looked on with never ending yelps of fear. Those yelps of fear only increased the harder Sara clenched onto his shoulder.

"ARSENAL!" the man yelled.

"Arsenal," Sara muttered.

"ARSENAL!" he yelled again.

The man's eyes kept darting around in fear. He looked like he had suffered some post-traumatic trauma which kept him moving around. His head moved on a swivel when bouncing from the left to the right and every beat in between. The terror spread through his being the more that he kept looking around.

"ARSENAL!" the man yelled one more time.

"Who is Arsenal?" Sara demanded.

Sara spent the next couple of minutes trying to get information from this man. He had been stuck on one word, more fearful of this Arsenal than he could be of the Green Arrow. This man's terror would be in Sara's mind's eye for a long time. She had seen the terror in the face of men before, but this was something else entirely. He had reached an entirely new level of terror.

"Arsenal?" Sara asked him.

He nodded his head for a minute. A bubble of spit and blood mixed from the man's face. He tried to get out the next statement. "Wells...after...Wells!"

The man lapsed into a catatonic state. Sara pieced together everything she could, to the best of her abilities. It became clear now.

'Arsenal, whoever Arsenal is, attacked the HIVE goons. But, she's really after Wells. Not sure if it's Earth-Two Wells or Thawne-Wells. Well, if it's Earth-Two Wells, that means someone else has
breached. And this person, they have the ability to put the fear of god into hardened soldiers.

Sara stepped out of the building and clicked on her earpiece.

"Barbara, are there any more sightings of the mysterious archer in red?" Sara asked.

"We got a few of those running around," Barbara said. "Yeah, it's hard to miss this one though, given that our mysterious vigilante has a huge body armor suit and looks like something the nineties spit up."

The unasked question had been asked by Barbara pretty quickly.

"There are no pictures, just some vague descriptions," Barbara said. "Whoever is underneath that outfit, has a lot of spikes, a lot of red, and also two bows attached to the outfit as well. It's really something."

"And whoever Arsenal is, they're after Wells," Sara commented.

"Yeah, can't imagine why someone of his wonderful personality would have any enemies," Barbara said. "He stamped off a while ago, hasn't been seen since. Can't say I missed him."

Sara figured it would be best for her to hunt down Harrison Wells before Arsenal did. She left the HIVE man on the ground, the screams of Arsenal's name only grew louder and louder.

Harrison Wells stood behind this Earth's Version of Star Labs with a cup of coffee in his hand. Nothing was going right, nothing at all tonight. He had to deal with a speedster who was nowhere near ready to go up against Zoom.

'So many emotions, and she doesn't take this seriously at all. She'll get utterly crushed when going up against Zoon. There's no way she can win. I can't... I can't let her go up against Zoom. She'll get killed.'

Wells thought about his own daughter at the mercy of Zoom. It was hard for him to think straight right now. Would he give anything to give his daughter back? Most fathers would. They would die for their daughters and they would kill for them.

"Harrison Wells."

A figure flickered into the light, dressed in battle armor. Wells stepped back against the wall and saw the armor, with many spikes. Wells opened his mouth and closed it.

"Arsenal," Wells murmured. "Did Zoom sent you?"

This particular question had been a huge mistake as Wells regretted asking it in an instant. The arrow shot out and nailed Wells directly in the shoulder. The burn mark made his eyes burned.

"Hard light photon arrows," Wells grimaced. "Impressive. And doesn't leave any physical evidence behind."

"The next one goes straight into your heart," Arsenal said. "And if you ever insult me by accusing me of being in the same League as Zoom again, you will pay. Do you understand me? You will pay!"

Arsenal lifted Wells off of the ground by the shoulder. Wells did not even blink when he had been lifted all of the ground.
"All of the people who have suffered, the blood is on your hands!"

Wells did not even blink. It was almost like these words did not register in his mind. "I know and I'm sorry."

This statement did not impress the woman who stood across from Wells, baring down on him with a demonic expression in her eyes.

"Sorry doesn't bring my father back. Sorry doesn't bring my father back. Sorry, won't save my friend."

She dropped down to a cold and harsh whisper when slamming Wells down into the ground. Wells grimaced when the energy arrow stuck to the side of his neck. He tried to look up without blinking. The moment he blinked, Harrison Wells figured he would be a dead man.

"What do you want?"

Wells assumed this line of question was a very obvious and fair one. Arsenal refused to look Wells directly in the eye. She peered down into the eyes of the defeated scientist.

"I want you to suffer, just like you made everyone else suffer. Especially your own daughter."

The statement regarding his own daughter made Wells shift a bit anxiously against the ground. No matter how many times he could say he was sorry about certain situations, it would never be enough. One of the spikes jutted out and came close to slicing the throat of Wells. He wanted to live on principle, but there was a part of him who almost longed for and looked forward to a sloppy demise.

"Do it," Wells said.

An arrow fired to Arsenal's. It released an electromagnetic pulse which dropped the armored archer down to one knee. The Green Arrow dropped down to the ground to fight her. The arrows clicked into place, but no phonton arrows fired out.

"Impossible," Arsenal said. "How did you......"

"You want me to get off that armor the easy way or the hard way?" The Green Arrow asked while pointing the arrow at her. "It's your choice."

Arsenal pulled out a bow from behind and actual arrows. Two shots fired at rapid fire at the Green Arrow who dodged. She sent off a third shot and took one of the bows off of the arms with a swift shot. Arsenal bent at the knees and jumped at the Green Arrow. Both archers stood side to side with each other. Arsenal fired an arrow towards the Green Arrow who ducked it.

Then, Arsenal almost swept the Green Arrow down. The Green Arrow avoided Arsenal's attack and flipped over onto the ground. Several quick jabs, which would hurt given the metal of the armor hands, came at Sara almost as fast as she could dodge them. The Green Arrow landed on the ledge until it had been taken out from underneath her.

Something about this hand to hand style that Arsenal employed looked familiar. Sara only had moments before the power of the armor returned. Arsenal dodged the arrow from the Green Arrow.

"How about you come out of this suit, and we can have a conversation?" Sara asked her opponent.

"Sorry, but no," the archer responded without missing a beat. Said archer knocked Sara back down onto the ground. Sara flipped over onto her feet and landed on her back, drawing in a very pained
breath. The archer rushed towards her one again. "I have to finish him."

"He might be an asshole, but killing him is not the answer."

A figure from the ledge nailed the archer in the back of the leg with a flashbang. Said archer's leg rolled out from underneath her as she tried to rise back up.

Batgirl stood high above the ground and peered down against the enemy archer. Said archer's gaze flickered and then the archer moved off to the side.

An injured Wells slumped against the ground. The Green Arrow helped him up along with Batgirl. Wells turned his neck to the side and once again grimaced.

"I'm really sick of getting used as target practice by archer vigilantes."

Harrison Wells found himself very fortunate to only receive minor injuries at the hands or rather the arrows of Arsenal. He dropped down on the edge of the chair and drew in a deep breath. Caitlin, professional as she was, sprayed something on his wound. He grimaced.

"Anything wrong?" Caitlin asked.

"Stings just a little bit," Wells said with a grimace.

"Well, it's supposed to."

Wells would not have been surprised if her statement had been "good." He did not have any fans on the team at Central City or their visiting friends. Wells was not here to make friends. He was here to save his daughter. He did not expect to have some nutcase vigilante after his skin the moment he arrived here. Wells spent the next couple of seconds considering what he would do next.

"Who is Arsenal?"

Wells turned around to lock his eyes on the Green Arrow. The Green Arrow dropped her hood. It still was shocking to see whose face was underneath it.

"On my world, you're dead," Wells commented idly.

Sara only blinked for a second. She was very curious. Wells took a drink of coffee and stared at the girl in front of him. She had many questions, and Wells would have wished to get her the answers.

"Sara Lance and Oliver Queen on my Earth died on the Queen's Gambit," Wells said. "Their bodies were found at sea about a year later, and Robert Queen returned to Starling City about five years after the Gambit went down, a changed man. And the changes were worse when he became one of the most feared serial killers in Starling City. He was known as the Hood."

"Did he target a bunch of rich douchebags?" Sara asked.

"Well, one could say that, yes," Wells commented. "His target was among the one percent. It was a murderer killing other murderers until he was hunted down by Starling City Police about a year ago. The end wasn't pretty."

"He's dead?" Sara asked.

"Well, that's the official word of the investigation," Wells said. "I didn't personally see his body, so I wouldn't know. Although, he had been hunting down his most hated rival, the Dark Archer...and
her identity is ironic."

Sara saw it coming about a mile away, no matter what.

"Moira Queen is the Dark Archer of Earth-Two," Wells commented. "She was driven mad by her son's death. And even more so at the revelation, her husband was the Hood that targeted the One Percent. But, that doesn't matter."

"Your entire world is backward," Sara said. "And messed up."

Wells surveyed her over the cup of coffee. "From my perspective, it's your world that's the backward one. Good people are bad, bad people are good, alive people are dead, and vice versa. That's the world I know. The Wells here never had a daughter…never had a chance to have one by the looks of things after his wife died."

It was pretty messed up, Sara had to conclude this fact. She still pressed on with her interrogation of the man despite that. "You know something about Arsenal though, don't you?"

Wells nodded in confirmation. "Arsenal is the protégé of the Hood. I don't know who is underneath the mask, although I have my ideas. All I know is her parents were killed by Zoom. Which doesn't necessarily narrow it down because a lot of people's parents have been killed by Zoom."

'And children,' Wells thought darkly. 'He said he's keeping my daughter alive…but….other than her voice over a radio, I don't know if he's telling the truth. I have to….I hope that….'

"Arsenal is angry, whoever is under the mask, she's angry," Wells said.

Sara had been surprised at Wells referring to Arsenal as her. Did Wells know more about this than he was letting on? No time to answer as someone came down the hallway and they would have to finish this conversation later.

Batgirl poked her head into the room. Wells and Sara turned their attention away from this very uncomfortable conversation the two of them were having about the differences between Earth one.

"I've found Arsenal," Barbara said. "And it's the same area where Iris is patrolling."

They had some good news, at least from the surface. They could end this and they could find Arsenal before whoever was underneath the mask posed a danger to herself and others.

Arsenal moved to an abandoned factory and gave a loud frustrated grimace. The armored figure reared back to punch the wall and stopped. Some parts of the armor had been damaged in the fight.

"This alternate Hood is some kind of do-gooder," Arsenal said. "She should not protect a monster like Wells. His apologies, especially when they're not sincere are not going to bring them back. They're not going to bring anyone back."

A loud whirl came in from the distance. Arsenal turned her full and undivided attention to a blast of blue lightning. Zoom popped in from around the corner and knocked Arsenal against the wall as hard as humanly possible. His hand found her throat, grabbing it tightly.

"You son of a bitch!" Arsenal gasped.

Zoom chortled when his hand tightened around the grip of the attacker. A blast of light backed Zoom off a couple of inches. Arsenal fired a never-ending barrage of arrows at Zoom. All of them
connected with Zoom's side and did nothing to back him off.

"You're nothing other than a poor little lost girl underneath that armor and underneath that bluster," Zoom said. "And I've been called worse. By the people I'm going to kill."

The two bows ripped off of Arsenal's outfit. Zoom grabbed her and hurled the archer against the wall. She felt trapped inside of this tin can armor. She thought it would be enough to take down Zoom. She miscalculated severely.

"Your parents crumpled underneath me," Zoom told her. "And you will do the same."

The taunting statement of her parents made Arsenal rise up and fire three arrows. Zoom caught and snapped them all like they were nothing.

"I could snap your neck easily right now."

Zoom grabbed Arsenal and hoisted her off of the ground. The archer kicked and tried to escape. Now, that her body armor had been disabled, it was useless. The only thing which could stop Zoom had been taken away from her.

"Go ahead," Arsenal said. "Do it….do it you bastard! Someone will stop you!"

A blur came off to the side and body-checked Zoom to send him flying through the window. Zoom popped back up like it was nothing, blasted in and knocked Flash up against the wall.

Iris West did not even have a chance to recover. Zoom stood over the top of her. A sadistic glint filled the eyes of the demonic looking speedster.

'Finish her why you have the chance,' a voice echoed in Zoom's mind.

"And this is the hope that Wells thought would beat me," Zoom said.

Flash bounced up, and Zoom caught her with three uppercuts in succession, before slamming her down onto the ground. Zoom put his hand on the back of Flash's head and rubbed her face first into the ground. Flash twitched underneath the attack from Zoom.

"This is pathetic," Zoom hissed in her ear. "Simply pathetic. I could crush you right now and be done with it."

Iris had no doubt of it at all. No doubt, her entire body pushed up and tried to break free.

"Tonight, revenge on Wells and the decimation of the Flash. Tonight is going to be perfect."

'Be quick about it,"

Zoom ignored the words coming through his head. He enjoyed watching this Earth's speedster struggle, knowing that all hope had been lost and she could not break free even if at all possible.

Every second of Iris's life flashed around her. She could not escape. It was over, she was doomed.

Thanks to everyone for all of the hits/favorites/follows/kudos/comments and I'll see you for the next chapter on Monday. Thanks for Reading.

To Be Continued on March 12th, 2018.
Caitlin's mixed emotions of what happened threatened to burst out at the worst possible times. She had to be professional no matter what. The man who she both treated and kept an eye on, to make sure he did not run off, wore the same face as the man who lied to them all for a very long time. Caitlin did not really know what to make of any of this, to be honest.

"He's not Thawne,' Caitlin thought to herself. 'He's not Thawne, but he's kind of a prick.'

The latest checkup indicated he was feeling good enough. Caitlin still did not want to let him out of her sight for a variety of reasons. A crazed archer who wanted to kill him was one of the reasons. Another really big reason was she did not trust Wells as far as she could throw him.

Sara paced back and forth outside. Barbara hunched over the command screen and tracked Iris's movements. She gave Iris the heads up that Arsenal was in the area.

"So, do you think that there's something he's not telling us about Arsenal?" Sara asked in a low voice to Barbara.

Barbara raised her eyebrow for a second. "Wells, yeah, I think there's a whole lot he's not telling us. He's trying to pull something with us. I can feel it.'

Sara could figure out that Wells was not completely confessing to something or other. She just sensed deception from the moment the man showed up. Wells Version 2.0 told enough of the truth where Sara thought he could get away with it if he did not overplay his hand and he overplayed his hand.

'I'm going to keep a closer eye on him. That's about the only thing that I can do.'

Wells rolled his head back and looked at the clock. He had all of the telltale signs of someone who did not want to leave at all. Wells rolled his head back and Caitlin narrowed her eyes at him.

"I thought you said that I would be fine," Wells said.

"And you'll be even better if you just sit there," Caitlin said. "Sit there and be calm.'

Wells narrowed his eyes. One could see from his body language that the scientist found it beyond difficult to be calm right about now. His daughter was still out there and an archer was after his blood.

"I appreciate the fine work you do, Snow, and your opinion, but I feel fine and then…."'

He rose up. Only to be blocked at the door by Sara. She did not have a bow, a set of arrows, or any weapons to speak of per say, but she did have the aura of someone who was very intimidating none the less.

"Sit down," Sara said. "You're not going anywhere.'

"I had the impression that none of you wanted me here anyway," Well said. "You can't stop….." A cold rush of air came from behind the legs of Wells. He looked around to lock his eyes on Caitlin
who showed him how easy it would be to freeze the back of his legs if the situation warranted it. That might have been preferred to getting an arrow to the leg.

Sara stepped over now that Wells had an understanding of why he was not leaving. She was not going to allow it, none of them were going to allow him to go, not if they could help him.

"We're not too happy that you're here," Sara told him point blank. "I think that there's something you're not telling us and I'm going to figure out what it was. And you're going to cause far fewer problems being in there and then being out there."

A deep breath followed as Sara calmed herself down. She looked over her shoulder. Barry sat outside of the lab now, still possessed, and still staring creepily at them all. Sara tried to push his presence into the back of her mind.

"And you're still wanted in this world for Thawne's crimes," Sara informed him almost as an afterthought. "It's best if you stay here."

Wells conceded to that point. His alternate self-being a wanted fugitive did make it hard to maneuver around. The television news talked about the sightings of Wells around Central City.

'I was only out twice,' Wells thought. 'Leave it to the news media to overdramatize everything no matter what Earth we're on.'

"Uh oh," Natasha said. "Guys, Iris's suit, it's going absolutely insane."

Sara took her attention off of Barry and looked the vitals of the suit. They were changing colors which Sara had a strong impression they were not supposed to be changing. She turned back around and Barry disappeared.

Sara clutched her fists together and grumbled. It was time for her to move.

X-X-X

Iris flew across the street and not on her own accord. The Speedster rolled over and grimaced to try and pull herself up to a standing position. She collapsed down onto her knees just in time to catch a glimpse of Zoom coming from the other end.

Zoom flickered in front of her and then disappeared behind her. Iris pulled herself up and felt feverish the closer Zoom came. Zoom grabbed the shoulders of the speedster and forced her to the ground a kneeling position.

"If this is Earth's greatest hero than Earth should burn!"

She struggled, with Zoom's grip tightening around her shoulder. The fingers burned into the shoulder of Iris and made her go in agony. Iris could not know what the hell she was feeling.

"What are you doing?"

Zoom's fingers vibrated against her. Iris felt very feverish the moment Zoom grabbed her. Those fingers dug into the side of her shoulder and made her slump over. The Fastest Woman Alive felt beyond like something was draining her. Zoom was draining her.

"Your speed will be of better use at me1"

Iris broke free for a moment. Zoom allowed her to and it became more depressingly obvious now.
He was playing this dangerous game of cat and mouse and toying with her. He was toying with her like a pet.

"You're going to feel weaker. You're going to be nothing. Who is going to protect them without your speed? Who is going to stop me?"

A second Flash flew into battle and nailed Zoom back. Zoom's hands flared with purple lightning when he dropped back a couple of feet. The demonic speedster's eyes flung open when staring down at his enemy who came back towards him.

"You!" Zoom bellowed. "Once again you intervene and stop the inevitable."

The personification of the Speed Force turned his attention to Zoom. Those cold and sunken in eyes locked onto the demonic entity across from him. Zoom's expression never once broke from what he was looking at.

"You have broken the laws governing the Speed force. You must face the consequences of your actions."

Zoom flared up with energy and charged the speed force entity. The entity dodged out of the way from Zoom's attempt to take him out. Both circles each other with neither backing down from the other. Zoom and the Entity kept circling each other until the Entity reared back and tried to grab Zoom. Zoom caused a flow of energy in the air and disappeared into a vortex.

"I don't answer to the Speed Force anymore!" Zoom yelled. "And soon I'll rule it!"

Iris coughed on the ground. She tried to stand up. Zoom, whatever he tried to do, ravaged her body. Iris curled her nails against the ground.

'No, you're not weak,' Iris reminded herself. 'Get up, stand up, and fight.'

A blurry vision came into focus with Zoom and Barry circling each other. The two locked eye to eye with each other. Iris had a feeling this was not going to end all that well. She tried to get up. Tried to focus and fight. She wanted to hack up a lung, but Iris West had to fight.

Sara dropped down onto the ground. A quick glimpse to Sara verified she stole a second copy of the cold gun used by Captain Cold. She blasted the gun on the ground at Zoom's feet and caused him to stagger back a little bit. The intense cold slowed the speedster down.

"You can't win this one," Barry told Zoom.

Zoom's eyes shot open and he responded with a sadistic smile, the fabric of what looked like a mask stretching. "You are not worth my time."

A cold beam fired from the gun once again. Zoom got a small taste of the Flash's speed and he would get the rest later. He disappeared into a breach of light.

Sara held the cold gun as if expecting Zoom to sneak attack again. The entity inhabiting Barry's body turned to Sara with narrowed eyes.

"You caught him off guard once, it won't happen again."

Sara just shook her head. She would have thought him to be Captain Obvious. She stepped inside and saw the downed form of Arsenal on the ground. Arsenal slumped over and gave a grimacing groan when trying to pull up to a standing position. No matter how hard she fought, it was a never-
ending battle to try and stand.

"Come with us," Sara said.

"I had him!" Arsenal groaned.

"We need to get her out of here," Barry said.

"Both of them," Sara said.

Barry vibrated his hand and opened a tunnel between time and space. Sara pulled up Arsenal and helped her through the portal. Barry helped Iris through the portal and they disappeared through the breach into Star Labs.

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Iris sat in the medical area getting checked out by Caitlin. She kept shivering and Caitlin was not even using her powers. It was just something painful settled into her body. The realization something really bad happened to cause her to keep shuddering.

"Could you try not to do that?" Caitlin asked. "It's making it very hard to run these tests?"

The speedster shook her head repeatedly. "Yeah, I'm sorry it's just....I know he did something to me. And if Speedforce Parasite didn't get involved when he did, we wouldn't be having this conversation, I don't think."

Caitlin ran some tests on Iris and some interesting and strange things were happening. Her healing was not repairing her body as fast as it should. It was almost like Zoom did something to block her healing factor.

"You aren't healing," Caitlin said. Her eyes narrowed. "And you're at about ninety percent of your normal speed capacity."

Iris's groan grew even more evident as Caitlin threw down a whole lot of bad news upon her head in a very short amount of time. She remained as still as possible despite the growing discomfort and worry. Caitlin checked her over and frowned when keeping a closer eye on Iris.

'Ninety percent. Shit, I could barely handle Zoom at a hundred percent.'

The thought stopped as Iris realized how charitable she was by attaching a barely to her statement. She could not handle Zoom at all, whether it be ninety percent or one hundred percent. That sickening realization flooded through her body and made Iris stall.

Arsenal and Wells stared at each other from opposite ends of the lab. Barbara and Sara entered the very uncomfortable position of forming a buffer between the two of them as they paced back and forth.

"I'm going to have to find another way," Wells said. "I really thought this Earth's Flash was strong enough to defeat him. I put way too much faith in her. I don't know what I was thinking."

"Oh, I think you're just deflecting the responsibility of everyone else away from yourself," Arsenal said with thinly veiled contempt going through her body.

"Take off your helmet," Sara said. "And get out of the armor. You're going to need to be checked for injuries."

The look on the face of the older girl indicated to Arsenal straight away that Sara was not asking her,
he was telling to her. The woman grabbed the edge of her helmet and took it off. The armor retracted and a much shorter figure dressed in a red tank top and pants exited out. She still had a quiver on her back and a bow in her hand. The biracial girl had a mixture of Vietnamese and Caucasian features by the looks of her. Her lips curled into a frown. Sara suspected she was about fourteen or fifteen at the very most.

"Lian?" Wells asked.

The girl, Lian, slapped Wells right across the face and caused Wells to stagger back.

"You're pathetic," Lian said. "You try and get someone else to do your dirty work and save your daughter."

"What are you doing here?" Wells asked.

Sara noticed Wells dodged the criticism Lian gave off with all of the speed and sophistication of a well-trained politician. She would have taken her hat off to Wells had she been wearing one at a time.

"Zoom's a monster, and you're Doctor Frankenstain," Lian said.

"Don't you mean Doctor Frankenstein," Natasha said after popping her head out of the room to check in.

"No, it's Frankenstain," Lian said. "At least it is on my Earth."

Natasha shrugged in response. She would have to take her word for it, she guessed. Sapphire just smiled and shook her head.

"I'm here to stop Zoom," Lian said.

Sara locked her eyes on the younger girl with thinly veiled amusement and a small amount of agitation as well. She put a hand on Lian's shoulder which made the girl jump up.

"How are you going to do that when Iris can't even stop him?" Sara asked.

The Speed Force could not even stop Zoom, not that Sara would ever get any sort of confession to that level. She looked across the room. Sapphire and Natasha joining them in the room formed more of a buffer between Lian and Wells. Wells was not reacting to the younger girl's gaze, while Lian looked like she wanted to set Wells on fire with her eyes.

Sara pulled the arrows and the bow away from Lian. She opened her mouth in protest, but Sara would not have any.

"You don't need them here," Sara said.

"You don't trust me with them here," Lian said with a very obvious scowl.

This conversation would have to wait until later as a very dazed Iris West staggered out of the lab off to the side. Caitlin walked behind her a few steps. Caitlin's disapproval to Iris being up could be seen.

"Don't say you're fine because you really aren't," Caitlin said.

"No, I'm not," Iris admitted. "But, I can't just wait around while Zoom terrorizes everything. Besides, I'll fight on through. It's just...."
Iris zipped towards the door. She made it about five steps before collapsing into a feverish heap onto the ground. It felt like someone stabbed knives into her chest and into the back of her leg. Sapphire and Caitlin both walked over to pull Iris to a standing position. Iris dragged her feet underneath the ground and coughed a couple more times. It was very hard for her to stand right now.

"You're very lucky Zoom didn't rip every bit of speed from your body and cripple you," Wells said. "Or leave you a dried out husk like all of the other speedsters before you."

"You're fucking kidding me, right?" Iris managed, growing surly. "What is he? How the hell am I supposed to beat him?"

"Why don't you ask the Speedforce over there how hopeless it is to defeat Zoom?" Wells asked. "He's a force of nature beyond all recognition. He was once a man, but no longer. He craves speed and will do nothing more until he's the strongest there was."

"It's more than that," Sara said. "It's more than nature…he's supernatural."

"It's what I've been telling you this entire time," Wells said. He threw a pen up into the air and caused it to land on the ground. "Does every single person on this Earth have a listening deficiency disorder or something?"

More than a few eyes came towards Wells. Caitlin's hand curled and she mentally counted to ten. Sapphire and Natasha did not look too much better. Caitlin passed over Iris to Natasha and Sapphire to help her hold up. Barbara walked over to prevent Caitlin from doing something to Wells.

"I hear you," Sara said. "I understand. I don't like you, and I think you're a dick, but I understand."

Those words came out from Sara and she meant everything she said regarding her opinion regarding Wells. Lian put her hand and rose up. Sara blocked her from going any further. Lian did not want to go any further.

"Jesse was like an older sister to me," Lian said. "And now she's gone because of you and your amoral pursuits on science. I would say I hope you burn in hell, but it's too good for you."

Wells finally looked up and knocked over the notebook and the file folder underneath it. Notes flew everywhere. Wells stood up and looked Lian to the ground.

"You know what, feel how you want," Wells said. "I'm done apologizing. And you just made things worse by coming here. Zoom can lure you in easily because you're a temperamental teenager hungry for revenge. You're just going to end up getting yourself killed like your father did against Zoom. You would think that he would learn after losing an arm against Zoom's enforcer not to go directly against him."

Wells turned around and left. Barbara slipped a tracker on him so this time they knew Wells would not go too far.

'Well, this isn't going as we hoped,' Sara thought to herself.

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Artemis Crock sat on the couch in the apartment she had holed up to. Thea sat next to her and kept her company with lunch. Artemis waited for it to happen. The official order of arrest broadcasted all over the news.

"Why aren't you running?" Thea asked.
"My legs are tired," Artemis said. "And I'm sick of doing it. I've been running since I was thirteen. Time to face the music and face what I've done."

A knock on the door came and Artemis did not hesitate to answer. Quentin Lance appeared on the outside of the door and looked Artemis directly in the eye. He looked very apologetic even though none of this was his fault.

"Artemis Crock?"

Artemis raised her hands up and then put them behind her head. He wasn't the first Lance to put her in handcuffs, only the third, but this was a more serious situation than the other two.

'I really shouldn't be joking about that at a time like this,' Artemis thought. 'But how I am going not go insane if I can't laugh at this situation.'

"You have the right to remain silent. Anything can and will be said against you in the court of law. You have the right to an attorney. If you can't afford an attorney, one will be provided for you. Do you understand?"

Artemis answered with a nod. Quentin escorted the girl out of the house. It was funny how life changed.

'Three years ago, she was nothing, but another delinquent I had to arrest. And now, she's the girl who saved my little girl's livelihood. And I have to arrest her for it.'

"Kid, sorry, I didn't want to do this," Quentin said. "The good news is you didn't flee so that could be good for you, but...I'll be honest, there's a lot of pressure to have an arrest."

"I understand," Artemis said. "Sorry about everything."

"You saved Sara," Quentin said. "I can't ever thank you enough for that...which really makes it awful that I have to haul you off."

Artemis tried to convey to Thea with a smile that everything was going to be okay. She was feeling the burn of frustration though when being lead off into the distance in handcuffs. She smiled and tried to tell Thea everything was going to be okay.

HIVE put them in this unfortunate position though. HIVE and Egghead both, and Artemis hoped that Sara could bring them down. She did not go to jail for the Green Arrow to fail to save the day.

Iris West finally had been discharged from Star Labs and returned to her home. She had to rest a lot before getting back up. Caitlin would be stopping by to check her out in a couple of hours. This entire Zoom thing was getting out of her.

"Yeah, Patty, I'm really not feeling like myself lately," Iris said a moment or so later. "I think I've caught a bit of the flu which is going around."

"Oh, poor girl," Patty said. "I didn't know you weren't feeling well. I hope that you get some rest and you don't overdo it."

'I don't think I can if I wanted to,' Iris thought.

At least she could walk to the bathroom without going into a fit of fatigue. Her healing trickled back in slowly. Her heart hammered a little bit closer to her chest as Iris took in another couple of deep
"I'm sorry that I'm going to have to skip out on breakfast," Iris said. "It's just that I look like hell and I feel like it too, and I really wanted to discuss a couple of things with you."

"No, no, no, rest up," Patty said.

"Yeah, I will," Iris said. "I don't want anyone catching anything that I have. I should be back on my feet in a few days, the same as always."

A very obvious thought of Iris hoping she would be back to normal crossed her mind. She took the hot chocolate and drank it. It made her feel a little bit better, but there were stills some agitation going through the body.

"I've got to get back to work," Patty said. "After Wells returning to town after disappearing, people are up in arms. They think that Wells is this new speed phantom."

Iris could not say anything. If only Patty knew what was going on. She did not have it in her heart to tell her.

'And it's not something you can tell someone over the phone,' Iris thought.

"Talk to you later," Iris said.

No sooner did Iris put down the phone, a knock on the door announced Sara's arrival. Iris turned her head around and moved up to see Sara let herself in.

"I come baring chicken soup," Sara said.

"Oh, you're my savior," Iris said in a weak voice.

The chicken soup tasted good as Iris moved down. She took a few seconds to adjust herself.

"Everything is just going wrong," Iris said. "I still haven't found a way to exorcise Barry of his speed force parasite yet. And I don't even know if I ever will."

"I don't know much about the speed force," Sara admitted. "But, I know that Zoom is more dangerous."

Iris blinked and took a bite of the chicken soup. She really hated to keep dragging Sara into her problems, especially with how much Sara had on her plate. She took the chicken soup and drank it even more.

The phone rang and Sara took a second to pick it up.

"It's happened," Thea said on the other end. She tried very hard not to break up.

Sara knew it was going to happen eventually. Artemis stood stubbornly by and did not run at all. She could have run at any time and they had the resources to make her disappear. Of course, Artemis refused to do that, and Sara admired her for it.

'It would be the same thing you would have done,' Sara thought to herself.

"I've got to go," Sara said. "Artemis."

Iris nodded in response. She understood why Sara was distracted.
"Take care of what you have to take care of."

The two girls hugged and parted ways. Sara made her way to leave Iris to rest and recover.

She was going to find a way to take down Zoom. There was way too much on the line not to. And she hoped Sara would do the same to HIVE.

Thanks to everyone for the favorites, follows, views, kudos, and reviews and I'll see you for the next chapter on Wednesday.

To Be Continued on March 14th, 2018.
Circumstances indicated Sara had to return to Starling City. Her mind went about a thousand miles a minute with many thoughts. It happened, with Artemis being arrested and being charged due to not only her past crimes but being the Green Arrow. Sara understood the murky political climate in Starling City, but that did not mean she had to like anything happening at all.

She stepped outside of City Hall. All people talked about was how the Green Arrow was arrested. There was a lot of problems though, some that Sara did not foresee.

'There are a couple of copycats who thought they could take on the mantle of the Green Arrow,' Sara thought to herself. 'Those are going to have to be discouraged pretty quickly. The last thing I want is anyone like that causing more problems in Starling City.'

Sara brushed the strands of hair out of her face. Lyla walked around outside of City Hall, having blended in as apart of Moira's security staff.

"So, it's happened," Sara said.

Lyla put a hand on Sara's shoulder and the two of them walked straight into the lobby. They moved pass a side door towards a water fountain. Lyla reached underneath the water fountain and pushed a button to reveal a secret door. The two women stepped down the stairs and took in a deep breath. It was not the best thing in the world, to be honest, but they would not overhear.

"The Mayor did what she had to do," Lyla said. "And ARGUS is working around the clock to find HIVE, discredit Prince's word, and get Artemis's name cleared. Although, the last one is not the highest priority possible because of upper management."

Sara did not like this fact, even though she understood it. And regardless of the situation, she knew that clearing the name of Artemis is not going to be easy.

"The best way to do it is to out yourself which...might not be the best idea right now," Lyla said.

She might have gotten away with minimum political blowback if Artemis did not jump the line.

'Then again, I don't really know what might have happened,' Sara thought to herself. 'It's really hard to predict how everything is going to go, going forward in Starling City. I don't know how this is going to happen. The only thing that I know is....'

"The real trouble is going to come once it comes out Moira knew that Artemis wasn't the Green Arrow, well the main Green Arrow," Sara whispered. "Because, how do you think it's going to look when the voters find out that the Mayor of Starling City sent a girl to prison to protect her ass."

"The best we can hope for is to get Artemis released to the custody of ARGUS and she can serve her time working for us," Lyla said. Sara frowned. "Yes, I know, but given the number of enemies that you've made as the Green Arrow who is now in Belle Reve, it's the less of two evils."

Sara knew, did not have to like it.

"What's Waller have to say about all of this HIVE business?" Sara asked.
"Not a lot," Lyla admitted. "She's been pretty quiet lately."

A quiet Amanda Waller was not exactly the ideal Waller in Sara's mind. She moved up towards the steps alongside Lyla. The two women crossed the way, both of them smiling when walking up the steps. They moved over where Jade stood.

"The Mayor will see you now," Jade said.

"Artemis….."

"She made a choice," Jade said. "And we're going to live with the consequences. I'm actually amazed how bold she was. And how stupid she was for not running when she had the chance."

"It might save her from being imprisoned longer," Lyla interjected.

Jade gave a noncommittal shrug and did not say any more about the situation. She stepped back and opened up the office door to allow Lyla and Sara their way inside. She grabbed Sara and stopped her.

"And I know I seem a bit…off, but I don't blame you. I put the blame where it belongs, and that's with HIVE. And they're not going to be around too much longer."

One could almost forget the number of people Jade murdered, but the look of pure malice on her face drove this particular point home. The two of them stepped inside of the office. Moira sat at her desk having just put the phone down. She had paperwork hanging over her desk. Two chairs were in front of it which allowed Lyla and Sara a chance to sit down.

"Artemis is in Belle Reve," Sara said in the most matter of fact tone possible.

Moira responded with a sigh at the statement. She only could respond with a nod. "I'll be the first to admit, it's not the most ideal situation in the world. I'm calling in every favor possible to make sure nothing happens to her there until we can get this situation sorted out."

The sound of rain hit the windowsill of Moira's office. Sara leaned in and spoke in the most matter of fact manner as possible.

"Damned if you do, damned if you don't," Moira commented.

"Agreed," Sara said. "This isn't going to stop unless we stop HIVE. And I'm not going to rest until they do."

Moira had a hatred of HIVE given the situation they put them in. She hoped Sara did not hold back in her dealings with them. They were a menace to the world and a menace to Starling City.

Artemis Crock saw many eyes look over to her at Belle Reve. Some of them were old enemies of the Green Arrow, some of them were very dangerous meteor mutants who had been put away thanks to Superwoman. Artemis stepped around the cell and noticed a couple of her father's old partners giving her a look of pity.

'Just keep your head down,' Artemis thought. 'This is only the first time. This is only the first night. You would think someone is going to get you killed.'

Quentin seemed less than happy that the order to bring her to Belle Reve had been signed and brought down. Artemis could not agree with him anymore. The heart of the girl beat a little bit when
she moved deeper into the prison. It was harder for her to focus when moving through this prison.

'You just got to get through it kid.'

One of the guards hurried Artemis along. They moved her to a recreational area of the prison. A couple of the guards just shook their heads.

"Have fun, Robin Hood."

That was a taunt, but Artemis did not rise to the bait. She saw a couple of prisoners watching television, some more in the corner playing cards. An older gentleman had been in deep conversation with some younger prisoners. There had been a few women in the corner talking about something or other, and Artemis doubted it was the latest fashion.

Another figure stepped out of the shadows dressed in ragged grey clothes with a collar slapped around her neck. Her dark hair looked more ragged and she held a more ratty expression on her face. Lorelei Circe the second, or Lori, as she was known, the Siren stepped closer towards her.

"The Green Arrow," Lori remarked in the most casual voice possible. She leaned in towards Artemis. "Yeah, right."

Artemis noticed the contacts in her eyes as well.

"Those contacts go well with that collar," Artemis said.

"The Green Arrow found someone to be her patsy," Lori said. "Leave it to a Lance to do something to screw someone's life over."

"I see your voice is better," Artemis responded with a calm.

"Yes, it's unfortunate I've had this collar on and these contacts," Lori said. "Otherwise I would have been out of this dump a long time ago. And I would make the Black Canary pay for what she did to me."

"You tried to make a man jump off of a building," Artemis said.

Lori ignored that very obvious fact. She made a couple of mistakes to be perfectly honest, going straight to murder. It haunted her the mistakes made in here, which landed Lori in Belle Reve. She had to do what was necessary to survive.

"You should understand what I had to do better than anyone else," Lori said. "Your mother is in a coma, your father's a petty criminal, and your sister, she's one of the world's most wanted assassins. And now, you're the dupe for the Green Arrow, and...well, it's not like you haven't had a rap sheet of your own. Otherwise, the State wouldn't have come down on your hard...and in this prison, accidents have been known to happen."

Lori pointed to the older gentleman out to Artemis.

"He's an associate of the Court of the Owls and very influential in this prison," Lori informed Artemis. "The Court wants you dead after what you've done to them."

"The Court moved out of Starling after the Siege," Artemis said.

Lori put a hand on Artemis's shoulder and looked at her with a strange possession. "Silly girl."

The older girl leaned forward, grabbed Artemis's hair, before kissing her hard on the lips. Artemis
pulled back from Lori as she walked off.

'Why do I have a feeling I've just been given the Sicilian Kiss of Death?' Artemis asked.

Artemis kept to the shadows and tried to be inconspicuous. The meeting with the Siren though caused her to freak out. More than a few mobsters spent the next couple of minutes sizing her up. Artemis tried not to let them get to her even though it was very hard to power on through in a circumstance like this.

'You will pay for your sins,' a voice whispered in Artemis's ear in the most menacing way humanly possible.

Artemis Crock heard no one behind her. Perhaps she did belong in Belle Reve if there were voices inside of her head.

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Dinah stepped off of the bus and walked into Starling City. Not too many people would dare walk through this part of town at night. Dinah lived in Gotham City for years. Fear about walking outside in a bad part of town at night, alone, was something you just learned to live here.

She came to Starling to visit Laurel and Sara. However, Dinah made her way in the opposite direction of the Clocktower and moved past a homeless shelter. Several vagrant men and women moved in, hoping to get an opportunity to stand on their feet. Many made bad choices and others were the victim of the housing crisis which visited Starling City about five years ago.

Regardless of the circumstances, Dinah noticed an upswing in the homeless population. She moved past and several of the homeless men stood in front of the Church of Deacon Blackfire. He had been a symbol for those who felt oppressed in both Starling City and Gotham City.

"Someday, our savior will return," a toothless old man said. "He will lead us to take back what has been taken."

Dinah could not be the one to burst the bubble of these poor people that Blackfire was not going to burn. She kept her head down and moved past the gates. Condemned signs surrounded the church, not that it stopped people from entering it at all.

She stood out in front of the church, wind blowing through her hair. Dinah spent the next couple of minutes in very deep concentration and mentally wondered what the hell she was doing here. The whispers in the wind caused her hair to stand up straight on the back of her neck. Dinah stepped ever so close to the church.

The image of that horrific face as the debris fell. The screams of children who Dinah could not reach when going through the church haunted her one more time. It always haunted her, the night the Black Canary suffered injuries which took her off of the field and how many died on that night.

Blackfire might have burned.

'Your blood will reflect your sins.'

These words had been ingrained in Dinah's mind and were not going to leave anytime soon. She touched the top of her hair and moved away from the church. It took some effort for Dinah to pull herself away from the church, but somehow, she did it, just barely.

The homeless people parted and allowed Dinah to move. She did not know why every time it was the Church which called to her.
Dinah moved away from the Church and quickened her pace. A flash of lightning emitted over the sky the closer she got to the destination. Dinah moved ever so close when suddenly two large men stepped in front of her. The woman adopted a very obvious stance to fight her potential attackers.

"I don't want any trouble," Dinah informed them.

A second man stepped behind her and allowed a deep breath to hitch from Dinah. Dinah turned around and locked eyes on the man behind her. They all surrounded Dinah, about eight men in total. She realized something in an instant when they closed in.

'Hive,' Dinah thought to herself.

Despite all of the years of being off of the field, Dinah's danger sense was as sharp as ever. And despite her body not being as strong as it used to be, Dinah's abilities were there. She grabbed one of the thugs from behind and turned around to kick him in the knee. Another thug grabbed Dinah and pressed a knife to the side of her neck.

Dinah broke free with repeated elbow strikes to the side of the head. She flipped over the goons shoulder and landed down behind said thug. The thug turned around and aimed his knife at Dinah. Dinah blocked his hand and rolled him down to the ground. She hooked the arm and cracked it back against the ground.

Another one of the thugs grabbed Dinah around the neck. She pushed out of the attack and sent her adversary crashing down to the ground. Dinah stepped back and received a clubbing blow to the back. She winced when dropping down into a kneeling position.

'Get up,' Dinah frantically thought to herself.

A growing numbness spread through Dinah's arm. She tried not to let everything get to her. Unfortunately, it became harder and harder to rise to a standing position than ever before. Dinah drew in a deep breath and frustratingly tried to push up. The agony spread over her body.

One of the goons buried a foot into her lower back and made Dinah collapse down onto her knees. Dinah pushed herself up to a standing position one more time and almost collapsed.

"Let's finish her off."

The Black Canary dropped down and with one swift motion wiped out two of the thugs. She moved Dinah out of the way and then came head-on with one of the other thugs. She released the Canary Cry to send her adversary staggering back a few feet. The adversary dropped down to one knee, having shielded his ears somewhat. Black Canary caught him with a running kick to the face.

The final thug moved in to engage the Black Canary with glowing batons. The Black Canary blocked the attack and took her adversary down to the ground with a vicious attack. She rolled the arm behind the goon's back and dropped him down to the ground with a thunderous attack.

Laurel dropped down and moved over towards her mother who was on the ground.

"We should really get you to a hospital," Laurel said.

"I remember when I was the one keeping these streets safe," Dinah bemoaned.

She could barely stand having been banged up. Laurel had to get her out of there and soon to get some medical attention.
Ruve could feel a vein about ready to pop in her head. She looked at the HIVE drones, only three of which had been able to stand to face her after the beating the Black Canary put on them tonight.

"You are sloppy tonight," Ruve said.

"Yes," Edgar agreed unable to resist putting in his two cents. "Your attacks were unrefined and very sloppy. And you were fanning the flames even more than ever. I wonder whose orders you were working on."

"Those orders would be mine."

Ruve and Edgar turned around just in time to see Damien Darhk step inside. A raised eyebrow came from Ruve when Damien stepped on. They had been cordial and professional to each other, although the trust simply was not there anymore. Something changed within Damien and he had been more inclined to go against the official narrative set up by HIVE.

"Those orders would be yours?" Ruve asked. "Why?"

"I figured it would be best to send her a message," Damien said. "Remind them why HIVE is the true masters of the world."

"Maybe," Edgar said. "Maybe this is the time of message that's going to cause her to come after HIVE with a vengeance."

No question about it, Ruve knew who Edgar was speaking of without even saying anything. Both men locked eye to eye with each other. Neither backed down from the other in this intense staredown the two of them shared.

"This is the kind of message which will cause her to come after HIVE with a vengeance," Edgar repeated. "And you can ask Malcolm Merlyn how well trying to play games with Lady Shiva goes."

"It's not going to be a problem," Darhk said. "And you should be more grateful than the opportunity to have been given. If it wasn't for me, you would be sitting in incontinence."

Edgar did not do anything other than frown. Damien reminded him of how much Edgar owed to HIVE and bringing out of the state. Kidney failure would claim him within the next six months, and Edgar had been given a second chance in life, although he know realized how many mistakes he made going forward. His younger self would most certainly mock him for being out of touch.

"The plan is on schedule, correct?" Damien asked him.

Edgar spent another couple of seconds looking on and nodded. "Yes, sir."

"Good," Damien said.

Damien moved out and left to leave Ruve and Edgar alone. Ruve looked out of the window for several seconds. She dismissed the HIVE goons who had given the report. They did not waste any time leaving to avoid her wrath. The moment Ruve was certain everyone was gone, she turned her attention to the man in front of her.

"What's your progress?" Ruve asked.

Edgar only had been caught off guard for a second.

"I have three potential locations where your daughter could be," Edgar said. "And all of them are
heavily guarded. And I'm not getting any more information from them, all of your husband's followers have drunk his Kool-aide, despite him leading them to his doom."

Ruve knew Edgar just made a quip about the Kool-Aid drinking, but it was truer and more accurate than even he could realize. Ruve brushed her hair out of her eyes and took a couple of seconds to take a deep breath.

"When the leverage is removed, then you can act how you wish," Edgar said.

"I will don't you dare worry," Ruve said a few seconds later.

Her voice sounded very cold and domineering when she spoke that particular statement. Edgar had no doubt she intended to act and act very soon. Ruve had her own designs on HIVE and if her husband was going to cause problems, then there might be a parting of the ways.

'The question is, how do I exploit this to my benefit,' Edgar thought with a wicked smile growing on his face.

There could be no question about it. When it rained, it poured, at least it did in Starling City. Sara received a call at the Clocktower which caused her blood to run absolutely cold.

"You're…is she okay?" Sara asked.

It took Sara a few seconds to calm down.

"Yeah, she's pretty shaken up, but physically she seems fine," Laurel said.

Sara wondered about their mother's mental state right now. Tonight of all nights, her mother came to Starling City and had been attacked.

"I think she came by the church," Laurel said. "She won't admit it though…there are a lot of people going to that church these days."

Sara groaned boy did she not know it. The homeless people of Starling City had been beyond frustrated that their needs were not met. Despite, Moira working hard to reestablish two homeless shelters which had been previously shut down and encouraging the development several new jobs. Some people took advantage to built themselves a better life, but others refused to go down.

Many just needed that second chance, but unfortunately, there were some out there who wanted these opportunities to be gifted to them. The class war continued and the Undertaking opened up a lot of old wounds.

"Yeah, I know," Sara said. "She's in the hospital now?"

"Yeah, getting checked over," Laurel said. "They're pretty strict about security after dark these days. I don't think they're going to let anyone in to visit her. She'll be discharged in the morning if the doctor sees she's fine. They're overworked and understaffed as is."

"Let me know if anything changes," Sara said.

"Don't worry, I will," Laurel replied. "Take care."

A ghost of a smile passed over Sara's face. "You too, love you, bye."

Sara moved from the phone and moved down the hallway to the room Thea slept in. Thea had been
sitting up in bed and watching television. Or to be more accurate, she had been looking in the general
direction. She sat in her bra and panties on the bed with a half-eaten TV dinner on the side of the
bed. It looked like Thea picked at it more than anything.

"Hey, Sara," Thea said. "Come in."

Sara crossed the room and looked at the distracted girl. Thea switched off the television a few
seconds later and gave her friend a frown when she stepped in.

"I want to ask you what we're doing about Artemis," Thea said.

"I wish I had the answers," Sara said. "HIVE's not backing down, they're redoubling their efforts.
They just attacked my mother."

Thea almost dropped and this bad news caused the younger girl to lose it a little bit. She locked her
eyes directly onto Sara.

"She's…oh my God," Thea said. "Is she alright?"

"She'll be fine," Sara said. "Shaken up and if I know my mother, she's upset they got the drop on her
more than anything."

Both girls sat in silence and Thea moved a little bit closer to Sara. Their hands clasped together. They
heard the patter of the rain on the windows. It was only second only to anything.

"It looks like we've had a really shitty last couple of weeks," Thea said. "But, hey things are bound
to look eventually, right?"

Thea wondered if she really believed this. She had hoped they could accomplish a little more than
they were doing pretty soon. Frustrated did not even describe how Thea felt right about now.

"Eventually, yes," Sara said with a very evident sigh going through her. "At least, I hope so."

"Well, what is life without hope?" Thea asked her. "We're going to have to deal with this HIVE
problem pretty soon. I don't know what else we can do. We keep chasing them…."

"Maybe we should find a way to get in front of them," Sara said.

Thea laughed, good luck with that, she figured. She moved a little bit closer to Sara. The two of them
edged very close to each other. Their lips were getting close to meeting. Thea decided that she
needed something for tonight and the two of them kissed.

"Bad time?"

Felicity leaned in the door and they broke the kiss.

"Come in, shut the door, and get out of those clothes," Thea ordered her.

The tech girl did not bother to not comply with their wishes.

Felicity sauntered into the room wearing nothing other than a purple thong and a bra to match. Thea
rose to her feet, grabbed Felicity, and forced her tongue into the other girl's mouth with an extremely
powerful kiss. Felicity opened her mouth to receive the full tongue on tongue action from Thea.

"And no, Felicity, this isn't a bad time."
A few brushes against her flesh made Felicity shiver. Sara kissed the back of Felicity's neck and kept working her mouth down her. Every time Sara touched Felicity's body, she shuddered in delight. Sara's able hands pushed over her succulent backside and gave it a squeeze. Felicity's thighs squeezed together and the juices poured down them. Sara pushed her fingers down between Felicity's lovely thighs and made them part before her.

"You're mine," Sara breathed.

"And mine as well," Thea told her.

Thea already had a strap on and she made Felicity kiss down her body. The Queen heiress spun around and Sara pulled down the thong to reveal Thea's shapely tanned ass. Much like any good employees, Felicity had to kiss the ass of her boss. Felicity buried her face into Thea's ample backside and then pulled back to her. She did the same treatment to Sara who had the strap on in with an amazing slight had to trick.

A smile came across Sara's face. She grabbed Thea's hair and guided her tongue deep inside of the younger girl's mouth. Thea opened her mouth to accept Sara's tongue inside of her mouth. The two of them kissed each other with the heated passion.

Thea pulled back of Sara, with swollen red lips. She made sure Felicity's mouth was now wrapped around the cock jutting from her pelvis. With the nerve sensors in the cock interfaced with Thea's and made her feel like Felicity was really sucking a cock attached to her body.

"She's such a good little cock sucker," Thea moaned when feeling Felicity's mouth work over the prick which swelled in response to Felicity's able mouth.

"And her ass was just built for the taking," Sara said. Felicity turned and gave Sara some attention as well. The juices trickled down Sara's thighs. She rubbed her clit. "I bet you want to get stuffed by both of us, don't you?"

Felicity could not say anything on the account of her mouth being filled up to the brim with more cock than most could handle. She accepted the depths that this cock could go into her mouth. Felicity hummed and sucked on the huge member. It pushed deeper into her mouth and made Felicity tilt her head back. The hunger only grew through her body.

Sara pulled out, and both Thea and Sara lifted Felicity on the bed. They positioned her so both of her holes were widened open for the consumption. Sara licked Felicity's pussy while Thea licked her asshole. The brainy girl shifted and breathed in with how deep and how forcefully Thea went to loosen up her ass.

"I'm going to fuck your tight little ass," Thea said with a squeeze of Felicity's round cheeks. "And there's nothing you can do it about it either."

"No, I'm your office slut, aren't I?" Felicity asked.

Sara's cock positioned against Felicity's warm entrance. Felicity spread her thighs to take as much of Sara inside of her as humanly possible. The cock stretched her and filled her up.

She had been stuffed by Thea next. Felicity thought she would black out from the overstimulation of pleasure of her holes. Each girl took a hole and worked their way deep inside of her. Felicity took several deep breaths to try and not black out from the pleasure.

"Your ass is mine," Thea said.
Thea's perky breasts pressed against Felicity's back. Her crotch ground against Felicity's meaty cheeks when penetrating her tight back hole with the toy.

Sara was not denied her own pleasure either. The two girls took out their frustration over the past couple of weeks on the ass and cunt of the very willing blonde. They got her dripping wet and ready for more. The constant spearing and stretching on the holes on both sides made Felicity lose her mind completely and utterly. Both girls pushed their way inside of her body.

"Fuck," Felicity murmured underneath her breath. "Fuck!"

Both Thea and Sara found themselves working her over. Both girls got off in exhibiting the release of their frustration in the very ample backside and wet pussy of Felicity Smoak. She took their cocks repeatedly and hard in both holes. Her eyes watered.

"We're making you cum, aren't we?" Sara asked her with a half of a taunt in her voice.

Felicity almost lost herself completely in her lust for both of these other girls. They worked her body over to a fever pitch. Her ass, her pussy, both of them were completely sore. And despite that, she wanted more of a hard fucking. She wanted to be fucked until she passed out.

Both girls looked ready to oblige her of that fact. Thea shoved herself deep into Felicity's tight asshole. Felicity's anal muscles tensed up when Thea shoved her hard cock deep inside of her asshole. Thea pulled out and then pushed into her.

Sara could feel her lover shivering underneath her. Those nipples stuck out and demanded to be sucked. Sara leaned in and sucked them while reinforcing her control over Felicity.

"No one makes you feel as good as us, do we?" Sara asked. "Not anyone else, not even your own fingers? Right?"

"Yes," Felicity said after cumming repeatedly all over Sara's intruding cock.

She lost herself to this pounding. Felicity could feel both of them moving around and causing her orgasms to come more constantly and more powerful.

Thea got off on how much this woman succumbed to her touch. That ample ass pushed deep into the tips of Thea's fingers. She squeezed Felicity's tight ass and released it from her grip. She pulled almost all the way out and then drove deep inside of her tightening asshole one more time.

"She's almost done," Thea said. "We better finish her off.

Felicity's body gave way one more time. She was utterly saturated and spent. Her muscles felt sore, both from her vagina and anus, but she never felt any better in her life. She rolled over on the bed, covered in the juices of three women. Felicity faded to black with a smile on her face.

Thea smiled and leaned over to lick all over Felicity's lower body. A pair of hands found her ass and squeezed it. Sara slipped a finger inside of Thea and felt her ass up.

"Just a reminder that your place is underneath me."

Sara forcefully pushed her hands all over Thea. Thea accepted Sara taking control of her in the best possible way. Her kisses grew even more intense.

"You're mine," Sara said. "Say it."
"I'm yours," Thea said. "And my ass is yours as well."

Sara smiled and made Thea forget the pain for a little bit tonight. Her cock, lubricated with Felicity's juices, guided its way to Thea's back passage. Thea bent over the bed.

"You want me to fuck your ass," Sara said. "You want me to bend you over the bed and drive my cock in your ass after it's been in Felicity's pussy. You want me to shove my fingers in you like this."

Three fingers drove deep into Thea's pussy. She could feel Sara work her and thrash about the bed. Yes, her juices dripped down off of the bed the further Felicity worked in her body.

"You want all of this, don't you?" Sara breathed in her ear. "You want me to be Sara's personal fuck toy tonight?"

Thea nodded eagerly when Sara alternated between gentle touches and slightly rougher ones. She got off on the pain. Sara reinforced her control over Thea by marking the side of her neck. Her asshole pushed open for the large cock to bury inside of her.

"It feels so good to get your ass fucked," Sara breathed. "Doesn't it, Thea?"

Thea could not disagree with her at all. It did feel so good to have Sara plant herself into her ass and continue to reinforce the domination she made Thea feel. Thea grabbed onto the edge of the bed and bit down on her lip very hard. It was getting more and more difficult for her to hold her head up. It was amazing to feel Sara keep burying herself.

The warm juices trickled out. Sara ran them up Thea's body when she kneeled on the bed. Sara pushed in the back of her delightful little sub's ass, making her close her eyes.

"Taste how horny you are," Sara said to her.

Thea had been reminded of her place of the collective instantly. She might have been pretty high up on the food chain, compared to many, but Sara was Queen of the Collective. The Alpha female pushed deep into Thea's warm asshole. She clutched the side of the bed and moaned out.

"Cum for me again," Sara said.

Thea's body coated with sweat. Sara enjoyed pleasuring every single last inch of Thea and making her squirm on the bed before her. Sara pulled almost all the way out of her and shoved herself deeper into Thea's warm asshole. The juices collected around her.

"Again," Sara said. "Again."

She came constantly. Sara never once backed off from what she was doing. All she needed to do was to make Thea's ass hers and make her cum constantly around her. Sara pushed her way deep inside of Thea and then pulled almost all the way out of her.

Thea let go of the bed and fell on her face. Sara helped her up and then kept driving into her from behind.

"You go down when I say you go down."

She allowed Thea to come before pulling away. Sara slid the cock off of her and exposed her pussy.

"You know what to do."

Thea crawled between Sara's thighs like the devoted lover she was. Sara's meaty thighs were a treat
which Thea only needed to lick and suck. The hunger increased.

Sara laid back on the bed and allowed her good little sub to pleasure her. Thea's tongue kept passing over Sara and bringing more moisture, pooling it all over the bed sheets. Both needed this to deal with mutual frustrations.

Thanks to everyone for all of the hits/favorites-follows/kudos/comments and I'll see you for the next chapter on Friday. Thanks for Reading.

To Be Continued on March 16th, 2018.
Dinah checked herself out of the hospital the very moment she was able to. She moved through the entrance of an apartment Lady Shiva owned in Starling City. Both Sara and Laurel were on her and they stepped through the front door. Sara looked across the way at her mother, not quite knowing what to say. One could see the haunting feeling in her eyes regarding everything.

"Mom, are you alright?" Sara asked in a tentative and very nervous voice.

Dinah's eyes shifted over to Sara. Seconds passed before she nodded in response.

"Yeah, I'm shaken up, but I'm fine."

Laurel just frowned. She knew the look of someone who was most certainly not fine and someone who had been pretty bothered by what just happened. Both daughters looked at their mother who frowned in response.

"Another time and I would have been able to stop them," Dinah said. "They were well trained, but I was gotten jumped. And my back acted up at the worst possible time. I think they knew and they exploited it."

It made her feel weak and inadequate as a person to be taken down by what amounted to HIVE puppets. Dinah's eyes shifted over for another second. She flashed back even stronger together for the church. She noticed Lady Shiva move over.

"You should have never been put in that position," Laurel said.

Dinah popped back up to challenge her daughter. "And you never should have been put into that position to save me. I don't know what I was thinking coming back tonight. I just had to get one more look at the Church. I feel it. I feel it coming. And I feel hopeless that I don't have to do something. I feel scared every night my daughters are out there."

"We can take care of ourselves," Sara said.

"If you ever have children of your own, you might understand," Dinah said. "But, it's hard. I know you can take care of yourselves. But the problem is, the person you're dealing with is just a little bit more dangerous. And the threats keep escalating, just like they did with me."

Dinah put her hands on both Sara and Laurel's shoulders when both daughters sat on the couch next to their mother. One could see the frustrating.

"I was very lucky to go home that night, broken. I might not have been able to go home at all."

"Nothing is going to happen," Laurel said.

"You can never tell," Dinah said. "I thought that I ended him that night. I might have only sealed your fates."

Both daughters did not say anything right at this point. They just kept staring forward at their mother who got up and looked out the window. Dinah had to grip the edge of the bookshelf to stand and...
one could see the hatred just growing for any kind of dependence.

"I look up in his eyes and I see a monster," Dinah said. "I saw something evil. And I see something that will threaten everything. I don't want to lose everything. And I feel like there's something that I can do."

"The mind is willing, but the body just won't go."

Lady Shiva popped into the room from the other end. One could debate how long she had been there in the first place. Dinah rose up as tall as possible. Her eye made contact with Shiva's.

"I want to do it," Dinah said. "I need to do it."

Sara wondered what her mother was talking about. Laurel shrugged in response. Both sisters racked their brains and wondered what on Earth their mother could have been talking about. One stolen glance at Lady Shiva showed them that the World's most deadly assassin had been about as surprised by this declaration as both of the girls were.

"I'm sick of standing back," Dinah said. "I'm sick of being a bystander. I wasn't ready to do it before, but now I am. Now I'm mentally ready to get this done. It's something I feel like I have to do. It's something that I feel like I have no choice to do."

Lady Shiva's lips curled into a smile which Sara did not like. Shiva smiling for any reason did not lead to good things.

"You've disagreed with me before," Lady Shiva said.

"Wait?" Sara asked. "You're not thinking of doing what I think you're doing, are you?"

It came to Sara just then. Nyssa mentioned it to her once before. Laurel raised her eyebrow. Sara figured she had better clue in Laurel on what was going on.

"Our mother is thinking about going through a process called Re-Genesis to restore her body to her physical prime," Sara said.

"I've turned it down the first time Shiva offered it to me," Dinah informed her daughters. "My pride got in the way of doing what was necessary."

"No, Mom," Sara said. "This is your pride getting in the way now. You think because HIVE jumped you, you're inadequate. You're not thinking of this from a rational perspective, just an emotional one. You had your day as the Black Canary, maybe it's time for you to move on."

"I can't move on," Dinah said. "Not until the mission is finished."

Sara wanted to ram her head against the wall. Laurel looked at from her mother to her sister all the way around the room to her mentor. There were many questions and Laurel went straight for the obvious one.

"What is Re-Genesis?" Laurel asked.

"It's a watered down Lazarus Pit," Dinah said. She tried to look away from Sara whose expression darkened even more. "It's a spa treatment which eliminates any imperfections, injuries, and ages from a person's body."

Sara crossed her arms and frowned. She feared what could happen. Dinah just wasn't thinking
clearly.

"The process is safe, although a one-time deal," Lady Shiva said in a soft voice. "It can't be done
constantly like Ra's has. You have only one opportunity to set the clock back.

"I'm going to have to make the most of it, then."

Lori walked a little bit away from the prisoners. They all leered at her. If only she had these contacts
and this collar off, then she would put them in their places.

'I could make those sick bastards drown themselves in a shower,' Lori thought.

The anger spread through the eyes of the girl. She had lost a lot. Bouncing from home to home after
her mother had been arrested. Her mother never once came for Lori after leaving prison. Lori did not
get a chance to talk to Lorelei ever, hell, she did not know who her father was. She had theories and
speculation, but it could have been anyone that Lorelei had under her mind control and took sexual
advantage of.

All it took was one night, one moment in time. Lori threw her head back and then sighed. The
prisoners finally left her alone or at least had grown bored due to the lack of attention Lori paid them.
Lori walked across the way and came past Artemis Crock.

'I almost feel sorry for her,' Lori said. 'Girl is kind of messed up being loyal to Lance like that. Too
bad she's going to be cut up in there.'

Then again, Lori figured the kid could come out just fine. It was going to be rough though, being
imprisoned for this much time especially in Belle Reve.

"Hey, Crock!" one of the prisoners yelled. "Your father stiffed me out on a deal. Well, guess what,
I'm taking out his debt on your ass! You just wait until we're alone."

One of the prisoners took a shot at Artemis. Artemis blocked the arm and took him down with a leg
sweep. She snapped the man's wrist and then elbowed him in the face. Artemis pulled away from
him not even saying another word. The other prisoners laughed at the misfortune of the idiot.

"Any of you other idiots want to try and fuck with me?" Artemis asked.

"Are you going to add us to your little list?" one of them mocked.

"Yeah, how tough can you be without your arrows?" another one of the guards asked.

A loud siren comes from outside which caused the prisoners to all stand up. They all wondered what
the hell happened. Did someone try and break out of Belle Reve?

"Man, who would be stupid enough to try to break out of this place after what happened to the last
guy who tried?" one of the inmates asked.

This had been a good question. The prisoners were herded back in the direction of their cells. A
couple more of the more problematic prisoners had been shocked along the way.

A glowing glow emitted from the North wall leading into the corridor of the cells. Artemis's eyes
widened as the glow grew more prominent and the heat in the cell only increased the longer they
waited. It all came to Artemis in a blink of an eye. She figured it out almost instantly.

'Someone's trying to break in.'
The cell burned through. HIVE arrived and fired darts at their adversaries. The darts stuck in the sides of the neck of the people involved. They all dropped down to the ground with agony spreading through their bodies.

They moved to Lori who opened her mouth in very evident shock.

"You're coming with us," one of the HIVE operatives said.

Lori just shrugged in response. She really did not have many options other to go with the options. The captive prisoner moved over to these HIVE operatives to go for the next great adventure. Her hands stretched out when being walked out of the prison.

Artemis moved in to stop it. One of the guards jabbed her in the back of the leg with the cattle prod. An agonizing scream echoed through her body.

Questions ran through Lori's mind. She decided to jump on with the first one that popped in, wanting to get to the bottom of this.

"Where are you taking me?" Lori demanded.

"All will be revealed soon," one of the HIVE goons answered.

Lori hated when people gave her the go around like this. They all passed into the distance and towards the transport module on the outside. Lori's arms folded over and she stuck out her lip in one of the more frustrated expressions possible. She looked towards the module and came eye to eye with the smiling face of Edgar Prince, better known as Egghead.

"Hello, my dear," Edgar said. "It's been a long time."

One of her mother's old colleagues had been waiting for her. This raised several more questions for Lori which she did not want to have the answers. Two mines released from the back of HIVE's truck. The Belle Reve guards moved back.

"Don't worry about that collar," Egghead said. "We'll get it off when we get back to base. In the meantime, I've blocked the signal to the kill switch."

"Why did you come and get me?" Lori asked.

"Damien Darhk wishes to speak with you," Egghead said.

"Why?" Lori asked.

"He'll explain it when you get there," Egghead said. "And I always an eggcited for the chance to connect with the daughter of an old friend."

Lori had many more questions. She was just glad to be out of Belle Reve. The last thing she wanted to do was die in there, helpless, and broken. And after her failure to defeat the Black Canary, Lori had been broken and depressed for several months.

Nyssa arrived around the corner. She could see both Sara and Laurel huddled up next to each other. Sara turned towards Nyssa.

"I can't believe our mother is going through with this," Sara said.

Dinah removed her clothes and stepped into the pod. She watched a bit gingerly, which reinforced
the woman's desire to want to go through this. Nyssa grabbed Sara's hand and could feel the misgivings of her beloved thanks to her body language.

"I'm going to be honest," Nyssa said. "I know why you're not happy. And I understand it. You know personally what the Lazarus Pit could do to a person's psyche."

"And you know just as well," Sara said.

Nyssa constantly watched her father grow more and more detached from reality with each soak in the Lazarus Pit. The images of his sadistic face contorted burned into Nyssa's memory. She would not forget what happened as long as she lived. Nyssa could tell Sara had similar misgivings regarding this process.

"Re-Genesis is much safer than a Lazarus Pit," Nyssa said. "It's just more limited in scope. It can't bring back a person an inch from death for instance, but it can and will restore a person to their original youth. And as you know, it can only be used once."

"Yes," Sara said. "I did."

The troubled expression growing through Sara's face made Nyssa really wish she could take her beloved in her arms and say everything was going to be alright. She turned her attention to Lady Shiva and the few women who showed up to be along with her.

"She's doing it for all of the wrong reasons," Sara said. "She has nothing to prove."

"Our mother is stubborn," Laurel said with a shrug.

Nyssa took a few seconds to look at both sisters. A smile popped over her face. She wrapped an arm around Laurel and pulled them in both close.

"I think it may run in your family."

Dinah kept her eye on Lady Shiva who had been giving some last minute instructions to the Priestess who had been undergoing the ceremony.

"Are you certain?" Shiva asked. "Once you go in there's no going back."

"You were the one who tried to convince me for years I should take the Re-Genesis treatment," Dinah said. "I'm ready to do this."

"I offered it because I wanted you to feel better," Shiva said. "I don't think it's a good idea for you to take it because you want to get even with HIVE."

"That's not the reason," Dinah said.

Shiva just took a second to draw back and then lock Dinah inside of the container which would be lowered into the modified Lazarus Pit to her. The Pit would restore her to a more youthful vigor before the ravages of being Black Canary wrecked her body.

"If you're certain, then we are going to begin the ceremony."

Sara closed her eyes. She really hoped that this was being done for all of the right reasons. Time stood still after the priestess leads them in a prayer. Sara was not religious by any means, but she never the less was crossing her fingers that things would go pear-shaped in a hurry.

Then, the container containing Dinah descended. Regenesis had begun and there was no turning
back now. In a matter of moments, they would see her return back to her youth, given a second chance in life.

The contacts laid out on the table. Lori's eyes burned to adjust to the light after the contacts came out. The HIVE scientists worked on the collar and got it off of her. Lori could have just breathed. The weight of the world came off of her shoulders.

"Thank you," Lori said.

"You should not thank me just yet. There is still plenty for us to do. The world is your canvas, Lorelei, and we can paint something wonderful together."

This robed figure caused goosebumps to rise over Lori's arm when he walked over towards her. The next couple of steps made caused Lori to rise in a more tense way. She wondered what was happening.

"What do you mean?" she asked. "Why did you break me out?"

"Why is the question many have asked themselves as they fell in relevance for the world? Your time has not come, your time is now. Your deepest desire could come true. The world can be painted into whatever you want it to. All you have to do is given in and accept your new savior."

Lori frowned and there were a couple of thoughts which passed through her head. She decided to get the most obvious one out of the way first.

'Since when did HIVE turn into a cult instead of a criminal organization,' Lori thought to herself.

"Do you understand me, Lorelei?"

Lori could hear something in this man's voice. Was he sincere or was he just pulling something on her? Lori had been very glad to be out of Belle Reve. Every single moment in there, Lori feared something would happen. And there were a few people in there who were around when her mother was.

'The sins of the parents are always gifted on the child,' Sara remarked about a half of a second later.

"Do you want to know your mother?" the robed man asked. "We can make it happen. You can make it happen. All you have to do is accept the power you have."

The robed man disappeared into the light. Egghead and the robed man passed. Egghead contorted into a very obvious shudder. The chills started down at the back of the man's neck and passed down his spy. He looked at Lori who sat with red eyes, but in otherwise could spirits.

"They brought you back to full health," Lori said.

"Yes," Edgar said. "But, at what cost?"

He had wondered about this every single moment of the day. Edgar wondered if it had been worth it to be at full health given he had been trapped here at HIVE.

"That man he said that it was possible to bring my mother back," Lori said. "Is it true?"

Edgar surveyed Lori much like an uncle surveying a favorite niece. Which was a pretty accurate assessment of their relationship. He pulled a chair up and sat eye level with Lori.
"That's a very dangerous deal to make. You don't know how your mother is going to come out. We should leave the dead in peace."

The meta-human snapped up and looked Edgar dead on in the eye. "You came out okay….I would do anything to know your mother."

"We respect the dead," Edgar said. "We can forgive many of the sins they make in life once they have been put to rest. You think the world of Lorelei. And if you truly care, you will leave it lie."

Edgar answered with a sigh. He tried to convey to the girl, a girl who desperately wanted to know her mother, that this was a bad idea. He had a very rocky relationship with his own parents and was happy to leave them dead and buried when they were gone.

"I sometimes wonder if I had made a mistake," Edgar said. "I've avoided the grim reaper's scythe, but there are other problems that I'm not sure that could be…."

"I should see what he means," Lori said. "I have to know."

Edgar wondered why he ever bothered. He followed Lori outside of the room where he stood with a wooden tablet. The robed figure broke out into a very evident smile when looking at him.

"Give me your hand," the robed figure said. Lori extended her hand and the figure took a knife from his sleeve. "Be with your mother now."

He cut one single finger and caused the drop of blood to splash onto the tablet. An eerie chant echoed in the background as Lori's blood slowly began to run cold. She looked over towards Edgar who inclined his head and shook it. For a second, Lori's entire body felt like it had been submerged in ice.

'Hope you didn't make a mistake, kiddo.'

Lyla and Cassandra turned up to join them at the Regenesis sight. Laurel, Sara, and Nyssa waited for Dinah to rise up out of the water.

"I don't mean to distract you from this," Lyla said. "I've got some unsettling news you might want to know."

Sara knew her mother was mere moments away from rising out of the water. The final candle signifying the time she should be spent submerged in the pit for the process to work started to burn.

"Lorelei Circe, the Siren, she was broken out of Belle Reve," Lyla said.

"I'm surprised," Sara said. "I mean, she looks like a potential recruit for the Suicide Squad. I'm astonished that Waller didn't pick her up."

Come to think of it, Lyla had been astonished as well. She thought Waller had some other priorities these days which was not what they used to be. Sara's attention had not been on the break out of the dangerous prisoner. Instead, it had been on the candle which promptly burned down.

"Let her rise!"

Dinah rose up out of the pit. She stepped out of the containment unit, shining bright. Sara had been momentarily struck down by the sight of her mother and how bright and vibrant she was. Her hair lightened, and some of the ravages of ages turned back. Dinah stepped back and adjusted to her
youngful body.

"I feel good," Dinah said. "I don't feel the pain anymore."

"Yes," Shiva said. "I told you that you would be restored to your physical prime."

Dinah smiled, Shiva did tell her that very well. She stepped into the room where four women dressed to fight stepped against her. Shiva presented a black top and a pair of black leather pants to Dinah who slipped them back on.

"Now, it's time to put your newfound skills to the test."

The guards moved around to attack Dinah. Dinah braced herself to defend against the attacks. One of them shot forward with an attack. Dinah grabbed the arm and then flipped her enemy over to the ground. She popped back to a standing position and then grabbed the arm before taking her adversary down hard.

Another one of the guards charged in to grab Dinah. Dinah spun around, blocked a punch and nailed her opponent with a couple more rapid-fire assaults. The attacker dropped to the ground from the attacks. Dinah shifted herself and caught one of the enemy's by the leg. A leg whip brought the attacker down to the ground.

One of the attackers grasped Dinah around the head. She flipped out and blocked the wooden staff with her bare hands. Dinah grabbed the staff and then whipped it back to nail the attacker with a blow to the back of the leg. She came back around and knocked the attacker to the back of the head.

Both Lance Sisters watched their mother in action in her prime for the very first time. They were very impressed. Lady Shiva inclined her head with a nod.

"Satisfied?" Dinah asked.

"Never," Shiva said. "But, you should know that the process works. Just don't get too overconfident and overexert yourself too soon."

"Wow," Laurel said. "That's just…that's just amazing. I heard the stories, but I think that the skills of the Black Canary were underplayed."

"That?" Dinah asked. "I was being a bit slow and sluggish. It's going to take me a long time to get completely back to my old form."

"Oh, that wasn't too bad," Sara said. "But….."

Dinah drew her attention to both Lyla and Cassandra. They had not been here the first time. She frowned when taking a glance from her daughters to them.

"The Younger Siren has been broken out by HIVE," Sara informed her mother.

"I see."

Dinah felt the urge to get back on the field and fight alongside her daughters to take down HIVE. The daughter of one of her most persistent enemies being involved only encouraged that.

"Maybe you should get some rest," Sara gently said. "Laurel and I can handle this."

"I'll be able to help," Dinah said in a tone that left no room for argument. "And no offense, sweetie, but you're having problems handling this lately. The more help you can get the better."
Dinah's fire, the one that was extinguished, had returned, and she was ready to kick some ass.

Nyssa wrapped her arm around Sara who sighed. "She really is your mother."

Thanks to everyone for all of the hits/favorites/follows/kudos/comments and I'll see you for the next chapter on Sunday. Thanks for Reading.

To Be continued on March 18th, 2018.
Chapter One Hundred and Thirty: I Will Never Become My Mother Part One

Lori paced back and forth outside of the HIVE facility. After the weird man took her blood, there was nothing, not even a hint of anything going on. Lori chewed down on her lip and showcased an insane amount of frustration when circling around the building several times. Her breathing only increased.

'Patience is a virtue,' the voice warned her. 'You must learn it if you hope to accomplish anything of relevance.'

Lori had a couple of smooth comments regarding how well patience served her. Movement from inside of the next room caused Lori to peak forward. Edgar Prince walked over and looked through the window. He turned to Lori with one of the most sardonic smiles possible.

"Well, I think you're going to get your wish. If that's everything you ever hoped for."

The form of Lorelei Circe stepped out. Her dark hair framed her face with those haunting blue eyes. Her lips curled into an ever-present frown when she approached in a white gown. She looked towards the younger woman for a moment and turned her attention towards her former partner in crime, the man known as Egghead.

"Edgar, you've found a way to cheat the hands of time," Lorelei said. "I can't say I don't approve."

"Well, I do what I can," Edgar commented with one of the bigger smile crossing his face. "Lorelei, it is good to meet you."

He would have normally grabbed her hand in greeting. The World's Greatest Criminal Mastermind remembered Lorelei did not like to be touched unless she was in control. And her shakiness indicated the woman in question was the furthest thing from in control at the moment.

Lori swallowed when looking at her mother. Lorelei acted differently from Lori's presence. Edgar looked from mother to daughter and one could almost carve added tension with the knife. The Criminal Mastermind cleared his throat.

"Lorelei, my dear, you've missed a lot. This is your daughter, Lori. She's all grown up."

The older woman stared at her daughter and one could almost see the chill coming through the air. She extended a handout and placed it on Lori's shoulder.

"It's a pleasure to see that you have grown up well," Lorelei said. "And I'm sure it's a pleasure for you to find meet your mother after all of these years. I'm sure you've heard plenty of stories about how I was."

"Yes, many," Lori said. "You were magnificent."

Anyone following over themselves to worship her pleased the Siren, especially if it was her own daughter. She pulled away from the girl and looked around the facility. It was not as well run as she would have liked to see. Only a small amount of gratitude came to being brought back.

"What has happened?" Lorelei asked. "Tell me the JSA still does not stand."
"No, I'm afraid the usefulness of the JSA has sadly eggspired," Egghead answered her with a smile.

"There are other heroes," Lori said. "There's the Green Arrow for one, she's a pain in my ass. Then there's the Flash over in Central City, and there's Superwoman, and then there's Black Canary….

Lorelei gave a shrill scream at hearing the final name her daughter shot off. Lori almost backed off in fear of what her mother did. Edgar put his hands on the top of his head to block out the shrill screams.

"Black Canary?" Lorelei asked. "What do you mean the Black Canary is still around?"

The older Siren fumed at the news the younger one gave her. The Black Canary stopped her plans so many times it brought Lorelei into more rage than she could ever know. She took a couple of deep and ragged breaths to try and calm down. There was no calming down from this situation. She had completely lost all sense of herself and was about ready to lose her mind.

"She stopped my plans! She stopped them all! I had big plans! And she foiled them! She must suffer."

"Actually, it's a new Black Canary….."

Lorelei held up her hand and did not allow her daughter the luxury of responding. She had not returned for a day and already news of her greatest nemesis being alive reached her. Lorelei paced up and down the ground with anger swimming through her eyes.

"Your goals could still be achieved."

A gentleman with white-blonde hair stepped into the picture dressed in a suit. He reached in to grab the Siren by the hand, but the Siren ripped her hand away. She turned to Egghead.

"Who is this?"

Said gentleman cleared his throat and forced Siren to look back around to him. "My name is Damien Darhk. I am the leader of HIVE. And the man who is responsible for your resurrection. Which you're welcome for by the way."

Lorelei brushed off these words from the man.

"HIVE? We all have to start somewhere. And you're going to start by kneeling before me."

The Siren opened her mouth and bombarded Damien Darhk with her song. Darhk looked very amused and raised a hand. Siren's legs folded out from underneath her. Lorelei Circe struggled as Damien Darhk held her down to a kneeling position.

"I'm sorry," Darhk calmly stated. "I think you've forgotten who brought you back when you could have been chewed up by worms. And you're back for only five minutes and you're trying to throw your weight around. I'm not going to put up with something like that."

Darhk allowed her to stand on her feet.

"Yes, there's a Black Canary. She's a nuisance, but I'll kill her soon enough. The Green Arrow… she's in prison now. There are an annoying amount of copycats running down. Plenty of women and a few men who can pass as women in a certain light are running around playing our obnoxious little Hoodie Girl."
Darhk locked his eyes on the Siren and finally allowed her to get to her feet. The woman's bleeding nose told her unfortunately who was in control and it was not her, not this time. The Siren could do nothing other than fume.

"Come," Siren the elder said to the younger one.

Darhk motioned for his men to walk with the two women.

'One step closer, depending on how she holds up in the long term.'

Lyla stepped out to meet with Sara and Laurel. Dinah decided to step in with them. Laurel looked between Sara and Dinah a few seconds later.

"If you're sure you want to do this?" Sara asked her.

"Yes," Dinah said. "I have a few questions of my own. Namely, the big one and that is why was Lorelei Circe sent to a general population prison as opposed to an ARGUS facility?"

Lyla had been surprised Dinah knew so much, but then again, she reminded herself of the woman's connection with Lady Shiva. Shiva may have clued her in on a whole lot. And she was pretty resourceful back in her day. Her daughters carried on that mantle rather well.

"I wish I had all of the answers for you. And I'm still struggling to find them out myself. She was intended to move to an ARGUS facility about a month back."

"What stopped her?" Dinah asked.

Sara opened her mouth to say something. Lyla cleared her throat and put a hand on Sara's shoulder.

"It's fine," Lyla said. "The truth is, I don't really know why the transfer was stopped. The only person who knows why is Amanda Waller and she's keeping her cards very close these days. I haven't talked to her directly in weeks, although I've seen her at the ARGUS facility."

"I'm thinking someone pulled the strings to get her to move," Laurel said.

Dinah nodded, agreeing with her daughter's assessment. She had a pretty good idea HIVE was involved deep with certain operations. Waller stepping back may have been a calculated ruse to try and get the mole to out himself or herself or if there were multiple moles, maybe they would be very confident in acting more if Waller's presence was limited.

"Yeah," Sara said. "And that prison escape, it was masterminded by Edgar Prince himself."

"He's not what he used to be," Dinah said. "Criminal as it might be, he had a strong code of ethics back in the day. And he would never publically out someone's secret identity, and I'm pretty sure he knew the secret identities of every single member of the JSA by the end. He did nothing with that information other than smugly taunting us about it."

"Are you saying that I should have called his bluff?" Sara asked.

The original Black Canary answered by shaking her head. "No, he's changed. Maybe there's a small part of the man he used to be buried deep inside of him. I can't see someone like Egghead working for someone like Darhk though."

"Yeah, but as you say things change," Sara said with buzzing in her ear. Sara sighed and activated the ear pieces. "Yes, Felicity, what can I do for you?"
"Well," Felicity commented. "I've got some….well the Siren has struck."

Immediately, Sara picked out something with how Felicity slowly spit out that statement. It was not with her usual cadence and it was most certainly not with the woman's usual confidence.

"There's something else, isn't there?" Sara asked.

"Oh, how could you ever guess?" Felicity asked. "Okay, the truth is….well the truth is, I'm seeing double. It's…impossible, but given everything that I can make the pain go away. If I'm reading these reports right, it's mother-daughter day as….

"What is it?" Dinah asked.

"Felicity says that the original Siren's back," Sara said.

Dinah's blood ran cold. Then something else entered her blood. The lust to hunt down her enemy and settle toe score from a long time ago.

"The Real Siren's back?" Dinah asked. "Not to say her daughter didn't give you her fair share of trouble, but….Lorelei Circe is dangerous. I should come with you."

Sara had the protest in her mouth about how they didn't need parental supervision to fight a criminal. Laurel stood in front of her mother and Sara.

"Mom, we appreciate it, but I think Sara and I can handle it," Laurel said. "You said yourself, you're a little rusty."

"We can cover more ground searching for where she's going next if the three of us are working together."

"Fine," Sara said. "I'll head to the East and the two of you take the West."

Sara stepped over with Laurel watching her leave. Laurel could tell how much it conflicted Sara that their mother was back in town. The door slamming behind Sara told the story. Dinah frowned and turned attention to Laurel.

"I didn't mean to take charge like that and upset her," Dinah said. "It's just…well, I have experience dealing with the Siren and I figured I could be of help."

"You shouldn't really be having that talk with me," Laurel said smoothly before smiling. "So, are you ready, Black Canary?"

Dinah just smiled, at least one daughter seemed to be accepting of her choice to come out of retirement. She closed her eyes and hoped that this thrill to hunt would wear off over time. It was starting to cloud her judgment.

"Let's do this, Black Canary."

"You should have disabled the security camera sooner. Someone could have seen us now. And if they have seen us, then we will not be able to have as much time inside of the facility."

Lorelei's constant bombardment of criticism to her daughter was starting to get on Lori's nerves. She turned around to look at her mother and took a deep breath.

"We're doing the best we can," Lori said.
The mother found herself less than moved by the impassionate plea from her daughter. "If the best you are capable of is abject failure, then I'm afraid that I'm very disappointed you indeed. I did not go through the agony of childbirth for you to be incompetent."

Biting her tongue proved to be very difficult Lori had been compelled to rest and to cherish her mother no matter what the circumstances were. Doing so increased in difficulty the more she talked about it and the longer she worked her way through the thing.

"We're on schedule," one of the commanders said. "All we have to do is move down the hallway and grab the amplifier we need."

"Excellent," Lorelei said. "You three stand guard down in the hallway. You four watch that door. And the rest of are with me and that includes you."

The HIVE commander rolled his eyes. "We don't have to take orders from….."

"Snap your neck."

Without thinking about it, the HIVE Commander grabbed himself by the throat and twisted his head. The loud sound of a neck-snapping echoed and the HIVE commander collapsed down onto the ground from this particular position. Blood flowed from his mouth when he dropped to the ground.

"And I trust there are going to be no further interruptions."

They moved their way towards the double doors. An arrow connected to the ground and sent smoke billowing into the room. The Green Arrow dropped down to the ground.

One of the HIVE operatives charged the archer.

"You've got to be kidding me? Another copycat?"

The Green Arrow grabbed the operative's wrist and took him down to the ground. His arm cracked to demonstrate how much of a good copycat this Green Arrow was. The Green Arrow rolled around onto the ground and drew back her bow before firing one clear shot at the thigh of the man. The man dropped down to the ground with the Green Arrow pushing herself back up. A huge roundhouse kick nailed her adversary in the face and dropped him down to the ground with a sickening thud.

Two Black Canaries dropped to the ground. One unleashed a Canary Cry through her mouth. The other unleashed a Canary cry with a sonic device on her hand. She pressed in the device and hurled it at the HIVE agents.

Siren's eyes clouded over with hatred when looking at the Black Canary.

"Dinah Drake," Lorelei said through gritted teeth.

"Mother, the amplifier!"

Lori grabbed Lorelei's arm and got swatted in the mouth for her trouble. The younger Siren staggered back surprised. Her move moved through the doors unapologetic.

The Green Arrow flipped through the air and shot an arrow through the shin of one of the HIVE operatives. Half of them went in the lab including the original Siren. Green Arrow threw herself up into the air and fired another arrow which frozen the HIVE goons by their ankles to the ground.

"You're not going to get past me!" Lori yelled.
She bombarded the Green Arrow with her attack. The Green Arrow pushed through thanks to the earplugs. The younger Black Canary came down and bombarded Lori with a Canary Cry. She pulled herself up to her knees and then received an arrow to the back of the leg with electrified her.

"Where did Black Canary go?" Green Arrow asked.

Laurel lost sight of her mother and could have cringed. "Fuck, I think she's gone after Siren."

Black Canary faced off against the Siren. The HIVE agents loaded a crate into the back of the elevator. Siren just grinned when looking at the Black Canary.

"You're going to wish you stayed in retirement," Siren said. "Now you're not going to even enjoy the glory years."

Click, click, boom and an explosion resounded over the area. Fire shot through the lab and had been dangerously close to engulfing the chemicals in the lab.

Dinah moved to engage Lorelei. She stopped short in the fire. Flashes of being back in that church surrounded by fire kicked in. Dinah fell to her knees and screamed as her mind processed a demonic figure with a scraggly beard standing in the fire. Spiders crawled from his beard.

Children burned and in Dinah's mind, they had been replaced by her children. The screams of both Laurel and Sara could be heard. Dinah was crippled, unable to move thanks to PTSD from the night which forced her to retire as Black Canary.

The night where while she took Blackfire down, he made sure she suffered, the physical and emotional pain.

"Make sure they don't follow me."

Black Canary and Green Arrow had been blocked by a wall of guards. Laurel picked up one of her mother's dropped Canary Cry devices and put it on full pitch while also adding her own Canary Cry. The pitch knocked the guards out of their Siren induced smell.

"Mom?" Sara asked tentatively.

Dinah screamed and howled. She broke down on the floor. Sara hoisted her up off of the ground. Dinah clutched onto Sara and she had been pulled away from the fire.

"Oh, Sara, honey, Mommy wasn't ready," Dinah said in a terrified voice. "Please, I'm sorry."

Lori dragged herself across the ground towards the window. She saw her mother get into the van with the HIVE agents. Lori pounded on the window. Lorelei did not even bother to acknowledge her daughter with even a backward glance.

"Mother, please!"

Lori breathed heavily. The girl's mind flashed back to that night when she was just barely three years old. A cold and domineering woman dropped her off in the alleyway outside of a Gotham City Orphanage in the middle of the winter time and drove off. Lori's mind processed her the woman was now.

It was her mother. Lori screamed as her mother abandoned her all over again, leaving with HIVE and the amplifier. Lori threw herself repeatedly at the window and took several deep breaths.
She dropped unconscious from the Green Arrow's attack. She only heard the words "we have her" before fading into unconsciousness.

Ruve paced back and forth. Another Gotham City wild card had been thrown into the carefully organized plans of HIVE. She was not too happy about it. She looked towards Edgar who tapped his fingers on the edge of the chair nervously.

HIVE returned with one Siren and not the other. Edgar raised his eyebrow.

"My daughter will not be returning back to us," Lorelei said. "She's a dismal failure and a disappointment. Anything that she happens to her is on her own head. It was a mistake not to have her aborted."

Ruve felt honestly sickened at the attitude Lorelei held towards her daughter.

"What kind of mother thinks that of their own daughter?" Ruve asked. "Surely you must have felt some sort of connection to her?"

Lorelei took a second to consider this woman. She was a potential problem as far as the Siren had been concerned. Lorelei's eyes locked onto Ruve's for a long amount of time before she broke out into one of the more sadistic smiles possible.

"I don't like your tone," Lorelei said. "Why don't you stop breathing?"

Ruve gasped as the oxygen left her body. She wanted to breathe but she could not do so. Edgar stood up tall and looked Lorelei in the eye.

"You've gone too far!" Edgar snapped. "Release her from your control at once."

The lack of oxygen reached the danger level. Edgar turned to Lorelei and looked at her with anger brimming through his eyes.

"Do you have any sense of empathy?"

"I was put at rest!" Lorelei bellowed. "And I was brought back to a world where my most hated enemy was idolized, my daughter is a disappointment, and henchmen no longer know how to follow orders!"

"ENOUGH!"

Damien Darhk bellowed this word to send Lorelei's head back and the spell to be broken. Darhk walked over towards her and looked her straight in the eye.

"Let me make this perfectly clear to you. You ever kill any of my men again or order them to kill themselves, and you will wish you had cancer again. Every moment you spent withering when the disease ate your body will seem like a picnic. Is that clear?"

Fear spread through Lorelei's eyes, the only emotion she was capable of since being brought back from the dead.

"If it were not for me, you would still be a rotting corpse," Darhk said.

"KILL ME!" Lorelei snapped. "KILL ME NOW!"

Lorelei collapsed down to the ground. Ruve rose to her feet and a couple of the HIVE medics
escorted her off of the premises. Darhk held his nose in and took a couple of deep breaths.

"She's unstable," Edgar murmured out of the corner of his mouth to Darhk.

"It's handled."

Edgar somehow doubted it. Darhk left, as did Lorelei, and it left Ruve in the room. A figure came down the shadows and shakily shoved an envelope into Edgar's hand. He took it with a nod.

'And now we're down to two. You're playing a risky game. You don't know all of the plays Darhk has. Time is running out.'

A brilliant, but somewhat risky, gambit formulated in the mind of the world's greatest criminal mastermind. Time was of the essence so he had to take a chance. They were on the fast track to failure anyway.

Rotting in the cell in the Clocktower sounded like a perfectly acceptable outcome as far as Lori had been concerned. She tugged on her hair and took a couple of deep breaths when moving about the edge of the cell. Lori could not understand how her mother could do the things she did.

"Your mother is not the person she thought she could be."

Sara Lance stepped outside of the cell.

"No," Lori said. "My mother was exactly the awful wretched person I thought that she would be."

Lori tried to hide the tears which had built on her face when thinking about how much her mother was. She tried to be a strong, independent woman, who used everyone to get ahead. It was what her mother would have wanted, or so Lori thought. Lori wondered what she could have been thinking to pattern her life after that bitch.

"I just gave her way too much credit. I thought that she should have some kind some kind of familial love towards her own daughter."

"I can't imagine how you felt," Sara said.

"Eleven years I was in that Children's Home in Gotham," Lori said. "It wasn't the best-run place. This was during the time after the Waynes but before Batman….Gotham City was not the best place in the world. Eleven years in hell, until I finally ran off. I could have been just as easily been sold off into prostitution. Other girls at that home were when they were old enough. And even some that weren't old enough."

Lori remembered that night. She screamed for her mother who just ignored her and drove off. The matron of the home found her and brought her inside. They barely had anything. Lori learned how to survive in Gotham City where it was hell for a young woman without anyone in the world during those times. She pulled her life together and moved to go to college in Central City.

And then the Particle Accelerator happened.

"Every now and then I saw your mother," Lori said. "And I blamed her for what happened, and your father. I blamed them both…for how my mother was. But, she was always that way, wasn't she?"

Silence passed for the longest time. Sara knew this was the same woman who tried to kill another man who just happened to be Sara's father. Regardless of her past misdeeds, Lorelei abandoning her
daughter screwed up Lori something fierce.

"You're not going back to Belle Reve," Sara said. "I hope you know that."

"I know," Lori said. "The Suicide Squad …but I swear if I die trying, my mother is going to feel the same pain I do."

"I can't let you do that."

"I can show you where HIVE's base of operations is."

Sara had been taken aback by this statement. She walked back to look at Laurel who frowned on about her.

"She could know," Laurel admitted. "Are you willing to trust someone like her? Someone who tried to murder our father?"

"She might be our best shot," Sara said. "Those tears seemed pretty genuine and she was trying to hide them. It would be next level acting if she was pulling our leg on that one."

"She would be that sick."

"She's not her mother."

Dinah stepped into the room. She looked a bit better than when Sara and Laurel left her to rest.

"And….do you really think we have any other options?" Dinah asked. "It's your call. I know this isn't the JSA, but I hope that you agree that it might be a good idea to trust she's being genuine. It's up to you."

Sara walked over and opened up the cell. She took a big risk which she hoped would not end up blowing up in their faces.

Thank you for all of the views, favorites, follows, comments, and kudos. There will be a new chapter on Tuesday.

To Be Continued on March 20th, 2018.
"The Central City Art Museum is proud to unveil its new Flash exhibit next week. We will gladly celebrate our protector and savior and pay tribute to everything she has accomplished up to this point. One of the centerpieces of the museum is a large elegant statue of the Flash crafted by Herbert Neubacher, the famous sculptor. He has claimed the Flash has resurrected his career and has called her his muse."

Edgar Prince mulled around the lab in the HIVE facility. He kept half of his attention on the report and half of his attention on the work.

"Last week, Central City's Scarlet Speedster stopped a bomb from blowing up the subway station. The terrorists in question have been locked up and arrested. And then, just last night, she stopped the latest scheme performed by the nefarious duo of Captain Cold and Heatwave. This museum will add some much-needed culture to Central City and will be able to celebrate its new favorite daughter. Some much-needed culture will be added to Central City."

The gentleman watching turned his nose up in the air and scoffed at the statement on the television screen.

'Culture is completely and utterly dormant in this city,' Edgar thought. 'But, only one problem at a time needs to be solved. I need to gain control of HIVE and soon. Darhk has flown off of the reservation.'

Edgar took a vial which he acquired from the Siren. The scientists ran medical tests on Siren to make sure she would not be suffering from any degeneration after coming back to life.

'Yes, the mental degeneration is obvious. What we're looking at is any potential signs of physical degeneration. And there could be some following the fact her mind is there?'

Speaking of degeneration, Edgar took one look at his hands. They had a couple of more wrinkles. The ravages of age were starting to catch up with him, in some minor ways. He was not one foot in the grave like he was before getting dumped inside of the Lake of Reincarnation. However, Edgar found himself to be very frustrated indeed.

Edgar put the hand on the back of his head and felt another one of the wrinkles. It did not bother him as much.

'I'll take a withering body as long as my mind remains clear. I'm not done yet, though. As long as there is blood pumping through my body, there's still a chance I can do something.'

He studied the blood and the more he did so, the more Edgar realized that what happened to the Siren was not physical, at least not yet.

'Well, we've verified she has mental issues. A shock, I know.'

Edgar turned his head to the medical report. A click echoed from the other end which signified a door opening. Edgar punched up the security footage and had been very surprised to see Lori return. And behind Lori, walked Dinah, Laurel, and Sara Lance, which surprised him even more.
'Well, as they say, the plot thickens.'

Suspicion rang through Edgar’s head for sure the moment that the quarter passed through the door. He knew something like this it would have been too easy. He did not see someone walk up behind him.

"My daughter is back?"

The cold and indifference voice of Lorelei came in through the room. Edgar felt the ever-present chill rolling down the back of his neck the second she turned up at the edge of the room. He set his jaw and nodded in confirmation.

"Yes, it does appear so," Edgar answered to her. "And she's come back with friends."

Lorelei noticed the original Black Canary and her two daughters among her daughter. A few HIVE guards nodded and lead them into position.

"Finally, she has the capability to do something right. I was worried for a second. Maybe I could look her in the face and not see her as my biggest mistake."

'She's honest, almost brutally so,' Edgar thought. 'And I'm not sure...something is going on.'

Edgar reached underneath the desk and pocketed an item. As long as it figured into his plans, he was willing to play along for now.

"Hold them for one moment," Edgar said. "And keep your guard on. I wouldn't want you to be tripped up by any trick."

"My daughter would not betray me," Lorelei said.

'Funny,' Edgar thought. 'Given what her mother is like, you would think that the apple might not fall as far from the tree as you would think.'

Dinah, Laurel, and Sara walked into the central holding facility of HIVE being dragged in by chains. Lori walked in front of them. She looked up into the sky. Sara watched her go.

'Now, here comes the moment of truth. I'm going to see how good her word is and how much I can trust her. If I can even consider trusting someone like her.'

The Siren stepped inside to look them over. Lorelei Circe gave a very malicious smile to the Black Canary, the real Black Canary, not some little girl playing pretend dress up. Dinah's eyes locked onto the Siren's and the feeling of hatred was mutual.

"Well, isn't this lovely?" The Siren asked with scorn her voice. "My enemy and the daughters of my greatest enemy all in the same place."

Lorelei motioned for her daughter to walk forward. Lori dropped the chains and sauntered forward to face off with her mother. Time passed with Lori standing in front of her mother and letting in one of the deepest breaths possible.

"So tell me, my lovely daughter, how did you accomplish it? How did you get them here?"

"It wasn't easy," Lori said. "I had to give them a sob story about how awful their past was and how I can lead them to HIVE. Which I did, didn't I? I lead them right to being imprisoned by HIVE."
The Siren turned her attention to the captive prisoners next to her. She shifted a gaze over both Sara and Laurel, both who rarely registered on her being from now.

"The two of you have grown up. It's a pity, you've grown up into such annoyances. And it's a pity that your poor mother is going to have to watch you suffer."

"You're on borrowed time," Sara warned her.

Lorelei pushed her hand underneath Sara's chin and stroked it with a smile. It was a pity such a pretty little blonde had grown up to be such a raging little bitch of a brat. It was time for her to teach her some respect.

"You're something else, child. I guess being away for five years on an island and allowing your husband to die...very nice by the way, should have taught you some humility. I've guessed wrong, unfortunately."

The older Siren stepped back. The HIVE goons awaited for their leader to arrive. Egghead leaned against the wall and said nothing. He was just very much inclined to watch this all and see how much it played out.

"So, Lori, I need to ask me one question? Tell me what's really going on?"

Lori's eyes shifted over to her mother's compelling voice. Her mouth about spilled out the truth the second Lorelei asked her. Lorelei almost touched Lori's shoulder. Lori flinched when Lorelei grabbed her which showed her that something was really wrong.

"You are going to tell me what's going on."

"It's a trap," Lori said. "It's...it's a trap, I've lead the Green Arrow, and both Black Canaries here so they can...so they can trap you, so they can land a major blow of HIVE."

"Your own mother," Lorelei said. "You betrayed your own mother."

"Only after you left me again," Lori said. "Why did you do it?"

Lorelei just smiled and put a hand on her daughter's shoulder. Lori froze in time. She struggled to get out. Lorelei's grip only tightened on both her body and mind. It was beyond difficult for her to find a way to break out of this particular situation.

"Take the knife from that man."

Lori's hand started to shake. She tried to grab onto the knife and pulled it out of his sheath.

"Stab..."

A loud clank echoed with the sound of a wrench being driven into the back of Lorelei's head. She dropped down onto the ground in front of the HIVE goons. Lori snapped out of the spell at once.

Egghead stood over Lorelei's crumpled up body with a wrench splattered in blood.

"Sometimes, it's best to leave our friends buried."

With casual indifferent, Edgar took the knife from Lori. He raised it over his head and plunged it into the back of the Siren's neck. More blood splattered out. Egghead stabbed Lorelei in the back of the neck three more times in succession. He removed a towel from his pocket, casually wiped the blood off, and tossed the towel into the air.
The towel hitting the ground allowed Sara to break free. Sara snapped the chain around one of the
HIVE goon's neck and flipped him down onto the ground. She exploded onto him with a succession
of punches before she rolled to the end of the hallway. She blocked the arm of one of them and
disabled the gun. She took the gun and fired it at the ceiling which caused a flare to blind them.

Lori shattered the chains holding Dinah and Laurel. Laurel picked up a baton from one of the
downed HIVE operatives and slammed it into his chest.

Dinah engaged her enemy in battle. The kick dropped him down to the ground. Dinah slid across the
room and busted the fire ax case open with one of the heads of the HIVE operatives. She took the ax
and walked over to her enemies.

"More are coming!"

Green Arrow pressed forward through the hallway. HIVE drones dropped left and right as she
moved closer to her destination. Her heart pumped some blood when walking down the hallway as
seamlessly as possible. She could see a figure at the end of the hallway.

"I would give you a droning monologue about how none of you are going to leave here alive. But
why bother wasting my time?"

The Green Arrow raised her bow. She sensed that attacking this man like this was not going to do
her much if any good at all.

"Damien Darhk I presume."

"You've done your homework," Darhk answered a second later. "It's a real pity it won't do you any
good."

Several HIVE drones appeared down the hallway just as Dinah and Laurel finished dealing with the
last wave of HIVE goons. Darhk extended a hand and motioned his ghosts to get into place before
they rushed him.

"Take them, I'll handle Darhk!" Sara yelled.

Laurel blocked the punch of one of the large drones. He flipped her off of the ground with a leg
sweep. She pivoted in mid-air and caught him with a vicious kick to the side of the throat. The kick
dropped him down to the ground. Laurel took a couple of breaths and adjusted her stance before
motioning for said drone to come after her.

Dinah wielded the fire ax and obliterated the laser cannon held by her attacker. Another blast
knocked the blade off of the ax. Dinah turned around without missing a beat and clipped the goon in
the jaw with a wooden ax handle blade.

The Green Arrow jumped in front of Damien Darhk. Darhk held her back and pushed her back into
the wall. He smiled at her.

"I don't think you've been brought up to speed."

The invisible force holding Sara down strained her ribs and made them crack. She popped out
through sheer force of will and headbutted Damien Darhk. Darhk staggered back a couple of inches
with Sara catching his arm and bringing him back down onto the ground.

"I could have been Ra's al Ghul."
"I know Ra's al Ghul," Sara said.

She dodged Darhk's attempts to skewer her with the blade. Sara fought back with a constant barrage of kicks and punches to back Darhk off.

"And you're no Ra's al Ghul."

He took a deep breath with the Green Arrow sweeping his legs out from underneath him. Darhk flipped over to his feet and returned fire with a blade slipped into his hand. He rushed Sara with the blade pointed to him. Sara dodged his attack. The blade came an inch away from clipping her on the side of the head. Sara pulled back from the attack.

"He would not have made such a careless mistake."

Darhk angrily plunged the blade and rushed forward to the attack. She blocked the blade one more time and rebounded back with a series of punches. Darhk made another attempt to slam the knife into the wall. Sara jumped back to dodge it on a constant basis.

"He couldn't do this!"

Sara whipped back into the wall and pressed against it. The magic restrained her one more time. Darhk clutched the dagger in his hand in front of her.

"No, he couldn't hide behind magic because his fighting skills have eroded so much."

She broke free of the attack and stole Darhk's knife. It was true what a lot of the experts said. Magic was about keeping your emotions in check. If you could not keep your emotions in check, then you were in a whole lot of trouble.

Both parties continued their knife fight with one and another. A miniature explosion rattled them and forced Darhk to stagger back. It allowed Sara to get a free shot by stabbing him in the side of the arm. She grabbed Darhk and smashed into the wall head first.

Sara held the knife and plunged it at Darhk one more time. Darhk vanished in a cloud of black smoke to leave Sara standing with the knife clutched in her hand.

'What?'

Sara did not understand it. She would have impaled him in the chest had Darhk not vanished into a puff of smoke. She could hear footsteps coming from the elevator and coming to the elevator. Egghead was rushing. The Green Arrow pointed her arrow at them.

A small flash drive slipped out of Egghead's pocket. Sara rushed to the flash drive to slip it into her hand before it had been trampled by HIVE goons. This one action made Egghead leave.

"Get out of the base!" Lori yelled to the HIVE goons. They were compelled to obey her. "This is the way out!"

Lori pointed to the exit where Laurel, Dinah, and Sara all rushed through without their progress being impeded thanks to the order Lori gave the HIVE goons. She stopped at the downed form of her mother.

"Save me!" Lorelei breathed.

"Still alive," Lori murmured. "Do me a favor and die."
Lorelei stopped fighting the death. Her daughter looked at her with scorn and Lori followed them outside of the HIVE base. It would have been the easiest thing in the world to ditch them and to leave on her own.

But, she was sick of running. Lori watched a pile of debris fall from the ceiling on top of her mother and was not sorry at all to see her crushed.

Lori sat outside to wait for the moment of truth, wait for the arrival of ARGUS. She figured that it would be better off.

'And maybe when I've paid my debt I'll be a better person. I really can't be much worse.'

These cryptic thoughts slipped into the back of Lori's mind. She drew in more breaths just in time to see Sara coming around from her. Lori took full look at the dazed expression and the very obvious pained features on Sara's face. She did not look too healthy when coming to her.

"No offense, but you look terrible," Lori said.

"Well, to be fair, I barely broke a magical enchantment," Sara said. "It took everything especially with the demon that has been augmenting his power."

'I know it's you, Blackfire. It's been you taunting us after my mother beat you. You're the one who has caused all of this."

"We always think the best of our parents," Lori said. "Even if there's evident just smacking ups in the face. I hate it. I hate how she was like that. She lived up to my memories and I hate it."

Sara put a hand on her shoulder. Lori scooted off of the bench.

"I don't mind the touch. But I really don't deserve it. I didn't deserve your trust after all of the shit I pulled either."

A second passed with Lori's gaze guiding directly towards Sara's. She had many more questions to ask the other girl.

"Why did you trust me? You know what my mother was like. Maybe I was selling you out to HIVE?"

"You're not your mother," Sara said.

Lori just gave one of the more honest, if not slightly tense, smiles she had been capable of. "Thank you. I still don't get why you trusted me because I was really messed up."

A couple of ticks on the clock passed with Sara looking onto the wall. She gave Lori a moment of decency to wipe the tears away from her eyes at the thought of how wrong tonight I go.

"I'm pretty messed up too."

"Well, maybe it's not just us," Lori said. "Maybe we just live in one big fucked up world, and eventually, we're the consequence of what happened."

Sara had considered it. She leaned over towards Lori and this time, Lori did not recoil. She faced Sara despite the tears streaming from her face.

"Being messed up doesn't stop us from doing the right thing. Deep down you wanted to be like your
mother and it clouded your judgment."

"I was angry at the wrong people for a long time. Guess I should have looked in the mirror and
realized what happened was closer to home... live and learn."

Lori took a few seconds and then rose up. She could see the ARGUS agents coming across the way.
Judgment day would be arriving for her one way or another. She touched the collar around her neck.

"It works better than the other one they slapped on me at Belle Reve," Lori said. "I'm not sure
whether or not it should have been made into a glorified choker, though."

A couple of steps brought Lori to the door. She could feel the gaze from Sara. She was grateful she
trusted.

"I'm really sorry for... trying to kill your father. It... wasn't his fault."

"You were messed up," Sara said. "And he... he understands that. He was the one to say that we
shouldn't judge you too harshly from the beginning."

"He's a far better man than many give him credit for then," Lori said. "Well, I don't know where I'm
going. Someplace where I can make my own legend, maybe."

'I won't become my mother.'

Lyla opened the door with a small quartet of ARGUS agents. Lori walked over to them without any
protest. She did not know where she was going next.

Only time would tell what the next step in her life would be.

Felicity and Barbara spent the better part of the last hour pouring over the flash drive. After they
verified that it was not rigged to make their computers explode or infect it to virus, they got to work.
They heard the doors open and Sara stepped back into the room.

"Lyla's taken Lori to the ARGUS facility."

"Good, because we are up to our necks in some interesting stuff," Felicity said. "And it appears that
our World's Greatest Criminal Mastermind has been hunting for Damien Darhk's daughter."

"Why?" Sara asked.

Barbara picked off to where Felicity left off. "Well, apparently, she's been taken to ensure his wife's
compliance. She's in one of the HIVE safehouses and given the information he's left on the flash
drive, he's narrowed it down to three."

"It's not an accident that he dropped the flash drive."

'I knew it, but I had to verify it,' Sara thought.

"And we've got another problem," Felicity said. "HIVE is building themselves a neural-scrambler
which could plant hypnotic suggestions in someone's head by using a headset or a cell phone or
something like that."

"And it could be caused to have someone to make a confession even though it's not the truth,"
Barbara said.
"So, there's our out with Artemis," Sara said. "If we can prove this thing's existence, then we can get her out of prison."

"That might be a slippery slope," Felicity warned her. "And it's a longshot it will work. And it's an even bigger longshot that Artemis will even go along with it."

"And it's not even complete yet," Barbara chimed in. "There needs to be one more component before they get the scrambler online and they can do some serious damage."

"So, it's a race to find it," Sara said.

Barbara answered with a nod. "Yes, but, we are already on it. We have some hot leads. The only major problem is they have the same hot leads."

Both hackers went to work and Sara let them do their thing. She knew that they would tell her if any news broke. It had been a long time and Sara figured it would be best to check up on her mother.

Thanks for all of the favorites, follows reviews, comments, and kudos. And I'll see you on Wednesday for the next chapter.

To Be Continued on March 21st, 2018.
Chapter One Hundred and Thirty-Two: Common Ground

'I wonder if I could get a second home here in Central City. And write it off as a business expense.'

It was true Sara Lance had been making a lot of trips to Central City over the past few months. She had been bouncing back and forth with an alarming amount of regularity. Thankfully, she had her own pilot. Zinda was able to get her from Point A to Point B in pretty much no amount of time.

"Did you ever think of getting a second home here? I mean, I'm pretty sure you could write it off as a business expense."

Felicity joined Sara on this nice little trip to Central City under the pretext of conducting business, which to be fair, there was no real pretext. There were a few Queen Industries interests in Central City which Sara could excuse herself from checking up on.

Sara turned to Felicity with a smile etched on her face. "Great minds think alike."

The two pulled their way off to the edge of what appeared to be on the surface to be an average run of the mill Clocktower. Sara stepped to the outside and pressed her hand upon a discolored brick. The brick slid open and a bright light scanned Sara from head to toe to ensure she was who she said she was.

"At least Barbara set up a second Clocktower," Sara said. "Or rather her boss did."

Felicity shrugged in response. "He has money to burn. So, really, what is setting up another Clocktower to him?"

The scanner on the clocktower spent almost a minute studying Sara to confirm her identity. Seconds later, the scanner did precisely the same thing to Felicity and scanned her a few seconds later. The flash of light engulfed over Felicity. The Clocktower doors then burst open and allowed them entry inside.

The duo stepped into a nice elevator. Felicity whistled at the décor.

"You know something? For a place just slapped together as an afterthought this is a pretty decent place. I can't help, but think that they've gone above and beyond."

The doors slid open to allow them entry into a room with countless computer monitors. It resembled the Clocktower they used in Starling City. From what Felicity heard, neither Clocktower was as grand as the official Oracle run Clocktower which had been set up in Gotham City. Which, as Felicity reminded herself, she had never had the pleasure to step one foot into.

"Amazing," Felicity said.

"And it's your new home while you're here," Sara said. "While we're in Central City, we can check to see whether or not Nora Darhk is in the safe house here."

Felicity answered with a nod. She was very curious what precisely the end game was with Damien Darhk's daughter. She parked herself directly on the computer screen. She took a deep breath.
"Hello, Felicity."

Barbara Gordon flashed in the center of the room which caused Felicity to jump about a few steps back and take in a deep and ragged breath. One look at Barbara made Felicity wonder what the hell just happened. She lifted a hand and placed it on the edge of Barbara's hand.

"You're a hologram," she murmured.

Barbara just gave Felicity a smile. "Yes, I am. I was constructed to give you assistance while you're in Central City. And I've also added some extra security in case someone attacked."

There had been a few guests at the Clocktower, but no outright attacks. Well, other than the Mirikuru Infected Soldiers last year, but Felicity was willing to chalk that one up to something that just few and far between. Felicity chewed back on her lip and took a good long look at what she was doing.

"So, I have a question for you? Do you ever sleep?"

Barbara just grinned. "Not any more than I have to. I was told two things. First, you're looking for Damien Darhk's daughter. And you're also looking for the final component of a dangerous invention which HIVE could use to take control of the world."

Felicity answered with a nod. She had almost forgotten about the Brain Scrambler device. Could HIVE really have the reach to mess with people's minds?

'Remember Count Vertigo. Remember how far he reached with his Vertigo device? This is something else on a more catastrophic level?"

"I'll be at Star Labs if you need me."

Sara leaned in and kissed Felicity briefly. Felicity only just opened her eyes to see Sara was gone just seconds after she kissed her.

"I really want to know how she does that ninja thing," Felicity answered.

Barbara fired back at her with a sassy smile. "Practice and lots of it."

Lyla needed to check on the high-security prison at ARGUS, where Ms. Lorelei Circe the Second, or Lori, was being kept. Several ARGUS agents moved in. They had to clear her to the checkpoint and it was now a short drive to the exact location of the prison.

Dozens only knew of the exact location of the prison. Most of the guards had been bussed in while asleep by senior ARGUS agents, not to compromise the location of the prison. Waller pulled out all of the stops. Lyla had been one of the few to have a general idea of the prison.

She had been joined by Beatriz, who flashed her a smile when she showed up.

"Safe trip?"

"About as well as could be expected," Lyla answered. "I wanted to make sure this one had been brought off to the prison safely."

Bea offered her a soft smile. "At least you were awake when you took the trip. I was bussed here on a remote-controlled van with a small group of agents and we were all sleeping."

She understood protocols, but still, it was very frustrating to be treated like this. Like she could not
have been trusted.

"Don't take it personally. Given the current environment in ARGUS, trust is not exactly at a premium."

Bea nodded. She understood about this much. The two of them passed the gateway into the prison. Some of the most dangerous prisoners had been put in these cells. Many of them had been transferred in through Belle Reve after having been captured there from roaming around in Smallville after the Meteor Shower over there.

"This place is pretty airtight," Bea said.

Lyla checked her clipboard to make sure it was on schedule. The agents were due to arrive with Lori in about the next five minutes and bring her into her next home.

"It would have to be. Waller did work with Wayne Industries and Starrwave both as consultants. And it took a lot for her, but given how the other ARGUS facilities had a tendency to be compromised….."

"Work with the best."

A third agent, an attractive brunette with shimmering blue eyes, and a determined face showed up. She had a badge on her chest which said the letters "Kane" on it.

"Beatriz, this is Adeline Kane, she is one of the senior Agents of ARGUS," Lyla explained.

Bea popped off with a slight smile. "The question is, is she senior enough to be able to visit the prison when completely awake."

Adeline shook hands with the young agent and she nodded. She took a few seconds to pull back and to a motion to Lyla. Lyla could tell this was a private conversation between two senior ARGUS agents. The two walked off to one side. They moved down a hallway towards a more secure area, even beyond where the prisoners were.

A quick sweep of the walls ensured that Adeline knew there were no bugs on the wall. It passed all tests before she turned her attention back around to stare Lyla directly in the eye.

"So, have you heard from Waller?"

Lyla responded by shaking her head in the negative. "No. Have you?"

"It's best to not worry the newer recruits," Adeline said. "ARGUS has been set up to run fine without any leadership, as the senior agents have their orders of how to follow through. But still, it's rather concerning how Waller has just dropped off of the grid like that."

No question entered Lyla's mind it was very concerning for any number of reasons. She blew a lock of hair out of her face and spent a couple of seconds focusing on precisely what she needed to focus on.

"So, about the new girl, is she another Suicide Squad recruit?"

"No," Lyla said. "She's something else though. She could be a help in finally finding out more information about HIVE."

Time passed before Adeline responded to her.
"She's been in the HIVE facility for several days and she might have seen something, even though she did not realize it at the time. She leads the Green Arrow and the Black Canary to the facility."

One could almost tell the look of neutrality going over Adeline's face regarding those two. Lyla got the sense that Adeline was not a huge fan of vigilantes and thought that they should either step back and let ARGUS do their work, or join up as part of them.

'She might not understand the necessity of them, but they can get things done that we're handcuffed with because of protocol.'

Adeline pulled out her phone which lit up like crazy.

"I'll be back in a minute. Something urgent came up which I'm going to have to take care of."

Lyla just waved Adeline off and let her leave. It left her standing in the middle of the hallway with so many questions. She checked her watch.

'Time.'

"We're bringing in the prisoner, Agent Michaels," a garbled voice said over the radio.

"Good," Lyla said. "I'll be coming up to meet you."

Sara stepped into Star Labs. She wanted to see how things went this way. She could see Natasha, Sapphire, and Caitlin crowded around. Sapphire was the first one to meet Sara's eye and she broke out into a smile when seeing her come in.

"So, just the same old?" Sara asked.

Caitlin offered a prolonged sigh. "Yes, although it's not necessarily bad. The new exhibit for the Flash is opening in the museum."

"It's going to be a target for all kinds of nutcases though," Natasha said. "And that's not just the overzealous fanbase I'm talking about, I mean actual criminals and all that."

Sara just responded with one of the driest smiles imaginable. "I just hope security is tight."

"Well, to be fair, it's not as tight as it could be here," Sapphire said. "I just can't believe how lax it is here. Can you believe that there are a lot of people here who still don't like their doors at night?"

Sapphire, being born and bred in Gotham City, did not understand the most rudimentary security measures not being adopted. It was obviously inconceivable to her. Sapphire blew a lock of hair away from her eye.

"Before the Flash, there wasn't too much to be worried about," Natasha said. "There was crime, but not like Starling City or Gotham or Bludhaven levels of crime."

"You just picked three of the worst crime-ridden cities in America to make your point," Sapphire said. "But, I get what you're saying."

Caitlin stole a quick glare from across the lab. Sara followed Caitlin's gaze to where she was looking. They saw Wells sitting in the lab and he was not even making eye contact with anyone else.

"Barry's not himself still, is he?" Sara asked.
"No," Natasha confirmed. "The speed force refuses to leave the building unless we find a way to stop Zoom. And we still haven't cleared that mind field."

Sara knew there had to be a way to stop Zoom. His speed was almost supernatural to a very absurd point. Sara did not know exactly how they could get around that even though she had a few ideas rattling about in the back of her mind. The problem was getting close enough to implement them.

'Does Zoom have any tendons to severe? Because that might slow him down.'

"We don't know what Zoom is exactly," Sapphire said. "The one person who might know isn't exactly being too forthcoming or too friendly with any information."

Sapphire offered a glare at Wells, but the point was pretty much lost when Wells really pretty much stopped caring about anyone else who offered a glare his way.

"He's here pretty much all of the time," Sapphire said. "He would have to be because, on this world, Wells is still a wanted fugitive for murder and fraud and any number of other crimes."

"Yeah, that could be a problem with him walking out in the streets," Sara said. "And he also seems to be a target for archers. And speaking of which, how's Lian?"

Sapphire jumped on the answer straight away. "She's down in the gym. She practically lives there. She's really pissed that Wells is here."

"Well, Barbara's about done fabricating a past for her, so she can walk freely in the world," Sara said. "I'm sure she'll be glad to be somewhere else other than a lab with a man she can't stand."

"If only we can have the same luxury," Caitlin murmured.

"And Iris…she's on patrol right?"

"Yeah," Natasha said. "She's out doing Flash things and…"

A blip came across the screen. Natasha moved over to back up the Flash and see if she could use any help out there. Natasha plugged the headset in, as Sapphire, Caitlin, and Sara lingered in the background. No sooner did the conversation was about to start did Sapphire's phone light up.

"Old friend from Gotham's swinging to meet me for lunch."

"You deserve a break," Caitlin said with a smile.

They all deserved a break, but Sapphire had been working pretty hard on getting everything done. She stood back and watched Sapphire leave. She had been left all alone in the lab standing next to Sara.

"So, I was wondering," Caitlin said. "I'm getting a pretty good grip on my powers and controlling them. I'm not…freezing up things randomly when I get upset anymore."

"I told you, all you needed was a little mental discipline," Sara said. "And to be embrace who you are instead of trying to suppress her."

Caitlin nodded. She could feel a darkness and a temptation to use those powers often. She took mastery of them instead and came to some kind of common ground with the demons in her mind. Her life was a lot better.

"But, what I really want to learn is how to fight. I took some self-defense classes in college, but I
think I'm a little rusty. And that doesn't scratch the surface of what people like you and Laurel know, and I know you've been working with Iris a little bit, so maybe it wouldn't hurt if I learned to fight."

Sara considered her offer. Caitlin pressed her hand onto Sara's cheek and leaned over.

"Besides, who better to teach me than a hot ninja who can kick ass? Am I right?"

A small smile played on the corners of her lip. Sara moved ever so closer to Caitlin. "Flattery will get you pretty far in life, Doctor Snow."

Scared to death described many of the prisoners in the facility on the Mountain. Zoom held them and the fact he left them alive was a fate worse than death. They all dreaded the moment he would come back. They were all too afraid to try to leave because it was said that he would be there fast if they tried.

Jesse Wells stared at blankly from the cell. She had long since passed the point of fear. Jesse wanted to know what exactly Zoom is. And Zoom turned up in the blink of an eye to check on his prisoners. All of them cowered against the wall.

Hands shaking as they were, Jesse stood up straight to engage Zoom. Zoom snarled when looking through the cell door directly at Jesse.

"You're not going to get away with this."

A whimper came from the cell next to Jesse. The other prisoner, a girl younger than Jesse was, trembled in absolute fear when looking out, and she whimpered even harder when Zoom just snarled at Jesse.

'She was brought here all of these weeks ago by some guy dressed like a backwoods preacher. Don't know why don't know what her purpose is. All I know that she's here, and...well she's terrified half to death. He mentioned something about making sure her mother complied with something.'

Jesse thought she might be going crazy from the long-term imprisonment at this facility. She locked eyes with the crazed speedster a few feet away from her in the cell.

"You should know by now that escape is futile. Your father comes after me, he will die. And I will slowly kill him in front of your eyes. There's nothing that you can do about it, Jesse Wells. I will be the fastest alive, and I will control everything. I fear nothing."

"Just who are you trying to convince?" Jesse murmured.

Jesse always felt the sense of terror the second Zoom departed from the premises. The other prisoners let out a sigh of relief. The girl in the cell next to her broke out into crying.

"Why?" she yelled.

"I don't know," Jesse said. "It will get better."

"No, it won't!" she yelled.

Jesse wished she could offer more than hollow words to comfort. The girl had a point, perhaps things would not get better any time soon.

'The only way things are going to get better is if you are going to stop Zoom. And you better use the only thing that you have in that cell. That big brain of yours that earned you five doctorates before
It was time for her to stop being afraid and start thinking of a way to do something. Jesse lifted a stick off of the ground and started to write a formula on the dirt floor. Jesse studied the formula up and down and back and forth in an attempt to figure out what could be done.

'There's got to be a trick to stopping Zoom. What is that Speed Force Formula? If I can figure out what he's tapping into, then maybe there's a way to block the connection.'

Jesse scrawled out a few numbers on the floor and tried to work with a complex algorithm. She growled and then pulled back to start writing again.

'That's not it.'

She pulled back to once again start writing the formula on the ground. Jesse spent the next few minutes writing about a fresh attempt at the formula. Her brain stopped focusing.

'You will fail,' a voice taunted here. 'You will be here until you wither and die and grow old. Thinking about the potential of your world.'

Jesse never thought she reached the point of madness of hearing voices in her head. With every sunset, Jesse marked on the wall the number of days she had been in this hell. She mentally counted the marks and came up with a hundred and sixty-three of them on the wall.

'I hope my father's still out there. Zoom would know if he's dead. He might be the only person who could figure this out...well one of the only people to figure it out.'

She did not know what happened to her friends. Lian especially, poor Lian, who had lost her parents thanks to Zoom, and also her mentor had been killed in a confrontation with the Starling City Police Department. Or so the rumors had, Jesse had no way to verify fact from fiction.

'I want my Mommy,' the girl in the cell whimpered.

"You'll see her soon," Jesse said. "I promise. I'll figure out a way to get us all out."

'Doomed to failure,' the voice taunted. 'The pride in your intelligence to solve any problem, it will be your damnation.'

Jesse started to train herself to block out the voice. If there was a problem to solve, she would have to solve it. Jesse drew in a deep breath, stale air and all, before renewing the speed force equation. She would find a way to solve all of this, someway, somehow.

Caitlin switched from her work attire to a pair of tight black pants and a sports bra. She kicked her shoes and socks off and walked across the floor pants of the gym. Sara dressed in the same. She moved to the center of the room and smiled at her.

"Well, let me see how rusty you are," Sara said. "Attack me."

Given that Sara had been trained by one of the best martial artists of all time, Caitlin wondered if this was a good idea. She moved in to attack Sara. Sara grabbed her and shoved her to the ground. Caitlin bounced up and blocked the first few of Sara's punches on instinct. Sara pulled another punch and then jumped up, wrapping her legs around Caitlin's head before flipping her around.

"This is a good way to render your opponent unconscious or snap their neck, depending on the
situation. And depending on what you want to do with your opponent."

Caitlin pulled herself out between Sara's thighs and took a deep breath. She would have to be honest, there were far worse ways to go. Both girls circled each other another couple of seconds later. Caitlin went for an uppercut punch. Sara dodged the move just in the nick of time and then came back with a succession of jabs of her own. She grabbed Sara's arm and flipped her over onto the ground. Sara flipped out of the move.

"Good, keep up the pace."

Both Sara and Caitlin struggled with each other. Caitlin almost tried for a sliding leg trip. Sara avoided it and landed firmly on her feet. Caitlin took a deep breath. Her hands grew cold when she pushed it onto the ground.

The ground started to freeze up underneath them. Sara slipped back onto the ground and almost crashed into the wall. Caitlin pulled herself up and retracted the cold and ice from the ground.

"Oh, are you...I'm...."

"Yeah, I'm fine," Sara said.

Caitlin had been shaken. She did not mean to freeze the ground from underneath Sara. Sara walked up and rubbed her back. A small bruise formed on it, but otherwise, she was okay.

"Unintentional or not, I would have to say that was a good way to take your opponent down," Sara said while crossing the room towards Caitlin.

"You really think so?" Caitlin asked.

"Yeah, but you might want to unfreeze the entire floor," Sara said. "I'm guessing you have your worst control issues when you have stress."

Caitlin took a deep breath and nodded. She did notice that about herself as well. She drew her hands back and managed to unfreeze the floor. Caitlin blinked for a moment.

"We're going to have to work on your control."

Sara smiled and brushed a small strand of Caitlin's hair away from the other woman's face. She sauntered forward a step and pushed her lips into Caitlin's for a kiss.

Caitlin had been no stranger to women kissing her. This was the first time Sara did so, and it had been about as amazing. Sara's hand ran down Caitlin's back which caused her to shiver. Caitlin returned the favor by touching any part of Sara she could. Caitlin could not help herself. The STAR Labs scientist took a nice grab of Sara's firm ass and squeezed it a couple of times.

Their tongues tangled together with Sara stepping Caitlin back. She started to help Caitlin out of those tight yoga pants and help herself to Caitlin.

"I wonder if you taste like ice cream."

Sara traced a pattern against Caitlin's sticky mound. The heat pumping through her body was a contrast. Caitlin threw her head back and allowed a very soft moan from what Sara was doing. Sara slipped a finger into Caitlin and made her throw her head back.

It was so good what Sara did to her. Her finger pumped inside of her and made Caitlin throw her
hips up and down. Every single stroke of Caitlin's womanhood lit her up and made her pant very heavily. Her hardening nipples stuck out through the top of her bra.

Sara released Caitlin. Caitlin clutched on the bench. Sara rose up from the ground and then gave Caitlin another kiss. Caitlin hungrily returned the kiss, their lips molding together in passion.

The two released their lip lock. Sara moved in a little bit closer and kissed Caitlin's warm lips a couple more times. Caitlin locked her hand on the back of Sara's head and they deepened the kiss the two of them shared with each other. Caitlin tilted her head back just enough to enjoy a pretty passionate kiss on Sara's part.

Sara released Caitlin's breasts from her top. They were perky and wonderful. Sara squeezed them and made Caitlin take in a deep breath. Sara really knew how to work her breasts to cause her to go into a fit of pleasure. Sara's hands rolled all over Caitlin's chest.

"I'm going to eat you all up," Sara said.

Caitlin did not hesitate in spreading her legs for Sara to drop down. Sara might have been on her knees. Caitlin did get the sense that she was not the one who was in control regardless of Sara dropping to her knees. Sara leaned in and started to kiss her warm lips before nibbling on them. Then, Sara pushed her tongue inside of her.

Sara enjoyed the taste coming from Caitlin. Caitlin grabbed the back of Sara's head when Sara went down on her. Caitlin's moans rewarded Sara for her naughty and quite deviant behavior. She kept swirling the tongue around in her pussy and making her leak.

Several hungry moans passed through Caitlin. Sara really found a way to hit all of the pleasure spots and get Caitlin to cum in no time. She worked up Caitlin and pulled back just enough to get her to want more. She only grabbed onto Sara. Those deviant eyes staring up at her made Caitlin only heat up with more pleasure.

"Jesus Christ, Sara!" Caitlin groaned.

Sara smiled. It was the reaction she was hoping for. She kept licking Caitlin's pussy and made her cum hard. Caitlin rocked her hips back and forth to feed Sara her warm pussy juices. Sara dragged her nails over Caitlin's thighs.

The moment Sara finished guiding Caitlin through one of the most intense orgasms ever, Sara rose up. Her face covered in Caitlin's juices. Caitlin reached over in a daze.

"I'm overdressed," Sara said.

Sara reached over and pulled off her top. Her nice firm breasts came out with juicy nipples which made Caitlin's entire world go wild. She spun around so Caitlin could get a good look at Sara's juicy ass. Caitlin drew a breath when Sara ran her hand down her body and slapped her ass to entice Caitlin even further.

A small icicle appeared from Caitlin's finger. She realized the size of it instantly and made it bigger and thicker. She rubbed the icicle dildo across her lips and shuddered at the feeling. She was getting hot decide the coolness creating icicles on her.

Sara yanked her pants down to reveal a slinky black thong. Caitlin almost lost it when seeing Sara's sculpted ass in such little fabric. Caitlin ground herself and the icicle dildo shoved deeper inside of her. Sara smiled and ran her finger down her back. It was nice and wet and Sara pushed it into her ass.
She turned and touched herself to Caitlin touching herself.

"You're a dirty girl using your powers like that," Sara said. "Is that the first time you've used your powers for pleasure like that?"

"Mmm, hmm," Caitlin moaned.

"I want you lay back so I can sit on your pretty face."

Caitlin did as she was told. Sara stood on the bench and showed great balance. Her legs spread and Caitlin could see Sara's perfect ass descending. She slipped the thong off to reveal her shaven pussy in all of its glory. Caitlin's eyes opened up the second Sara dropped down onto her.

The second Caitlin's tongue met her, Sara ground on her face. The girl was very tentative in her licks at first. Caitlin then drew her tongue deeper into Sara and really went to town on her.

"Yeah, that's fucking right! Don't you dare fucking hold back on me. Do you want to go crazy? GO FUCKING CRAZY!"

Caitlin's face smashed in between Sara's thighs. She grabbed onto Sara's ass at the same time she at her out. Caitlin pushed a finger into Sara's ass and unwillingly, an icicle extended it, so it was like she was fucking Sara's ass with a miniature dildo while eating her out.

"Oh, you naughty bitch! You better keep doing that!"

She decided to go a little bit daring and a little bit bigger. Caitlin penetrated Sara's tight, firm ass.

"That's how you learn control right there!" Sara called out.

Her cum splattered all over Caitlin's face when riding her mouth and tongue. Caitlin moved as deep as she could to eating her out. Sara could feel her ass being worked along with her pussy. The double stimulation made Sara push herself up and down on Caitlin's face.

She came again and Caitlin was there to lap up the cum as Sara exploded all over Caitlin's face. That hunger only increased by each possible second. Sara pushed herself down onto Caitlin's face and released the juices all over her.

Sara made Caitlin eat her out for at least a little bit more time. Her nibble and sucking became less frantic as Caitlin's jaw grew increasingly sore. Sara pulled away from Caitlin and smiled.

"Beautiful. You look so sexy with those juices all over your face."

The two kissed each other. Their pussies ground together when Sara pushed down onto her. Caitlin wrapped her leg around Sara's back to hold her in close. She was feeling the heat and she wanted even more of Sara now. She wanted the entire package in all of its glory. She squeezed Sara's ass to appreciate just how glorious she was. Caitlin and Sara kissed even harder before releasing themselves from this heated embrace.

Caitlin wondered what flesh pleasure Sara wanted. Sara spent some time teasing Caitlin's wet pussy. She smiled and leaned down.

"I wondered if you could grow a nice big cock with your powers, so I can ride you."

"I never…," Caitlin said.

"Maybe you can't," Sara said.
A frustrated look appeared on Caitlin's face. Slowly, a cock made completely of solid ice rose out from her pelvis. A pair of matching balls which grew thick. She turned the moisture pooling out of her into a large cock. Sara put her hand on it and stroked it.

For some reason, Caitlin's nerves became more sensitive as Sara stroked her thick cock. Caitlin's eyes flashed over with the rubbing of her hand up and down the shaft until Caitlin breathed.

"Nice work. You're improving…but, I really want to know how it stands up to heat."

Sara straddled Caitlin. The deep breath coming from the prone girl made Sara grow all excited. She wanted to mount Caitlin and ride her.

Caitlin watched Sara's ass drop down onto her thighs when Sara drove herself down onto the sexy brunette. Caitlin followed the progress of Sara's ass bouncing up and down. The sultry blonde rode Caitlin in a reverse cowgirl style and pushed repeatedly down on her body.

"Grab my ass!" Sara demanded.

No need to be told twice, Caitlin grabbed ahold of Sara's ass and squeezed it just as hard as humanly possible. Caitlin molded the perfect female body part in her hand and slowly worked it over. Caitlin chewed down on her lower lip when rising up and dropping down on her. The ice dildo slid deeper into Sara's warm cunt and she could feel the squeeze inside of it.

Sara closed her eyes. So far, Caitlin's not so little creation held up. She rode it without any abandon. Sara bit down on her lip and kept shoving more of herself down onto Caitlin's tight pussy. Caitlin threw herself up to bury deep inside of Sara.

The real test was coming with Sara's warm juices spilling out over Caitlin's cock. Sara pushed herself down all the way and saturated it. The cock did not melt, although, for a second, Sara thought it would.

Caitlin's entire body heated up. She grabbed as much as Sara's perfect body as she could imagine. The sight of Sara Lance riding Caitlin's thick cock cowgirl style caused those pleasurable feelings to rise up and then drop down as hard as possible.

"Fuck!" Sara yelled at the top of her lungs the deeper she drove herself down onto Caitlin's huge cock.

The beautiful sounds coming from Sara's mouth lit a fire under Caitlin. Their hips met together with Sara pushing as much of herself down onto Caitlin. They met each other.

Sara came at least two more times before Caitlin jolted up inside of her. Her thick cock pushed deep inside of Caitlin's tight body. Her juices saturated the cock which shoved into her.

Eventually, Caitlin lost it. She came inside of Sara. Her entire world spun around. Only sheer, sexually-motivated, instinct brought Caitlin in further. She spanked Sara's ass the deeper she shoved this big cock inside of her tightening pussy. Sara enveloped Caitlin and released her with several more pumps of the cock inside of her.

Sara slid back with a smile as Caitlin's cock melted the further she sent juices into her. Those balls burst and saturated Sara's thighs with those cooling juices. She smiled and pulled away from Caitlin.

Caitlin fell back onto the bench. Sara leaned down to her and kissed Caitlin. Something about that kiss re-sparked Caitlin's desires and she was more than ready for more fun.
Thank you for all of the reviews, views, favorites, follows, and Kudos, and I will see you on Thursday for the next chapter.

To Be Continued on March 22nd, 2018.
Chapter One Hundred and Thirty-Three: Broadening Strokes

Sara stepped through the double doors of the Central City museum. She dressed in a nice black dress which caught more than a few eyes when stepping inside of the museum. Felicity stepped right next to her dressed in a red dress. The girl stopped short in the museum and she had been very speechless for a second. Only one word could pop out of her mouth the second she stopped and took a good long look at the exhibit in the museum.

"Whoa."

Whoa sounded like a particularly good word. Sitting front and center, with people swarming around it, taking pictures of a giant statue of the Flash, and off to the side, there were a few plaques which described some of her most dangerous enemies off to the side.

"It's pretty nice, isn't it?"

Sapphire stepped into the museum. She took a good long look at the statue of the Flash. The tribute to the protector of Central City just came out and impressed Sapphire when taking a good long look at it. Sara turned her attention to Sapphire, with a half of a grin on her face.

"They captured the likeness pretty nicely, hadn't they?"

"Oh, I'll say," Felicity said while bobbing her head up and down.

"Look!"

The loud sounds of some young children in Central City pointing and laughing as their parents filled the museum. Some of their parents were well connected hence why they were here. They were not here to cause any trouble, and in fact, there was no trouble just far.

Sara kept her fingers firmly crossed. She caught sight of another familiar face in the form of Patty Spivot. The two women exchanged smiles the second Patty walked into the museum.

"Hey," Patty said. "Iris…she phoned, saying she might be a little late. Something came up if you can believe it, but she said she would be here in a little bit."

A small part of Sara did wonder if Patty knew and was just playing a role because that was what was expected of her. Be that as it may, Sara broke out into a soft smile and put her hand on Patty's shoulder. "I'm sure she'll be here when she can."

"Oh, I know she would."

Sapphire whistled one more time. Felicity could not help and make an observation.

"It always starts small. First, it starts with an entire exhibit. Then they're going to have an entire museum dedicated to the Flash."

"Oh, that would be interesting," Sara said. "And it's not something they would do in Starling City or Gotham City or something like that."

"Mostly because there are real fears of it getting vandalized there."
The crowd gathered around the statue of the Flash. Several flashes when off, with security moving around the base of the statue. The Mayor of Central City walked up in front of the statue. He flashed everyone a smile before getting into the speech at hand.

"For over a year, we have been blessed with the help of the woman who calls herself Flash to help with a wave of new criminals. You might not be able to adequately thank a person for all of the help she has given us. However, we can start with this brand new statue."

The Mayor's assistant handed a large pair of scissors over to the Mayor and cut the ribbon on the stage. The ribbon fluttered to the ground with the Mayor breaking out into the widest ear to ear smile before backing off down the stage. The people at the top of the stage applauded the Mayor as he moved off into position.

Then, suddenly, in a blink of an eye, the woman of the hour showed up. The bodyguards applauded her arrival. Flash extended one hand and shook the Mayor's before the two of them pulled away.

"I'm humbled to get such an honor. But, you know, I could not have done this without any of you. I'm not what makes Central City great. You are. You're the people who give me the inspiration each day to dig down deep just a little further and do what's right. It's not easy."

A few people took pictures of Central City's favorite hero. Flash spent a good minute waving at the crowd before she disappeared into a blink of an eye.

Everyone applauded the Flash. Patty just smiled and could feel a hand on her shoulder. She turned around just in time to see Iris. Sara, Felicity, and Sapphire turned right along with her.

"So, what did I miss?"

Sara could not help but flash a smile in Felicity's general direction. "Oh, you missed nothing less than the Flash. And she was as amazing as ever."

"I'm sure she was," Iris said. "And that's not a bad statue even."

The dedication wrapped up well after Midnight and left Sara and Iris back into Star Labs. Everyone had gone home tonight, well except Wells. He was hard at work at the lab. Even Barry, or the entity which had possessed him, disappeared into the night.

"So, the component?" Sara asked.

Iris's shoulders slumped before she nodded in response. "Yeah, the component. We really have no luck in tracking it down right about now. And it wasn't for any lack of trying either. We've been searching underneath every rock."

The Fastest Woman Alive knew from the information they received that it was being kept somewhere in Central City. That was something they could take to the bank. The real question was where was this being kept in Central City, which was something they had no idea.

"Well, I guess the good news is that no one else has found it yet."

"Yeah, I guess," Sara commented.

They walked into the lab. Felicity returned to the Clocktower to continue her research and would keep Sara up to date if there was something. The two stopped and made their way to the lab. Caitlin walked in through the side doors and stopped short. She flashed both Sara and Iris an
accommodating smile.

"I thought you went home for the night," Iris said. "Granted, I'm glad to see you, really I am, but…"

The scientist just smiled even broader than before it that was all possible. "I figured that there was a lot for me to do here tonight. So, how as the dedication?"

"Actually, it went by without any incident," Iris said. "That is one of the most shocking things of the evening."

"Hopefully not," Sara said. "The night isn't really over yet. There are still problems that could happen."

Caitlin bounced down in a pretty good mood. Iris was looking towards her with a raised eyebrow and a very amused expression on her face. A long time passed, or rather it seemed like a long time before Iris managed to summon the ability to speak.

"You know, you're in a pretty good mood today. I know Wells is here, and I'm pretty sure the Speed Force is still buried deep in Barry's body."

A sourness appeared on Caitlin's face the second she had been reminded of those two particular facts. She pushed down all of the thoughts and broke back out into one of the biggest smiles she could ever manage in her life.

"No, they're still here, but you know what, we can deal with him. I've figured out a way to deal with my impulse control issues. You know because my impulses are all messed up when my emotions are all over the map. And I figured…suppressing them won't be healthy at all."

Here, a troubled look passed over Sara's face. She was honestly glad that Caitlin figured out suppressing her emotions was not a very good thing. Sara had figured that out the hard way over time.

"But, I've now figured out a way to deal with them."

"We're going to have to put that to the test," Sara said.

Caitlin snapped back with a grin passing over her face. "Oh, you mean like how we put that to the test last night. Because that is a pretty good test…oh and I've done some digging on HIVE. There's nothing yet, although…well, Zoom has been sighted close to a couple of rumored HIVE outposts here."

Iris hated her life sometimes. Why did all of the bad guys have to coordinate? As if on cue, an alarm went off, and Iris tensed up.

"Well, it's just another day to be the Flash."

Iris was off and ready to hit the streets of Central City. This left Caitlin and Sara alone in the hallway. Caitlin did the slow burn turn to Sara.

"So, you want to run those tests now or later?"

"Later," Sara said. "I'm going to check on someone."

Caitlin nodded in understanding. She figured why Sara took an interest. Lian was currently down in the basement, which Wells avoided. Those two never come into contact with each other resulted in
the best possible outcome for the health and mental stability of the people in the lab of Starling City.

Sara stepped into the lab door. She noticed Lian on the ground with her legs crossed. Several deep breaths passed before Lian rose to her feet and looked Sara dead on in the eye.

"We should be tracking down Zoom and finding a way to take him down once and for all."

"Any idea how to get that done?" Sara asked.

She knew it was not going to get any kind of calm comment. Lian just gave Sara one of those frowns.

"Why don't you ask his creator upstairs? You know, the man who got his daughter locked up in Zoom's facility. Oh, and good luck breaking in there. No one would dare try and break into Zoom's prison. You'd have better luck getting Wells to exhibit some common decency and take mistake for his own flaws."

Sara could tell the girl's anger did not diminish.

"It's not healthy to hold on to your bitterness. I….."

"Well, you're not me," Lian said. "I'm heading to bed."

Sara knew for a fact Lian did not sleep. She hoped by now the girl would calm herself down. Her emotions shot all over the spectrum. Sara took a deep breath. Sometimes dealing with teenagers had been more difficult than dealing with some of the more dangerous terrorists in the world.

"Yeah, we have a situation," Felicity jumped in over the earpiece. "A very high profile prisoner has come up missing in the headcount at Iron Heights."

Midnight passed and the doors long since had been locked at the Central City art museum. A pair of inattentive guards paced around the floor. Neither of them looked very interested in what they were doing. They were just there to collect a paycheck. Motivation had long since passed them.

"Who cares about the night shift?" one of them grumbled.

"Hey, it pays well," he said. "And besides, this is a lot less stressful than being a beat cop in Gotham City. I think that I could retire here, have a nice home, maybe raise a few kids, have a few grandchildren, and live the good life. Flash would always be there….."

The guard pointed over his shoulder at the large statue.

"See, she's right there, right behind us. She's going to bring us good luck. She's going to bring us the best luck. It's not going to be a problem, not when Flash is here. And she's always going to be here, no matter what. We've got nothing to worry about. We've got nothing to worry about at all as long as….."

The doors blasted open in the middle of the guard's statement. All of the guards flew back from the impact of the blast. A figure stepped into the museum, dressed in a very loud multi-colored smock and an artist hat. The smiling face of James Jesse, better known as the Trickster, stepped into the museum. He wheeled a giant tank into the room along with a flamethrower.

"The things they try to pass off as art these days," Jesse commented with a very slight tut as he walked into the museum.
He reached into his pocket and pulled out a tube of paint. He splattered purple pant all over the Flash statue. A small cackling laughter echoed through him.

"Now, that's art!"

Trickster turned around and held the Flamethrower over his shoulder. He proceeded to melt each and every one of the plaques detailing the rogues. He stopped at his own plaque and read it.

"They got the date of birth wrong. I hate it when they do that!"

A blast of flame obliterated the inaccurate plaque. The Trickster moved from one side to the other. The Trickster splattered even more of the paintings around it to add his own unique flair to the exhibits.

"Modern art is just too manufactured. It needs more of a flare, more of a pizzaz. More of a desire to be daring!"

Trickster set the head of the Flash statue on fire with his flamethrower. Trickster shook like a madman when burning the head of the statue. He turned to the guards on the floor. They were slowly getting up to their feet.

"Hold tight, boys. You won't want to miss this!"

The tank rolled into the center of the room. Trickster pushed in the side of the tank and then moved to exit the back of the museum. He got inside of a white van outside of the museum and drove off.

A giant paint bomb exploded inside of the museum and covered everything in a multi-colored hue of paint. From the exhibits to the guards, to the security cameras, no one had been left untouched with this bombardment from the Trickster. His laughter rang out from miles away before it could come out.

The guards moaned, having been covered in paint. One of them rose up.

"Come on, let's…get up…this is still better than Gotham City."

This guard lost a finger to the mouth of Killer Croc. To him, being covered in pain was simply paradise.

Natasha returned to work after Caitlin had called her. Felicity, Sara, Iris, and Caitlin all crowded around the computer at Star Labs. Just a second later, they had tapped into the Iron Heights security camera. Without any words, Natasha took the seat next to Felicity.

While she was more of an engineer, than a computer hacker, Natasha Irons still felt she had an interesting perspective to be given. Sara and Iris nodded and they disappeared around the corner.

"So, while those two are out on the streets, investigating, I figure it wouldn't hurt to take a quick poke around."

Felicity ran the search through the museum. They would have to run this camera feed through every single angle. Felicity bit down on her lip.

"That doesn't make any sense."

"There's very little about our lives that make any sense anymore," Felicity said. "But, that, this doesn't make sense."
She focused on the camera feed of the cell. James Jesse sat in the cell looking about as tranquil as he could be. After the Trickster's last escapade over Central City, he had been put in a very high-security cell to make sure there were no repeats and he did not break out again.

Unfortunately, for all of them, the Trickster found a way to break out. And he pulled what essentially was a vanishing act. They looked at the cell from every possible angle.

"Well, I've got an idea," Caitlin said. "Why don't we slow down the footage to about as slow as it can go?"

"Right," Felicity said. "Why didn't I think of that?"

She dropped the ball there and now it was time to correct course. Felicity took the security footage from Iron Heights and slowed down the footage all to a crawl. The image flashed on the television screen of a flare of purple lighting. She shifted it and watched as the hands grabbed the Trickster.

"And we have a bingo," Felicity said. "And Zoom, he's his Name-O."

"That doesn't make any sense," Caitlin said. "Why would Zoom….why would he care about someone like the Trickster?"

"It's an obvious diversion."

They all looked up to see Wells standing in the doorway. They had no idea how long he was there. Wells sipped his coffee in the douchiest manner possible.

Felicity could not help, but feel a small bit of sympathy for the man. He did lose his daughter to a madman and he kept her imprisoned.

'Still, it's likely a good thing I don't have to deal with him on a day to day basis. He seems and is like a pill. And that's a bit of a problem.'

Wells walked into the lab.

"Zoom knows that the Trickster is going to cause mass trouble," Wells said. "The last time he was out, he kept half of Central City hostage."

They blinked for a second. Wells throws his hands up and looked at them.

"I've taken an interest in the Flash's past missions. Studying what she is capable of took me to study some of her most colorful foes. And…you should really stop naming them. It's only encouraging them."

"Well, should we be like Gotham and let them name themselves?" Natasha asked.

Felicity cleared her throat and slowed it down. Zoom opened a warp, got Trickster in and out before anyone could blink. Hell even in slow motion, it was a very obvious, blink and you miss it type of moment. Felicity drew in a deep breath and came to one very unsettling conclusion.

'This is going to be a long night.'

The headset clicked on and Felicity listened in for Sara on the other end.

"Is there any luck?"

"Iris and I are looking at some of the Trickster's old hideouts."
"Smart move," Wells said. "It's not likely that someone would return to a place where they were established. But, when dealing with someone like Jesse, he might think about three steps ahead and just be in the hideout."

"Or leave a giant exploding jack in the box in the middle of the hallway, and try and kill us both," Iris said. "Which was what just happened. And I swear that laughter is catchy."

They would have to keep searching for the Trickster. They could leave no rock unturned.

"He wanted us to know he was back to business," Natasha said. "He trashed the Central City Art Museum."

"He wanted to get my attention," Iris commented. "That's the only reason why he attacked the art museum. And he did a pretty good job in getting my attention."

It was time to put on a large pot of coffee because this one could have been an all-nighter and it was unlikely to get any better. The Trickster did not have any powers, was not faster than the Flash, and was not a giant gorilla. Yet, he was one of the more dangerous adversaries the Fastest Woman Alive had ever gone up against due to his sheer unpredictability.

The rampage of the Central City Art Museum flashed upon the screen. A figure watched from the shadows. There were a few points where the figure in the shadows nodded approvingly. And there were other times in the distance where the figure in the shadows scoffed in disbelief.

"That's not really bad. It's been done before. I mean…trashing a museum, that's so 1989. Even if he did he put a modern flare on it."

The figure in the shadows rolled his eyes.

"And you know, if you do rampage through a museum like you, if you don't do it to the sounds of Prince, you're not really doing it right."

The figure in the shadows watched the television screen. The very obvious message scrawled over the screen, detailing the Trickster as armed and dangerous and how he should not approach it.

"Of course, you might have a bit of a liability issue with little Timmy. Hey, Mister Trickster, can I get your autograph? And he's like sure kid and then when you least expect it….WHAMMO!"

Fist met palm as the figure in the shadows broke out into a fit of laughter. The one and only Joker leaned out of the shadows. His face looked more haunted and ghastly than ever before as he broke out into a smile.

"Well, it's been fun sitting around, watching television. I wasn't my usual cheerful self after the fruit of Joseph Blackfire's loins tried to blow me up with fire. Granted, I'm not sure if he's Blackfire's son. Blackfire seemed like a Catholic priest type if you know what I mean."

Joker broke out into a round of laughter.

"Oh, I've just pissed off the religious fundamentalist types right there," Joker said. "Granted, the Social Justice Warriors, they just love me. I mean, why wouldn't they? I'm the most diverse serial killing clown that you've ever seen. I kill everyone, don't care what race, or gender."

Joker shook his head with a broadening grin stretching over his face. The members of his gang continued to play cards at the table.
"How many genders are we up to anyway? Fifty-three, fifty-four, something like that? I don't know, but it's great. Gives me options. Variety is the spice of life!"

Inspiration struck the Joker. He rose up to the goons sitting around the table playing poker. He aimed a gun at one of them and blasted him away. That got all of the goons attention. Joker walked over and peaked at the man's cards.

"That's a pity. He got a Flush."

Joker burst out into a smile and the other members of the gang scrambled to their feet.

"Pack your bags, boys. We're heading off to Central City!"

Thank you for all of the favorites, follows views, reviews, and kudos. Next chapter is on Friday.

To Be Continued on March 23rd, 2018.
Chapter One Hundred and Thirty-Four: The Unholy Union Part One

The Trickster's rampage on Central City put Iris in a state of constantly being alert. The Fastest Woman Alive arrived at the source of one of the Trickster's attacks. It was a coffee shop which had a billboard of the Flash, only the billboard had been ripped to shreds. Iris took a couple of steps to the billboard and looked to see if she could figure out anything.

"He really wants to send you a message."

Green Arrow crouched own and looked around. Central City Police's finest were searching around out back for any sign of the Trickster. There were reports he might not have left the area. Sara knew better.

'He likely made sure those reports came out to throw the police off of his trail. He's still out there. There's no question in my mind that he's still out there and there is trouble.'

Iris stood a little bit on edge. Sara put a hand on her shoulder.

"I know you're nervous given what the Trickster pulled in the past. You've got to focus."

"Zoom sprung him," Iris said.

"To keep you busy," Sara said.

"Nothing Zoom is doing is adding up. There's just….I don't know. He's released one of my most dangerous enemies just like….."

Sara hated to say it, but if Iris was waiting to find logic in a deranged madman's words, then she would be waiting for a very long time. The two stepped over. Sara adjusted the sensors in her hood for something, anything. She needed to find a clue and fast.

'Of course, any clue he would leave could have been planted there. You've got to be careful, Sara. One wrong step and you could be in a ton of trouble. '

She drew in another deep breath and poked around for something which could help her. Much to her chagrin, Sara found nothing. Iris accessed the security camera footage.

It played out the same way as the museum did. And this was not the only coffee shop to have Flash promotions. In fact, a lot of businesses had Flash promotions these days to piggyback on the exhibit at the Flash museum. Some of them were very tenuous at best.

'All it does is leave targets. No matter how much I appreciate the support. '

"I found something."

Sara took out a pair of tweezers and pulled out a small strand of fabric. It was multiple colors despite being so small.

"This looks like the type of fabric which comes from the clothes the Trickster wears."

Iris scanned the fabric and nodded. "Yeah, it really does. Do you think it might lead us to his
"hideout."

"If only everything is that easy," Sara said. "I'm pretty sure anything he planted here is going to have to be left with a grain of salt."

The little incident with the exploding jack in the box still left Sara sore and Iris could agree with her. They all wondered what the hell would happen next. Was this fiber the key of what they were searching for or was it another dead end which would push them further down another rabbit hole.

"Patty?" Iris muttered.

"What about her?"

"No, it was just…I've got some reports that Trickster was commenting a lot about her, saying that she was too good for Central City and might want to put her out of her misery."

Some criminals, Sara would put it up to talking out of their ass. The Trickster, on the other hand, she took it very seriously, about as seriously as Iris said.

"Do you think that he would target her?" Sara asked.

The CCPD made their way inside and the two crime fighters made their way back to the side entrance. They had nothing left here anyway.

"I don't know and that's the thing which bothers me," Iris said. "She's perfectly capable of taking care of herself. I know that you know that, it's just that…well, he's the Trickster. And I shouldn't be able to be thrown off this much by him."

"He's not a physical enemy," Sara commented to Iris. "He's an enemy who gets right there in your head."

To demonstrate, Sara tapped Iris on the top of her head. The finger drifted from Iris's head and Sara just gave her a smile.

"Trust me when I say those are the worst enemies possible. The ones who get in your head and never leave."

The Trickster could be playing mind games, Sara supposed. However, there was a rhyme and a reason for a lot of what he did. Sara could not tell how much honesty and sincerity there was to his words.

James Jesse returned to a simple office building. The nine to five wage slaves worked here during the day above his head. They had been brainwashed to be good little worker drones. The guy running it was pocketing a lot of the companies funds which caused Jesse to frown.

The last place anyone would expect someone like the Trickster to hide out was the basement of an office building. No one came down here. He set up a nice little couch and a television at the edge. He made himself some popcorn and saw the footage of his latest attack.

"I have to call that one a masterpiece!"

Almost on cue, the Trickster watched himself on the television screen undergoing a rampage at the Flash Museum. He started to smile from ear to ear with the biggest grin possible. The paint bomb exploding ended the little encounter quite nicely to the point where he just smiled.
"And the police still have no leads," the news reporter said.

"And they never will. Well, none I don't want to have. The kind that leads them into a large hole where Central City's finest donut munchers belong!"

Gooey bubbled delight overflowed in the popcorn bucket. Jesse picked up a handful of popcorn and shoveled it deep into his mouth with any kind of discrimination. The kernels crunched when he ate it. Jesse smiled through eating the popcorn and bobbed his head a little bit.

"And in other news, Millionaire Playboy Bruce Wayne has shown up in Central City."

Jesse shook his head at Bruce Wayne's haircut. Who thought that was a good idea?

"He is arriving to team up with Stagg Industries CEO, Sapphire Stagg, who took over from her father after he had been murdered by Harrison Wells last year."

"Boy, wasn't that a kick in the pants?" Jesse asked. "I mean, to be the daughter of the poor man's Donald Trump, not the fact that her father is dead."

Jesse laughed in amusement as he shoveled down more popcorn. He took a second to take a breath. Jesse had an entirely new lease on life. He recalled the breakout from his perspective. One second he sat in the cell, plotting how to mangle his enemies. Then a flash of lightning and then the next thing he knew, he stood outside of the cell.

'Well, I'm not going to let a gift bolt of lightning in the mouth.'

"Sapphire Stagg has said to be very proud of her clean energy project which will reduce carbon emissions into the air and virtually eliminate them by 2020. She has long since championed that we must do what we can to prevent Global Warming or the Earth will be rendered uninhabitable within the next few centuries."

"Oh, corrupt corporate bastard Simon Stagg's daughter is a glorified hippie! The old bastard must be doing somersaults in his grave."

Jesse turned off the television and went on this cell phone. He turned it on and moved through a checklist of targets which had decided to champion the Flash.

'She's nothing. And I'm going to prove she's nothing. You can't run if you're legs have been blown off!'

"Really love what you've done with the place!"

James Jesse tensed up on the couch. He heard a voice and the voice sounded exactly like his. Jesse spent the next couple of minutes wondering.

"I think the curtains are a bit drab, and the dripping pipe is enough to drive a guy mad, but hey, you've made chicken salad out of chicken…well you know."

"Who the hell are you?"

Jesse heard a voice coming from the shadows which sounded exactly like his. Which was not uncommon to happen, Jesse heard voices all of the time which sounded like his. And he often times argued with them to pass the time, but that was neither here nor there.

"Oh, you don't know who I am?"
"AND STOP COPYING MY VOICE!"

The laughter increased to a fever pitch. A pale-faced man with green hair, a wide smile, and a vibrant purple suit came out. He swung a bowling ball bag to him. The Trickster came face to face with the one and only Joker.

"Oh, Jesse, old boy, it's good to see you. I mean, you were an inspiration. When I grew up...well, when I grew up, I wanted to be a doctor, but for some reason that didn't quite pan out."

Joker laughed and caused the Trickster to stare at him in an uneasy way.

"It's an honor to meet one of the biggest bad guys from the golden age of heroes, from the JSA. I mean, the Star-Spangled Kid, Wildcat, Doctor Fate, Sandman, the Black Canary, you baffled them all! And you didn't need any fancy-pants meta-powers to do so either."

Joker bounced up and down on the balls of his feet like a teenage girl who was going meet.

"Oh, look at me, I look like a Twilight Fangirl," Joker said. "Team Alice all the way! Am I right?"

Joker placed his hand on the Trickster's shoulder who took a casual step back.

"Of course I'm right."

Jesse just stared at this bosterious young man. He most certainly saw potential in the Joker being here, but there was a variable which he could not control. And that was not something the Trickster liked. He caused controlled chaos, but the Joker was more uncontrolled then the Trickster is.

"Can I have your autograph?"

The bowling ball bag unzipped to reveal the severed head of a man. Parts of his spinal column still dangled out of his severed neck. Trickster frowned for a mere moment and considered what he would do next before breaking out into a wide ear to ear grin.

"Sure thing, Kiddo. Anything for a fan!"

Trickster took out a knife and carved his John Hancock into the forehead of the poor victim which lost his head so the Joker could get an autograph of one of the most prolific villains of the golden age of heroes.

"I like the cut of your jib," Trickster said. "But, unfortunately, I'm not in the mood for a team up."

"Oh, come on, you got to," Joker said. "Maybe we should have tried to kill each other first? That seems to work for the good guys."

"That's a cliché," Trickster said adopting a more serious whisper.

Both of them laughed at each other. Their laughter grew more insidious and crazier.

"Oh, you've got to be interested. I mean, the two of us working together, we can really stick it to the Flash. And really, that's a false advertising name. No woman should call herself Flash unless she runs around in a raincoat."

Trickster smiled in spite of himself.

"And I followed your escapade last year," Joker said. "And that New Coke Trickster didn't work out well, did he? In fact, he ended with a smack and a splatter."
Joker flipped on the television screen. Jesse cast him a side along gaze at wasting energy. Joker just smiled at one of his inspirations. He was right up there with Jack the Ripper, the Son of Sam, and the Zodiac Killer in the Joker's book.

"Don't remind me," Jesse responded dryly.

"What you need is a perky female minion? And they don't have to be willing. Not with this nice little gift I brought to you from Gotham City."

Joker smiled when looking at the screen to see the images of both Bruce Wayne and Sapphire Stagg, along with the hippies. He had a wonderful idea. And awful idea. The Joker had a wonderful, awful idea.

The press and the police of Central City were all out. Tonight was such a big event they would need to cover it and it would need to protect it.

Sapphire Stagg had been championing this project for a long time. Her father reluctantly gave her the go-ahead to go on for it before he died, even though it was not until after he died that Sapphire was able to plunge ahead. She repaired the relationships Stagg Industries previously had with Queen and Wayne both, and they were a boon to their success.

She still had her father's legacy to live up to and a Board of Directors who only looked in the short term. Sapphire found herself a lot more at ease now she had the support of two major companies. And making sure that Star Labs functioned after the demise of Wells really did increase her political capital.

"My father was a man who allowed himself to be blinded, unfortunately. He started out with the best intentions, but he had been blinded by corporate interest and greed. I'm trying to right the wrongs and do my part in giving back to a planet which many of us have taken for granted now. While also introducing new jobs into the community and give many skilled people the opportunity to make something out of our lives."

Everyone applauded Sapphire. She moved a little bit nervously to the stage. There were many detractors to this project, but Sapphire stood strong and knew she done the right thing.

"And let me introduce a man I'm happy to join forces with. He's done his part to help the world. Ladies and gentlemen, put your hands together for Mr. Bruce Wayne!"

The billionaire came to the top of the stage with applause. Bruce moved over. Lucius Fox stood beside Bruce, as did his butler Alfred, and his heir, Delilah Helena Wayne, or Helena as she had been called.

"I hope this is the beginning of a partnership which will last decades if not even longer," Bruce said. "I hope that as we grow old, we live a legacy which our children, our grandchildren, and beyond could live in and prosper in. And I hope this is the beginning of a bridging of the gap between Gotham City and the rest of the world. New jobs to give people a better chance, and some people a second chance will be created. And it's only the beginning."

Everyone applauded. Some had judged Bruce Wayne rather harshly. He had some big shoes to fill because his father Doctor Thomas Wayne was one of the pillars of Gotham City for years and years.

A blaring sound came from the stage. Bruce looked up.

"EVERYONE DROP DOWN!"
The speaker system on the stage blew up and rang out through the area. Several armed thugs stepped onto the stage. The CCPD moves down off of the stage and pointed their weapons at the thugs.

Bruce dropped down off of the stage to make a quick change of clothes. One of the riot squad cops got in his way and zapped him in the back with a stun gun. The riot cop waffled Bruce across the back of the head before dragging them down onto the ground.

The Scarlet Speedster turned up at the speed of light. One of the goons triggered an explosion to cause the ground to rock behind her. Flash had to run across the falling rocks and scoop up the civilians one by one before they pummeled down. She got them all out of the way.

Sapphire maced a perspective kidnapper in the eyes and kicked him in the groin with a high heel shoe for good measure. She kicked her heels off and tried to run to the edge. A falling piece of scaffolding blocked her way and made Sapphire stumble and turn her ankle.

'Shit.'

Patty Spivot moved over from the crowd and saw the blonde on the ground. Her desire to help became prevalent.

The masked goons grabbed her from behind. One of them injected something in the side of her neck and take her to the back of the van along with Bruce Wayne.

Flash zipped out of the way and pulled Sapphire away from a falling light rigging. It crashed down onto the stage.

"They have Patty!" she hissed in Flash's ear.

Iris turned around just in time to see several balloons shoot up into the air. Several civilians were underneath the balloons. Flash blasted herself into the picture and pulled them out of the way.

The CCPD moved back just in time for the balloons to burst. They splattered some kind of red substance on the ground. One of the cops stepped forward and put his finger on the ground.

"Damn it, Murphy!"

The cop licked his finger. "It's okay, its Strawberry Jelly, sir."

"Alright, everyone back off!" one of the officers yelled.

They had a terrorist attack and now a hostage crisis all in one. Two parties had been kidnapped. One had been billionaire Bruce Wayne, and the other had been one of the members of their CSI division who had been here as a guest today and had been abducted when she tried to help out.

Iris hurled her hands to the ground in frustration. She jolted into the gym, past Lian, and started to hammer on one of the bags furiously. She pulled back and then took a deep breath. Caitlin and Natasha stepped in. Wells lingered outside of the lab with a frown. Sara popped into the lab.

"The tracker was a dead end," Sara said. "He was savvy enough to remove it."

Iris zipped from one punching bag to another and hammered them hard. The loud bop-bop-bop sound of a rocking bag made Iris throw her hand back in frustration. She drew in a very sharp breath and then kept pummeling at the bag. Some might argue it would not help out with anything, but damn it, it helped Iris cope with the growing stress she felt and that was the main thing.
"That's not going to help."

Wells spoke up and Iris firmly ignored him. He was the last person she wanted to talk to right now. Iris moved across the lab.

'And the one thing I didn't want to happen, ended up happening. Damn it!'

"I'm not sure it would make you feel better or not," Sapphire said. "But, I think those thugs intended to grab me instead. Patty just happened to be a crime of opportunity."

"No," Iris said while shaking her head. Her arms shook to the point where the vibrated at super speed. "It doesn't help if either you got kidnapped because I couldn't catch this madman fast enough. And don't blame yourself for not being kidnapped. It's not worth it."

"Iris!" Caitlin warned her.

Iris stopped pacing in the middle of the floor. Her feet burned into the ground and she took a couple of deep breaths. Iris sat herself down in the chair.

A dark-haired girl stepped into the lab, dressed in a leather jacket, a red top, and a very prominent scowl. Delilah looked from one side of the lab to another.

"You need better security," she blandly stated. "Oh, and we're going to need to find my father right now."

"Please tell me he has a tracker we can follow," Sara said.

"Don't most billionaires?" the heiress dryly asked. "Unfortunately, the Trickster covered all of his bases and disabled the tracker in his cufflinks. Which is a shame because of how hard Alfred had to bargain with him to wear them at all times. He finally conceded, and...well it amounted to a whole lot of nothing."

She took a few seconds to stare down the rest of them.

"If you have any leads, I'll be happy to hear them. If you don't have any leads, then I'll be out myself to look for them."

"It's too dangerous," Iris said.

"It would be even more dangerous to try and stop me," the girl said.

"Helena," Sara told her. "We'll find your father...just be a bit more patient."

"Of course, Auntie Sara," Delilah said with a smile.

Iris raised her eyebrow. "Auntie Sara?"

"She's Talia's daughter," Sara said.

Iris could see it when taking a closer look at the girl. Granted, she only met Nyssa in passing a few times and had seen Talia only from a distance, but still, she could see it.

"Her and Wayne?" Iris asked. Sara confirmed with a nod. "How did that happen?"

"Wine," the Wayne girl said simply. "And my grandfather wanting a male heir. Which didn't work out too well."
Good help was so hard to find these days. Joker thought it was a wonder he did not want go completely bald dealing with these morons.

"Well, I guess this Patty chick is going to have to do," Joker said. "I really wanted to play dress up with Sapphire Stagg."

"We got Bruce Wayne, boss," one of the thugs said.

"Well, pin a rose on your nose," Joker dryly said. "And believe me, I'm glad that you did. There's just something about him that I couldn't stand."

"Is there any real point in kidnapping Wayne?" Trickster asked.

"Well, we could ransom him off piece by piece," Joker said. "But, I think that it does show that one of Gotham's favorite sons is no longer safe in Gotham City. There's no such thing as a safe place. Especially when you can fill it with gas!"

Joker broke out into a loud round of laughter. Patty stirred on the chair.

Patty Spivot's eyes opened up to come face to face with the malicious form of James Jesse from across the way. Jesse's eyes locked onto hers.

"You!" she gasped.

"Yeah, it's me," Jesse said. "I enjoyed the fire you showed last time we met. I've been spending long cold nights in my prison cell just thinking about it."

Patty looked revolted and even the Joker looked a little put off from the implications.

"She's old enough to be your daughter," Joker whistled.

"Break them in young and train them well," Trickster said.

Joker shrugged his shoulders. That was more than fair enough he supposed.

"It's the type of energy that I need. You're going to be my assistant!"

"Drop dead," Patty spat. She felt revolted the more she was here. "Flash is going to find you."

"Oh, Flash, oh Flash, I'm looking forward to it. She's going to be the fastest amputee alive when I'm done with her!"

Another figure leaned out of the shadows. Patty's spine ran cold with all of the color going out of her face. Criminals from Gotham City told Joker stories around the campfire to scare each other. And now the man himself is here.

"Jesse, old bean, I don't think the lass is being very cooperative," The Joker said in a really bad Scottish accent. "I think we need to give her a wee bit more help, don't you think?"

Joker shuddered at his own performance. It was not the best.

"That nice tight jester's outfit, really brings out the booty, doesn't it?" Joker asked. "But it's missing something, isn't it?"

It now struck Patty she had been stripped out of her clothes and put in a jester outfit which resembled
a purple and orange version of Harley Quinn's original outfit.

'If I get out of this alive, I'm going to need to shower for a week.'

"And it needs a hat. Brought to you by my good friend, Jervis."

Joker slipped the hat onto Patty's head and her mind got all fuzzy.

"You're no longer Patty Spivot," Trickster said. "Your name is Prank and you're the sidekick of the Trickster."

"My name is Prank and I am the sidekick of the Trickster," Patty repeated in monotone.

Joker rubbed his hands together in glee. This was going to be delightful.

Thank you for the favorites, follows, reviews, views, and kudos, and I'll see you on Monday for the new chapter.

TO Be Continued on March 26th, 2018.
Before you read this current chapter, I'd like to tell you about some upcoming stories. Let the shameless smut er I mean shilling, commence.

Contact, an eight-chapter mini-series, starring Supergirl and Nightwing as the leads, written between Season Two and Three of Supergirl, is scheduled to drop on Wednesday March 28th. It takes place several years after Season Two and it has some bits that are contradicted by Season Three of Supergirl, but consider it an AU. Not a multi-pairing and believe it not no lemons.

From the same author that brought you the Breeding Ground, a series of smut one shots, starring Harry Potter, and a Sticky Situation, a series of smut one shots starring Spider-Man, it's Hit the Mark. A shameless smut series starring the fine women of Flash, Arrow, Supergirl, and Legends. There's going to be a mix of strictly female/female lemons and male/female lemons, although the ladies will rule this one. Sara, Thea, Laurel(both of them), Caitlin, Iris, Alex, Kara, and more take center stage in this series of smutty one shots. DC, Marvel, and other things that I decide to include will be a part of this series. May 7th is the day we see the first chapter.

But, there's more. Adaption, a story starring Barry Allen. Many of you requested it and I intended to get around to it eventually. It's an actual story with a mixture of plot and smut, featuring Barry with multiple women. I call it a collective, but most people call it a harem. Regardless of what you're going to call it, we have Barry with several lovely ladies. Monday June 4th is the day for this story.

And finally, finally, Spider-Man returns to a story that's not a shameless smut anthology. It's been a long time that I've posted an actual Spider-Man story and this actually features an established web slinger, so we will not be returning to the same old origin story again. You're welcome. Spider-Man and his collective of amazing women take center stage on Tuesday June 26th.

And now that that is over, you can get on with your regularly scheduled chapter.

Chapter One Hundred and Thirty-Five: The Unholy Union Part Two

Iris stepped out on the streets. She would have been lying if she said her mind was clear. Sara and Delilah went one way and Iris went another way to comb over Central City. She took in a couple of breaths while looking over the city. Her heart stammered a couple of beats when searching from one end of the world to the next. Iris's mind had been going a million miles a minute the closer she closed in.

'I think I'm getting close to something.'

"We've found something."

Patty being in the grasp of that madman put Iris's mind into disarray. She had her share of death threats from the people her investigating had put under fire. It came with the territory of working with the Central City Police Department. Iris took a second to recover.

"Albany Street, at the edge. There's something here."
Sara's words brought Iris out of her thoughts. The Fastest Woman Alive drew her head back and moved at the speed of light to the edge of the street. She already saw the CCPD moving in and looking to take a look at the item. A giant box rolled out into the middle of the street. Civilians had been hushed back.

The Green Arrow and Robin stood at the edge of the box.

"He's taunting us," Robin said. "I swear I'm going to start breaking bones."

The Daughter of Bruce Wayne had been on a trigger. She should have been there, she might have been able to stop them. Then again, her father could not have been that sloppy. There was a small part of the Wayne Heiress which wondered if her father had intentionally gotten himself kidnapped.

'I wouldn't put it past there.'

Iris could hear her father directing traffic off to the side.

"Everyone clear away from the package. We don't know what's in it, and we're not taking any chances. No, we aren't, not with the Trickster."

She took a deep breath. The rattling inside of the package brought her nerves up to a brand new level. The Fastest Woman Alive closed in the package. She did not know what to expect, only there might be some kind of trouble buried deep in that package.

Sara stood at the edge of the package and prepared to open it. The rattling inside of the package started to go. Sara put her arrow out and aimed it directly at the package. She would not be surprised if the Trickster filled the package with a small horde of snakes or something equally as dangerous.

'Let's see what it put in there.'

The package ripped open and a large jack in the box head popped out of it. It resembled a cartoonish version of the Trickster's smiling face. That insidious laughter filled the streets of Central City. Sara kneeled down to check it and it did not appear to be rigged to explode.

'Better not take that one to the bank without further confirmation,' Sara remarked to herself.

"Oh, this is going to be delightful!" The Trickster crowed at the top of his lungs. "You see, no matter how fast you run, you can't catch me Flash."

"You just wait!" Flash yelled.

It sounded more heroic in her head. The Trickster's insidious laughter rang out all through Central City. Flash zoomed in and smashed the Trickster's head. Sparks flew as several of members of the CCPD looked on in horror.

"Arguing with a recording. The first sign of madness. You must be anxious! You're not any closer to finding our little hostage. Such a pity! Guess you should work on your mind."

Iris gritted her teeth. The speaker in the box kept droning on even though the faux Trickster head littered the ground in several smashed bits. A couple of hands steered her back from the situation. That laughter burned into her brain and made Iris take a couple of deep breaths.


"I know," Sara said. "It's not over yet."
Almost on cue, a loud explosion from across the street resounded. Without even waiting, Flash zipped off in the other direction. This left both the Girl Wonder and the Hooded Vigilante eating her dust. The two followed the Flash down the way.

The bank vault had been blown open and some kind of red jelly glued the guards into place. The more the guards struggled, the more the jelly burned into the soles of their feet. The agonizing screams from the guards grew even louder when they attempted to push themselves out of their predicament. They were going nowhere very fast and it was obvious at this point why. The jelly wrapped around their toes.

"I'll get you out of here!" Flash yelled.

She removed the jelly from their feet. They all stepped back, with the worst case of athletes foot in history. She flung the vault open and revealed that there was no money taking. There was a small horde of moths hovering in the vault.

Also, a giant Trickster head blinked, ticked, and began to speak.

"Tick, tick, tick, BOOM!"

Iris already bolted out of there by snagging the guards up off of the ground. She trafficked the entire party out of the vault at the speed of light and deposited them outside. The bank exploded and the jelly splattered outside of the open windows.

Sara and Delilah already walked up to the vault. There was a moment where Iris flashed Sara one of those looks. They were very frustrated and rightfully so.

They returned to STAR Labs, empty-handed and beyond frustrated. Felicity sat in front of the computer and looked at the security footage from the bank.

"Okay, the Trickster…well this is interesting. He has an accomplice."

Felicity tried to zoom in on the accomplice. She was just handing the Trickster items in a robotic manner. He did all of the chaos, she was just the prop girl, at least for now. Felicity watched her walk into the vault and set up the same bomb which covered the entire bank with jelly. Another couple of seconds passed with Felicity chewing down on her lip in frustrating.

"Huh, that's something," Felicity said. I don't know what to make of this!"

"What?"

Felicity almost jumped when Iris yelled in her ear. She could tell the girl had been high strung and very tense for a very good reason. The Hacker drew in a breath.

"Well, she looks…well she looks kind of like Patty."

Iris leaned into the computer screen. She could not deny it, after seeing it with her own two eyes. The Trickster's assistant looked a hell of a lot like Patty Spivot, her kidnapped girlfriend. And that could lead to some interesting new wrinkles in this entire investigation.

"That looks bad," Sara said.

"The hat," Delilah said. "Where did he get the hat?"

The girl's key eye for detail picked up the strange jester hat which Patty wore. She noticed a small
number etched on a tag which had been sticking out of the side of the hat. Iris turned her attention from the Wayne heiress to the hypnotized criminal investigator.

"That tag's not really a tag," Delilah summarized when she had gotten the full attention of Iris and Patty. "No, you see, it's not really a tag. It resembles a piece of mind control technology used by Jervis Tetch."

"You mean the Mad Hatter?" Felicity asked.

Delilah rolls her eyes at Mistress Obvious there but wisely holds her tongue. She's getting better with people, some of the time at least.

"Yes, that Jervis Tetch," Delilah said. "He's gone more insane than before. Back in Arkham presently, because that's always done people a lot of good."

The agitation spitting out of the younger girl's tone almost made Sara frown. She would have to admit the revolving door prison system which was Arkham was not a good thing for any of them. She drew her attention back to the camera and then back to Patty.

"Oracle?" Delilah asked. "Send Felicity all of the information on Tetch's mind control technology."

"Of course," Oracle said.

Right in front of her face, Felicity had the information regarding technology in front of her. She looked at the complete information which included several reports. One of them described Tetch's tense efforts to get the technology patented. His falling out with former Wayne Industries CEO, William Earle, who had him drummed out of the company after he had stalked one of the secretary's, a woman named Alice had been described. The effects the technology had on the neurological processes and everything in between.

"Nice," Felicity murmured. "Very nice."

"There's a way to break this control safely, isn't it?" Sara asked.

Delilah answered with a half-shrug. "It really depends on the model you're using. And that's the problem in a nutshell."

They looked at the security camera footage a little bit more. Iris's mind went off and there was a constant barrage of thoughts going through her mind when she looked at the Fastest Woman Alive from across the way.

"The costume comes from a party shop which is just a couple of blocks away from Star Labs," Felicity said. "Maybe we can…find out something."

Iris flew as fast she could out of the door. This left Delilah, Sara, and Felicity with their mouths open and a little bit of surprise going on their faces. Delilah finally elected to break the silence.

"And people say I have impulse issues."

"Oh, this is great. Central City is going to snap their necks from the ricochet in trying to figure out where we're going to strike next. And the great thing is, it can be anywhere at all. The entire world is our oyster and soon they will all be bringing us sauce!"

Trickster bounced up and down on the balls of his meat. His manic energy increased and he looked
like a man half of his age. His new assistant, much better than whatshisname who he knocked out of a helicopter, sat at the edge of the room with her eyes shifted over. The lights were on, as they said, but there really wasn't anyone home. Trickster walked from one end of the room to the other, and circled around completely.

Prank 2.0 is an improvement on the original. Other Prank, she’s so clingy. Gave him that useless brat of a son...what happened to him anyway?

Oh yeah, Trickster threw him out of a helicopter to lighten the load. Well, any son of his should really straighten up and fly right.

"Hello?" Trickster asked when snapping his fingers. "Hello?"

They could have taken anything in the world.

"When do we take down the Flash," Prank said. "I hate her so much."

"Soon, we need to make her suffer in anguish," Trickster said. "Now that we're together again, neither of us will be kept apart."

Joker walked into the room to look from Prank to the Trickster and back around the room. He had a feeling this entire mess was not going to end very well. He just had that feeling burning in the pit of his gut that something bad could happen to end this.

'And I'm going to enjoy it as well.'

"I'm surprised you haven't been too involved in this caper," Trickster said.

Joker shrugged his shoulders. "I'm just sitting back right now. I'm waiting for the real fun to come. You know he's going to notice I've left my humble little corner of Gotham City, and he'll come running for me like a blushing bride."

"Batman?" Trickster asked. "He's a rank amateur!"

"Hey, don't count him out!" Joker yelled, sounding a slight bit agitated. "He's better than the Flash at any clip. Even though he could smile a little bit more."

Trickster took a deep breath and looked over his shoulder. There was no reason for them to fight like this. Not when there was an entirely fertile ground of Central City for them to plunder. And make the Flash blunder around in her attempts to find them.

"I'm honestly surprised about something," Trickster said in a more serious tone.

The sudden burst of seriousness breaking through the chaos made Joker's skin tense up. If things did not get zany soon enough, well he would adopt a case of hives. Joker brushed his fingers through his hair and took in a couple of deep breaths before coughing.

"I mean, it's pretty shocking no one has tried to save your Billionaire hostage."

Joker snapped his fingers and walked to the door across the way. He opened the door to check on the Billionaire Playboy.

"How's it hanging in there, Brucie Boy?"

Joker stopped and blinked when coming to the sight of several cut ropes lying on the ground. He stared at the abandoned chair and the cut ropes before laughing.
"Oh, of course, that was bound to happen. We leave a guy in a room without any supervision and he finds a way to escape! Should you really be surprised?"

Joker broke out into a hideous round of laughter. He kept laughing even more, with the laughter growing in high prominence. He almost dropped down to the ground in a hideous fit before growing serious.

"Well, I guess we better look for him or something," Joker said. "I'm sure that he's around here somewhere."

A solo finger tapped to Joker's chin. The Clown Prince of Crime's natural grin just grew even wider when searching around for his target.

"Now if I was a billionaire playboy with a bad haircut, where would I be right about now?"

Above the Joker's head, Bruce carefully scrambled to the pipes. He would need to get out here and save the hostage. Joker did not look up which surprised him. Bruce held his breath in when crossing the ceiling to the vent which would lead him out of there.

'Almost there.'

Bruce clung to the pipes with the same acrobatic ability one expected from the World's Greatest Detective. He eyed the vent which would be his best means of escape at the moment. Bruce's hands clutched the vent and he pulled.

The vents exploded in his face and released a knockout gas. Bruce flew not so gracefully to the ground and crashed through the table beneath him.

Joker jumped back to see the broken billionaire lying amongst splintered pieces of wood. Trickster stepped over his body and stood on his downed chest.

"Nice try, Sonny Jim. But, I always rig the vents to explode to gas anyone who messes them. Heroes have a bad habit of crawling through them."

"I know, that's a problem," Joker said. "Oh, so close, yet so far, Brucie. I really thought that you would have it have it in ya. Guess you're not made of the stuff I thought you were."

Joker kicked Bruce in the ribs one more time for good measure. He had a feeling there was the reason why he hated this guy. The subconscious was a fascinating thing to think about. Joker reared back and kicked his adversary in the ribs one more time before he collapsed down onto the ground.

"Better luck next time, Bruce, my old boy," Joker said.

Flash crept her way into the Party Shop exit. An unsettling round of carnival music greeted her the closer she edged towards the shop.

"It's too easy."

Robin and Green Arrow popped up behind her. They made their way into the Party Shop. Several dusty costumes lined up against the wall. Green Arrow circumvented a rack of Freddy Kruger costumes before she moved through the back door of the costumes.

"Welcome, welcome, it's time for you to join the show. Please any costumed crime fighters come to the back room! And you will be fitted with our house special. A nice necktie much like this one!"
A noose falls from the ceiling. Sara frowned at the obvious attempt to get in their heads.

Trickster’s jovial voice rang out. He broke out into a very insidious round of laughter which caused more goosebumps to rise on the arms of the heroes the further they stepped into the room. Green Arrow held her crossbow out and pointed around.

"It's a trap."

"I know."

Flash raised her eyebrow and she could see several wrapped boxes. One of the boxes ripped open with a chainsaw. A crazed man dressed in a similar version of Patty’s costume stepped out of the box. He whirled his chainsaw around.

"And our three lovely contestants have won an all-expense paid trip to the afterlife! This is Bob Barker, reminding you to control the do-gooder population and have all of your heroes spayed and neutered!"

Flash avoided the whirling chainsaw. Several sparks flew in her direction. The Speedster avoided the chainsaw and a pool table had been sacrificed.

A criminal burst out of the box wielding a machete. Robin dodged the attack of the machete wilding criminal. She blocked his attack and punched him hard in the face. One punch dislocated his jaw. Another punch to the back of the neck dropped him down to the ground. Robin flipped her attacker down to the ground.

"Ladies and gentlemen, this is Rod Roddy signing off for the Price is Right, a Mark Goodson television production!"

Flash avoided the whirling chainsaw. Several sparks flew in her direction. The Speedster avoided the chainsaw and a pool table had been sacrificed.

A third criminal popped with an ax with the brutal attacks directed in Sara's general direction. The ax smashed into the wall and almost came inches away from taking Sara's head off. Sara fired back with a kick to the side of the head. The criminal cracked his neck back and charged in Sara's direction. Sara avoided the ax coming an inch away from the side of her head.

Sara dropped and rolled onto the ground. She pulled her bow back and fired an arrow at the handle of the ax. The ax clattered onto the ground the second Sara connected to it. She rose up and smacked a full force attack into the side of the attacker's head.

More goons came out of the back room. Robin caught one of the goons and tripped him up by the leg. She withdrew a knife from the goon's sheath and stabbed him in the side of the ankle. She knew some non-lethal ways to take them down. She slashed at the ankle tendons at the attacker's and also nailed them in the fingers.

Robin dropped down onto the back of the of the head of the attacker and smashed his head down onto the ground. The Girl Wonder pulled back and drew another deep breath of her attacker. She waited for the attacker to rise back up to attack her. Robin blocked the knife going directly at her face. She came back with a series of rapid-fire punches to knock her opponent back down to the ground. She twisted her enemy down by the arm and caused him to crack down to the ground.

"Come at me!" Robin yelled.

The Girl Wonder avoided a knife coming to the edge of her head.

The chainsaw-wielding enemy came down to the ground from the combined assault of Sara and Iris. Iris super speed at the back of his leg while Sara planted an arrow into his knee. The sharp
implement dropped the attacker down to the ground. Iris quickly applied the pressure to the side of
the man's neck.

Another thug charged over. Robin grabbed him in a guillotine choke and spikes the goon down onto
the ground. The young girl cut up the oxygen flow to the goon's brain and rolled him over onto the
ground. Robin pulled her up to the ground.

"He's not here."

"I've found something," Felicity said over the headset.

Sara backhanded one of the thugs and caused him to drop down to the ground. She swears she hears
a sound of someone clearing their throat in the headset and Felicity sounding sheepish in response.

"Okay, Oracle found something, but I double-checked it, and naturally she's right. Still, I think I have
a pretty good idea where the Trickster is. And it's in one of the last places you'd expect."

Felicity's right. The basement in an office building is the last place we'd expect to find the Trickster.'

Sara took the first step into the Labyrinth which was the office building. She walked forward with
Iris and Deliah a couple of steps behind. The loud grinding sound showed they were close but close
to what.

A muffled sound echoed from the area. They moved to a larger area of the basement. A chair sat in
the middle of the room and in the center of the room, sat Patty Spivot. She tied to the chair with a
large vat above her head. They heard it bubble.

"Iris, wait."

"I can get her out of here," Iris said.

Sara held up her hand and crouched down. She pulled the bow back and fired the arrow directly at
Patty. Iris almost cringed but stopped then the arrow passed through Patty, the back of the chair, and
struck a hole in the wall. It caused Patty's image to flicker in the arrow.

"Hologram."

The acid vat tipped over and burned the chair. The burning acid caused something to trigger on the
ground. A large energy field popped up. Sara stepped over towards the field.

"Unless you want to get ripped to shreds, I wouldn't even try. Granted, I want to see you rip to
shreds, but I figured you wouldn't want to be ripped to shreds, would you?"

Sara stopped at the edge of the area and drew in a deep breath.

"Only a speedster can get through that force field. And that's your cue, Flash."

True to the Trickster's words, Flash slipped through the field. She came at the edge of the room
between three doors.

"There are three doors. Around the first door, is my devoted sidekick, Prank. Or the Artist Formerly
Known as Patty Spivot. I'm in the process of turning her into a symbol. The next one has the
billionaire playboy, Bruce Wayne. I don't like him at all, but if you grab him, you can have him. And
the third door...well it leads to certain Doom."
Flash held her hand out to open one of the doors.

"Hold it, hold it, hold it!" Trickster yelled. "These aren't any ordinary doors. If you choose one door, you blow up the person in the other room. And if you chose the door that has neither person in it, you can blow up both of the people inside."

Trickster's tone dropped to a very casual tone.

"Wait too long, and both of my hostages go boom. It's your play, Flash. Come on, Press your luck."

Trickster laughs.

"Big bucks, no whammies!"

Robin and Green Arrow heard these taunting words and the very sadistic choice which Iris had been given. Delilah peered over her shoulder towards her fellow vigilante.

"There's got to be something else we can do."

"Yes," Sara said. "Felicity…."

"Yeah, I'm trying," Felicity said.

"Oh, are you talking to your poor woman's Oracle?"

She thought the Trickster was taunting them again because of the voice. However, it was not the Trickster. Rather, the Joker turned up in all of his manic smiling glory. The Green Arrow and Robin both tensed up at the sight at this criminal clown, preparing themselves for a huge fight. Several criminal clowns stepped in to move beside Joker. They all wore hats with the Mad Hatter microchips on them.

Joker breaks out into a huge grin when his eyes. He pulls out a crowbar and grins.

"Last time I was alone with a Robin, well it didn't end so well," Joker said. "Let's see how you fair, kiddo."

"Try me," Robin said with a murderous smile passing over the face of the Granddaughter of the Demon.

"Oh feisty, I like that," Joker said. "Boys, show these ladies a good time."

Joker's goon squad charged, weapons brandished, and went directly to engage Green Arrow and Robin in battle. The two crime fighters readied themselves for a violent fight and also to expect the unexpected.

To Be Continued on March 26th, 2018.

Thank you for all of the views, comments, favorites, follows, and kudos, and I will see you tomorrow for the next chapter.
Iris West blocks out the sounds of battle going on when searching for a way to solve this dilemma without killing everyone involved. A million thoughts running through her head cripples the thought process to make a speedy decision. The Fastest Woman Alive rubs the top of her head in a vain attempt to clear the thoughts.

'It's the Trickster. He's done something. It's some kind of doublespeak thing. What if he rigs them to all explode at once despite what you've done? What if all three of the doors are empty? What if he's just playing with you?'

So many questions, so little time, Iris mentally muses. She zips from one door to the next. Iris pulls back to avoid touching the doors. Each door presents a possibility and also a fear of choosing wrong.

'No matter what I choose, it's going to be wrong,' she thought in the most frantic manner possible.

Iris drops her hand towards the door to the left. She pulls back to avoid touching the door. A second attempt to go for the second door and Iris pulls back. Something about the door pauses her efforts.

Iris waves her hand over the third door and comes an inch away from touching it. She pulls back again just seconds away from making the choice.

"You're beginning to bore me!"

Trickster's tone snaps Iris' back. Her heart rate increases, her palms moisten, and the tenseness in her body fails to disappear no matter what.

"You're going to need to go to the middle door," Oracle declared.

"Are you sure?" Iris asks in nervousness.

"Trust me."

Iris flings a hand to the doorknob and pushes it open. The door swings open on the hinges and reveal the tied up form of Patty Spivot sitting in the middle of the room. Iris let a sigh of relief out.

'Thank God.'

Her eyes widen as she realizes the implications of what she said. A loud boom resounds from the room right next to her. The walls shake to crack the paint on it. Iris barely holds on and stands up straight. Sweaty palms return for Iris to breathe in a couple of times.

"Congratulations, you've just killed Bruce Wayne," Trickster said. "I'm not going to lie. I think that was a bit anti-climatic myself. Oh well, live and learn."

Iris blocks out the taunting of the Trickster. Her full focus falls on Patty's face. The same vacant eyes remind Iris what was at stake. She shook her hand and brushed a finger against the side of the device on her head. The device discharges a bit of energy to knock Iris back.

"Natasha, are you here?"

A shaking voice only betrays what Iris felt slightly. She clutches the side of the wall. Sounds of battle
cuts through the air. Dare Iris move? She doubts it would be a good idea right now.

"I'm here," Natasha somberly states. Iris barely inclines her head and sighs. "I know about the headband. I think we have a way to work through it."

"And I told you to trust me," Oracle repeats to snap Iris.

Iris blinks a couple of times and nods. She steadies her grip on the edge of the headband.

"You're going to have to tell me what to do."

"You see the silver band underneath the brim of the band?" Natasha asked.

"Yeah, I see it."

"Good, I need you to grip the band with your right thumb and then use your left thumb to gently pop it out. You have to do it gently or slowly. Otherwise, it will discharge energy to fry both Patty's brain and burn your hands."

Matter of fact statement prompts Iris to jump in to do exactly that. She touched the lower band with her right thumb. The band sparks for a second. Iris maintains a steady grip and slips the left thumb to the pin. She took a few breaths and slowly popped the pin out.

"Now what?"

"I need you to slowly disengage the red wire."

Iris's delicate hand slides to the barely visible red wire. She gently tugs on the wire to slip it out of the bearings. The wire loosens from the band. Sweat drips from Iris's face.

"We're not done yet, are we?"

"No, unfortunately. There are a couple more steps. Let me walk you through them."

'Going to have to trust what you're doing, Nat. You're the mechanic after all.'

Trickster leans back in the computer chair and then bounces it back into the ground. He rocks back and forth in the chair with a manic form of energy.

'My teacher warned me not to do this because I'd injure myself. He died after smoking three packs a day for fifty years. Screw you, Mr. Ziegler.'

The sound of an explosion brings Trickster to a malicious grin. His finger lingers on the screen where the blinking bulb flashes on and off. Trickster's grin grew in prominence when he realizes the result of this little escapade.

'Of course, I wouldn't rub some heroine's face into her own failure.'

Trickster pulls the microphone in his hand. He mockingly considers what to do for a second even though already his mind already had been made up.

"Congratulations, you've killed Bruce Wayne."

Insidious laughter spills from Trickster's mouth. He busts out into even louder laughter at the irony of a man who almost escaped having been the one to be blown up. Trickster whips a handkerchief
down to the ground.

"If only you've picked the first door. That's what I hoped. You know, boom!"

Trickster smiles even brighter and reaches to the control panel. A press of the console button brings the image of the room with Bruce Wayne in it up on the screen.

Screams shoot through the room when the Trickster skids back into his chair. He throws a hand on his chest and lays it on the side of his face. A couple more deep breaths follow when Trickster peers from the other side of the screen to see one of the most evident problems imaginable.

Bruce Wayne, whether he be in bloody chunks, or somewhat intact, escaped the room somehow.

"We have a problem."

The doors slide open to reveal Prank on the other end of the room. A very haggard looking Flash staggers in behind her. Trickster's attention shifts from the security monitor all the way to the other end of the room. Prank motions to the side of Flash's neck. A tranquilizer dart sticks out of the edge of her neck to indicate why she stumbles around in such a haggard manner.

"It's just as we planned, boss."

Trickster's smile increases when staring down the Flash. He then stopped and frowns. His beady little eyes spy something wrong.

"Oh, that's all well and good," he murmurs underneath his breath. "If I did not see something rotten in the state of Denmark that was."

A tranquilizer dart gun impacts the side of Trickster's neck. His grin heightens when the amusing sounds of laughter come out. Then, the drug sets in and Trickster falls to the ground.

"Well, I didn't think that would work out as well as it did."

Three henchmen circle the Green Arrow on all sides. The Green Arrow aims and fires three arrows in succession at the henchmen. Arrow number one catches the first of the three henchmen in the hips. One clear shot to the side of the leg drops henchmen number two. The third henchmen evade the arrow fired at him and breaks out into a very slight, and malicious smile.

"HA, MISSED!"

Boom goes the wall behind him and the henchman falls onto his face. He slumps down onto the ground breathing heavily when the debris and the dust chuck him.

A thug from the side swings the pipe wrench at the head of his adversary. The Green Arrow performs a one step to the side and then catches the arm on the second backswing. The Green Arrow plants a punch into the side of the man's neck and another punch to the back of the head staggers the man. She pulls back and catches him with another punch to the side of the head.

"Robin obliterated every bone in the thug's arms by stomping down onto it from the heavens. The thug grimaces and tries to pull himself up. He scrambles for a standing position. Robin takes the shot and punts the thug in the face to take him down to the ground. A deep breath comes from the thug with Robin rearing back her hand and punishing her adversary with the fullest force punch.

Another thug wraps a chain around her. This proves to be a fatal arrow with Robin bursting free from
the attack. She retracts a staff and cracks it into the thug's sternum to double him over. Another attack cracks the thug in the side of the head.

'You dumb son of a bitch.'

An explosion off to the side makes Robin's attention divert for a second. She returns her attention back to the thug and catches the knife plunging at her. Robin rips the knife out of his hand and comes back. Punch clips the jaw. Another punch rocks the thug back several feet. A third punch drops the enemy and Robin pushes herself back with a deep breath. She grabs the thug in a headlock and smashes him down to the ground.

Joker rubs his hands together at the carnage.

"Oh, violence, destruction, and bloodshed! All of the elements of some wholesome, family entertainment. You really have to love it!"

He closes his eyes for a second and keeps a good look on Robin. The kid has some spunk. Joker thinks it would be a pity if he has to beat it out of her.

"And I think old Brucie just bit the big one. Guess Flash didn't pick the right door after all. Or maybe she did, it really depends on your perspective."

Sara drops the bow and uses her hands to freely disengage a swinging pipe from one of the thugs. She tucks her head and rolls him to the ground. Sara pulls the pipe free and smashes it down across the side of the neck of her attacker. She pulls back and breathes in deeply.

"Don't fall for it!"

One swinging fist drops a thug. Robin makes her way over to the Joker with rage in her eyes. Robin performs a double kick to the face of the thugs. She uses the heads of the thugs like stair steps when flipping high into the air.

Joker's grin grows more prominent the closer Robin rushes towards her. The Clown Prince of Prime views the uncontrolled frenzy. Several of his clowns drop like flies. Joker does not care even the slightest. He watches when Robin moves closer and closer to him to take down each thug.

'Come to me my pretty.'

The Girl Wonder drops down to the ground and rushes Joker. Joker retracts a cattle prod from his sleeves and sticks it into Robin's thigh to drop her down to the ground.

"Boy, that's a real shock, isn't it?"

Another zap from the cattle prod drops Robin down to the ground. Joker rears back his foot and punt kick the poor girl in the face. Robin rolls over, clutching the side of her mouth from the attack. Joker grabs her and hurls her right into the side of an equipment case.

"You would think you little sidekicks would learn by now!"

Joker stabs the cattleprod into her back. The girl's arms and legs twitch on the ground. Joker shocks her again, laughing in a crazed manner.

"Oh, I just love it! That's it little birdie, crawl away! Your wings have been clipped!"

Another zap rocks the Girl Wonder's body. The Green Arrow fires an arrow through the air. The
arrow misses connecting with the Joker's head and instead ricochets off of a pipe. Two of the goons grip the Green Arrow. She punches her way out of the attack. One of the goons receives a half-nelson choke before he slams into the ground. Another goon takes it right in the side of the arm from an arrow which forces him to drop the gun.

"Does this feel like Deja-Vu to you?"

Joker smiles and picks up a crowbar laying on the ground. He hums a Merry Tone of "Take Me Out to the Ballgame." Robin stares at him with a bleary eye and tries to rise up. Joker pushes her back down onto the ground.

"And now, Joker's to bat. Will he swing and miss? Or will it be a home run?"

The sounds of crackling glass encourage the Joker to look up. The second he looks up, Batman crashes down to the ground. Glass flies through the air. Joker's attention shifts from the sidekick on the floor to the Detective sweeping over to the ground.

"Well, it's about ti….

The sound of Batman's fist cracking Joker in the face drops him to the ground. Joker pulls himself up to a standing position and goes for the crowbar swing. Batman blocks the crowbar and twists Joker's arm. The clown howls in misery.

"Oh, Bats, I didn't know you like it rough….."

Batman pounds the Joker's face with a series of punches. Each punch grows progressively more vicious and hammers the Joker. Joker staggers back an inch with the blood spilling from the top of his nose. Joker took a deep breath and comes back up.

Joker opens his mouth to say something else. Batman plants his fist back into the face of Joker and knocks the criminal clown down onto the ground. Batman pummels his adversary with everything he has. Joker goes to swing for the fences. Batman dodges the attack and plants his face with a punch.

Blood spews from the Joker's mouth and teeth chip from Batman's punches driving into his mouth. The Detective rears back and cracks his enemy down to the ground. Batman pulls back and drives a punch into Joker's mouth. Joker swings back from the punch.

Batman rears back and kicks him directly in the head. Joker staggers and collapses down on the ground. He performs a toothless smile, one of the teeth lodging into his lip from when Batman punched him very hard.

"I guess…it's back to Arkham for me!"

Another punch silences the Joker. Batman's costume gloves splatter with blood the further the Detective moves in. The Detective plants his foot into the face of Joker. A loud crack of his nose shattering splatters blood up in the air. Batman steps back from Joker and reaches over to pick up the crowbar lying on the ground.

Joker peered up through blurred vision. Swollen eyes chipped teeth, and a concussed brain, Joker's excitement only increases when he sees Batman standing over him.

It's a better feeling than sex what's about to happen.

"Oh, this is poetic!"
"Stop!"

Robin's voice cut through the air. Batman's eyes widen when he realizes something. He pulls back from the Joker.

"You're better than this," Robin murmured. "I'm all for killing him, but it's not worth tarnishing years of the reputation you've built up over that rotten bastard."

Joker scrambles to his feet and rushes to the nearest door. In his dazed and confused state, Joker remembers the Green Arrow. Just seconds before the Green Arrow drives an arrow into his knee and drops Joker to the ground.

"No, no, no, I'm not doing the meme! It's so outdated!"

Joker's laughter escalates to hyena on helium levels. Seconds before Batman swoops down and punches Joker's lights completely out. Joker fades completely to black after Batman pulls away from him.

The head trauma is worth it for him.

Patty breathes in and breathes out. She dresses now in more normal civilian clothes and not the costume. Her eyes shift over when she breathes in. Flash stands behind her and puts a hand on her shoulder to relax Patty a little bit.

"It's not your fault."

"You're going to keep telling me that," Patty answers. "And there are going to be sometimes where I'm going to believe you. I....."

The next step around the corner reveals a party they were not expecting to see. Patty's eyes brighten up when coming across the sight of Bruce Wayne. Sure he looks beat up, battered, and resembles little more than an unmade bed which someone trashed. He looks at them.

"Mr. Wayne, I thought you were a goner," Patty said to him.

Bruce's bleary eye looks at Patty directly in the face. "I thought I was one too. Batman saved me."

He groans when shifting around. Bruce tries to get up and collapse to the ground. Some of the members of Central City's finest come around the corner and hold onto Bruce to escort him out of the room. Bruce drags his foot against the ground and draws in a deep breath.

"Are you okay, Mr. Wayne?"

"I'm getting too old for this."

Trickster walked right by Bruce in handcuffs.

"Oh, defeated my own sidekick!" Trickster yelled. "The irony of it all!"

"Yeah, Jesse, whatever you say," one of the cops said tensely. "It's time for you to get back to Iron Heights…and don't think you're getting out."

"Oh, I'll be back," Trickster said. "And when I am, the Flash is going to suffer a death by a thousand paper cuts!"
No one bothers to tell the Trickster his rights. It would not do any good and it became increasingly difficult to find a lawyer to defend him.

Iris peers to the rooftop to see Robin and Green Arrow. They lock eyes with her and smile. Another rattling sound from inside of the warehouse brings Iris's attention briefly from the rooftop.

'And I bet you anything the moment that I turn back around, they'll be gone.'

Orderlies wheel the Joker out. Straps dig into the Joker's body. A muzzle covers his mouth. Despite the muzzle, Joker's laughter breaks through the air. The Clown Prince of Crime's wrapped up knee from the arrow shows the results of the injuries. The bruises and swollen face result in injuries no one ever gets out of their mind.

Iris shivers at the Joker. The adrenaline from the battle disappears. Relief spreads through every fiber of Iris's body. Yet, more questions also flash through her mind.

'How did he do it? How did he get out? I don't....I don't have an idea how he could have pulled it off.'

Iris's mind flashedback to something Sara said. She mentioned in the past how an escape artist never revealed his secrets. Or her secrets, depending on the party in question.

"Let's get you back home," Iris said to Patty.

Patty nods in confirmation. Today had been a long day and all Patty wishes to do to put it far out of her mind. Only fuzzy memories linger, even though the security footage shows all even the parts which Patty wishes not to recall.

'No one would blame me, but I shouldn't have put myself in that position. Oh, well, at least I saved someone. Because I'm pretty sure she was going to get kidnapped in my place.'

Time for Patty to return home, a fact she embraces without any problem at all.

X-X-X

Zoom lingers out of sight from anyone who did not run around at super speed. He observes the Trickster returning from Iron Heights. The opportunity to steal the Flash's speed force slips away from Zoom's fingers for now. However, Zoom decrees there will be other opportunities.

"We linger ever so closer to the end, my brother."

Deacon Blackfire's body appears in the black mist rising from the ground. The outline of his body grows more prominent the second Zoom steps onto the Astral Plane to face one of the worst adversaries anyone ever encounters in their life.

"Soon, all of Central City, along with the entire world will be in the palm of the hand. And my brother, it will not be in your hands, but my hands. And soon, he will rise again!"

Without any preamble, Blackfire backhands Zoom across the face. The psychotic speedster's eyes warp over towards the direction of Blackfire. Zoom throws his hand forward. Blackfire bursts into a cloud of demonic buzzards and appears behind Zoom.

"Despite me wrapping you in a blanket of protection, you fear the Speed Force. Every time it draws near, you run away. Every time you run away, you delay my plans. And he will not be happy if my plans are delayed."
Blackfire clutches Zoom's chin. Zoom remains rigid on the spot. The flash in his eyes shows a man who would like nothing better than to tear Deacon Blackfire limb from limb. He cannot even break free from the grip wrapping around his chin.

"He will not be pleased, my brother. Do you understand? Do you feel?"

Zoom growls underneath Blackfire's rough grin of his chin.

"Face your fears! Defend against your demons. Then and only then will you be unstoppable!"

Zoom tore away from Blackfire and his eyes maliciously dilated. A deep breath came from his body. Blackfire smiles at Zoom and fades to black.

"Only face your fears, only destroy the conduit of the Speed Force. Destroy Barry Allen!"

"Destroy Barry Allen!" Zoom growled. "Then there's no one to stop me from taking what is mine. Her speed will be mine!"

Damien Darhk's eyes slowly open up. Several of HIVE's top agents including his wife stares at him.

"Everyone with a cell phone will become HIVE drones when the device is engaged," Darhk concludes. "There will be a sacrifice and he will rise again."

"Who will rise again?" one of the HIVE leaders asked.

"One with great power which will make HIVE undisputed masters of the world," Darhk said.

"You should let us in on the plan….."

Darhk plunges his hand into the chest of the HIVE representative. He gasps with blood oozing out of his chest. Darhk tears the hand out and allows the blood to baptize the table in front of the other HIVE Agents. Darhk holds his hand up to ensure all of the HIVE agents gaze upon his bloody hand.

"Any questions?"

"No," one of them says with a trembling voice. "We'll move forward."

"Excellent."

Thank you for the reviews, views, favorites, follows, and kudos, and I'll see you on Thursday for the next chapter.

To Be Continued on March 29th, 2018.
"Joker's already back in Gotham City."

Sara walks across the pathway to the front entrance of Star Labs as Barbara checks in from Gotham City. She smiles at the confirmation. Transferring the Joker from Central City to Gotham City put Sara on the edge of the seat. He pulls several escape tricks in the path. Sara finds herself grateful Joker does not escape this time.

"So, until he breaks out again," Sara comments.

"Yeah, I know," Barbara replies. "This time, Batman came very close. He's getting….well I don't think that anyone could blame him. Until the rage fades and he can't look himself in the mirror again."

Sara nods in response. She pretty much figures Joker would be better off to be stuck on the ground or at least the prison in Lian Yu. Regardless, Sara sweeps over the ground and takes a step over to Star Labs. She steps inside down the hallway. A flicker of light catches Sara's attention and encourages her to walk into the next room.

She leans against the wall just in time to see Lian looking over several police reports.

"You know, I'm beginning to think being in Central City's a pretty bad temptation for you."

Lian jumps halfway up in the air. Pieces of paper scatter on the ground the second Lian settles down on the ground. She turns to Sara, eyebrow cocks, arms fold, and an expression of agitation dances across Lian's face.

"Why do you think that?" Lian challenges her.

Sara shakes her head and crosses the room. She looks at the girl. Was she ever this headstrong? Sara figures in the past she might have been. Dealing with Thea and Artemis, Sara remembers handling that much easier than Lian. Lian, being younger, and thus more stubborn makes Sara raise her eyebrow.

She puts on a pot of coffee and sits down across from Lian. The bubbling coffee comes to a boil behind her.

"You're going to go after Zoom again."

Lian keeps her mouth shut. Sara knows what she's up to even before looking after the police reports which she studies. Sara snags the reports away from Lian and puts them into her hand. She runs her fingers over the edge of the reports. Lian's arms just fold together in frustration when she takes a deep breath and looks across the way at Sara. Lian's neck turns a little bit and snaps back to Sara.

"Zoom's going to have to pay."

A nod follows from Sara. She takes the cup of coffee and gulps it down.

"Zoom will pay," Sara agrees. She puts her hand on Lian's arm and makes the girl look at her.
"You're going to leave Zoom to Iris and the people of Star Labs."

Lian's expression darkens. She finds herself more than capable of handling a battle. Granted, the suit being trashed constitutes a slight problem. Still, all Lian needs is one shot to take down Zoom and make him pay. She drew in a deep breath at Sara.

"I'm going to send you back to Starling City with Felicity on the jet. I'll find my own way back later."

"No, this is…." 

Sara stops Lian cold from protesting. A couple of deep breaths come from her.

"Kid, I just want you not to become a bloody smear on the pavement. Iris and I are having enough problems with Zoom. And Zoom's way out of my weight class, never mind yours."

Knowing her limits causes Sara to swallow a bitter pill. She drew in another deeper breath and locks eyes with Lian who just frowns once again.

"Are you ready to go?"

Felicity stands out at the edge of the doorway and gives Lian a nervous look. Lian returns the favor with a look towards Felicity which could melt holes through steel beams. Felicity just frowns and holds her hands to her waist, not really blinking from her position. She refuses to back down under any circumstances.

"I don't want anything to happen," Sara repeats herself. "Go with Felicity. Keep yourself safe. And have a nice trip."

Lian takes a moment to weigh her options. Sara pretty much lays down the law for her. Slumping her shoulders in defeat, Lian rises up and moves out to join with Felicity. Felicity and Sara catch each other's eye and nod before the two disappear around the corner.

The three-dimensional holograph of Barbara Gordon's head pops up next and Sara turns her complete and undivided attention in that particular direction.

"There's a robbery at the Lockhart Research Institute in Central City," Oracle reports. "It happens around the same time….nothing was stolen."

"You mean nothing was reported, right?" Sara asks.

"I'm going to dig around and see what I can find," Oracle confirms in the most indirect manner possible.

"Right," Sara replies in a distracted manner. "Keep me posted."

Sara pieces together a scenario. She knows deep down in her gut that Zoom, potentially with help from HIVE, hit multiple research facilities during the time where they were dealing with Trickster. Joker being here, Sara could not state without one hundred percent certainty whether or not it was part of the plan.

'Then again, as Babs says, no one invites the Joker. He simply crashes the party.'

Central City boasts of some of the most inviting and comfortable hospitals in the entire state. Patty Spivot tries to rest on the bed after the series of tests wrap up to assess her mental state. No matter
how much relief she feels after Flash pulls her from the Trickster's mind control.

Patty closes her eyes and takes a deep breath in front of her. She turns her attention to Iris who sits at the edge of the bed.

"I think it's for the best I'm here," Patty comments idly. "I just didn't think it would leave me so stir crazy."

Iris leans in with a smile and places her hand on top of Patty's. Patty relaxes underneath Iris's grip a few seconds later and just allows her ability to draw a natural breath continue.

"After spending nine months in a coma, I want to avoid hospitals when I can help it. So, I can't really blame you for being agitated by them"

Patty understands where Iris comes from on this point. She tightens the grip on her hand and takes a couple of deep breaths.

"So, I'm not quite sure where our relationship is right now," Patty admits, more to herself than to Iris. "However, I think we're friends and I'm pretty sure there are benefits. I understand why you said that you didn't need to be tied down…and I understand your side work why you did not want to get tied down even more."

To be honest, with work, Patty thinks having a more stable relationship would be a hinderence. No-strings sex calls to her even more and Iris stands to give it to her when necessary. She shifts against the bed and takes another deep breath when looking back at Iris.

"Still, you're with a few other girls," Patty said. "And I understand…I knew what I was getting myself into. Especially, when I found out and… .I was….I don't…I don't know if I want to take this step, but I'm curious about it."

Iris leans in closer and moves her right hand from the woman's hand to her cheek. Patty shifts a little bit to feel the tenderness of Iris's touch caressing her cheek. She closes her eyes a brief second later and just allows it to come in with her.

"If you want to join in, you're more than welcome to. None of us will stop you. Some of the girls will be very glad to have you."

"The more the merrier."

Almost on cue, Sara Lance appears almost as if she just has manifested from the darkness. Patty raises an eyebrow at once glimpse at Sara and smiles.

"I hope you'll feeling better," Sara said.

"Well, I'm on the mend," Patty said. "It's just the feeling of having my personal space violated that I'm going to have to get over."

A shiver comes over Patty's body at the not so gentle reminder of what she remembers dealing with. Thankfully, she did not harm anyone physically. Still, the fact Trickster put her in the position where she could.

"Just hang in there," Sara tells her. "Things will be better soon."

Without any other pause, Sara swoops in and catches Patty with a kiss on the lips. The kiss only lingers for about ten seconds. Never the less, it relaxes Patty. She catches the look of amusement of
Iris's eye and she takes a few seconds to shake her head.

"Maybe you should grab one of your girls, and we can double-date. If our schedules ever become less insane."

Sara scoffs ever so slightly out of jest for Iris's words. The two of them walk away from Patty.

"I really hope you're up for the challenge. Because my nights tend to end with a bang."

Sara winks at Patty before leaving. Feeling the watch vibrating very slightly against her wrist encourages Sara to move in the direction of the exit with Iris following her a half of a step or two behind her. Sara presses the button and the three-dimensional hologram of Oracle pops up.

"They've stolen it. HIVE has it."

The blood of both heroines run cold. Iris turns her attention to Sara.

"Well, that makes things more dangerous, doesn't it?" Iris asks.

Sara wordlessly nods in response to Iris's words. She clutches the side of her face. The door opens for HIVE to deploy their little weapon and put everyone nearby under their control unless of course, Sara finds a way to stop them. The sands of time ran down.

"I'm in the process of gathering more information about it," Oracle said. "Although, unfortunately, the only way we might be able to track is, is when HIVE starts to deploy it."

'And we don't know the window of opportunity there,' Sara mentally finishes for her friend.

Damien Darhk sits on a big chair and wears a big smile. His fellow HIVE representatives in Starling City sit on either side of him. Ruve sits at the edge of the table with the most businesslike expression possible on his face. He tilts back a little bit and looks towards the screen.

"We're all on schedule," Darhk comments. "But until they're all dancing to our tune, then nothing has been accomplished yet."

"Sir, there's nothing that can stop us," one of them states.

"You ever hear of Murphy?" Darhk asked. "Don't tempt fate until we have half of the world underneath our palm and the other half about ready to yield. They're searching for it still."

Darhk watches the latest commercial with his wife running down Moira Queen and her less than ethical past. His finger drags against his cheek when watching it. Starling City only slightly factors into his plans. Still, Darhk fails to deny anything.

'It would be wise to cover the base just in case.'

"Her approval rating is dipping ever so slightly," Darhk said. "Doubt is starting to set in. You're doing a good job, my dear."

Ruve's eyebrow wrinkles for a second. She answers with a nod towards her husband. Those eyes grew colder ever time Ruve stomachs peaking into them. Something dark settles into the mind of madness which her husband has entered. Ruve drags her finger against her cheek and drew in another deep breath.

"I'm doing fair enough," Ruve replies to him with an uneasy smile on her face.
"To the letter," Darhk answers after tapping his nose ever so slightly and smiling at her. "Keep it up."

'He treats me like a child clamoring for a reward,' Ruve thinks in agitation.

Each second ticking leads to one more second where Ruve draws in her breath. She sees the representatives of HIVE in Starling, Central City, and Gotham City all stepping out of the room. Her fingers push into her brow with another breath drawing from her body.

"Once this world is stabilized, then it will be finally safe enough for our daughter to live in. But, it's not secure yet."

Ruve's dead-eye glare meets her husbands. She shivers for a second and then hides the discomfort she feels against him. The goosebumps rising up on her arms betray her very real and frustrating emotions. She drags in a deep breath and gives her simple and blunt request.

"I want to see her."

Darhk's teeth go into a wide smile and he leans over. This travesty of a touch did nothing to ease Ruve's agitation. It only increases it.

'Stay calm. You harm him, then you can kiss your daughter goodbye for good.'

"Help me carry out the plan and you'll see her real soon. Trust me."

Those two words bit Ruve hard on the face. Trusting him at this point, well Ruve doubts she ever could take her husband at face value ever again. She simply inclines her head in affirmation. Darhk walks away from the table and turns his attention.

Edgar Prince steps down into the hallway and meets him halfway.

"Just letting you know that everything is in order," Edgar informs him.

Darhk gives him a smile. "Excellent…if you excuse me for one moment."

Those eyes flash with even more malice when turning away from Edgar Prince and the other HIVE leaders in the hallway. Darhk walks through the exit and pauses before kneeling down. A blood red mirror pops out of the wall in front of him.

"Soon," Darhk whispers. "Soon!"

A clash of thunder echoes in the background. Darhk puts his hand in the mirror and a figure in its shifts. Damien Darhk slowly slips into a more subconscious state and the spirit of Deacon Joseph Blackfire comes out to him.

"Yes, Brother Darhk, soon," Blackfire states. "Soon the world will burn under his fire. Soon, the greatest force known to all will rise one more time. Soon the entire world will burn his hands."

Every day, more of Darhk fades and more of Blackfire rises.

Thea Queen passes through the gates at Belle Reve. Some of the prisoners watch her go. Thea refuses to take their shit when moving forward. She hears the whistles at them like they never seen a girl ever.

"I'm here to see Artemis Crock," Thea tells the guard.
The guard consults his clipboard and nods in response. He steps back to allow Thea to cross over towards the hallway. The Queen Heiress holds her head up high and walks to the nearest entrance. She holds herself up to a standing position and drew in a breath.

'He's a really friendly one, isn't he?' Thea asks herself.

Artemis sits in her cell with her legs crossing over each other. She opens her eyes to see Thea.

"Hey," Artemis comments. "I always thought that I'd be in one of these cells someday."

Thea takes a moment to give Artemis a burning look. To be honest, given how wild Thea became after the five years, she remembers expecting to be in one of those cells as well.

"Did you bring the cake?" Artemis teases. "You know, the cake with the metal file in it?"

"Past the metal detector?" Thea asked. "Actually, past four metal detectors and an X-Ray machine? I don't think I'm that good."

Artemis just smiles and shakes her head. She feels the necessity to add some levity to the entire situation to help relax her. Otherwise, she finds herself going more progressively mad. Most of the prisons left her alone. It only takes a few broken limbs, busted jaws, loosened teeth, and black eyes to get them to back the hell off. Who really knew it only takes just that much.

"You're pretty good," Artemis comments to her. "But, yeah, I understand. I'm here because I should be here. I figure they wouldn't have thrown me away if it wasn't for the other convictions things. Including some very powerful people wanting me here."

"There are …people who are doubting that you're the Green Arrow," Thea says.

Artemis just smiles and shakes her head.

"Was that before or after about eight copycats a night are patrolling the streets?"

She pities Sara for having to deal with all of those faux-arrows. A bunch of kids try to do the right thing. Artemis sees it coming. They are in way over her head.

'Been there, done that, I can write books about all that.'

Thea looks over her shoulder. She notices the security camera on the wall. Thea slips a disc out of her pocket and places it on the wall.

"Causes the camera to loop you in the cell for about the next ten minutes," Thea comments. "So you can talk?"

"It would be a handy little toy to break me out," Artemis replies. She comes face to face with Thea's look of agitation. "Kay, I'm kidding, obviously."

The Queen heiress agrees it would be a handy toy to break her out. Karen crafts some of the best equipment in the world, and this ends up being another in-genius invention from the fine people at Starrwave.

"I need you to trust me on something," Thea states out of the blue.

Artemis raises an eyebrow when looking at Thea.

"Okay, I can trust you on a lot of things. But why do I think this is going to be something that is
going to be…well you just might as well tell me, I guess."

The captive prisoner's eyes nervous fell on the blinking disc on the wall. She knew the real reason why Thea came here. She dreads hearing what Thea has to say and at the same time, finds some curiosity with what Thea might say. She leans back against the cell and bites down on her lip to take a deep breath from her.

"Okay, what?"

"I need you to support me in saying that HIVE brainwashed you into admitting you were the Green Arrow."

Artemis brings a single eyebrow up at Thea's words. She wonders exactly what kind of scheme went on in Dare she even think about it? She catches one glimpse at Thea's imploring eyes. She nearly convinces Artemis to pull this one off.

"That's going to open up a bigger can of worms than it's going to solve."

"Please, do this for me."

'Oh, for fuck's sake, not the puppy dog eyes.'

Artemis's eyes linger on Thea's for a second. She takes a second to take a deep breath.

"I'll consider it," Artemis mutters. "I just don't think it's a good idea."

Thea nods and removes the disc from the wall to stow it back into her bag. The cameras resume their normal playback with Artemis just sitting back in the cell. She takes a couple of deep breaths from where she stands.

A bright flash of light almost blinds Thea in a second. A figure appears in Artemis's cell. Thea tries to look through the light. The figure is distinguishable from the light.

"Are you Artemis Crock?" the figure asks in a modulated voice.

"Yeah, what's it to you?"

"You've been recruited for a mission to save all of time itself."

A figure grabs Artemis's wrist and the two of them disappear in a blink of an eye. Thea screams and almost throws herself against the cell wall to stop it from happening. She realizes it is much too late. Whatever happens, has happened, and Artemis just disappears.

The guards scramble around leaving Thea Queen with the uncomfortable position of explaining something which simply defies all explanation. The question of "how" and the question of "why" rattle around of Thea's mind as she struggles to regain some mastery of coherence.

"We should find it within the next hour or so, if they've put any signals out. And we'll know the minute that there are irregularities in the system."

Sara nods at Oracle's words. The only thing they could do right now would be to step back and allow Oracle to do her thing. Sara's lips curl into a very evident frown when moving away from the situation. She turns to both Caitlin and Iris.

"So, Patty's going to join the circle," Caitlin remarks after a conversation with Iris. "That's good to
"Yeah, there's going to be about an hour before Oracle runs her search," Sara comments.

Caitlin breaks out into a smile and looks from Iris to Sara. They move to the lab adjacent from Oracle's. Iris zips across the room to clear off a lab table. With every movement, an article of clothing drops to the ground until Iris remains standing in a pair of satin red panties and a matching bra. Caitlin shrugs off her coat to sit down on the table. Iris moves her way over to join her.

The two kiss each other, with Iris wrapping her hand around Caitlin's brown locks and pulling her into a kiss. Sara strips down to her bra and panties as well and climbs on the table. She moves in and alternates between kissing Iris and Caitlin. Both sides increase their kissing with one and other.

"You're a bit overdressed, Doctor Snow," Sara whispers heatedly in her ear.

Both Iris and Sara take turns kissing Caitlin. Each kiss causes stirs of emotion to fill her body. Caitlin takes in a deep breath when Sara runs her hands over Caitlin's legs while kissing her. Iris leans in and kisses her. The two women overwhelm the scientist very soon with some very intense kisses which go into her mouth deeper and deeper with each movement.

"Yes," Iris comments.

Speedy hands unbutton Caitlin's top and reveal more of her black bra. Her firm tits spill out of them with Iris deciding to help her out of the bra the rest of the way. Iris's tender and warm hands run over her. Caitlin's eyes screw shut the more she receives pleasure.

Sara moves down and pulls down Caitlin's panties. She rubs Caitlin's soaked mound. Juices stick to Sara's fingers from the touch. Caitlin already grew very aroused from the earliest touches. Caitlin lifts her hips up just in time to meet the fingers dipping into her womanhood. She turns her pussy inward and accepts Sara's probing digits inside of her body.

"Again," Caitlin moans from Sara's touch.

A couple of fingers delve deeper into Caitlin's warm body. Sara fingers Caitlin for several ticks of the clock. Then she moves down to lick Caitlin's inner thigh. Caitlin spreads her legs and lays back on the table. Sara gains completely access to her pussy.

"You know what to do."

Iris stands on the table and loses her panties. Her bare pussy drips for Caitlin. Caitlin opens her mouth wide to be fed. Iris lowers onto Caitlin's mouth and accepts those warm lips and very able tongue on her. Caitlin slides her tongue first against the outer edge of Iris's lips and then moves closer to her molten core. Iris rocks her thighs in to squeeze into Caitlin's face.

Sara brings her tongue into Caitlin's body. She licks the pussy of the STAR Labs scientist and makes her jolt up off of the table. Those soft legs feel perfect and demand to be touched. Sara pulls away from Caitlin's pussy long enough to plant several kisses down the sides of Caitlin's legs. She jumps up and Sara massages Caitlin's legs.

Caitlin's entire world swirls into a never ending wave of pleasure. Sara works her over from the bottom and makes her cum. She works the orgasm to the edge and causes Caitlin's hips to trust up off of the bed. She rises her hips up into the air and drops them down onto the table.

Not to be neglected, Iris's pussy receives a good and complete licking thanks to Caitlin. She sees
stars the moment Caitlin touches her in a certain spot. Caitlin able fingers run against the back of Iris's legs and drag her in to lick her pussy. The warm touch of such a beautiful pussy being licked makes Iris grind herself up and down on Caitlin to delve her tongue into her deeper.

Iris cums all over Caitlin's face. She pulls back from her to give Sara enough room to climb up. Sara holds onto the back of Caitlin's hair and clamps onto Caitlin's mouth with a kiss. Caitlin returns the kiss with equal fire. Her nail digs down the back of Sara's neck and encourages the kiss.

"You're such a horny girl," Sara says with a smile when pulling back from Caitlin. "Both of you turn over."

Caitlin and Iris turn their bodies over with their firm asses sticking up. Sara feasts her eyes on the buffet of flesh in front of her. She runs her tongue down Iris's eager pussy while jamming her fingers into Caitlin's tightening cunt. She pulls out from her and drives her fingers into her.

Sara alternates between licking Iris's pussy and fingering Caitlin's to licking Caitlin's and fingering Iris's. The moans of both girls escalate to a new level.

Pleasure rises up when Iris's high-sex drive reaches up. Sara's tongue strikes all of the cords which drives Iris wild. She tries very hard not to vibrate through the table and cause them to crash down. Iris receives a cool brush against her nipple. She turns over and Caitlin just smiles at her.

On the other side, Caitlin tries not to lose it with an Arctic blast covering the lab. Sara tests her control something fierce. Those fingers delve deeper inside of Caitlin. Seconds later, Sara's tongue returns to Caitlin's warm sheath and drives her completely around the bend with toe-curling pleasure.

The seconds pass with Sara pulling away. She acquires a strap on and moves over. A kiss to Iris introduces the fresh taste of Caitlin's pussy juices into the warm and inviting mouth of Iris West. Iris wraps her arms around Sara as she mounts her lap.

"Sara, I need you," Iris murmurs.

"Anything you want, baby," Sara coos when grinding up against Iris.

Her warm thighs come down onto Iris's hips and drop the cock into her pussy. Sara mounts Iris's lap with her legs wrapping around her. The two lovers increase their activity with an insane amount of friction moving back and forth against them. Sara's hands grip on the back of Iris's neck and push her deep inside.

"Suck on my tits."

Caitlin closes her eyes to watch the scene and wait her turn. She works an icicle into her pussy. Caitlin's pussy grinds up and takes the icicle deep inside of her womanly core. It stretches and contorts inside of her body the deeper it delves into her body to draw her pleasure to a new level.

Iris leans into Sara's chest and buries herself face first in the heaving cleavage. She takes a deep breath and sucks on those very hard and tantalizing nipples. The nipples stick their way into Iris's mouth. She hungers for tasting them and for sucking on them even more. She licks Sara's chest and draws the nipple into her mouth.

"Mmm!" Sara moans. "That's a good girl right there…..and there's a bad girl right there!"

Caitlin crawls behind Sara and starts to lick her warm asshole. Sara clenches her hole against Caitlin's probing tongue the deeper she pushes herself inside. She tries not to lose control of herself.
Hands clutch Sara's ample backside with Caitlin pushing in and out of her tight back passage. Caitlin needs to bury her face in Sara's cheeks. She needs to taste her taboo hole more than life itself. She rims Sara while Sara drives herself into Iris.

The friction between both sides brought Sara up to an orgasm. Iris's mouth alternates in a blur between both nipples. Caitlin's cool tongue brushes against her asshole as well. Sara feels so many sensations at once that she practically gushes and causes sticky juices to fall between herself and Iris.

She explodes into a shower of cum. Iris returns the favor and cums as hard as well. Her tight pussy grips the dildo and saturates the cock pushing into her. Sara grabs Iris and lowers her back down onto the hard cock which pushes into her body.

Caitlin finishes tasting Sara's ass and also gets a sample of pussy juices. The combination of Sara and Iris spilling out into her mouth made Caitlin buzz in pleasure.

"It's my turn now."

Detaching from Sara's ass and the back of her legs gives Caitlin enough room to flash a very prominent and knowing smile towards Caitlin. Sara lingers a bit more and grabs Caitlin's cheek before pulling her into one of the more blistering kisses possible.

Sara feels Caitlin melt underneath her kiss. She reduces the woman's inhibitions simply to nothing. It brings a good feeling to Sara. Sara's lust increases when she turns Caitlin around and bends her over on the table. Sara pulls herself away from Caitlin and runs her hands over her body.

"This is all mine, baby," Sara breaths in Caitlin's ear. "Do you understand me?"

"Yes," Caitlin mutters to her. "Yes."

"Good," Sara comments. "I'm glad."

She digs one finger into Caitlin's moist core and pulls back against her. The throbbing fake cock comes closer to inserting itself between Caitlin's warm and willing thighs. Sara leans in and kisses the back of her neck. She traces over Caitlin's back and maps out a spot of all of those places which drive Caitlin beyond the bend.

Caitlin digs her nails against the table. She looks up at Iris's inviting pussy and decides to lean a bit closer. Iris shifts underneath her to allow Caitlin the opportunity to lap up Iris's beautiful pussy juices.

Sara squeezes Caitlin's ass and slips a finger briefly into her rear passage.

'Another time, maybe.'

Sara shifts herself a little bit closer to Caitlin to open her up wide. A few more seconds pass before Caitlin's wet pussy opens up for Sara to slip inside of her and stretch her warm womanhood out.

'Yes!' Caitlin mentally cheered.

Twelve inches of pounding penis slip into Caitlin and starts to lay into her. It stretches her and brings her pleasure to a brand new level. Sara pulls almost all the way out of her and touches the tip of the cock against her before pushing it into her.

"Don't forget me."

Caitlin's fingers retract into miniature icicles. She pushes three of them into Iris's pussy and causes
her to vibrate. Iris floats in mid-air from the vibrations pushing her up and causes her to cum hard and fast over Caitlin's fingers. It feels really good.

Sara refuses to step back from working over Caitlin. The lovely and soft moans of pleasure coursing through her body make Sara feel really good the deeper she pushes into Caitlin's warm body and stretches out her warm pussy.

"Getting closer, aren't we?" Sara asks her.

Caitlin breathes in and out before she nods. Her breathing increases the deeper Sara goes into her and she can go pretty deep as it turns out to stretch her out. She receives a good working over and Sara refuses to stop the music. She keeps pushing in and stretching Caitlin out until Caitlin screams.

She gives in and cums harder than ever before. Caitlin buries herself in Iris's snatch to allow the moans to vibrate through her. Iris's tantalizing pussy juices spill out of her body and make Caitlin suck up her juices. The hunger only increases between both of them.

Sara rests her hands on Caitlin's body to push into her even more. She soaks in the tension in the air and the arousal comes to a fever pitch. Sara slides herself way from Caitlin and back into her body with a couple more pushes inside of her.

"My turn," Sara purrs and leans in to nibble Caitlin's neck.

Caitlin's entire world flows into a never-ending avalanche of pleasure. Sara rests her hands on Caitlin's back to work through the next few strokes.

All three women cum at the same time. Sara rides on Caitlin's orgasm and their juices intermingle together. Sara comes down from a peak and crashes down onto the rocks when she rides out Caitlin's orgasm all the way.

Iris and Caitlin pounce on Sara and start rubbing her body and licking her pussy. She allows the worship to settle in with a smile following.

A bright flash of light emits from the lab. Rachel Roth, Raven, drops down to the ground and takes in a deep breath. The blast of pheromones filling the lab throws her off for a brief second. She turns to Sara who rises up off of the bed in a second and locks eyes with Raven.

"I'm here….to give you a dire warning," Raven comments. "Damien Darhk loses more control by the day, because of my father's servant….Joseph Blackfire."

Sara knew it somehow. She knew something was happening with Darhk. She moves across the room to find her clothes and pull them on.

To Be Continued on March 30th, 2018.

Thank you for the favorites, follows, reviews, kudos, and views, and I will see you on Friday for the next chapter.
It's been a bit, but we have another Blog Exclusive lemon, featuring Sara, Laurel, and Nyssa. Head to the Page Of Important Links, the Web of Chaos Archives, and either the Blog Exclusive or Under the Hood Archives. It's titled "A Bonding Experience."

Chapter One Hundred and Thirty-Eight: Strike and Counterstrike

The very instant Rachel Roth sweeps into the room, she finds herself bombarded by a blast of energy which causes her entire mind to go on a trip. Rachel draws in a deep breath seconds later and tries not to lose herself with the pheromones blasting through the air even though it is one of the hardest things not to do. She finally snaps back.

Iris, Caitlin, and Sara scramble to pull her clothes back on. Sara turns to Rachel with a half-apologetic smile.

"Sorry about that."

Rachel answers her with a shrug. "It's fine. I should have knocked."

She spends the next few seconds drawing in her breath and trying not to lose herself in the emotions going through the room. It pops into Rachel's mind with the abruptness of what she needs to do.

"Ever since Darhk grabbed the urn, he's been used as a vessel for Blackfire."

The name of Deacon Blackfire stirs up Sara's agitation even more. She tries not to allow it bother her all that much. The man's legendary exploits and the horror he inspires makes Sara look her straight in the eye. Caitlin and Iris join Sara by her side.

"As you know, Blackfire's my father's servant. He sacrifices in his name to bring him into this realm. My father intends to conquer this realm like he has so many others. And he's closer than you can think."

"Why?" Iris asks. "How has he gotten so close?"

Rachel recovers just enough to speak what she conveys the exact information she needs to.

"He's planning to sacrifice many in Starling City as part of a ritual. He's using Darhk's plan to purify the entire world."

Sara wrinkles her nose. Any plan to purify the world comes straight out of the most warped part of the mind of Ra's al Ghul. Darhk has more in common with his former fellow member of the League than the man would dare admit and he would realize.

"It's getting stronger," Rachel says while taking in a deep breath. "Dark magic…it's a temptation the closer that I get. I thought I had it under control, but it's not under control. Not even…not close."

"Maybe you should sit this one out," Sara conveys in a gentle voice.

Raven shakes her head. She does not want to face her father by any means. But, should he break free, thanks to Blackfire, then there would be no way on Earth. She turns to Iris. The Fastest Woman
Alive feels a draft with Raven's intense gaze locked on her.

"Zoom works for Blackfire."

"You…you can't…he does?" Iris stammers.

Raven nods to show this was no idle statement. All three women piece together the answers they need. If Zoom works for Blackfire, then it obviously stands to reason that Zoom also is a puppet of Trigon.

"Zoom is an attack dog which Blackfire has let free," Caitlin comments.

"Yeah, he is," Raven replies with a grim nod. "He's very dangerous. And if he….he's going to attack when you get close enough. And he's not going to stop until he gets what he wants."

"He's after my speed," Iris replies. "I know."

Iris stands against the wall to use it as the necessary support and take as many breaths from her body as possible. She understands there were going to be some complications going up against Zoom. Her confident shakes when recalling the last time she steps up against Zoom. The Fastest Woman Alive stammers mentally at the thought of dealing with the likes of Zoom.

"We'll find a way around Zoom," Caitlin replies. "What if my powers....."

"Only for a few seconds," Raven cuts her off. "Zoom's not like Thawne. He's something else. He's something more dangerous."

A beeping comes from the new room. Sara shifts on through to check with the Oracle AI. She hates this, really does she does.

'That bastard is going to unleash the end of days,' Sara thinks. 'For what reason? For what cause? I don't understand. And I'm not sure if I want to understand his thought process.'

Barbara's intense eyes pop up at the edge of the holographic shield. Sara turns her attention to the artificial intelligence construct.

"The signal is starting to be deployed in small increments. It's deep underneath Starling City. I don't know where, but I'm guessing it's around a cell phone tower or something like that."

Sara turns to Iris who walks into the room. The two crime fighters lock eyes with each other before they pull away. The nervousness between the two of them only escalates to a brand new level.

"Cell phone tower?" Iris asks.

"Yeah, I believe the one with the highest reach is near the Clocktower," Barbara replies.

Two fingers rise up to pinch the bridge of Sara's nose. She can hardly believe HIVE could have potentially been operating out of their own backyard for this long. She watches the map pop up and notices that the point on the map, yeah, it was around the corner from the Clocktower alright.

"They moved it out of Central City to Starling City," Iris comments in a frustrated voice. "And they're…they're going to hook it up?"

"Yeah," Sara replies. "It's what it looks like to me."

Starling City looks to be the Canary in the Coalmine for HIVE's plans. Sara turns to Iris who nods.
They need to take drastic action and fast.

"Play it again."

Felicity Smoak slams her hands on the console and plays the images of Artemis Crock being snagged from her cell by a mysterious force. She works on trying to capture that one angle which catches the face of the attacker. Felicity takes a deep breath. The burning eyes of Jade, the sister of the abducted girl, burn into the back of her head, and Felicity, breathing in deeply, wishes she has a bit more personal space to do what she needs to do, after dragging her fingers across the edge of the keyboard.

Thea rocks back and wishes she had the capacity to scream. Screaming does not seem like a very good idea right now, given it would just frustrate her even more. Even after witnessing the abduction play out in front of her face, Thea hardly has the capacity to reconcile the images flashing across the screen in front of her. The Queen Heiress breathes in and breathes out.

"One more time?" Jade asks.

"I don't know what you hope to see, given the number of times I've played it."

Felicity cringes underneath Jade's very deadly gaze. The computer hacker takes a deep breath as two very crisp words come out.

"Humor me."

She shudders and moves in to do as asked. Felicity feels like the images burn into her eye. She sees no new details from each passing view of the images popping into the air. She only sees Artemis in the cell one second, the light leaving, and Artemis leaving the cell.

"I don't understand this!" Thea blurts out.

"That makes two of us," Jade comments. "And there's no way to track where they've taken my sister."

Jade's grip on the edge of the chair just tightens and her breathing increases. She tries not to lose it. Losing it will not bring Artemis back. Jade's eyes close and she deep breaths while mentally counting to ten. This only serves to ramp up the tension and not decrease it.

"Hang on, I've got a call," Felicity said. "Yeah, Lyla."

"We've been unable to track Artemis," Lyla informs her. "However, we have another problem."

Tonight seems to be the night of problems, Felicity figures. She takes in a deep breath and wonders what Lyla will have to say. It cannot be any more frustrating than anything else. The doors open and Laurel returns from her search of the city.

"Yeah, what is it now?" Felicity asks.

"Lori's been snagged as well," Lyla says.

The deep breath Felicity holds in just pops out of her body. Several thoughts enter the mind of the computer hacker. She drags her fingers against her scalp and takes another breath before asking the very obvious question.

"They're related. Aren't they?"
"We're going under the theory that both of them are the same person. They are snagged by the same mysterious source. We're currently trying to see if there were any other strange abductions like that, but unfortunately, if it hasn't been reported there's not that much we can do about it."

Felicity shrugs her shoulders. "Yeah, I can see that."

Another call comes in on the other end. Felicity wonders what the hell is happening this time. She pushes the button into the headset and Sara pops in through the headset.

"HIVE's right around the corner from the Clocktower."

"WHAT?"

Felicity almost falls back in her chair. It's a mark of how composed she was she did not just scream out and curse her very existence. It was very hard for her to remain calm despite this frustrating situation. Felicity drags her nails against her face and tugs on her hair to take another deep breath.

"They have a facility right next to the cell phone tower across the street from the Clocktower," Sara says. "Iris and I are heading over there right now….is Laurel there?"

"Yeah, I'm here," Laurel replies. "I'll join you if you want me to."

"That would be good," Sara replies without a second thought. "We can use all of the back-ups here."

"Yeah, I'm coming too," Thea pipes in.

"I'll be there too," Jade answers.

Both women join Laurel when making their way out of the elevator. Tonight's frustrations only hit a brand new level with Felicity rolling her shoulders back. She watches as Cass is the only person left inside of the Clocktower.

'Yeah, this is going to be another long night isn't it?'

A solid wall strikes Raven hard on the top of the head. The jarring feeling rocks Raven back a couple of steps. She stands back and shakes the cobwebs off. Green Arrow and Flash fall on either side of her. Neither crime fighter is as jarring as Raven is given she blocks them from hitting the brunt of the wall. They still find themselves staggering from the impact.

Raven scans the area to see if there were any particularly nasty surprises which could give them problems. The instant Raven pulls her hands back from the area, she feels something going on.

"He has an artifact preventing direct teleportation," Raven comments. "Not sure if it means that it also alerts him when anyone is here but…."

"Good assumption."

Sara arms herself half expecting to be knee-deep in HIVE operatives the moment she steps into the area. The fact Sara encounters no one for the first few steps makes her very suspicious and also very anxious. She feels a chill of something in the air.

She, Iris, and Rachel step into a not so conventional area. Laurel, Thea, and Jade break into the base through the cell phone area right over the top of it.

"I don't like the looks of this," Iris mutters.
'Yeah, me either,' Sara thinks.

She steps inside and sees a flash of light. The demonic face of a hideous man with a scraggly looking beard flash in her mind's eye. Sara's point of view shifts onto the Queen's Gambit and being sucked down into the waves. She flashes back to the island, with Oliver on his knees.

'KILL ME!' past Oliver shouts.

Rachel places a hand on Sara's shoulder to jolt her back into the present.

"Flashing back at random times is not healthy for the psyche," Rachel tells her.

The very real fear of what would happen if Trigon broke through comes through Sara's body. Trigon's a bit out of Sara's weight class, to put things very lightly. Sara sweeps her way through the area and walks even closer. She comes across a very peculiar sight in the distance.

A dark-haired girl sits on the ground. She dresses in a schoolgirl uniform with pigtails on her. One look at her gives Sara a look at a very vacant and chilling stare when the girl rocks herself back and starts humming underneath her breath. Sara walks a little bit closer.

The doll the girl clutches wears a green hood on it. The girl's eyes blink a few more seconds before looking at Sara.

"Hello?" Sara asks tentatively.

Iris looks at her strangely. Rachel opens her mouth to say something. Whatever she intends to stay is stopped by the girl on the ground.

"Beware."

No sooner Sara tries to look or interact with the girl sitting on the ground further was she fades out into a flicker of light. Sara stands back and watches the girl twist into a cloud of smoke and dust.

"It's another mind game." Rachel tells her.

Sara nods wordlessly. At first, she entertains the possibility that it might be something else. Someone trying to warn Sara or something. She takes a deep breath and Iris looks from both Rachel and Sara with wordless words. Sara steps through the gates.

"Felicity, we're going to have to disable the security before the changeover happens," Sara states. No answer on the other end of the communication. "Felicity?"

No answer puts Sara in a position where she wonders what the hell to do next. If Felicity's not coming over the communication, that means Sara's going to have to deal with this problem on her own. Sara steps closer over and bends down to the box.

"Cover me," Sara tells Iris.

Something scrambles the communication. Sara hears from the buzzing that Felicity's trying to frantically get through. She takes a second to breathe in.

Rachel sits down on the ground, crossing her legs and elevating herself a little bit off of the ground. Sara tries not to focus on it. She instead works to disable the security. It was a lot easier for someone to do this from the Clocktower.

'I can do it, though,' Sara says.
Sara gets into the security network. She manages to disable the sensors outside. Rachel snaps out of the trance to the point where she almost flings her hand into the wall. She stops short, breaths in and calms down about as much as possible.

"Thea, Jade, and Laurel are in," Rachel informs her. "You need to get me to Darhk. I think I can banish Blackfire…but time is running out."

'And Darhk's going to have to willingly relinquish that power as well,' Rachel thinks.

Edgar Prince whistles and starts to get to work on the Clocktower. Two hours to launch and everything is almost ready. Hopefully, it will be up to Darhk's standards. The man became unbearable for Edgar to work with. He keeps plugging into certain parts of the Clocktower.

A blare of energy comes in front of Edgar. He faces the psychotic speedster known as Zoom. Edgar keeps calm. The wrench in his hand remains clutched in tight.

'This is a travesty of a defense,' Edgar muses.

"Where is Damien Darhk? Zoom growls.

Those dangerous hands which have killed so many linger closer towards Edgar. Edgar steps back a few inches and looks the deadly speedster in the eye.

"I'm not Darhk's keeper," Edgar curtly replies. "If I had to take a guess, I would say Darhk is preparing for the grand launch. This is his big moment after all."

A tension headache spreads towards Edgar's body. This psychotic madman staring Edgar down from the other side helps little in alleving the many problems which visit him. Edgar lifts up his hands which show the signs of aging. He drops them down to the ground.

"The great Zoom," Edgar comments, sounding very bored. "Reduced to nothing other than a glorified attack dog for Damien Darhk. And once Darhk's done with you, you're going to be going back to the prison where you were locked away. And that's if the Speed Force doesn't get you first."

"You have no idea what you're talking about!" Zoom growls.

"Oh, I know what I'm talking about," Edgar says. "We've been both used in this scheme, to the point where it's almost pathetic. And I know one other thing. You can simply rip my spine out through my mouth before I even have a chance to blink. If you didn't want to know what I know."

Zoom's hand wraps around Edgar's throat and squeezes it. Would death be so bad compared to a half-life, where Edgar's doomed to be nothing other than a lackey for a man he respects less and less by each passing day. The World's Greatest Criminal Mastermind stares his own morality in the eye and refuses to even blink.

"I could end you right now."

A small trickle of blood leaves the mouth of Edgar Prince. He holds the wrench in his hand. Zoom releases him from the ground.

"You're not worth the time," Zoom replies. "Flash approaches. And I will have her speed."

"YOU ARE AN IMBECILE!"

Zoom's deadly eyes fall on Edgar's face. Edgar refuses to even back down from the murderous look
which would have many people like him pissing his pants right about now. Edgar adjusts his tie which Zoom just spent in disarray from him.

"Ignore the Flash!" Edgar yells. "The moment this is done, any speed you suck up like a glutton isn't going to matter. Blackfire's done protecting you once his master's back. You really don't see this, do you?"

"I will feast when Deacon Blackfire has brought the dark one back," Zoom replies.

Edgar realizes this is a lost cause. A man who has the ability to crush armies in a blink of an eye is nothing other than a disciple. It's almost sad at how useless Zoom's become.

'And yet, if he kills me, it would have been doing me a favor.'

The World's Greatest Criminal Mastermind rubs the top of his scalp. A breach in the security system brings Edgar's attention to the hallways. He sees one guard drop down from a not so mysterious force from behind him. Edgar's eyes follow the progress of the dropping HIVE goons.

'Well, you're good at dodging security cameras, but I guess you can't hide what you're doing.'

Zoom's head pops off of the table and he gives a deep and very excited breath to make Edgar's attention turn completely around to face the psychotic speedster.

"Are you going to need a moment alone?" Edgar asks him.

"I sense the Flash!" Zoom bellows at the top of his lungs.

No sooner does Zoom leave, Edgar prepares to deal with the arrival of the Green Arrow, Flash, Speedy, Black Canary, and Cheshire. A sixth participant arrives which causes Edgar to raise his eyebrow in surprise.

'Well, the plot thickens.'

It should be interesting to see where this goes.

Damien Darhk sweeps through the hallway. The sight of several downed HIVE soldiers makes Darhk tut. The heroes were already here and Darhk prepares himself to greet them in the most suitable way possible.

"Unbelievable," Darhk comments. "Every time I get closer to accomplishing something worthwhile, someone screws it up. We're about an hour away from launching it and you can't...."

One of the lookouts falls at Damien Darhk's feet with an arrow in the back of his shoulder. Darhk throws his head back and keeps walking down the hallway. Darhk closes his eyes and scans the hallway.

'Three, two, one.'

A bright blur pops down the hallway. Damien Darhk's hand whips up and catches the Flash in mid-run to propel her back a few feet. Flash soars high into the sky and lands hard down onto the ground. Darhk whips his hand back and bombards the Flash with another bolt of energy which sends her flying back down onto the ground.

"So, you're the Fastest Woman Alive," Darhk said. "Magic has a tendency to travel faster than any scientific force. I can get up this wall before you even blink for instance."
Iris slams against the wall with a bone-rattling force. She scrapes against the wall and tries to push through.

'I hope she tries to vibrate through it next,' Darhk muses.

True to form, Iris vibrates or attempts to vibrate through the magical wall. She flies back into the side of the wall and breaks herself through the cinderblocks. Darhk throws two dead weigh guards down to the ground and approaches the figure lying on the ground.

"I could rip you apart piece by piece," Darhk responds in a very calm voice. "I wonder if I should start with your heart."

A figure in a purple robe shoots in from of Darhk. Darhk steps back in surprise when the attacker comes eye to eye with him.

"The demon child," Darhk says.

'She's made a grave mistake coming here,' a giddy Blackfire whispers Darhk's ear.

"So, Blackfire's been filling your head with information and also lies," Raven says. "You're no longer yourself, Damien. Ever since you've grabbed that urn, you've…"

"I've become something else, I've become someone else," Darhk dryly replies. "And I like what I've become. This power is excellent, who would dare give it up?"

Raven raises her hand and sends Darhk flying hard against the wall. Darhk pulls himself up and feels the agony in his body.

'Don't let her close,' Blackfire yells.

As if on cue, Zoom rushes towards Raven. He conjures blue lightning and blasts Raven in the face. The smoldering half-demon sorceress slams into the ground from the lightning. Zoom turns her attention to the Flash.

"The end is here, Flash!" Zoom yells.

Zoom blasts through the energy field and grabs Iris around the throat. He hoists the fastest woman alive and slams her through a plate glass window to send glass shattering down.

Flash slams herself away from Zoom. Three arrows break open at Zoom's face and release liquid nitrogen. Zoom growls and phases out of the ice like it was nothing before he sends three blasts of lighting towards Iris. She hits the deck hard and clutches onto the wall.

'Son of a bitch,' Iris groans.

"You're going to get your speed ripped out!"

Zoom obliterates the scaffolding where Sara fired those arrows. Iris grabs Zoom from behind and the two of them fly into the air.

They stand on opposite ends of a very long room. Zoom comes from the right and Flash comes from the right. They both fly into the air as more explosions go off around them.

Darhk pulls himself up, dragging his leg behind him. He blocks an arrow coming next to him and runs to the room.
“Edgar, get it ready to launch!” Darhk yells.

The two speedsters fighting out of the corner of his eye distracts Darhk for a very brief moment. He keeps pushing forward despite the injuries suffered.

Tonight was going to be the night.

____________________________________

**To Be Continued on April 2nd, 2018.**

____________________________________

Thanks for the favorites, follows, reviews, kudos, and views, and I will see you on Monday for the next chapter.
Laurel busts a window open and slides in through the broken glass before dropping herself down to the ground. A deep breath follows and she motions for Thea and Jade to follow her a couple of steps behind. Thea and Jade pop in and then move down the hallway.

An arrow to the doorway causes the locks to blow completely off and then open it up. A small army of HIVE operatives coming down the hallway from the side catches their attention. The footsteps get louder and closer. Laurel leans in to listen to what they had to say.

"Make sure to secure the area! No matter what, you're not to let any of them down this hallway? Do you hear me?"

Laurel moves in with Thea and Jade following them. About a couple dozen HIVE drones pop down the hallway and form a wall which makes it very hard to navigate around the situation. The girls take in deep breaths when going closer to the hallway.

'So, they want this hallway secured,' Thea muses to herself with a deep breath. 'Good to know we're heading in the right direction.'

Thea blasts one of them with an arrow to the chest which doubles them over. She rushes in and catches the goon with an uppercut to the side of the head. Thea pulls back and pops her enemy with a huge kick to the head. She grips her bow tightly and nails her adversary with one of the biggest arrows.

"Take them down! Don't let them pass! Do you hear me? Don't let them pass!"

Jade drops down from the position. One of the HIVE goons points a gun at her. Jade looks down at the gun, not blinking. She grabs the man by the arm and the two struggle for a few seconds. Jade catches him with a vicious kick to the shin to double the henchmen over.

"You've bitten off a bit more than you can chew," Jade comments while efficiently taking down the nearest HIVE goon. She rips the gun from him and fires at the drones off to the other side.

The drones jump in to try and disable the attacker of the drones. Jade catches one of them with a jaw-shattering punch. She takes a knife from another one and stabs him in the side of the arm. The deadly assassin makes short work out of the HIVE drones.

"We're willing to die for the cause!"

"Well, then you're nothing but a bunch of good little zealots then," Thea replies with a sweeping motion to take the goons down to the ground. "Laurel, watch your back!"

Laurel catches one beefy fist which comes close to nailing her in the back of the head. She turns around and catches her attacker with a series of punches. She follows through with a huge kick to the head. Laurel turns around and unleashes a Canary Cry. A set of scaffolding topples onto the ground.

Another one busts through the debris. Laurel blocks his punch and rams him into the wall. She hits two strikes to the perfect pressure points to knock her enemy out.
"Thanks!"

"No problem," Thea murmurs before taking her own advice and fighting one of the HIVE soldiers with a series of punches. She catches him by the arm and takes him down.

'This would be a lot easier if we didn't lose all radio contact with the others,' Laurel mentally thinks. 'Sara and Iris....I know they can handle themselves, but....still.'

Laurel's thoughts stop due to one of the HIVE goons trying to take her head off with a wooden club driving into the back of her head. Laurel blocks the attack and kicks him in the side of the ribs. She twists the arm and brings the drone down to the ground with a thunderous crack.

Jade drives two of the daggers directly into the tendons of the goon to drop him down to the ground. The blood spills from the severed arms of the goon. Jade pulls back and then pushes back into the attack.

More HIVE drones scramble up the hallway. The trio of fighters prepares to engage them. The leader points a huge cannon at them. Laurel crouches down in a combat stance to try and engage her enemy even though it is beyond difficult to go and fight him. She takes a deep breath and stares him down.

"This is about as far as you go!"

A grenade rolls over onto the ground and breaks open. A blinding cloud of smoke forces a retreat from the HIVE drones. One of them moves from the shadows with an electrified stun baton and jabs the goon in the back of the leg. He falls over and receives a horrific attack to be dropped down onto the ground. Another violent assault brings the drones down to the ground.

One of the drones turn on the others and leaves the shell-shocked group of girls.

"What?" Thea asks when peering down the end of the hallway. She keeps her mouth open. "I don't understand....."

"You should come with me if you want to stop his plan," the lead drone down at the end of the hallway comments. "Trust me."

Thea, Jade, and Laurel all blink in unison. They did not know what to make of this. The more they thought about it, the more they wonder what the hell is going on here and they all wonder if this is some kind of trick.

'Do we trust a member of HIVE?' Thea thinks to herself.

Seconds pass but movement in the base above their heads show how much of an urgent decision this could be. It was now or never.

Finally, Laurel takes the first step in and follows the drone. She looks over her shoulder to signal Thea and Jade to follow directly behind her.

"Well, I guess we better go," Laurel comments. "There's going to be more coming from that direction and it would be a lot easier to go this way."

Laurel takes the first couple of steps. Thea looks over her shoulder and just answers with a shrug while following Laurel down the hallway. Jade takes up the rear behind both of the other girls.

"Yeah, I guess," Jade replies with one of the more obvious shrugs possible before the entire party
walks down the hallway, to where they did not know.

The other HIVE operatives close in on the tunnels around them. This one knows where she's going and leads them around. To exactly where the girls have no clue at all.

Sara Lance pushes herself through the vents. They were not the most comfortable thing to crawl around in the world. Sara moves as fast as possible without making any news and also thinks about what the hell has happened tonight. Everything just has come crashing down in one of the worst possible ways. Sara keeps drawing in her breath when moving closer and closer to her.

She recoils in pain at the memories of watching Iris and Zoom just disappearing moments ago. And Darhk pulls a disappearing act just moments later which causes Sara's teeth to grit down. She frustratingly pushes herself a little bit further into the vents when going after him.

'Darhk, you can run, but you can't hide,' Sara thinks to herself in frustration. 'Son of a bitch, you have to be around here somewhere. This is not ending like this, this isn't going to end like this tonight.'

The end of the road, or rather the end of the vents, hit Sara suddenly. She puts her hands on the vents and gives them a slight push before swinging her feet down off of the vents. She slides down to the ground and takes a very deep breath before pressing forward.

Sara slips into an alcove and watches two HIVE soldiers move pass. One of them walks with a limp.

"When I get my hands on that Black Canary woman, I'm going to rip her head off!"

He really limps down the hallway, and Sara barely breaks out with a smile when watching the goon's leg drag in a very awkward way on the ground. His limp worsens with each possible step. Sara makes sure to follow him at a safe distance down the hallway. She moves a bit closer.

Sara comes across a small army of HIVE operatives. They all crowd together. Sara throws her head back for a few seconds and hears more footsteps coming.

She turns and comes face to face with Ruve Darhk. The woman's eyes widen and then a smile crosses her face. The smile does not fade the second Sara turns a bow onto her and points an arrow directly at her heart. Ruve's holds her hands in front of her to show there were no weapons.

A second passes before Sara decides to speak.

"What's your game?"

"I didn't come here to kill you," Ruve replies in a calculating tone of voice. "The plan we've had, it's gone completely off of the rails. Along with my husband.'

A snort passes through Sara. She tries really hard to be stoic. The understatement of the century makes her break this façade of being calm and collected.

'Yeah, in ways you don't really know,' Sara thinks.

Only seconds pass but for both women standing in the hallway, it might as well have been an eternity. Another instance before Ruve holds her hand up.

"I can take you past the guards and to the main computer," Ruve tells her. "I can get you there, but you're going to have to trust me."
'Trust her?' Sara thinks to herself and she quickly spends the next few minutes mulling the situation over in her head. 'Yeah, I know, trusting her, I don't have that many options. But….it's either fight all of them and trust her. And we're running very short on time.'

Bracing herself for betrayal, Sara comes to a conclusion that trusting Ruve is the best possible thing for her. She answers the woman's question with a nod.

"Why are you doing this?" Sara asks before she really thinks about it.

"My husband is not himself lately," Ruve comments.

"It's because he's possessed by the spirit of a long-dead preacher who is working for a demonic entity."

Ruve only betrays her thoughts with a slight blink. She does not give any other indication of what's going through her mind. "Let's go, then."

It was a very interesting situation to see Ruve not even blink at the news of her husband's current condition. Sara once again shrugs and follows Ruve around to a side tunnel. It was narrow so they had to walk front to back. Sara keeps her bow and arrow ready.

'At least it's impossible for an ambush to come down the tunnel,' Sara mentally comments.

Thea, Laurel, and Jade follow the mysterious HIVE operative down the tunnel. Thea's on a trigger, as is Jade, and Laurel is the one least likely to betray her emotions. Training at the hand of Lady Shiva drills a certain set of fundamentals. She views the unknown variable of this HIVE operative when the entire group makes their way down the hallway.

They turn around the corner and the underground tunnels shift to a little bit rockier. Thea almost staggers before remaining very graceful.

'Is it possible we finally caught a lucky break?' Thea asks.

The HIVE Operative stops short at the end of the tunnel. The other members of the trio stop short before smacking into the back of the HIVE operative.

"Hold on just a minute," the mysterious HIVE operative comments. "Okay, they're now safely in the situation. I'm going to blow the tunnel."

"Wait a minute!" Thea exclaims in frustration. "You just can't…"

The operative presses a button and an ear-splitting explosion collapses the tunnel! Rocks fall on the tunnel at the end of it and cause them to be sealed off from the rest of the world. Thea gives a scream. Laurel stands in front of them. Jade gets there first.

"Of course it's a setup!" Jade shouts.

"Not for you though, it's for them."

A dark-clad figure drags a downed HIVE agent down across the rocks and throws him off to the side like he's little more than a piece of garbage. The figure steps over and joins the rest of the group.

Laurel's ears perk up at the familiar voice. "Nyssa."

"Yes, you didn't think the League wouldn't be involved with shutting down HIVE, did you?" Nyssa
asks. "We should keep moving because the moment they realize I'm done here and I've tricked them, it's not going to go very well for any of us."

"I'll say," Thea murmurs underneath her breath. "So, if you don't mind me for asking….."

Laurel cuts in, not on purpose, but on instinct. "Who is the mysterious HIVE Agent who has tagged along with you?"

"I wouldn't worry about it," the woman replies while moving to a side door. "All you need to know is that I'm here on Amanda Waller's behalf."

Laurel sucks in a breath at this particular bit of news. Waller, that was always an interesting bit of news, and it was always an interesting bit of bad news as far as she's concerned.

'And now, knowing that Waller's involved, I'm a bit more worried than I was before,' Laurel answers while taking in a very deep breath. 'Okay, I guess we're going to have to trust her. And if Nyssa trusts her…whoever she is….'

"All you need to know if you've met my ex-husband," the disguised HIVE operative answers with a soft smile.

Two figures appear on the other end of the tunnel. The most unlikely of duos face the five figures in the tunnel making them a group of seven. The wife of Damien Darhk and the Green Arrow herself slip past the debris.

"Okay, that's different," Laurel murmurs.

"So, it's you," Ruve states when she keeps a good look at the HIVE operative. Her frown deepens. "Whose side are you on?"

"I'm not the only one who has my loyalties in question tonight," the operative fires back a few seconds later when dragging her eyes over Ruve's face. "It's obvious you have your own agenda. "Who doesn't?" Ruve asks. "And my agenda is only as a mother tonight. If my husband didn't take our daughter away, this would not be a consideration. I would be standing beside him."

"Perhaps you having a wake-up call to his true nature is for the best," Nyssa responds.

The Daughter of Ra's al Ghul found her way into the operation. Ruve finds herself less than surprised and also less than inclined to engage with this particular woman.

"Let's go," Ruve answers. "We're getting closer. And time is running short. You have less than a half of an hour before it launches."

"This soon?" Thea asks.

"Yes, Ms. Queen, that soon."

Thea opens her mouth, shock at the casual drop of her secret identity. Sara clears her throat and this conversation would have to wait for another time.

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A bleeding Iris West struggles to pull herself off of a ledge. She tries to hold herself up with her fingers but collapses down onto the ground. Iris takes a couple more breaths. She has no idea where she is.
The red vortex surrounding her and the figures moving past her at a glacial speed make Iris wonder what's going on. Her legs fail to work to any degree of success.

'Got to get up. Got to fight him. Got to take down Zoom. It's all up to you, West. You've got to do this. You have to fight him. You have no choice. You have to...you have to fight him. You have to fight him.'

Iris's ears keep ringing when she tries to push up to a standing position. Every single fiber of Iris's body burns underneath the exertion. Ghosts float around in her line of sight and they whisper horrible things in an attempt to shatter her confidence.

"Failure. Unworthy! Weak! Failure! Unworthy! Weak! Must Burn! MUST BURN!"

One shaky step brings Iris back to her feet. She's back to the races and now needs to locate Zoom. The vortex sent them into one of the rougher parts of the speed force.

"No, I'm not," Iris breathes.

No need to find Zoom for he shows up in a blink of an eye in front of Iris. Iris takes in her breath and stares Zoom down from the other side.

"The end is coming here to you, Flash!" Zoom snarls. "I'm going to rip you apart piece by piece."

"Still standing," Iris states with wobbling knees. "And I'm still breathing."

Zoom's hideous eyes lock onto Iris and he breaks into one of the more obvious and sadistic grins one could manage. "You're not going to be standing for very long, Flash!"

A bombardment of an attack slams through the air and knocks Iris in the chest. Her lungs almost collapse from the attack. Iris scrambles to her feet and misses Zoom's punch from catching her down on the top of the head. The Fastest Woman Alive zips back and nails the attacker with a vicious attack to send him flying back a couple of feet.

The two break through the barrier and land back in the middle of the HIVE facility. Zoom circles around Iris and smacks her as hard as possible. The friction through the air attacks Iris's skin and makes her feel agonizing pain beyond everything else she's ever felt.

'Son of a bitch, it feels like I got hit by a freight train!' Iris groans. 'Okay, West, you've got to think outside of the box.'

Iris vibrates the ground. Zoom runs over the vibrating ground and lifts his hand up. He vibrates it to plunge it through Iris's heart.

A flash of light indicates a second Flash popping up and blocking Zoom's punch from connecting to Iris's chest. The two lock knuckles and the Flash answers with a hideous growl. He sends Zoom flying back a step. Zoom lands on his feet.

"You!" Zoom yells at the top of his lungs.

"Yeah, me," Barry states. "It's your time to go now, Zoom. You've run free for too long."

Both bombard each other with an attack. Zoom catches the vessel of the Speed Force with a couple of punches before summoning all of the strength. Supernatural lightning strikes the vessel in the chest. The vessel pushes back and the battle of wills continues with Zoom and the Vessel pushing back and forth against each other.
"I'm not the only one has overstayed his welcome!" Zoom bellows. "You think you can stop me! You think you have the ability to defeat me."

"Maybe he doesn't, but I know what needs to be done."

Raven flashes into the picture and bombards Zoom with a concentrated blast of magical energy to catch him directly in the chest. Zoom drops down to one knee.

"That's for the lightning earlier," Raven tells Zoom. "Now, get him while you have the chance!"

Iris belts Zoom across the back of the head from one end. Barry hits him in the back of the head. They take turns bombarding Zoom with super fast punches. Iris pushes herself to match Barry's speed no matter how hard it is and it is beyond hard for her to keep herself going.

"No, you can't….!" Zoom howls.

"OH, YES WE CAN!" Iris yells at the top of her lungs before she hits Zoom with the full force of her fist when it is charged up.

Zoom's body rips apart. Speed force energy pours out of him as he crumples into a pile of nothingness and dust. The mist hisses before getting sucked into a vortex.

Barry takes a step forward. Iris turns to say something. His eyes dilate and Barry collapses to the ground like a puppet having his strings cut.

"Barry?" Iris murmurs. "BARRY!"

Raven swoops down from her perch and puts a hand on Barry. White energy envelopes Barry before she pulls back.

"Get him out of here," Raven says. "Now it's gone, he'll be ripped apart in here."

"Wait, you mean it's…it's gone?" Iris asks.

"Yes, it's gone!" Raven yells showing a bit more emotion than she normally does. "The Speed Force is gone, you've got to go!"

Iris hastens when she sees Raven's eyes glow red and show her demonic side. She scoops up Barry and bolts out of there. One question reaches her mind as she traffics Barry all the way back to Central City.

'So, is that is, is Zoom done?'

Final death or reprieve, Iris had no clear idea. She just needs to get Barry out of here.

Sara pushes ahead of the rest of the group. She reaches the transmitter in the exact place which Ruve tells her it was. She takes a step forward.

'Close,' Sara thinks.

Suddenly, Sara's muscles stop working. A chilling feeling comes over her spine as she turns around or rather is forcefully turned around. Damien Darhk stares at her with a sadistic glint in his eyes.

"I'm afraid I can't let you do that."
Darhk's vile smile grows even more. He was very dangerous in the possession but any sense of humanity was eradicated to him.

"Every person in Starling City will realize how hopeless and meaningless their lives are," Darhk remarks when his beady little eyes. "They might actually end it all. The biggest mass suicide in the history of the world. Soon, the entire world won't be in your hands little girl, but it will be in my hands."

"Darhk, listen, it's Blackfire, he's twisting you," Sara remarks.

Those frantic pleas fall on some pretty deaf ears.

"Oh, no, this power is wonderful, why would I get rid of it?" Darhk asks. "Besides, when all of these people are sacrificed, it will be powerful enough to have Trigon return!"

Sara struggles to move. She has the will, but now the more Darhk taps into the power of the urn, the stronger his magic is. And the more Sara has to fight. He has the capability to crush her spine.

"You really think that he's going to let you live?" Sara asks. "He'll give Blackfire his body back and you won't be useful any longer"

A bullet catches Darhk in the base of his neck. He drops Sara and turns around just in time to see Ruve with her hands on the gun.

"You…"

The final word passes from Darhk before he collapses down to the ground. His eyes shut for a few seconds.

"Thank you!" a rattling breath of a voice states from Darhk. "Thank you for giving me full control of this vessel to do what I wish and anything that I wish."

Damien Darhk rises to his feet, only it's not Damien Darhk who is in control now. He nails Ruve and sends her flying across the room. He walks over towards her.

"I will tell sweet little Nora that Mommy failed her!"

The voice becomes more soft and Southern. Sara takes advantage of the distraction and takes shots at Darhk. Two arrows burn before they reach Darhk's animated corpse. The battle in the corridors causes Darhk pause. Two of the doors open and at least twenty or so ghosts pour into the room.

"Take down the Green Arrow," Darhkfire demands. "Let nothing other than death stop you!"

They rush in. Sara notices a dead look in their eyes. She moves in to take them out, hoping that she gets her back up soon enough. Laurel, Thea, Jade, and Nyssa must have run into difficulties. Sara presses on through and engages these men who have no fear.

Sara stabs one of them in the face with after a knife block.

"Launch to commence in twelve minutes and counting."

Those sadistic words taunt Sara. She sends an explosive arrow at the ground and rocks her adversaries. The dust and sound only stall them momentarily.

To Be Continued on April 3rd, 2018.
Thanks for the favorites, follows, views, kudos, and reviews, and I will be back on Tuesday with a brand new chapter.
Iris tears off towards STAR Labs in Central City as fast as she could. The term "like a bat out of hell" defines Iris at the moment. She clutches Barry's limp body in her arms. This was a very frantic and scary next couple of minutes.

'Hold on, Barry,' a very frantic Iris thinks in one of the most frantic ways possible.

The Fastest Woman Alive blitzes past the front doors of the lab, not even bothering to consider the security checks when she enters the lab. Not that they have done anyone any good. Iris takes a couple of steps with Barry's body hanging limply. The trio of Sapphire, Natasha, and Caitlin watch. Wells moves over as well to take a closer look at the situation at hand.

"What the hell happened?" Wells asks a couple of seconds later.

"It's….well the moment Zoom had been banished, Barry collapsed. I think the Speed Force finally left, and now…now Barry's….it's just like this."

The news of Zoom being banished causes Wells to raise an eyebrow. So many questions enter the mind of the scientist, but for the moment, those questions could wait. He knows they would not be answered and perhaps they could not be clearly answered. Then again, there was so much about what Zoom has become which clearly could not be answered.

"I would normally say it's a good thing," Iris continues, trying not to lose herself to her insanity. "But, given what happened to Barry, I'm not completely sure. And I'm not sure…he's still breathing, barely. And I still can hear a faint heartbeat. Other than that, I don't really know."

A couple of deep breaths come from Iris. She thinks all things together her composure is pretty good. Caitlin moves over with a gentle smile.

"Get him on the table, then," Caitlin answers.

Iris wastes no time in getting Barry on the table. The moment she sets him down, Barry gives a very visible flinch. Caitlin rushes over, and with Sapphire's help, they hook Barry up to the table. They take a courtesy look at the young man with Sapphire frowning and three words in particular falling out of her mouth.

"Oh my God."

"His vitals are all over the charts," Caitlin comments after looking at him. "we're going to have to take a closer look at him."

The women all look over at the vital signs. Iris tries not to lose it, even though the plot might have already been lost a long time ago. She takes a deep breath and focuses on the situation at hand.

"He'll be okay, right?" Iris asks.

Caitlin places a gentle hand on Iris's shoulder and makes the girl look her straight in the eye. "I don't really know. We'll do whatever we can to help him. You should…."

"Terror Rising Part Two"

Chapter One Hundred and Forty: Terror Rising Part Two

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A buzzing in Iris's ear turns her attention somewhere else. She presses the ear piece in so she could hear the owner of the voice trying to get through to her.

"Iris, did you get back okay?" Felicity asks over the communication link.

"Yeah, I got back just fine," Iris answers a moment later. Her hands twitch together and shake. "What's up?"

The question seems to be one of the more loaded ones Iris could have managed. She can hear the tense breath.

"Oh, all sorts of things. We have a slight problem of every last HIVE agent in the base going after Sara. At least that's the best I can tell. Contact's been pretty sketchy. I think something's happened with Darhk, or something. I really couldn't tell you off of the top of my head what it was, however."

"So, there's no luck in trying to disable the tower?" Iris asks.

"Well, I'm trying," Felicity answers in one of the more nervous tones of voice Iris ever heard her muster. "This is really one of those all hands on deck situations, and we could really...well we could use a bit of help here and there, so if you don't mind...."

Hesitation reaches Iris a couple of seconds later. She mentally weighs some options and looks over to the other faces in Star Labs. She wishes to make a more decisive decision even though it seems like one of the hardest things possible for her to do.

"I...well I got Barry back and I really don't want to leave this...."

"We can handle it, Iris," Natasha replies to the other woman in a gentle voice. "If you need to go, then you should go."

"I agree, you should go," Wells replies.

A few seconds pass with Iris and Wells going eye to eye with each other. The tension cuts through the air like a hot knife through butter. They really did get off on the wrong foot and they only maintain a very tense partnership over a common adversary.

"I know you don't trust me at face value. There's one thing we can both agree about though. There are many lives that are at danger. And you need to head back to Starling City to put a stop to HIVE."

"Keep an eye on him," Iris replies.

"We will," Caitlin answers with a firm nod. "I haven't lost anyone yet. I'm not about to start tonight."

Iris bolts off in the distance as fast as her legs could carry her. Barry will not matter if the world is not saved from HIVE's destructive plan. She understands this about as well as anyone else.

"Run, Iris, Run," Wells mutters underneath his breath.

Felicity leans in with every trick up her sleeve to break through the HIVE tower being put into the computer. And she runs into dead end after dead end with frustration after frustration. Felicity wants to scream. She looks over her shoulder where Lyla is still stationed outside of the room.

The rapid fire pacing Lian enters is obvious. She moves herself towards the door. The warning glare Cass shoots her only makes Lian tense up even more. Her eyes shoot back towards Cass's general direction with a gritted teeth style expression at her.
"I should be out there!" Lian finally snaps and throws her hands into the air in frustration. "You know, I should be out there and not in there, just pacing around. I'm going, screw it!"

Cass remains firm and uses her body to block Lian's progress out of the door.

"No, you're not."

Cass standing in front of Lian makes the younger girl's eyebrows raise up in anger. She puts her hands on her hips and stares up at Lian. "Yeah, well, I don't think you have the ability to stop me all that much, do you?"

The two girls square off and this causes Felicity's tension only to ramp up to a higher level than it was. She clenches the edge of the keyboard and attempts not to lose her mind. It is a very dangerous position she's put into, and one wrong move would slip her off the edge.

"I can and I will," Cass answers a couple of seconds later. Her arms cross over when staring down at Lian. "Just try me."

"Do you think the two of you can knock it off for about five seconds?" Felicity asks when staring at the computer screen. "I'm trying to concentrate. I don't know how much time I have left, but I don't think it's much more than a few minutes before...before something happens."

She does not mean to snap at either of them. A part of snapping at the two girls feels liberating for Felicity. And yet, does not bring her that much closer to easing her frustrations.

"I would say you have about five minutes or so before you're completely screwed," a smooth voice comes in over the tower.

Felicity stops short and takes in a deep breath. She can barely believe her ears at the sound of Edgar Prince popping up over the communication links, as obviously as he pleases. "How did you...how did you get this line of communication?"

No one should even get closer to tapping this network. Yet, Egghead talks to her right now. Felicity wants to rip her hair out in frustration and not for the first time this evening. She breaths in and out to calm herself as much as humanly possible or perhaps as much as she could under these circumstances.

"Ms. Smoak, you don't give out all of your secrets," Egghead comments. "So why should I?"

Fair enough, Felicity guesses. Still, it does not solve the mystery.

"And you're looking at this entire issue from the wrong angle. You're eager and bold and young, but you're running into a wall for a simple reason. You're overcomplicating matters. You're trying to shutdown the broadcast relay, but it's not going to work because you simply don't have enough time."

"Stop trying to distract me and I can do it!" Felicity snaps.

A slight chuckle passes through the room which only serves to agitate Felicity a little bit more.

"If a tree falls in a forest and no one is there to hear it, does it honestly make a sound?" Edgar asks. "The security on the transmitter is ear tight. The security around the Cell Phone towers all around in Starling City, not so much. If every tower is blocked..."

"Then no signal can come out," Felicity replies. "Why didn't I think about that?"
"I wonder as well," Egghead answers in one of the smoother and silky tones of voice. Felicity gets to work, but something gives her pause.

"Wait, is this some kind of trick? No offense, but you're with HIVE…"

"I've worked with HIVE as a partnership when it has mutually benefited me," Edgar answers. "I'm the World's Greatest Criminal Mastermind and I don't take kindly to those who fail to value my genius…especially the likes of Damien Darhk. And the master he now serves."

Egghead chuckles for a minute.

"Now are you going to sit there slack-jacked and gawking or are you going to save the world, Ms. Smoak?"

Felicity stops dragging her fingers and starts getting to work. She only has a slight amount of time. One confident thought sparks through the mind of the young hacker.

'I'll do this.'

A small army of HIVE goons charge towards Sara. Sara blocks the arm of one of them when they come at her and rolls him onto the ground. She pops the arm out from underneath him and kicks him a couple of times in the face. Sara disarms one of them by putting an arrow directly in the side of his elbow.

"She can't get any further!"

Sara blocks the attack and flips her enemy down to the ground. She takes the arm back and snaps him at the elbow joint. Sara's repeats her attack on the arm and does the same thing on the next HIVE soldier. She drew in a breath and comes shoulder to shoulder with Nyssa.

Nyssa blocks the knife and nails her enemy directly in the face to knock her down to the ground. She turns herself and blasts him with a punch. She keeps looking around and back hands one of the HIVE goons to cause him to crumple down to the ground.

'And they just keep coming,' Sara manages with a deep breath coming from her. 'And I think that's the problem. They are willing to die for them.'

"They aren't going to give us any quarter," Nyssa declares with a swift take down of one of the HIVE goons. "I vote we return the favor with extreme prejudice."

The Daughter of the Demon propels herself down against the back of the head of her enemy with a violent attack. The point of the knife connects with her adversary and causes blood to spew out of his neck. She drops him down to the ground.

One of the larger men roll a cart at Nyssa. Nyssa jumps onto the cart and throws herself off at the man's chest. Repeated punches to the side of the head rock the goon down across the back of the head and drop him down to the ground.

"Back!" Nyssa shouts at the top of her lungs.

A loud Canary Cry obliterates a series of rocks and sends them flying at the HIVE goons. Laurel moves through the dust and takes the goons down with brutal and efficient attacks. She kicks one of them in the side of the leg to take down.
She moves over to stand back to back to Sara and engage the HIVE goons in battle. Seconds pass before Sara prepares to ask a question of her sister.

"They're fighting them above," Laurel tells Sara. "We have our own problems around here."

Understatement to end all understatements with the arrow Sara introduces into the scene sending off a blinding flare which brings the HIVE goons down to the ground. She, Laurel, and Nyssa keep fighting as much as humanly possible. The sheer numbers become unsettling.

"I have to get to Darhk," Sara answers. "What's left of Darhk anyway. Time's running out and…."

A red blur blasts into the room and pings from goon to goon. HIVE operatives stab their knives at the air and hit absolutely nothing. Their weapons come down and distract them for a minute for Nyssa to roll a grenade into the battle. The grenade blasts open to drop them down to the ground.

Flash appears in the light while dragging one of the HIVE goons behind her. The goon drops down to the ground with a crumbling motion.

'\textit{That helps me out a whole lot,' Sara thinks.}

"It feels like it's almost like cheating to do that," Nyssa remarks after standing on the arm of one of the goons who scramble for the gun. "But, given the circumstances I'll allow it."

They would all allow it. Sara tenses up with Iris putting a hand on her shoulder in encouragement.

"Okay, I guess you should do your thing!" Iris shouts to Sara.

Sara rushes over and stands above Darhk. She sees him kneeling at the tower. Those eyes turn wider, face more twisted, and he looks particular demonic. Darhkfire rises to his feet to face Sara. He raises a hand to create a force field around him.

"It's too late for the grand launch," Blackfire says. "You should watch, you should watch with me as the entire world burns. The entire world turns to ash underneath your eyes, and you all know it's your fault….."

The signal comes off and does not register as hitting any of the cell phones in Starling City.

"It's impossible!" Blackfire yells. "My tower is fully operational, yet there's nothing in there. It's…I CAN'T CONCEIVE THIS!"

The cool composure of Blackfire leaves the entire building and he turns into a raving lunatic. His eyes flare angrily and he takes a couple of deep breaths.

"What witchcraft have you brought upon me?" Blackfire asks. "It was supposed to be beautiful. It was supposed to be glorious. You ruined it."

'Thanks Felicity,' Sara thinks.

"No, it's over."

Raven flashes in front of him and instantly breaks through the magical force field surrounding Darhkfire's body. She propels him over to the railing and drops down in front of him.

"Your father sends his love, child," Darhkfire remarks with his head twisting in a creepy manner. "And he'll be seeing you real soon, little girl."
"I'll be waiting," Raven dryly states. "If you see him, tell him that this world is not his for the taking, no matter how many prophecies tell him otherwise."

A bombardment of arrows fire into the back of Damien Darhk's unprotected body. Two of them slam into his kidneys, another one slams into his heart, and more piece his lungs. Darhk's body sizes up with blood oozing out of him.

A portal bursts open with Raven positioning herself and ripping Blackfire's spirit from Darhk's body. He screams in agony from the separation. The spectral form of Deacon Blackfire rips out of Darhk's body and blasts directly through the portal. The never ending screams only increase when he's drawn through the portal.

"And you're going back to where you belong!"

Damien Darhk's body crushes into ash and starts to flutter to the ground. Raven scoops it up in her hand and seals Darhk's ashen remains in a crystal orb. She shakes her head.

"You can never be too careful," Raven concludes.

Ruve and Edgar stand to represent the tattered remains of HIVE in a meeting with Sara, Iris, and Nyssa. Talia joins for the conversation. Thea, Laurel, and ARGUS are busy playing clean up.

Talia's eyes narrow at Ruve. The two women remain professional although Sara looks from them and wonders something given the way the two look at each other with hatred.

'It's not really my business,' Sara concludes.

"You have two choices from where I stand," Talia tells Ruve in a matter of fact later. "You can pull HIVE out of Starling, Gotham City, and Central City. They're all off limits."

Ruve stands with her jaw firm and set and not even bothering to say anything, one way or another. She draws in a deep breath and keeps her eyes fixed on the Daughter of the Demon.

"Or," Talia states with her eyes narrowing at the woman. "You can persist with your plans and the League will declare war on you. And we will not relent until our mission is over. We will hunt you to the ends of the Earth and we will not show any mercy. And it's a war that will put the final death knell in HIVE, as I'm sure many of you will agree."

"You do hold all of the cards," Ruve answers. "I believe though, we can comply and we can hopefully settle the tensions between HIVE and the League in due time. I think our plans…have gotten skewed thanks to Damien's blindspots."

Understatement, maybe it was. Ruve sees it as a big understatement. They have to think about what life will be like moving forward and onward. And if HIVE wants to move forward, a war with the League. The trickling of water underneath them does nothing to soothe Ruve's nerves. It only increases her tension.

"And my father is responsible for his own share of the problems," Talia informs Ruve. "Make no mistake about it though, we are not going to back off if we feel HIVE is a threat to the League's plans."

"At this point, it's hard to say what HIVE is," Ruve answers. "With both my late husband and Ra's al Ghul out of the picture, we have…some restructuring to do, as I'm sure the League does as well."
She responds with a sigh and looks around.

"And I do hope that you can find a way to bring my daughter home," Ruve adds. "Unfortunately, by killing the monster that possessed my late husband, the exact whereabouts….

"We have people searching," Sara tells her. "We'll find Nora."

The two women exchange a respectful nod. Ruve has no reason to doubt Sara will do everything in her power to find her daughter, and hopefully alive at that. She just wonders about the treacherous events which await the hooded warrior.

"If you find her, you have my eternal gratitude," Ruve tells her.

The World's Greatest Criminal Mastermind is not too silent for long. He clears his throat.

"And I've given you the evidence you need to clear Ms. Crock's name," Edgar answers. "What she did to protect your identity was extremely brave and also extremely foolish. But the world will know soon she was blackmailed and duped by HIVE to reveal herself as the Green Arrow in a failed attempt to discredit the Hood. And now I hope we can put this nasty business behind us and part friends."

As for Artemis, Edgar thinks she'll be okay. The scar on the side of his arm from an encounter from her during her time traveling escapades proves she is still sore about the entire mess. Back when his younger self encountered these Legends. Such a rag-tag group of misfits who somehow snatch victory from the jaws of defeat despite questionable competence.

Time travel, such a mysterious and wonderful thing.

"Does this mean you're going straight?" Iris asks.

Edgar chuckles. "Please, you need to lower your Eggpectations. I haven't been straight since the day I've come out of the womb."

They all saw his point and you could not teach an old dog new tricks. Or in this case, you could not have a rotten egg do anything other than stink.

"However, I am heading off to enjoy the rest of my days with this youth, which I'm sure is fleeting. I won't trouble you or Laurel or any of your friends for a very long time….and I'm going to make the most of however many more years that I have left."

"Where exactly are you heading?" Sara asks.

A raised eyebrow comes from the criminal and he mulls it over in his mind.

"Well, the world is full of possibilities," Edgar answers. "I have to admit though, I've always been partial to Tahiti. I have it on good authority it's a magical place."

"So, I have your word that you will convince the HIVE leaders to back off," Talia says.

"Yes," Ruve agrees. "They only went with Damien's plan mostly out of fear. And now that Damien is out of the picture, there's no problems at all with them going forward."

They all came to some kind of accord and some kind of truce for the moment. They were feeling good for tonight. For the long term, that was another matter entirely.
Thea collapses onto her bed in the Clocktower. The last mission feels very draining and it full comes to her what happens to Artemis. She racks over her mind what could have happened and how she could have stopped problems from happening.

A glowing orb pops in from underneath Thea's window. She stands up pretty straight to look at the orb. The face of Artemis Crock manifests from the orb in a three dimensional hologram. Thea clutches onto the side of the bed and blinks twice to clarify she sees exactly what she thinks she sees.

"Huh?" Thea asks.

"Hey, Thea, I figure I should give you the heads up I'll be gone for a while," Artemis narrates from the orb. "Or maybe I'll be gone for the next couple of days, maybe a week or two. Time travel is a really weird thing. That's where I've gone….I've been drafted for some mission to stop a madman all through time and space. And now I'm stuck on a time ship with a rag tag bunch of misfits. If we don't all kill each other, we could be the ones to save the world."

The frown on the face of Thea's face only deepens. She hopes Artemis jokes about the team not killing each other.

"I've always sucked at saying goodbye, and hey this isn't goodbye. And if anything, it's going to be a lot longer on my end then it's going to be on yours, because you know, time travel and all that junk."

Footsteps approach the room. Thea becomes alert and comes face to face with Jade who dresses in nothing other than a tight green bathrobe. She crosses the room.

"So, did you get the message?" Jade asks.

Thea nods in confirmation. "Yeah, I got the message. She's off in time."

"I just hope she doesn't end up breaking it," Jade replies.

"Give your sister some credit," Thea remarks with a roll of her eyes.

A good natured smile comes over Jades face when she leans forward and grabs Thea's cheek to cup it gently.

"Yeah, I give her a lot of credit, way too much sometimes," Jade answers. "Artemis will take care of herself. She can take care of herself, just like you can take care of yourself. Not as well as I can take care of myself."

"Yeah, well you've had more time," Thea replies.

"Practice makes perfect," Jade agrees. "And I have another pupil I need to worry about. I'll see what I can do about young Lian…she won't quite meet my eye for some reason when I'm around her. There's something weird about her."

Thea responds with a shrug. "She's had a bit of a hard life."

Did make a lot of sense, but Jade wrestles with a couple of interesting theories regarding their young guest. She has no way to verify them in any undisputed manner.
"Yes, perhaps. But there's something there. There's some kind of connection. I just can't explain it but it's there and... well it's there."

Sara makes her way into the room. She only wears a thin white shirt and a bare of panties. She walks across the carpet to join both Thea and Jade.

"You got the same message we all did?" Thea asks.

"Yeah," Sara answers while walking over to the bed. "We're going to have to track down Nora Darhk... but things are going to be a lot easier...."

"I'll say, that Darhk did overachieve in the marriage department," Thea answers.

"Well, yeah," Sara agrees with a shrug. "But, things are going to hopefully go a bit smoother around here... or at least as smooth as they can go. Now that we have a truce with HIVE."

Thea's eyebrows raise and her eyes narrow at the thought of that. A truce with HIVE, well given how much they were decimated, the alternative is not really good.

"How long do you think that's going to go?" Jade asks.

"Good question," Sara says. "It's been a long night...."

"Why do I have a feeling you're going to want to make it even longer?" Thea asks.

Sara answers Thea's question only with a steamy kiss which Thea returns. She watches Jade undo her robe and allow it to drop to the ground out of the corner of her eye.

The two girls deepen the steamy kiss between the two of them. Sara's hands wrap around Thea's head and sucks her mouth in. Thea closes her eyes and enjoys the feeling of Sara's tongue poking around in the back of her mouth. The kissing gets louder and more prominent.

Not to be left off, Jade kisses the back of the neck of her sister's girlfriend. Her bare breasts press against Thea's back and causes her to moan.

Thea's pajama bottoms come off to reveal her pussy covered in a pair of thin black panties. Sara pushes her fingers against her.

"You want me to touch it directly?" Sara asks her.

A roll of her eyes follows a bite of her tongue. Of course Thea wants Sara to touch her bare, what kind of question is that? Thea's panties come down as if on cue. Her wet mound complete with dark curls calls for Thea.

"Eat Jade out while I serve you," Sara directs.

Jade is already mounting Thea's face. The youngest of the three girls puts her hands on the back of Jade's thighs and licks her. Her tongue shoves deep inside of Jade and licks her. Jade bucks on Thea's face, her firm breasts bouncing up and down.

Sara digs her finger deep inside of Thea's heated pussy and she pushes up to meet Sara's finger thrusts. Sara jams her finger in and out at a certain rhythm follows to really rile Thea up. Thea clutches onto Sara's warm fingers and clamps down onto her. A deep breath follows with Sara pushing deep inside of her body with a first finger, then a second finger, and then a third finger.
Everything causes Thea's arousal to spike to a brand new level. She pushes her hips directly off of the bed the more Sara inserts those fingers into her. The finger-fucking only increases the deeper Sara goes.

"I can't wait to taste you again."

The fingers leave Thea and it leaves her moaning. Jade shifts her position and she sucks on Thea's lips in a sixty-nine position. Both girls spend time indulging in their bodies and their sweet young pussies.

Sara spends a good couple of minutes licking her fingers clean from the excessive amount of Thea's juices from her. She watches Jade rock up. Her wet pink asshole looks so tantalizing. Sara decides to give her some stimulation by shoving a finger into her.

The combination of Sara's finger and Thea's tongue unhinges Jade and makes her spill those warm juices over Thea's face. Thea licks up Jade. Jade pushes up just in time for Sara to taste the juices off of Thea's face while still driving the finger into her face.

"Oh, fuck, so hot!" Thea groans the more Sara works over her face with a series of kisses and sucks.

The two girls exchange an intense tongue to tongue kiss. Sara's aggressiveness makes Thea succumb to her mouth straight away.

The next play involves Sara lubricating her finger and sticking it into Jade's ass. The tight asshole loosens and moistens while Sara reaches over and pulls the strap on from the bed side table. Jade's ass sticks a bit up in the air as if it might be anticipating what Sara's going to do next.

Sara shoves her finger deep inside and then adds a small amount of oil to the tip of the cock. She climbs up, careful not to step on Thea's head when going in. She lowers the cock into Jade's ass while Thea keeps licking her out. Inch by inch the cock slides into her.


Any response became lost in Thea's folds with Jade licking them. Jade's face buries into Thea just as soon as Sara buries her cock into Jade's tight ass. The succulent booty receives a nice and hard pounding.

Sara vigorously rubs her clit at each push. She uses her free hand to squeeze and spansks Jade's ass.

"I swear I surround myself with a bunch of women who only have asses built for fucking," Sara mewls. "Don't worry…Thea….I'll get to my darling Sister-in-Law in a minute."

Thea's pussy throbs at the very thought of Sara getting to her in a minute. She visualizes Sara standing behind her with the strap on before driving it into her tight asshole. Thea's pussy gushes at the thought of being anally dominated by her beautiful sister-in-law.

"Fuck!" Jade moans just seconds before Thea's legs tighten around her and bring Jade back to her proper place of eating out Thea.

Sara's eyes widen when she pushes into Jade's ass. Jade tightens her grip around Sara's cock the deeper she shoves inside of Thea. Sara rise up and drives herself inside of her. She rises up and drives deep into deep inside of her as hard as possible.

She cums hard while going hard and deep into Jade's perfectly snug ass. Sara's hands clutch onto Jade when driving herself deeper and further into the tight ass of her perfectly snug lover. The hard
cock pushes deeper inside of Jade the more Sara rises and the further she falls inside of her.

"Clean up your mess," Sara orders.

Jade and Thea break rank from their sixty-nine position. Sara stands on the bed and Jade walks on her knees. She puts her hands on Sara's hips and licks the dildo. Jade's eyes widen when her lips work it over, getting it nice and clean for Sara.

A warm tongue brushes against Sara's backside. Two very able hands start to rub up and down on the back of Sara's legs. Finally the tongue shoves in her. Sara peers over her shoulder to the very hot and erotic sight of Thea licking her ass.

"I didn't have to ask," Sara purrs. "Good girl, I have to you trained nicely."

Thea brings her tongue deeper inside of Sara and keeps licking her out while Jade sucks her cock. The duel attention both girls are giving her make Sara's juices flow even more. Jade helpfully licks the trickling juices off of her thighs. She places her hand against Sara and rubs her while licking her down.

Meanwhile, the youngest of the three women involved in this debauched game drives her tongue deep inside of Sara's warm asshole. She tightens around Thea the deeper she pushes her fingers inside. Sara's entire world spins around the further Thea works her over.

"Tongue my asshole," Sara encourages Thea.

The deviant behavior only increases the deeper Sara pushes her tongue inside of Thea's moist hole. She drags her tongue almost all the way out and shoves her tongue inside. That warm asshole only beckons Thea for more debauched attention to be given on Sara.

Eventually, Sara detaches Thea's lips from her ass and motions for the girl to get off. She rolls over and lands on the ground. Thea's hands place on the dresser with her legs spread.

Sara walks over to Thea and the very touch sent electricity to Thea's body. The hands of the sexy, older girl were everywhere. She feels Thea up and stimulates her body all the way to the very core. They leave Jade on the bed to play with herself for a very long time.

"Tell me what you want?" Sara breaths hotly in Thea's ear.

"I want you to fuck my ass," Thea encourages her lover.

"Mmm, you got it, baby," Sara states with a very tight squeeze of Thea's ass. "I'm going to fuck this tight ass really good and you're going to be screaming all night long for more."

Sara enters Thea's ass and causes the girl's fingernails to clutch against the dresser. She lifts one of Thea's legs up off of the ground and rubs it down. Sara's fingers brush against Thea's bare, smooth legs. She pushes deep inside of Thea's tightening asshole.

"That feel good?" Sara asks her.

"Yes!"

A firm cupping of Thea's firm chest makes the young girl soak all over the ground. She wishes that Sara would play with her pussy as well. Sara's free hand alternates between rubbing her chest and squeezing and fondling her ass. The feelings of lust burn even more through Thea's body.
"Fuck me tender!" Thea screams at the top of her lungs.

Sara holds onto Thea's waist and drills her deep inside of her warm asshole. Thea clutches around Sara with her toned anal muscles. She longs to be drilled so hard that she would not be sitting for a long time. It would be so hot and feel so fucking good. Sara's hands push all over Thea's warm body and make her breath in and breath out with never ending lust going through her body.

"Baby, time for you to cum," Sara remarks. "You love it, don't you?"

"Mmm, hmm," Thea breaths.

The big cock pushes into Thea's asshole and stretches her well lubricated hole out. Oil coats the side of her ass. The warm oil stimulates Thea even more with Sara pushing deeper inside of her.

Sara pushes against Thea's sweaty body. She squashes the young girl across the dresser to feel her athletic body just crumple up in pleasure. Sara pulls almost all the way out and then pushes deep inside of her.

"Cum for me again."

Three skilled fingers slide their way deep inside of Thea and make her moan out in lust. This feels like the best thing ever. Sara's fingers manipulating her core and allowing Thea to gush all over the carpet. She grinds Sara deep inside of her and loses herself.

"I can make you feel really good," Sara remarks. "Are you relaxing now?"

Thea's anal muscles relax to allow Sara's full intrusion inside of her. Sara's fingers dance up Thea's ribcage and cause tingles. She really knows how to hit all of those spots which drive Thea nuts. Now Sara licks her ear and makes Thea gush.

"A good girl cums right about now," Sara breaths in her ear and sucks on her earlobe.

This breaks Thea and she cums all over Sara's outstretched hand. A pool of cum spills all over Sara's hand. The honey coats it and now Sara lifts it up.

Jade watches the show on the bed. She takes a large black dildo and jams it into her pussy. She works herself over on the bed and waits for her turn one more time.

"Taste how horny you are, Thea," Sara whispers in her ear. "You're such a naughty girl."

Thea tastes herself and it causes only more juices to splash against the carpet of the clocktower. Sara holds onto Thea and keeps working herself to a fever inside of Thea's tight, warm, butt. Sara squeezes her and pushes inside of her.

Sara cums next and she cums hard while burying herself into Thea. She pressed against the body of the young brunette crimefighter and makes her legs quiver. Sara holds her up.

The roller coaster ride of arousal Thea enters only comes to a stop when Sara allows her to.

"A good girl….take a break."

Thea collapse down chest first on the bed because sitting down is way out of the question given how sore she is. And it's a good thing which makes Thea buzz with anticipation.

And now Sara sizes up Jade like she's a succulent cut of beef. She pulls the dildo away from Jade and licks it dry to make Jade shift and shiver.
'Oh, the night is going to be a long one, alright.'

To Be Continued on April 5th, 2018.

Thanks for the favorites, follows, views, kudos, and comments and I will see you on Thursday for the next chapter.
Chapter One Hundred and Forty-One: Streets of Starling City.

A figure clad in red slips through the streets of Starling City. The past month creeps on very slowly for one Thea Queen. She passes the time by keeping busy and one of the best ways to keep busy is to tackle the growing drug trade. The faux Count Vertigo several years ago flooded the streets with his drug. Thea recalls with a pain about how the drug came close to ruining her life."

'What does not kill you makes you stronger.'

Thea holds herself back from the low life goons who move into the center. The trunk of the beaten out car is chalked full of boxes. Thea bets her entire trust fund they contain drugs and some of the worst kinds. She knows better than to jump into the battle without back up. Even if her finger itches to put an arrow through the chest of the assholes who are doing this.

'Okay, just wait for Sara. She's going to watch your back. These drug runners have to be getting on with you...some of them are wearing armor even. But, there's always weak spots in it.'

The girl in green joins the girl in red. The Green Arrow and Speedy makes their way over to the area. A press of the earpiece allows the Green Arrow to hear her tech support from the Watchtower.

"So, what are we dealing with?"

"Stardust's the rage these days with all of the kids trying to be cool," Felicity comments. "HIVE worked with its main distributor, until they pulled out of Starling City due to your truce."

Green Arrow flexes her fingers over the bow and leans a little bit closer. She tells that Speedy itches to jump into the battle.

"The man running things, Derek Sampson, is trying to be big time and to fill the Count's shoes," Felicity informs them. "He's...he's a made man, but he wants even more."

"They all do," Speedy murmurs underneath her breath. She tenses her fingers against the bow and releases it down against her.

"He's gotten a lot further than they had."

'Way too far,' Thea thinks to herself grimly. She recalls the latest reports of three teenagers, fourteen, fifteen years old, found overdosed at a party and Stardust being found.

The wheels of justice move way too slow for Thea's liking and she takes it very personally that drugs are still on the street of Starling City. The Green Arrow turns to her young partner and nods.

"Follow my lead."

One archer drops down in the midst of the streets of Starling City. The Green Arrow crouches down behind the car. Speedy follows her lead and they keep moving into the picture. The gang members move around.

"I swear this stuff's just increased in value, the more the heroes try and shut us down."

"I know," one of the other gang members remarks. "We're going to make a killing off of it...Mr.
Sampson says that the deal's going to put us to the top of the food chain."

"Oh, how do you know?"

Green Arrow pauses and then takes the shot to nail one of the drug runners in a weak spot in the armor. He doubles over and the Green Arrow jumps up and bounces over the top of his head. She flips down to the ground and kicks him in the shin. One of the drug runners lifts a huge pipe over the top of his head.

An arrow flying from Speedy's direction catches the pipe and staggering the goon over. She jumps in and flips high into the air running up a fence before flipping down around him. She grabs the goon's head and takes him down to the ground by driving both of her knees.

The Green Arrow dodges one of the men trying to nail her with a tire iron. She hooks his arm and flips him to the ground. Green Arrow flips back and dislocates the elbow.

One of them reaches into the trunk of the car only to get an arrow into the fleshy part of his wrist to block it. Two more arrows connect with their intended targets just before a third figure enters the party.

"WRONG MOVE BITCH!" one of the drug runners yell.

Huntress drops down and catches her opponent with a jaw-jacking uppercut punch. She evades the knife and bends her enemies elbow to force him to drop the knife. Huntress uses the momentum of her own attacker to bring him down to the ground.

Several of Sampson's runners lie down onto the ground. Huntress stands on the chest of the thrashing goon and makes sure he looks up to her.

"What is your boss doing talking with Black Mask?" Huntress asks him.

Green Arrow and Speedy both step back in astonishment. Black Mask being involved, the first time they heard about him nosing his way back into Starling City.

"I don't know nothing!" the man spits at Huntress.

Huntress drives her knee down into the head of the man and knocks him completely out. She turns her attention towards the Green Arrow and Speedy.

"So, I guess our paths are crossing again tonight," Huntress tells them.

"I could have sworn that Black Mask was sent to Blackgate," Green Arrow tells her.

The wind blows and the sounds of Starling City's finest approach. This gives the trio of vigilantes cause to move their conversation to a more secure and less obvious place. They ascend to the rooftop and peer down onto the city below them.

"As far as I can tell, he's still locked up," Huntress informs her two fellow vigilantes. "But, he's found a way to pass messages from the outside, and his Number One is working. They're extending their operations and taking over the drug trade in Starling City. And Sampson's the guy who is going to do it."

"Then, he needs to be taken down at all costs," Speedy says in a brutal voice.

Huntress gives the other woman a satisfied smile. "I like the way you think, kid."
A well-dressed, well groomed, dashing gentlemen steps into the room. His short brown hair is neatly cut and he approaches the table. From outward appearances, Derek Sampson was the type of guy that any girl would bring whom to meet their parents.

Outward appearances meant nothing when compared to the truth. It was all just smoke and mirrors. And Derek Sampson was one of the most ruthless drug dealers in Starling City. He masterminded the death of several people who tried to overtake him and several people who investigated him. His men walk him over to the edge of the table where several armed men approach the table. He receives the latest report from one of his men. His eyes darken for a minute.

"Red Hood and Green Hood," Sampson murmurs underneath his breath.

"Actually, sir I think it's the Green Arrow and S….",
Number One smiles at the younger man. Sampson eyes him up for a minute.

"Don't worry, I'll take good care of you, son."

Once again, Number One speaks to Sampson like he's some new kid on the block. He remains calm under the face of fire. He clears his throat and several men come over.

"Go with Number One and his men to make sure the weapons are safely into the city," Sampson orders them. "I have more important business to take care of here."

A Penthouse on the outskirts of Starling City is Sara's next stop. She crouches on the edge of the rooftop out of sight. Very little traffic moves up and down that road and Sara wonders if she can slip by without any real problems. She leans closer to the edge of the wall and takes in a deep breath.

"I'm pretty sure you'll get Sampson soon enough."

"No, it's not that….it's about Thea," Sara tells her. "It might be my imagination, but she's been a bit intense lately."

"Well, she's always had been touchy ever since she went through her bout of Vertigo about anyone who is involved in drugs," Felicity offers. "And given Sampson's the number one guy in charge of running drugs back and forth, and could be working with Black Mask to expand his net, you can't blame her."

Sara personally thinks there's something else more to that. No time to really think about it right now. A large truck rumbles down the street of Starling City. She eyes both Speedy and Huntress from their points, getting into positon. The fact the truck parks outside of Sampson's penthouse only increases Sara's interest.

'What do we have here.'

Another van pulls out. Some of Black Mask's men walk out and a few of Sampson's men join him. Number One walks into the forefront. They open up the back of the van and reveal boxes of weapons straight from Black Mask.

'Great,' Sara thinks. 'Absolutely wonderful.'

Sara fires a flare arrow in an attempt to gain the attention of her two partners. Huntress and Speedy move into the picture. One of Black Mask's goons aims a rocket launcher at Speedy. She throws herself out of the way and the fence is utterly obliterated.

Down drops the Green Arrow and down goes the thug with the rocket launcher. Another thug reclaims it only to get an arrow to take him down. Sara pops him in the jaw with a running kick to the face. A diving knee to the side of the head brings the goon down.

Huntress runs head long into Black Mask's Number One. He steps back and launches a grenade at her. The grenade breaks open for some blinding gas to come towards them. Several thugs rush into the scene and all of the grab Huntress.

Speedy shoots an arrow into the line of the thugs. One of them goes after her. She cracks him in the jaw before bringing him down onto the ground.

"Make sure to get the truck around the building!"
Two arrows puncture the back wheels of the truck to prevent that from happening. An energy weapon finds its way into the hand of one of the goons and a series of blasts forces the Green Arrow back. She zips off to one side and fires two shots. They miss entirely.

A third shot on the other hand clips the street light and sends the attacker spiraling off to one side. The Green Arrow clips the attacker in the jaw one more time. Huntress shields the Green Arrow from another attempted shot. The baton connects to the side of the attackers ankle and flips said attacker over to the ground.

"Go! Find a way to get inside! And find it now!"

Green Arrow cuts through the herd and prevents them from accessing the back of the truck to bring out more weapons. She does not need telling twice. The archer moves a bit further into the battle and keeps clipping her attacker with a series of punches to the side of the head.

"So, any luck?"

Felicity's voice garbles for a second. The Green Arrow notices a jammer tower being set up. She makes quick work of it with a well placed arrow. The henchmen dive for cover to avoid the explosion bombarding them. Sara adjusts her headset.

"Can you hear me now?" she asks.

"Yeah, I can," Felicity offers a couple of seconds later. "So, you wat a way inside? Yeah, I think you hook you up. He's got the front doors sealed shut pretty tight. I could get them open with enough time….."

"We don't have enough time."

"So, I figured, so if you can squeeze in through the fire escape, it would be great."

Green Arrow side steps Speedy who charges the adversary with a brutal punch. Another brutal punch clips the adversary in the side of the head and drops him down to the ground.

"Side entrance, follow my lead!"

An arrow shatters one of the windows. A sniper falls from his perch point. The Green Arrow blocks his progress to the gun and slams a series of uppercut punches to the attacker. She flips him over and hooks the goon onto the ground. A reverse facelock slowly puts him to sleep before the Green Arrow drives him down to the ground with a brutal neck drop.

'Okay, let's go.'

Two bodyguards put their hands on the guns. Derek Sampson soaks in what little the security cameras pick up. His lips curl deeper and deeper into one of the more obvious smiles possible. His fingers lock onto the edge of his briefcase.

"Why do they have to dress like that?" one of the bodyguards manage. "Is that normal?"

"You should see some of the things my brother used to wear back in the nineties," Sampson answers without skipping a beat. "They're on their way up, which means we go down, around, and up."

He's no Dark Archer, no Deathstroke, no Damien Darhk, and no idiot, because Sampson knows fighting the Green Arrow at this point would be stupid. He moves forward. The bodyguards cover
him. The sounds of battle from below only quicken the pace of the attacker.

'She's not going to get up here. Not if I can help it.'

Three more guards move over to join the first two and a fourth joins them to make a half dozen guards. Sampson takes one of the more light-weight weapons from one of his bodyguards and cocks it, ready to strike anyone who is going to attack.

The Green Arrow appears in the distance. Sampson steps backward to let his men engage her in battle. One of the bodyguards move in to attack her. The Green Arrow blocks his punch.

A stiff shot to the right nerve point drops the thug down to his knees. The Green Arrow catches him with a running kick to the back of the head to take down. Another one grabs the Green Arrow around the throat and tries to put her down the stairs. The thug slams hard into the banister with the Green Arrow fighting back.

'Hope Speedy, and Huntress got up here okay.'

Two blasts shoot at the Green Arrow. The Green Arrow crouches down to her knees to avoid the attack. She disarms him and also slashes the arm of her attacker open. The Green Arrow charges her enemy and pops him into the back of the head.

The final two bodyguards flank Sampson up the steps. Sampson turns his head a fraction of an inch to one side. The Green Arrow's down the hallway, and yet something comes in his direction. One of the bodyguards drops to the ground. The arrow hits one of the exposed bits of flesh.

The other bodyguard charges down the hallway to restrain the girl in the red hood. She blocks the attack and twists the arm down to the ground. Speedy slams him head first into the ground and then pops back up to her feet. She takes in a deep breath.

"You're next," Speedy tells Sampson from down the hallway.

Sampson pulls a gun on the archer and tries to fire at her. She dodges the attack and jumps up the wall to nail him as hard to the face as possible.

Two big gorilla like thugs amble from the elevator. The Green Arrow rolls in and kicks at the back of the legs of the large thug. The thug smashes its way around the lobby. Two more punches miss their target by a good couple of feet. A blinding assault drops the thug to the ground.

Sampson reaches the elevator. Speedy moves in and fires an arrow into the elevator door and jams it. He tries to reach for the elevator and pull it out.

A second arrow passes through the elevator and hits Sampson directly in the face. He screams in agony when the arrow pierces his face and draws blood. Speedy screws her eyes shut and rears back her bow once again.

Green Arrow steps in to prevent her from hitting a final shot on her adversary. Sampson grabs onto the arrow and tries to pull it from his flesh. The arrow jams in tighter due to the force where Speedy lobs it in there. Sampson screams and pulls it as hard as humanly possible until he slumps down against the wall.

Huntress pops down to the top of the elevator vent and catches her adversary with a shot to the back of the head to render him unconscious.
"Would be Drug Kingpin, Derek Sampson, is currently in critical condition at the Starling City ICU after an encounter with the Green Arrow and her sidekick, the Red Arrow."

Thea slams her fist into the punching bag to relieve some of the tension she feels tonight. And tonight, she comes to the unfortunate realization she may have taken things a step too far. If Sara did not pull her back to reality, the next arrow was going to go through Sampson's throat or maybe his heart.

She hits the bag a couple more times.

"Mayor Moira Queen continues her pledge to keep Starling City clean and continue to clean the street on drugs. Mayor Queen is looking to be the favorable candidate for reelection, after the announcement two weeks ago of Ruve Adams is dropping out of the election."

Another few punches to the bag allows Thea to smile. She hears someone walking down the steps. Thea finishes her workout and goes over to get a drink of water. Sara stands in the doorway a few seconds later and looks Thea in the eye.

"We need to talk."

Thea takes a drink of water and motions for the older girl to walk closer towards her.

"Sampson might be seriously disfigured after you shot him in the face," Sara tells Thea. "It's a wonder if you didn't kill him."

"Are you really the person that should be giving me this lecture?" Thea asks.

"No," Sara admits. "But, your emotions getting the better of you out there is a problem. And I know you're having a hard time after everything with Artemis. And if you want some time off, then take it. You should get your head out on right before you end up hurting someone worse. Or worse, yourself."

"I...I need to be out there," Thea said. "Could you just walk away to get your head right when you know there's lowlives still out there peddling that garbage to people who know better?"

The cheapshot hits Sara right beneath the chin. Unfortunately, she could not.

"It's not on you, and this is our choice," Thea comments. "I know you made a promise to Ollie before he died and I'm grateful you're here to watch my back when I need it. But...going after people like Sampson is something that I need to do."

Thea leans over and looks out into Starling City. Sampson was one of many. He was one of the bigger ones peddling what was out there.

"I don't want people to have their teenage lives ruined like mine was," Thea says. "Not if I can help it."

A sigh comes over the younger archer. She keeps her focus outside of Starling City. The temptation not to look Sara in the eye is there because she knows deep down Sara's right.

"Okay, maybe I went too far out there the other night. But, you know something, maybe someone has to. Because, if it's not HIVE, it's Sampson or Black Mask, or Blackfire's looming in the wings still. And you know if he's still out there, he's going to look back Trigon. And then Artemis is off... God only knows when and I don't know when she's coming back."
"She'll be back," Sara tells her. "When the time is right."

Thea sighs and acknowledges Sara to be right, very begrudgingly.

"I guess it's just…seeing people sell those drugs without a care to anyone…it….well, I don't know," Thea answers. "It just pushes the button. It just pushes the wrong kind of button. They claim to sell us paradise giving us that poison. Like Veritgo, like Stardust…like everything else."

The warm embrace Sara slips around Thea pacifies her. Not all the way, but some.

"You've done a lot to prevent some of that," Sara offers her. "We've done a lot to know people won't fall into that life."

A long look outside into Starling City follows. Thea brushes a strand of hair away from her face.

'Not enough. Never enough.'

It was her father that started all this. Perhaps it's Thea's responsibility to help finish it.

_________________________________________________________________________

To Be Continued on April 6th, 2018.

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Thanks for the favorites, follows, kudos, views, and comments and I will see you on Friday for the next chapter.
At Sword's Edge Part One

Chapter One Hundred and Forty-Two: At Sword's Edge Part One.

Laurel sits back for what hopefully is a nice relaxing evening. With how her life is these days, and how it's been over the past few years, Laurel can never be too certain about whether or not something will be too relaxing or not. She sits on the other side of the room with her mother.

They made some light conversation. Laurel appreciates how much her mother looks to have returned back to her old youthful self even though there's a sense of longing to do something more. Laurel decides to break the subject.

"So, how are you feeling?"

Dinah gives her daughter one of those smiles. "Well, I feel like I lost about twenty years off of my life. And in some ways, I did….I admit though I jumped back onto the field way too fast and way too soon. I should have never done anything like that."

At least her mother admits she pushed herself too far. Dinah reaches across the table to get the cup of coffee and take a long drink of it. It gives both women time to contemplate.

"I have to train myself both physically and mentally before I jump back on the field," Dinah answers. "No one expects you to be back to old form right away," Laurel tells her mother.

Dinah knows this naturally. She thinks about all of the things which could have been. As a mother, it would have been reckless to be the Black Canary for too much longer. And hell, she remembers that faithful night. Laurel and Sara almost lost their mother at a very young age.

Perhaps it is a blessing in disguise that night at the church of Blackfire forced Dinah's hand. Dinah muses about what could have been though. Then again, perhaps it was reckless and irresponsible to keep being the Black Canary at that point. Some kind of divine hand interjects.

"So, have you heard from Shiva lately?" Laurel casually asks.

Dinah shakes her head in negative. "I never quite know what Sandra's up to these days. With HIVE out of the way and with the League in good hands, you would think she would have time to relax and perhaps take it easy."

A snort barely stops from escaping from Laurel. Lady Shiva sitting back, taking it easy, that would be the day. One does not simply get the title of the deadliest woman of the world by sitting back and relaxing. Laurel takes another drink of her coffee.

"I better get back to the airport, "Laurel tells Dinah. "The flight leaves in about three hours and you know how these Central City airports get at this time of the evening."

"Unfortunately," Dinah tells her. "It was nice seeing you again."

"Yeah, it was," Laurel agrees. "And I hope that you return to Starling City sometime soon. As you and not…."

"I think you're doing a fine enough job as the Black Canary as it is," Dinah comments with a
squeeze of her daughter's hand. "But, still if even of you girls need my help, you know how to get in touch with me."

She speaks that not as a super heroine, not as a vigilante prowling the nights, but as a mother. Laurel rises up off of the couch and walks down the steps towards her rental car. It's a nice night, but Laurel has to get it back to the airport.

'Just got to be careful. They don't like it when you get one scratch on this thing. That rental place has some good cars, but pretty uptight about the return policy.'

Suddenly, Laurel stops short. She listens and hears a ticking noise. The ticks get closer together and Laurel realizes what the hell just happened. She throws herself behind a heavy set of trash cans on the side of the street and just in time as well.

The car explodes into a flaming inferno. The sickening smell of burning metal fills the air and Laurel's eyes sting from what is filling in the air. She takes a deep breath and looks around.

Someone is around here. Laurel senses it and she keeps on it. A flicker from the shadows causes Laurel to turn around. She throws a hand in the air and misses whoever is circling her.

Just narrowly, Laurel catches a knife someone from the shadows tosses at her. Two more knives pop in directly at Laurel. Laurel avoids the attacks and keeps the knives in hand. She turns her head away and drops down onto the ground to take a deep breath.

'Great, someone is trying to kill me,' Laurel thinks to herself in complete frustration.

A searing knife comes inches away from cutting into the side of Laurel's head. She catches the knife and draws in a deep breath. A figure in a green robe appears in front of Laurel's line of sight. The hood drops back to reveal a monkey mask with a grin.

"You!"

Laurel charges the figure who drops a canister on the ground. A thick cloud of smoke pops up. Laurel gropes through the smoke to grab the figure, only to pull back when he disappears.

"Laurel, are you okay, sweetie?"

Dinah rushes out to go for her shaken daughter. Her rental car exploding caught Dinah's attention. She quickly called the cops after seeing her daughter was not in the car. They came down the straight.

Laurel's ninety-five percent sure she knows what happens. That one tiny seed of doubt prevents her from saying anything with one hundred percent clarity.

"You're going to need to keep your arm extended like this when you block."

Thea bounces back for Sara to rush towards her. Her attacks tighten up when seeing Sara come after her. The two move in to attempt to get some kind of position with the other. Thea sweeps Sara's legs back. Sara does a flip and sticks the landing on her feet.

Ever since her arrow being put in Sampson's face, Thea had a lot of aggressions to work out. Sara keeps her busy and makes sure the anger she feels from the growing drug trade in Starling City is not effecting her performance. The two of them go after each other.
Felicity checks the latest reports. It's a very slow evening which normally means the bad guys are just planning. That never feels really good to know someone is scheming behind her back. The elevator doors open up and bring Felicity out of her progress.

"Hey, Laurel," Felicity states. She stops when looking at the woman who crosses into the elevator. "What happened to you?"

"I was attacked by some crazed nutcase wearing a monkey mask," Laurel slowly says.

Cassandra, who had been meditating over to the side, jerks out of her trance. She raises up and crosses the room towards Laurel.

"Silver Monkey?"

Laurel nods grimly at Cassandra's statement. Sara and Thea finish their spar to come over. Sara recognizes that particular name although Thea and Felicity do not.

"I'm afraid so," Laurel answers.

"Okay, um, do you mind sharing who this guy is?" Felicity asks.

Sara helpfully jumps in for Laurel. "He's a former student of Lady Shiva. She cut all ties with him when he did not live up to her standards."

"Ouch," Felicity comments. "So...maybe I'm out of turn for asking this. But, if he really didn't live up to her standards, than why didn't Shiva kill him. Because, maybe I'm reading her wrong, but I think she comes really across as the type that will kill you, slowly and painfully, if you don't do things her way."

"Well, I never asked her," Laurel says with a shrug. She turns to Sara and hopes she has some more insight. Sara brushes her hair away from her eyes.

"Your guess is as good as mine," Sara answers with a slight shrug.

"So, he's going after what of Shiva's prized students to send a message for her," Thea remarks. "Not surprised that he doesn't have the balls to attack her straight up. Hell...I don't have the balls to do that....figuratively speaking of course."

To be honest, Lady Shiva kind of intimidates Thea. Then again, she's in pretty good company.

"Yes, unless there's something you're really good at hiding from all of us," Felicity says. Thea gives the computer hacker a shifty smile. "So, what's he after?"

"He wants to send a message," Cass says. "Going after a former Shiva student."

"I'm surprised he didn't go after me instead," Sara says.

"Well, maybe he's scared of you," Felicity offers. "Maybe he thinks Laurel's a soft target."

Laurel turns to Felicity with a raised eyebrow. "Are you saying I'm not scary?"

Felicity throws her hands up and back tracks. "Oh, no, you can be very scary. Like right now, that look you're giving me, if looks can kill...well unfortunately I don't have any kind of will in order. I really should because of the type of business we're all in, but I don't, so...yeah....there's really no way that I'm going to win this so I'm going to shut up now."
"Good idea," Cass tells her with a pat on her elbow.

Despite Felicity not meaning to imply it, Laurel feels a twinge and a need to prove herself. Silver Monkey thinks she's someone who can easily be taken out to send a message to Lady Shiva.

The robed figure moves down the room. The hood of the robe drops and the robe drops revealing a muscular man dressing in a tight black bodysuit. The monkey mask covers his face. His eyes flicker from underneath her.

"Ninja, appear!"

A small army of ninjas surround Silver Monkey. The former student of Lady Shiva smiles when they close in on him. He raises a hand and then pushes it out.

"Ninja, attack!"

One of the ninjas charge towards Silver Monkey. Silver Monkey catches the arm of the ninja and turns it around. He claims the sword in the ninja's hand and snaps the wooden staff of another ninja coming around the corner. Silver Monkey erupts into an attack and drops each ninja down onto the ground. He holds one of them around the head and smacks him down onto the ground.

Silver Monkey blocks two chains coming at him. He crosses the chains and smacks the ninjas into each other. Silver Monkey deflects the throwing stars coming close towards his hand and arm. He drops down to the ground for a second and then rolls on his back.

A series of kicks catch his ninja assassins off guard. Silver Monkey walks on his hands and flings himself over. He catches one of the swords between his toes and then swings it while catching one of the ninjas. He flips over onto his feet and catches a dagger before throwing it in a loop. Three ninjas hit the ground. Silver Monkey hurls threw brown spheres into the air and they break open to release noxious fumes.

"And halt!"

The ninjas rise to their feet. Some of them are barely able to stand from the beating Silver Monkey puts on him. He steps through the next room into an altar. Candles surround one of the few known photos of Lady Shiva. A dagger sticks the photo of Shiva crudely into the wall.

"You never gave me the credit I deserve," Silver Monkey growls at Shiva's indifferent face in the picture.

Once again, those eyes stare at him coldly. Like his very existence offends her and it makes Silver Monkey want to hurl enough knife through the picture.

"You think that you're better than me! You think that you're better than me! You think that some little girl is more than enough to replace me. Some child who has delusions of grandeur."

The ninjas stand against the wall almost blissfully unaware their boss is having a one-sided shouting match with a portrait.

"You said I wasn't worth your time. I wasn't worth the oxygen. I was even more pathetic than your former lover, Cain. Well, I'm not going to let you win this time Shiva. I'm going to kill the Black Canary and show you why I'm the best student you ever had. Better than the Canary. Better than the Bat. Better than the Arrow. The Silver Monkey is better than than all!"
A couple of deep breaths come from the Silver Monkey.

"But, I'm not going to come crawling back to you. I'm going to show you why you should have anointed me as your prized student from the beginning."

Silver Monkey takes off his mask to reveal a rough-faced man with black hair. He has a few scars down the face and one eye is completely grey due to being partially blinded in it. His sense of smell heightens despite the handicap of being blind in one eye.

"Then, Sandra Woosan, the student will suppress the teacher. Lady Shiva will kneel before her superior."

Ninjas wait for him on the other side of the room. Silver Monkey approaches them to give them further instructions. He slips a piece of fabric out of his costume and blindfolds himself.

"Attack me, again."

The ninjas move in for the attack.

Black Canary, Green Arrow, and Cassandra move in to follow the trail of the Silver Monkey. Each second they were out of their way there, was another second that he was moving around.

"He's slippery," Black Canary breathes. "I had him dead to rights. You could have gotten him."

Green Arrow says nothing for a long minute. She simply kneels on the ground and takes a full survey of her surroundings. "I don't know whether or not I would have gotten him. I suspect it really doesn't matter at the moment."

Black Canary agrees to disagree. Cass stands up straight as well. She can feel something. Something different on this night, as opposed to all of the other nights in Starling City.

The Green Arrow senses something coming around the corner as well. She sees a figure moving through the shadows. The Green Arrow fires a shot to attempt to slow it down. Unfortunately, the figure was too agile. Green Arrow misses both of her shots before trying to get a little closer towards him.

The chase happens where the figure leads the trio of vigilantes through a business district. Despite the blooming economy in Starling City, one thing Sara never has to worry about is a lack of abandoned warehouses. Like the one their mysterious friend leads them into.

"Watch it."

Green Arrow moves into the warehouse. There's no signs of the person they were chasing halfway across the city. Funnilly enough though, that does not put Green Arrow at ease. It just worries her slightly more that something is going to happen.

Black Canary follows in. She stands seconds away from attacking. There's nothing coming out of the corner. Cassandra follows and checks the shadows for any signs of movement. An open window towards the back of the warehouse shows them where their intruder could have gone.

"Escaped," Cass breaths.

"Damn it!" Laurel curses

Cass gives her a soft smile and a pat on the shoulder to try and encourage her. Something catches the
attention of the three women at the edge of the warehouse. A trio of monkey statues sit in front of
them. They adopt the classic "see no evil, speak no evil, and hear no evil" pose.

"Calling card," Cass murmurs.

Laurel hears a ticking noise which puts her on edge. Sara hears it too and looks for the source of the
licking. The girls eye the exits, both opens doors and open windows in case an explosion is about
ready to occur. Sara reaches in and pulls back the base of a statue.

Sometimes, a clock is just a clock and not a bomb ready to make off. Sara opens up the back of the
clock and finds that it's not rigged to explode. She moves over the monkey heads and nothing out of
the ordinary.

"He's not trying to kill us," Green Arrow concludes. "He's trying to mess with our heads. And he's
doing a pretty good job of it."

The other two girls wonder what's going on. The Silver Monkey does not attack. Were they really
chasing him or was it someone else?

A buzzing comes in Sara's earpiece. She clicks it on.

"Beloved, are you there?" Nyssa's tense voice asks.

"Nyssa, what's wrong?" Sara asks her.

The Daughter of the Demon's anger and agitation allows her to take a deep breath. "Silver Monkey's
clan of ninjas has joined up with rogue elements of the league and also a few HIVE agents which
have not fallen in line with Ruve Darhk's orders."

"Oh, fuck," Sara groans.

"Precisely," Nyssa agrees. "And they have broken out one of the prisoners on Nanda Parbat."

Sara realizes there's only one prisoner on Nanda Parbat who they could have broken out. It's very
hard for her to conceive.

"I'm on my way there," Nyssa tells her. "Meet me outside of the League stronghold in Starling in a
half of an hour. And be careful out there. Silver Monkey's playing a dangerous game."

"Thanks," Sara responds.

She turns to Laurel and Cass who already move outside of the door. Nothing in this warehouse other
than these taunting monkey head statues adopting the classic pose remain with them. And the
shadowed figure, likely now one of Silver Monkey's followers, is long gone.

Three aides bring Shado, the current White Canary, around the corner. She recalls losing to Sara
Lance in battle and then being held by the League until they figure out the mess which is her mind.
Shado feels broken and lost. Unable to cope with the consequences of her death and resurrection
really do a number on her psyche. She sees threats everywhere and its only due to a struggle of self-
control that she does not attack the men who rescue her.

'It's them or the League.'

Also, a tight hand clutches her soul and refuses to relinquish it. She's not completely alive until she
slays the person who did this to her. And unfortunately, with Ivo dead, there's only one person who
would satisfy as a proxy.

"Where are you taking me?"

They do not answer and Shado's agitation only increases. They lead her past several statues. Every statue is a monkey. Some are "see no evil". Others are "hear no evil". And the others are "speak no evil". The sheer amount of monkey statues unsettle Shado.

The lack of conversation or really signs of human life from these assassins also cause her agitation.

"White Canary, welcome."

A figure dressing all in green approaches Shado. She turns her attention to the figure with a surprise and a raise of her eyebrow.

"My name is Silver Monkey."

"So I see," Shado blandly says. "Why are you here?"

"Your soul is not yours, is it?" Silver Monkey asks. "You're suffering from the craziness that a trip to the Lazarus Pit brings a person. Don't you?"

Shado has no choice other than to nod at the words coming from Silver Monkey. It's unfortunately true. She's feeling insane and its very hard not to attack him.

"Tell me why you brought me here?" she demands.

"I've brought you here to receive a gift. You will be whole once more."

She really wants to believe it. Silver Monkey holds out a blue vial in front of her. It sparkles and calls to Shado. She reaches for it but Silver Monkey holds it out of her reach.

"I will give you this serum, if you do me one favor."

"I knew there would be something to this arrangement," Shado tells him. "What do you want me to do?"

"Eliminate the Green Arrow."

Her mind snaps back to the island. The last few seconds of her life flash before her. The fear she feels before Ivo shoots her in the head. The relief she's going to see her father again and then the anger she feels when she's sucked into a pit of darkness. Buzzards surround her and encircle her spirit forcing her back into this life.

The misery which being resurrected follows from Shado.

Shado's past self sits up after being put in the Lazarus Pit. She's crazed with anger and slaughters the League members foolish enough to engage her while Ra's al Ghul watches. Another figure stands in the background in a cloud of mist and this is all Shado sees before snapping back.

'You'll be free once she's gone.'

The soft voice which enters her mind rips her out of her thoughts. She sees the Silver Monkey with one hand extending. Shado reaches over and grabs his hand shaking it.

"So, we have a deal," Silver Monkey says.
Shado cannot shake the feeling she made another bargain worthy of Faust. Yet, she has to do it. Her soul is still not properly back in alignment. It's ripped to shreds with most of it being lorded over by this entity of darkness. She's one second away from doing the bidding of something completely awful.

"We do," Shado agrees. "Once I hand you the Green Arrow's head, then you will give me the vial."

"A fair trade," Silver Monkey confirms.

To Be Continued on April 9th, 2018.

Thanks for all of the follows, favorites, comments, kudos, and views and I will see you Monday for the next chapter.
Chapter One Hundred and Forty-Three: At Sword's Edge Part Two.

Green Arrow and Black Canary move around to meet with Nyssa who is on her way. They have a sense of dread coming through them. The dread is really not all that helped by the fact that an old friend has fallen under the spell of the Silver Monkey.

"Well, if Nyssa says that the White Canary and the Silver Monkey have joined forces, then I believe it," Felicity answers. "And for the record, she has been sighted, briefly. The crossing about two blocks away from you are. I think she's...well I think she wanted to get seen."

"Trap," Green Arrow murmurs underneath her breath.

Felicity nods without any question in her mind. "Yeah, I pretty much thought so as well. So, are we going to turn the trap around on them or not?"

"We just might," Green Arrow answers.

Laurel allows herself to be distracted for a couple of seconds. Every shadow moving could in fact be the Silver Monkey. Every sound in the distance may very well be one of his followers stalking her and making Laurel a bit edgy and a slight bit nervous. She turns her neck back and brings out a very obvious sigh before stretching forward.

She follows Sara around the corner. The two of them make their way into a temple, an outpost of the League. It is in the middle of Starling City and hidden amongst districts and districts of warehouses. No one has been here for quite some time.

Nyssa steps out of the shadows. She nods at them with a smile.

"I've been trying to get into contact with Lady Shiva," Nyssa informs them without any preamble. "Unfortunately, as you both know, she's normally the one who makes contact."

"My mother didn't know what she was up to," Laurel offers to Nyssa. Nyssa figures about as much and is glad Laurel tells her this point because she wants to ask. Shado being taken is not a really good thing to be perfectly honest.

"The HIVE agents are not part of the faction that Darhk was a part of," Nyssa informs them. "I think that it's pretty likely they took advantage of his death to move up in the world."

"How did he do it?" Sara asks.

Nyssa sighs. This is the very thing Talia attempts to find out and Nyssa wishes her the sister the best of luck. The three move their way to the back entrance of the temple into Starling City. A figure comes out and all three women prepare for battle.

They only relax the second they see Cassandra is the one who faces them. One sees the shoulder slumping when Cassandra approaches them. Nyssa greets the younger girl with a smile.

"So, is there anything?" Nyssa asks.

"Nothing," Cassandra answers. "How?"
"There are HIVE agents, rogue League members, and some of Monkey's own followers," Nyssa explains. "He's put together a force which very formidable. The four of us should be more than enough to give it a problem."

"Monkey's mine," Laurel answers.

"I wouldn't doubt it."

Laurel slumps her shoulders for a couple of second. The Silver Monkey almost getting the drop on her shakes her slightly. Lady Shiva cast him out when he was inadequate and unable to properly utilize her teaches. Laurel understands his, but maybe, just maybe, the Silver Monkey was better than what Lady Shiva thought he was. Maybe he was, anything is possible. And Laurel has her doubts for not the first time.

"You can do it," Sara tells her. "And...I'm going to have to be the one to deal with Shado. I just can't believe that she's willingly working with him."

Nyssa offers her wife a small squeeze on the shoulder and a smile. "Beloved, I don't think it's willing. Well, he may have offered her something. Something which she wants more than anything else. And I think we both know what that is."

"Her soul and her sanity," Sara murmurs.

There were ways, whispers, of a way to restore someone's sanity after being exposed to the Lazarus Pit. The entire soul aspect was something else entirely, given that dives into an entirely different realm of mystical and spiritual nature which was way out of Sara's league. She suspects there are ways, but she would not know of them and even understand them even less.

"So, we're going to do this?" Laurel asks.

"Hey, for the record, I have full confidence you can spank the monkey," Felicity comments over the ear piece. She realizes the cringe about ten seconds too late. "Okay, that was bad, even by my standards."

"Yes, it was," Cass tells her. "Let's go."

"I've brought you all before me, as witnesses to me. Lady Shiva calls me weak. She calls me a waste. She demeans me and sees this Black Canary is strong enough to defeat me. However, I will show her. I will show them all. I will show her how I'm supposed to be the strongest. I'm supposed to be the most deadly, the most dangerous. And soon Lady Shiva will respect me."

Several members of the Monkey clan listen to the Silver Monkey's rampage. It is pretty much background noise to them at this point. They hear this pretty much every minute the Silver Monkey gets a chance to speak.

The White Canary, on the other hand, her boredom increases by each passing second. She wonders when some action would happen.

"You said I would get a chance at the Green Arrow," White Canary tells her.

Images keep flashing through the White Canary's mind of that night, her last night before the resurrection. The shot through the head, the sense of piece, the darkness, and the buzzards surrounding her, and then returning to the Lazarus Pit. This loops through her head and drives her completely beyond the bend in insanity. The White Canary pushes her nails into the side of her
cheek and throws her head back with a scream.

"Patience, and it will come," The Silver Monkey tells her.

Shado's about a second away from raging out and telling him that she waits way too long. She remembers the blue potion on the Silver Monkey. It's the only item which can restore her back into full health. If this potion slips away, then she can kiss her sanity goodbye.

One of the Silver Monkey's aides drop down with an arrow to the knee. Four figures drop down to the ground. Silver Monkey watches another one of his ninjas fall to the side. The Black Canary turns up, with the Green Arrow, the daughter of Lady Shiva, and the daughter of the Demon. These quartet of follows move in and the Silver Monkey steps back.

"I wished for a one on one battle," Silver Monkey tells him.

"So, says the man who surrounds himself with follows," Black Canary says. "No wonder Lady Shiva threw you out like yesterday's garbage. You're pathetic."

Silver Monkey's fist curls up and he throws his head back into anger. The daughters of two deadly warriors move in. Cassandra blocks a blade attack from one of the monkey clan ninjas and turn the blade around on another one. She rips the blade from the hand and then dives up. Cass flips up and kicks the attacker in the face. She moves over with swift precision and cuts the sheath containing the katana off of the men's shoulder.

The larger of the ninja's grab Cass around the head. She breaks free with a couple of elbow strikes and then takes him down with a sweeping kick to the back of the leg. Cass twists him down to the ground.

Nyssa moves from one enemy to the other with swift precision. She knocks the attacker down onto the ground. The other attack loads up on brass knuckles. Nyssa dodges the attack and hammers away at the back of the head of the assassin to bring him down onto the ground.

"He is worthless," Cass breaths.

"Child, I respect you because of who your mother is," Silver Monkey answers. "That being said, you have your father's sense."

Cass jerks the ninja away from the wall and catches him with a huge clubbing fist to the side of the head.

The White Canary and the Green Arrow circle each other. There's so much history there and even more tension. The tension is so evident one could cut it with a knife if they really wanted to. The Green Arrow's gaze follows upon the White Canary's.

"You allowed me to die," the White Canary growls.

The pain of death and being denied her eternal reward drives the White Canary on. She retracts sharp blades from a device on her wrist and attacks the Green Arrow. The Green Arrow flips into the air and lands on the ground behind her. The White Canary charges the Green Arrow one more time. The Green Arrow blocks the punch and comes back with a flowing uppercut.

"You don't remember what happens?"

The Green Arrow flips into the air and lands on her feet. The wind knocks out of her body when she bounces off of the wall. She recovers quickly just in time to dodge an arrow threatening to impale
her. The Green Arrow dodges a dagger off from the side.

"No, she's mine!"

The White Canary nails the threatening attacker In the side of the head and drops him down onto the ground. She returns to the battle.

Green Arrow charges the White Canary and a jumping kick knocks her. Both of them fly through an open window several feet up. They both crash down onto the ground beneath. Rain drops down from the sky and lightning flashes in the background.

Lightning flashes through the distance and the White Canary slips into the distance. The Green Arrow turns herself around and waits for the attack to come right at her.

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One might take the Silver Monkey not as a serious adversary due to his completely unconventional name. The Black Canary remembers one of the lessons that Lady Shiva taught her. And that was to take any enemy, no matter how absurd they might be, look, or are named seriously at all.

Laurel moves into the dark room and comes almost head long with a blade. Silver Monkey bounces off the walls with agility trademark of his namesake.

"Oh, you dumb little birdie. You are going to pay for Shiva's ignorance. I'm sure she'll take me seriously when I return your head to her in a box."

Black Canary says absolutely nothing. The deadly fighter pursuing her retracts claws from his monkey's paw and drives them down towards Laurel. Laurel dodges the attack and comes back around to attack her adversary. A couple more kicks catch the Silver Monkey in the side of the face.

Silver Monkey blocks the kick and flips the Black Canary up. She lands on her feet and decides against using the Canary Cry against her opponent. A few punches line up for the Silver Monkey. He showcases great agility by dodging one by leaping out of the way. He performs a backflip and drops down onto the ground. He throws a powder in the air which causes a cloud of dust.

She knows he's around here somewhere. Black Canary listens very closely for the heartbeat.

Black Canary catches his fist and returns fire with a couple of more punches. She rocks the Silver Monkey with two punches. A spinning back hand punch just barely misses catching the Silver Monkey. The Silver Monkey catches Laurel around the shoulder and snaps her down onto the ground. A knife comes close to connecting with her neck. She twists out of the attack.

"I should have been handpicked!"

Silver Monkey nails her in the stomach. The wind knocks out of Laurel and the Silver Monkey winds up with another punch. Laurel catches the blow and turns around. They flip down onto the ground and crash hard into the wall. Laurel pulls her fist back and then comes close to connecting with him.

The Monkey vanishes into the darkness once again. A cloud of green power comes out into the distance. The choking cloud makes Laurel drop down and almost choke from what is happening around her. She shields her face and it leaves her open for a sliding kick to the knee cap.

The Black Canary gets the Silver Monkey's hands digging into her hair. She kicks him hard in the ribs. A pair of tonfa come out and cracks the Silver Monkey in the face.
"NO!"

Silver Monkey swings at her again. The Black Canary catches him with a huge uppercut punch to the side of the head and then sweeps his legs out from underneath him. Black Canary jumps up into the air. He dodges the attacks and retracts another blade. He hurls it at her. Black Canary dodges the attack and slips into the shadows.

The lights go completely out. Only two pinprick lights in the holes of the Silver Monkey's mask shine out.

"I don't know why you're trying to hide from me," Silver Monkey tells her. "I'm going to find you. And I'm going to rip you apart."

A kick catches Silver Monkey between the shoulder blades. He slides to the ground. Black Canary nails him with a couple more kicks to the head. He tries to slip away. Black Canary is back on him and she takes him down to the ground.

Silver Monkey crawls to his knees and flies through the open door. Several of his minions are down with the daughter of Lady Shiva finishing off one of them by casually rocking him with an uppercut. He cannot react to this due to the fact that Black Canary charges towards him.

Black Canary pulls the knives away from him and then catches him with an elbow to the punch. She grabs him around the arm and flips him down onto the ground. She drives the knee into his shoulder blade and then retracts the knives in a shape of an "X" over his neck. She stands on his chest.

"No!" Silver Monkey groans.

"Lady Shiva chose me not because I thought I deserved her attention," Black Canary tells him. "Your arrogance gets in the way of your potential."

"I can't have... I won't have... I can't have been bested by you!" Silver Monkey screams.

"Yes, you have," Black Canary tells him. "And I didn't need my meta-human powers to beat you either."

That particular statement cuts through the air. Silver Monkey kicks away.

"If you have any honor, kill me."

Black Canary shakes her head. "Killing you would be the easy way out. It would make sure you don't learn anything. That's not what I do. It's not what I want to do. You would learn more if I left you alive."

She pulls the daggers out and as Black Canary predicts, Silver Monkey lashes out at her. He lets out a loud howler like scream like a monkey. Black Canary dodges the attack and grabs Silver Monkey around the head. She flips him down onto the ground and curb stomps the man down across the face. The mask breaks and Silver Monkey shudders when he's taken out.

One more elbow connects to the side of Silver Monkey's head and puts him down for the count. Black Canary pulls away from Silver Monkey.

Green Arrow walks through the rain. She can sense Shado in the distance. There are many regrets filling Sara right now. She wonders if it's time for them to have a conversation.
"I didn't mean for you to die. It was sudden, and you should really not blame me. Ivo is a sick and twisted man. He was a sick and twisted man."

"Ivo's gone. You're the only one who can give me what I want."

The arrow only misses Sara's neck by inches. It sticks in the wall behind her and causes her to appreciate how close it was to messing her up. She takes a couple of breaths when walking forward.

"I regret how you had to die. I really do. But, even you know that you're messed up. Just let us... we'll figure something out. There has to be a way to return you back to the way things were."

"Only when you die."

White Canary lashes out of the shadows. The Green Arrow only dodges her uncontrolled fury. Green Arrow leads the White Canary up the ladder and to the rooftop across from them. The White Canary follows her up the rooftop. Determination burns through her eyes when rushing at the Green Arrow.

"You don't have to do this."

Green Arrow realizes that the White Canary is not going to listen to her. The two of them engage in hand to hand combat. Both of them are pretty evenly matched with each other. However, the White Canary's attacks grow more frantic and sloppier the more Green Arrow dodges them.

"You are good," Sara informs her. "You are the best. You still can be good, and you can still be..."

White Canary holds out a silver orb and unleashes a Canary Cry at Sara. Sara pushes through the sonic attack and catches White Canary with a running kick to the side of the head to drop her down to the ground. As if Sara does not have a way to go against the weapons of her own creation.

The Green Arrow stops the White Canary from grabbing her own bow and kicks her in the side of the ribs. The two tussle on the rooftop when the lightning and the rain flashes around them. A bolt of lightning hits a power line and causes sparks to fly around them.

A swift attack by Green Arrow takes advantage of the chaos on the rooftop. She moves in with multiple punches to the side of her adversary's head to drop her down onto the rooftop. A running kick to the side of the head sends the White Canary skidding to the side of the rooftop. The wind leaves her lungs just in time to notice the attacking coming from the other end from the Green Arrow.

"We can help you! If you only allow us to help you!"

White Canary drops down to one knees. She comes up to attack Sara. She stops for a second and this is the hesitation Sara needs to bring her down to her hands and knees.

Shado's eyes flood over and her pupils dilate red as the Green Arrow approaches her.

"Father, forgive me."

A flash of lightning and White Canary stabs Sara in the chest with the dagger. Both of them fly off of the edge of the roof and down to the streets of Starling City below. The wind knocks down at them.

Sara falls underneath because of the immense blood loss and the impact of her hitting the ground. She hears a deadly cackle and then she sees a burry image of buzzards and the hideous face of a bearded man in the distance.
Cassandra and Nyssa turn up. Instantly, Cass catches a recovering Shado with a dart to the side of the neck and drops her down to the ground.

Nyssa walks over and does what she came to stop Sara's immense blood loss. She holds up Sara and gently gets her out of there. She and Cassandra communicate without words, knowing what they need to do. They had their timing down pat, all the way since Nyssa and Sara rescued Cass all of those years ago.

Sara suddenly wakes up with a cough. She's lying on the bed and is very sore. Laurel and Nyssa sit on either side of her. Nyssa moves over and puts her hand on Sara's head for a second.

"Your temperature is back to normal and the herbs are doing what they intend to," Nyssa answers. "We thought that we would have to take drastic action, beloved."

One who knows better understands drastic action means a trip to the Lazarus Pit. Sara recalls the last time she enters one of those things and does not wish to go down that road unless absolutely necessary. She feels a bit better now being able to move around. One question digs into her mind.

"So, how long was I out?"

Laurel grabs her sister's hand and squeezes it. "Three days…you were slipping in and out. You were…well you were delirious from a lot of it…and nothing is your fault."

Sara realizes she could be referring to many things. There's a lot of guilt coming in there. Nyssa leans over and kisses her on the lips. There's so much unsaid with that particular gesture. The two pull away from each other.

"Shado?"

"Currently downstairs being guarded," Nyssa tells her. "The serum Silver Monkey has is authentic. We have given it to her and now all we can do is wait."

"And Silver Monkey?"

Laurel decides to jump in with an answer. "He's locked up tight in the holding area. Lady Shiva will be coming by to collect him soon enough. And she can deal with him."

There's a small, very microscopic part of Sara who feels a tiny bit sorry from Lady Shiva. No one really deserves the pain dealing with the likes of Lady Shiva.

"We'll just going to have to figure out where to go from here," Nyssa answers.

Sara shakes her head. The scar is almost healed which is a very good thing. She turns her attention towards both of the women. There's a sense that this incident is just the beginning of something.

"Sorry, you know how edgy I get after a long rest," Sara answers. "And the fact I've been out for three days…and….I know this city is taken care of when I'm gone but….."

Laurel silences her sister with a kiss. The two enjoy each other's presence and Laurel runs her hand down the side of Sara's arm. She's only clad in a small dressing gown which can quickly be shed from her body.

"We know you're edgy," Laurel tells her. "But, I think you'd agree it's important for us to do what we can to take the edge off."
Sara grabs Laurel and kisses her. Nyssa moves onto the foot of the bed and rolls Sara's gown up to reveal her toned thighs. Nyssa's warm hand coaxes its way closer to Sara and then starts to work her fingers into those warm folds with practiced position.

Laurel lies on her side on the bed and starts to kiss Sara. Sara closes her eyes and wraps a hand around the back of Laurel's head. Laurel plants multiple kisses on the side of Sara's neck.

The gown comes off to reveal Sara's nice breasts. They stick up for Laurel to grab ahold of and to touch. The nipples stick up and Laurel drives her head dow into her chest.

"Suck my tits," Sara breaths in Laurel's ear. "Oh, that's such a good older sister, making her baby sister feel good. And Nyssa proving what such a loving wife she is."

Sara receives the chance to stretch her legs and she spreads them to allow Nyssa to dive deep into her pussy. The warm juices start to flow between Sara's thighs. Sara holds Nyssa by the back of her head. There's no need to hold her for long as Nyssa drives her tongue in.

Each drive of the tongue brings more of Sara's juices. It has been way too long since Nyssa has the chance to taste her wife. And to be perfectly honest, she makes up for lost time. She hears Sara's light moans and also those strong legs wrapping around her neck and pulling her in close.

"Eat my pussy," Sara demands of her loving wife. "Oh, that's the spot…you too Laurel, that's pretty good.

Nyssa also adds to the pleasure by cupping her hands and rolling them over the back of Sara's legs and also her ass. She nibbles on the warm lips and then pulls out before driving her tongue inside.

A shiver passes through Laurel when Sara runs her hand over Laurel's hair. The feeling of Sara's able fingers skimming her toned body makes Laurel throw her head back in a moan. She keeps diving into Sara's chest and sucking on her nipples. The warm buds enter Laurel's mouth and she throws her head back with a very evident moan while sucking on them.

"Good, good, oh make your baby sister feel really good, "Sara encourages her.

Nyssa feels the tension building through Sara. She keeps rubbing Sara's thighs and making her squeeze her face. Sara squirts all over Nyssa's face and coats Nyssa with her honey. The Daughter of the Demon drives down and keeps licking Sara until her pussy jerks up and down and keeps cumming all over her face.

The second Nyssa rises up, Laurel comes off of Sara's chest and kisses Nyssa. The hot and scorching kiss between Sara's sister and wife makes a stir come to her quim. She throws her head back and then moves up to pull Laurel away from Nyssa.

Both sisters smash their lips together as Nyssa strips herself out of her garments. The beautiful naked woman stands in the distance and presses against Sara's equally naked body while feeling up and kissing the beautiful archer. Not to be outdone, Laurel's clothes drop to the ground as well and leave all three of them completely naked.

Sara drops down onto the bed and feels Laurel crawl between her thighs.

"Worship your baby sister," Sara commands.

Laurel, like a devoted older sister, does as she's told. She feels a digit probing her backside. Nyssa's finger edges into her tight backside.
"Keep it up," Nyssa breaths. "Tongue fuck my wife, your sister, while I take this pretty little asshole."

She wears nothing but a strap on. Nyssa uses Laurel's own juices to lubricate it. The self-lubricating feature on the strap on is nice, but to be honest, Nyssa wants something a touch more personal. She lines up the cock to Laurel's opening asshole with her finger probing the edge of it. Laurel closes her eyes the more Nyssa closes in to her tight back entrance.

"Oh, fuck!" Laurel moans.

"I want your tongue where it should be."

Her sister is forceful in her actions and pushes Laurel face first down. Sara's sweet pussy oozes from underneath Laurel's tongue. The light touches of a hungry tongue keep pushing against her. Laurel wraps her legs around Sara's head and throws herself up.

Nothing is better than Nyssa feeling up her body while driving the strap-on into her tight asshole. Nyssa works her way slowly and enjoys the feeling of the anal muscles closing around her cock. She rolls her hands up and pushes her hands between Laurel's thighs and starts to rub on them. Her hand moves from Laurel's dripping quim and meets with her nipple.

The feeling of a cock shoving in her ass drives Laurel more to the brink of a spectacular orgasm. She lustfully drinks the juices from Sara's pussy and throws her head back. A scream penetrates the air the deeper Laurel drives her tongue into her.

"Oh, fuck!" Sara screams. "She's making me nice and wet….I'm cumming so hard. I haven't….oh this feels good!"

Finally, Sara returns to her old self and pumps her thighs around Laurel's face. She keeps coating her sister's face with her juices. Laurel drinks them up with her lust building and growing. The very skilled fingers of Laurel keep digging into Sara's thighs the more she pushes up.

"Such a nice ass," Nyssa breaths. "Nice and tight…but, I'm in and you enjoy that. You enjoy it, don't you? I guess naughtiness runs in the family."

Laurel latches her lips onto Sara's oozing pussy. Otherwise she would have a rebuttal. Mouth and tongue busy themselves in tasting her sister and all coherent thought and speech flies out of the window. Nyssa driving herself cock first into Laurel's ass is not helping with her thought process. Fingers keep digging into the side of Laurel's head. Another moan cums from her. The sweet vibrations from Laurel's throat causes Sara's thighs to buck up and then to push cum all over Laurel's face.

"It would be a shame if this sweet pussy was neglected."

They shift positions and Sara now is between Laurel's legs while Nyssa rams her asshole. Laurel's toes curl on the bed. Nyssa holds onto the back of Laurel and pushes into her. Sara comes up from between Laurel's legs as a tease. She puts her tongue on the side of Laurel's neck, then licks down her sister's cleavage, then her belly button.

Each stop of her sister's tongue torture drives Laurel completely bonkers. She wants more and screams out in pleasure for even more. Sara comes up and kisses Laurel's lips. Laurel tastes her own cum and is excited.

A second strap on enters the pleasure and now Laurel experiences double-penetration. Sara's lips still
Kiss her when driving her cock in between Laurel's thighs and straight into her accommodating hole. Nyssa and Sara sandwich Laurel in the middle with skilled precision.

'Oh, always feels so good to be in this position,' Laurel manages through the haze of her lust.

Laurel lifts a leg and Sara holds onto it. She traces a pattern onto Laurel. Laurel throws her head back and moans very loudly. Sara pushes herself into Laurel.

"She's such a horny birdie, isn't she?" Sara whispers.

"Oh, yes," Nyssa breathes. "I'm beginning to see where you get it from."

Sara throws herself deep into her sister's accommodating pussy. She spends a lot of time licking her neck and sucking at Laurel's chest. Laurel throws her head back and Nyssa kisses her on the other end. The hands, lips, and actions of both Nyssa and Sara bring Laurel to a quivering mess of juices. Both sides keep plunging into her on either end and stretch her out.

"God," Laurel breathes. "MMMM FUCK!"

She moans out one more time with Sara driving her cock deep inside of her Laurel. The pussy tenses up. Sara rubs herself and gets off on her sister's moans. Nyssa does the same as they finish off Laurel and drop her down onto the bed.

With Laurel recovering from the spectacular chain of orgasms they put her through, Sara brushes a lock of hair back from Nyssa's face. She kisses Nyssa on the lips. The tender kiss grows more intense when Nyssa falls back onto the bed. Sara is now on top of her, with repeating kisses to the neck, the side of the ear, and down to Nyssa's shoulder.

Sara's fingers probe Nyssa's warm opening. Nyssa pushes up and throws back her head. The two lovers indulge in each other with Nyssa and Sara deepening the kiss for each other. Their thighs rub together and both lovers grip their ass before Sara pushes the strap on to the side and drives her own into Nyssa's warm pussy.

"Sara," Nyssa mewls. "SARA!"

Nyssa grabs Sara's lower back. Her legs wrap tight around Sara. Their sensual and skilled bodies move towards each other. The same able hands which can cause harm also causes pleasure for each other. Sara drives deep inside of Nyssa. Nyssa holds her legs around Sara and drags her deep inside.

"More," Sara entices her wife. "MORE!"

Nyssa holds herself up and drives into Sara. Sara bridges up off of the bed so Nyssa has more leverage to drive down into her. They both kiss and feel each other's skin. Their bodies, coating with sweat, mold into each other. They match each other, with Nyssa pumping herself up to bring Sara inside of her body. Sara throws herself up and kisses Nyssa hard on the lips. She sucks Nyssa's lower lips and there's a small hum coming from her.

Right before Nyssa cums and hard. Sara plunges herself down inside of Sara with a few rises and a few drops. She steadies the pace and keeps working. One look at Nyssa's face only entices Sara to go one step further.

"You're a gift."

"No," Nyssa disagrees. "You're the gift."
Sara smiles and gives Nyssa a gift of another toe curling orgasm. Her legs tighten around her waist and drag Sara in. Sara pulls out and slams down into her. She keeps riding Nyssa over and over again to the edge. Nyssa holds onto Sara and moans, sucking on her neck and then earlobe. She keeps moaning loudly until Sara lets her go.

Nyssa falls back on the bed with Sara plunging into her. Their juices intermingle together. Nyssa breaths in and out with the release hitting her hard, it hits both of them hard. They see stars when sharing a climax with each other. Words fade into the distance, only their passionate moans.

Both come down from their high until the mood strikes them once more. And with Laurel stirring, something is bound to happen.

To Be Continued on April 10th, 2018.

Thanks for all of the favorites, follows, views, kudos, and comments and I'll see you on Tuesday for the next chapter.
Chapter One Hundred and Forty-Four: Necessary Steps

Silver Monkey leans back in the cell the Green Arrow and Black Canary face him in. This trip amounts to nothing more than a rest. He will be out of here sooner rather than later. And revenge will happen. Silver Monkey banks on revenge and the desire to rip apart the unworthy worth, this grows even stronger than ever before.

Footsteps come down the hallway. Silver Monkey thinks it may be Black Canary or Green Arrow to check on him. The chains rattle around his wrists. They bolt him into the wall, not that he's breaking free of this cage at the moment. Soon, though, soon Silver Monkey plans to do so.

His eyes widen a fraction of an inch. The figure standing at the end of the hallway is not Green Arrow or Black Canary or anyone else Silver Monkey catches a glimpse of during his stay in this prison cell. No, it's someone else, and it's the one and only Lady Shiva.

"You overstepped your bounds, Monkey. I knew there was a reason why I cut you loose. And you've proved your incompetence."

Silver Monkey breaks out into a round of laughter. "Don't you understand? The end times are here. Anyone who knows the game can see it. And soon, you will see it, Lady Shiva. You're not going to escape this. He will come for you."

Lady Shiva looks on with one of those smiles. She knows something more is going on than Silver Monkey tells her. She puts a hand firmly on the edge of the cage and works her gaze forward.

"You think you can rattle me," Lady Shiva answers. "I've contemplated on turning you into the League, I'm certain they will be less merciful to you than they are. Talia al Ghul wishes to mount your head on the wall for getting the drop on the League. The League members you've conspired we have already been dealt with."

Not the most surprising news to Silver Monkey, but her retains his false bravado.

"Yes, well she might find me a bit more difficult to deal with."

His former mentor moves a fraction of an inch close. Lady Shiva's humorless gaze falls upon the Silver Monkey. It's the gaze she's given many adversaries before ripping them apart. There's a part of her which seems softer on the surface. Silver Monkey knows better than to fall for her ploy.

"And that's the problem with you," Lady Shiva replies with a smile on her face. "You are way too arrogant. And your arrogance will be your downfall. Actually, it was your downfall. There's a reason why I've chosen the Black Canary over you. You're not unskilled. You're just undisciplined and unfocused."
Raindrops falling on the window distract the conversation for the next couple of minutes. Silver Monkey knows it will be foolish to say another word.

"So, it's down to you, Monkey. How would you like it to end? Would you like to face your death with dignity? Or would you prefer one last trial by combat?"

Silver Monkey leans in about as much as the chains in the wall allow him to. "I want one more chance against the Black Canary! I want one more trial by combat against her! I want to rip her to shreds. Do you understand? I will rip her to shreds!"

The almost absurd statement puts Lady Shiva off into a smile. She leans completely in and undoes the bolt of the cell. She unhooks the chains from the wall, only to pull Silver Monkey away from the cell. Silver Monkey does not struggle against him, which almost disappoints Lady Shiva.

She thinks someone under her tutelage should have more spine and more fight in him.

"No," Shiva answers. "You don't get that opportunity. And now you're coming with me."

Silver Monkey passes the trio of Felicity, Cass, and Laurel who stand in the Clocktower. The one glimpse in Lady Shiva's eyes makes Felicity really glad she's not the other one on the end of the chain.

"Well, I don't think he's going to bother us anymore," Felicity murmurs very lightly.

"No, he's not," Cass answers.

The second the two parties pass, Silver Monkey gives a long stare at Laurel. Hatred burns through the eyes of the Silver Monkey. Laurel stands tall and ensures that she does not back down from the sadistic glimpse of the Silver Monkey.

"He won't bother you anymore," Lady Shiva tells Laurel. "I'm certain this Clocktower will smell a lot better after he's been removed from the premises."

She's beaten him and could do so again. There's a small part of Laurel who feels for the Silver Monkey. Given that living up to Lady Shiva's standards require a lot of work and it causes frustration for most people when they attempt to live up to them.

"There will come a day, Canary. Mark my words!

Thunder hits outside the second that Silver Monkey and Lady Shiva disappear into the night. The night turns very long and lightning keeps flashing down from the sky. Laurel decides to step into the gym. Cass joins her to keep her company, and then Felicity returns to her usual work at monitoring Starling City for any strange activity.

After Silver Monkey, Sara dons the hood and heads out onto the Streets to make sure there's not any stray ninjas roaming around. Nyssa returns to oversee the trial of the League traitors, and tells Sara to contact her if there's any further rogue League activity.

Sara stops for a second to perch herself atop of a gargoyle looking over Starling City. She is deep in a conversation with Iris as they talk about past events.

"We just dealt with an assassin who was pissed about Lady Shiva dismissing him," Sara tells Iris over the other end of the headset she's wearing. "Laurel dealt with him…and also the White Canary…she's….well she's recovering. I haven't had a chance to speak with her but…she's lived a
very long and hard life."

And Sara really hopes there's some form of clarity regarding Shado. She deserves about that much after everything.

"Yeah, from what you've told me," Iris answers. "It's...well it's pretty quiet around here to be perfectly honest. After the Speed Force has left Barry, things have calmed down."

This statement hits Sara hard. After everything which has gone on over the past few weeks, Sara forgets about the Speed Force suddenly leaving Barry just as soon as it appears.

"So, it's gone?" Sara asks. "As in it's completely and totally gone."

"Yes," Iris answers. "I...I really hate admitting this, but it did help me in a couple of ways. It's like Wells, a bit of a pain to deal with, but ultimately useful in some ways."

"Pretty much our lives in a nutshell," Sara answers. "So, how is Barry?"

A long pause and Sara almost hears Iris mulling over the best way to explain this situation to her. Not that Sara can blame the woman because this is an odd situation.

"Barry...is Barry. He's...well he's a bit more withdrawn. Then again, I don't think anyone would bounce back from that straight away. He spends months as the prisoner of a madman, and then once he has a chance to recover, he's inhabited by something like that."

Given how Sara spent a good chunk of her life on an island and then fighting for survival elsewhere until returning home to Starling City, she can in fact understand how traumatic effects rattle a person's psyche. She turns her head around and hovers on the edge of Gargoyle.

"At least Henry's been cleared, so Barry gets to make up for lost time there. Something's going right, for the first time in a long time."

"Good, I'm glad."

Some good news finally hits them, and Sara hopes that it continues to keep going forward. She moves from one gargoyle on the rooftop to the next. She keeps it up. There isn't anyone out tonight as one of the worst rain storms in Starling City kicks up. Both thunder and lightning appear in the area. Sara picks up the pace and moves a bit closer to another Gargoyle.

"Yeah, I'm pretty glad that he's as in good spirits as he is and hasn't slumped into a complete depression," Iris answers before pausing. "Wow, that sounds oddly cynical of me...I'm starting to sound like you."

A small frown appears on Sara's face. The movement she sees is a stray cat trying to get out of the rain. Sara keeps one hand on the bow just to make sure.

"Not sure whether or not to take that as a compliment or an insult."

"Well, when one spends months as a prisoner of a madman and even more months as a prisoner of his own mind, then I guess you can see why he would be kind of hskane."

Yes, Sara can see that fairly enough, even though the actual physical look of the area becomes very hard to navigate around thanks to the heavy rainstorm. Sara activates the night vision goggles which allows her movement through the rain.
"So any problems on your end?" Sara asks.

"Well, nothing that I can't handle, things have slowed down to their usual crawl now that HIVE has left Central City," Iris answers. "I've been having a couple of family issues but that's...."

Something cuts Iris off before she can finish her statement. There's a couple of voices in the background and the sound of something rustling. Sara hears a crackle on her head and hopes that it was nothing serious.

"I've got to go. Something else has come up."

Well, maybe nothing serious, but something which ends this conversation for tonight. It's just as well, as Sara jumps to a ledge, jumps to a lower ledge, and then sticks a landing with a flip down onto the ground.

"Yes," Sara tells her. "I should patrol the city. Good luck with whatever you're dealing with and what you have to deal with right now."

The patrol continues for several more minutes until Sara decides to give it up as a lost cause. The ninjas left, perhaps under threat of League involvement. And now, Sara feels the need to get out from the rain and return to the Clocktower.

Shado crosses her legs inside of the cell. She tries every form of meditation tactic to rid the demons in her mind. Despite the fact no matter what she does, it ends up to being a big heap of nothing. Shado runs her fingers down across the back of her head and takes a couple of small and ragged breaths.

The problem is not with her mind, not in the slightest. The problem leads to something far more spiritual. Shado throws her head and neck back with a couple of deep breaths.

The door opens and footsteps come down to the basement area. The last person Shado wants to see comes in front of her.

"By all rights, you should keep me locked in this cage for the rest of my life," Shado tells her. "I should be dead in fact. The fact I'm not is a problem for you."

Those eyes lock onto her. Shado holds herself back from lashing out and attacking the woman in question. Her mind, as it has so many times before keeps flashing back to the island. It keeps flashing back to the night she dies. Only, she never stays day.

"You seem more lucid," Sara says.

Being more lucid only gives Shado a darker feeling of how messed up things are.

"Yes, my mind is most certainly clearer," Shado answers. "You've eliminated the Lazarus induced madness, but...there's another...problem."

Shado tries to take in a deep breath. The air burns her lungs and makes it beyond difficult for her to take in more breaths. She swipes a finger down across the back of the head with a solid breath in and an even more ragged breath out. She holds onto the wall and clutches it as tight as humanly possible.

"Are you okay?" Sara asks.

"No!" Shado yells. "You see, my mind and my body are in sync with each other. My soul is another matter entirely though. It doesn't belong to me. Not in the slightest, my soul belongs to the one and
only Deacon Joseph Blackfire…he's the one who held me in limbo until my body was resurrected through the pit."

Saying this is a constant struggle for Shado. Sara's sympathy is not something she deserves. Especially after Shado stabs Sara in the chest.

"We can find a way," Sara answers.

"To get my soul back?" Shado asks. "The only way to do that is to put me to rest and kill me. And maybe you should have killed me when you had the chance."

Those words come out in a horrifying cadence, and Sara has no idea what to do. One glimpse of Shado's eyes makes it obvious there's some kind of internal struggle coming between her eyes. She fights everything, every single step of the way. It's a long and frustrating struggle.

"My soul's not completely mine. It belongs to Joseph Blackfire and to…Trigon!"

That word chokes out of Shado's mouth. She says it in fear, almost as if he's going to pop into the cell upon hearing his name being said.

"And no matter what you want to do, you can't stop it. He draws closer…they're going to draw closer."

"I'm not going to let it happen," Sara tells her.

Shado's hair snaps back wildly. She rises to a standing position and rams into the side of the cell. The walls rattle as she tries to break the glass. If the glass slices her to ribbons, then that's just so much the better.

"You can't stop it! Your mother only delayed Blackfire's plans all of those years ago. He's going to come after you and your sister harder than any because of that fact."

Shado's eyes burn over. She tries to find a way to get Sara to understand. She has to find a way. There has to be a way.

"I know it's not your fault I died…I know it's Ivo who killed me. But, they can use me as a puppet. You need to kill me!"

A wordless shake of Sara's head follows which only throws Shado into a horrified fit of rage. She hammers the glass door. The unbreakable glass only serves to make Shado's hands raw and red.

"PLEASE KILL ME! PLEASE KILL ME BEFORE TRIGON TWISTS ME INTO A PUPPET COMPLETELY!"

Sara operates a dial and the non-lethal knockout gas comes into the cell to put Shado to sleep. It's all Sara's willing to do at this point.

"There's another way," Sara tells her. "I won't give you up as a lost cause. I….I'm not making that mistake again."

She wonders how to get in touch with Raven at this point. Then again, if Trigon is close to invading Earth, than she's well aware and preparing on her own.

The investigation continues for where in the world is Damien Darhk's daughter. Felicity has been following lead after lead. She burns through all of the information on Egghead's flash drive which he
so generously donated. The man himself went underground, as did most of HIVE. Felicity chews back on her tongue and keeps plugging away at the keyboard while taking a couple more deep breaths.

She enters a call with someone who also has been working on the Nora Darhk investigation about as tirelessly as Felicity has been. Karen pops in and the two women share notes.

"She's nowhere on Earth," Karen tells Felicity. "Well, this Earth anyway."

"So, wait, Darhk stashed her another Earth?" Felicity asks. "Granted, we had that theory for a long time, but….."

It makes perfect sense, she supposes. With an entire multi-verse at your disposal, if you want something or someone hidden, the last place you would hide it should be on the present Earth.

"Darhk and Zoom must have sent her off," Karen says. "I've been at a couple of the abandoned HIVE bases in Central City, along with Iris. And we've combed them from top to bottom. We've found some interesting things in the bases."

Felicity raises an eyebrow at Karen. "So, is this the good kind of interesting? Or the bad kind of interesting? You know what I'm saying right? The type of interesting that can mean the end of the world as we know it, and none of us will be feeling fine."

A small and dry chuckle comes out from the other end of the communication link.

"Yes," Karen agrees. "That type of interesting."

Felicity realizes the importance of what Karen is telling her and also how little time they have to get all of their ducks in the world. There's a time to add ones two cents and a time to shut up. Felicity figures its important of to remain silence.

"For instance, they were building some kind of portal to bring them to the other side. It was damaged, and it's not functional. But, I think Darhk and HIVE used it to send his daughter through to the other side."

"Where though?" Felicity asks. "And do you think she's still alive?"

It takes a special kind of a monster to kill a child. It reaches an entirely new level if its someone's own child which they end up killing. The very thought of it turns Felicity's stomach and sickens her. It will sicken any normal human being.

"Well, if there was any humanity left in Darhk, he would have wanted his daughter to stay alive. And I'm sure Blackfire would have allowed it due to wanting leverage over Ruve."

"Yeah, that nasty bit of leverage there," Felicity answers. "And from what Wells Part Two said that Earth is pretty different. Zoom's meta-humans rule the Earth, and I guess Zoom did before he was killed. Or was he killed? I mean we never see the body, so you know what they say. You know what the first rule of super heroing is. If you don't see the body, than the guy's alive. I mean, it makes perfect sense for him to be out there and alive."

Felicity hopes not, but there's always a possibility. She can hear from Karen's breathing on the other end she agrees.

"We should assume the worst," Karen agrees grimly. "And….oh shit!"
The sheer force of Karen's yell almost rockets Felicity out of her chair. She holds onto the desk and takes a deep breath with her heart stammering several beats a moment.

"Okay, that's not good, what happened?" Felicity asks.

"There's a blip on my end," Karen informs her. "And...it's dropping off in the middle of Central City."

Felicity raises an eyebrow. She sees it up on the monitor. Someone appears in a portal and then they disappear rather quickly. "I don't believe it, it's almost like they're tracking something."

Felicity frowns and gets back into position. She looks over the blip on the edge. It appears and then it disappears one more time. There are a couple more blips.


"And now they're on their way to Starling City," Felicity concludes. "I'll....let me know if anything happens."

Felicity steadies herself and prepares to tell everyone. A breach opening up and someone moving quickly from several points, moving from Central City to Starling City, that exactly is not something which makes her all that comfortable to be perfectly honest.

Several men wearing dark masks exit the back of an armored truck. A figure, the Number One of Black Mask, makes his way to the back of the truck.

"Did you hear what happened the other night? This dame was found dead."

"Yeah, so what?"

The man who started the story offers a grim smile. "Well, she was stabbed in the face, disfigured, and the person who did it, they put a paper bag over their head covering her disfigured face. Artie, man, I tell you, there are just as many freaks in Starling City than there are in Gotham."

Artie belches loud and hard much to the disgust of his fellow gang members. He turns around with a scratch of his ass. "Yeah, I tell you that, Mikey, there are...."

"Alright, listen up!" Number One yells. "We're on schedule despite Sampson being put on ice... Black Mask wants this deal sealed and completed by tonight. And we should get the truck moving before any archers interrupt us."

"Oh, come on, what's the chances of an archer coming here?" Artie asks.

No sooner did Artie say this, an arrow impales him through the chest. The members of Black Mask's goon squad back off. They realize they are dealing with someone other than the Hood, because she doesn't kill people without discrimination.

A figure puts arrows in the arms of several more of Black Mask's men when they grab for their weapons. They drop down to the ground with blood oozing from their forearms.

One of the goons who drops to a knee gets a good look at the uniform of the figure.

"NO! THE DARK ARCHER!"

"It can't be, he hasn't been seen in years!"
Three more impaled thugs drop down to the ground. Number One is the last to fall and he gets an arrow to the spine when he tries to run away.

The dark-clad archer steps over the downed minions.

Without a single word, mystery archer puts an exploding arrow into the back of the van, blowing all of the drugs and weapons in it sky high. Without another word, the mystery archer slips into the darkness.

To Be Continued on April 12th, 2018.

Thanks for all of the favorites, follows, views, kudos, and comments and I will see you on Thursday for the next chapter.
Chapter One Hundred and Forty-Five: Hunted Down.

A small army of Black Mask's minions lie on the docks in Starling City, in front of their latest drug shipment. Or rather what was left of it, given how it is charred to cinders. Speedy comes on the scene first, and to be perfectly honest, she cannot think of better people this can happen to. However, the fact someone did it to these people with such ruthless efficiency raises a red flag in the woman's head. Black Canary and Green Arrow follow a couple of steps behind her.

"Damn."

The one word from Black Canary speaks to all of them. They edge a little bit closer in the area and the next thing they see is Black Mask's latest number one on the ground. The evidence makes it clear, black and white, no questions about it, how the attacker ends up butchering him. The Black Canary crouches down to look for any kind of evidence, any kind of finger prints.

They find the smoking gun, or rather the smoldering arrow, on the ground. Green Arrow moves up and scans the arrow for any evidence, anything they can use. Of course, it might not be relevant given that this attacker came from a breach from the alternate universe.

"We have another mysterious archer," Green Arrow comments trying to keep her voice neutral.

Felicity, on the other hand, had no such problems with neutrality. One could almost hear the very evident and very frustrated groan coming from the back of her neck.

"Okay, we really need a drinking game where I have to take a shot every time a new archer shows up and causes havoc. You've really started a revolution and not in a good way."

"We don't need you slurring on the job," Speedy tells her calmly over the communication link.

"Well, I think slurring would be the worst of our problems, given how often that it happens. And whoever this mysterious archer person is, they've really left no clues to who they are."

"Only a mountain of dead bodies."

The Green Arrow senses something is up tonight. She can't really put a fix on what, but there's most certainly something up tonight. She checks to make sure that there were any signs of life which might show that these people were among the living. No luck there, they are all not moving and they are not dead.

The potential blowback from the situation will have to wait. And if Black Mask is in a position to do anything, then there would be blowback. From what Barbara told her, Batman's really putting the squeeze on his operations, and also Penguin and Two-Face cut his territory pretty much in half due to their recent partnership. She can see why Black Mask is now looking to peddle weapons and drugs into Starling to make up for the losses, even though his last foray into the city went badly.

Regardless, the blowback will have to wait because Felicity give a sharp intake of breath over the communication system. She spends the next few seconds talking to someone.

"Karen wants to talk to you," Felicity says.
"Put her on," Sara tells her.

A click indicates that the voice in Sara's ear is about ready to switch. She pushes a lock of hair away from her head and waits for Karen to come on.

"Hey, what can I do for you?" Sara asks.

"Lots," Karen answers. "But, I'm here to bring you a warning. The person who went through the portal is now in Starling City and I bet you anything they're going to cause plenty of havoc."

"No bet. I see bodies lined up. She's still there."

"The last breach opened about two hundred feet from where you're standing. So, I think unless they've developed super speed, then they're going to be in Starling City still. And they're looking for something in Starling City."

Green Arrow nods and keeps her hand on the bow. Speedy and Black Canary adopt similar poses where they are ready to fight at a moment's notice. So far, there's been no attack, just yet.

The only other news that Green Arrow can get through this was the fact that any attempts for Black Mask to get into Starling City would be blocked in the meantime. She really hopes it remains this way, for the foreseeable future.

"Keep me posted on anything you learn," Green Arrow answers. "And I'll keep you posted on anything I learn."

"Will do," Karen agrees.

The communication switches back to Felicity. Green Arrow pushes an ear piece in her ear and waits for Felicity to answer back.

"So, far, nothing," Felicity informs Sara. "I'm going to keep looking for something. She's bound to have popped up somewhere else."

The sounds of Starling Cities finest make them realize there's nothing else they can do here. Green Arrow, Black Canary, and Speedy move into the light, taking the sole arrow left on the scene of the crime. They figure it's some kind of calling card left behind by the archer as they leave.

Felicity keeps one eye on the computer screen and one eye behind her. Despite the fact both Cass and Nyssa are directly in the next room and they can easily hear her screams if they happen, she's still very nervous. Something about this night is putting her completely off.

"Okay, Breacher, where are you?" Felicity asks. "You pop up and kill a bunch of gangsters, and then you don't really give us too much else to work with. There are no sightings of a mysterious figure and no breaches opening. Guess Karen's right. You are after something in Starling City, or maybe you're after someone. I really don't know, but...I do wonder what the same time."

A knock follows by Lian rushing into the room. Felicity notices the young girl looking rather unsettled.

"I heard about the attack tonight," Lian says. "Nightshade's here."

"Nightshade?" Felicity asks. "Wait, you know who this person is?"

"She's often mistaken for the Dark Archer, but she's something different. She's someone different,
and…well you need to be on your toes because she's really…"

Lian hears a whistling sound and all of the lights in the Clocktower start to flicker. Then the lights go out, followed by the computer system. Felicity bounces up, a flashlight in one hand and a baseball bat in another hand. There's a sound from the other end. The door opens and Felicity holds the bat.

"It's me," Nyssa breaths in her ear. "Stick by, there's someone in the tower."

Felicity is afraid of that. How can someone get into the tower so easily? Unless, this Nightshade is an alternate universe counterpart of someone who has tower access, which makes things all that more challenging, and dare Felicity say it, a tad bit problematic. She holds in her breath to try and focus on the situation even though it is hard to focus at this time or any other time.

Cass slips across the hallway and notices another figure moving in the shadows. She springs forward to attack the figure.

With the flashlight, Felicity can barely make out what's going on. She finds Cass flying off to the side. Cass blocks the arm of the attacker, this Nightshade. Nyssa leads Felicity through the darkness.

"Get me down the steps so I can get the backup power on!"

The battle continues in the area. Cass and this mysterious intruder, this Nightshade woman, keep going at it. An arrow comes close to hitting the wall. Felicity draws in a very deep breath the second the arrow comes preciously close to connecting with the side of her ear.

"It's too close," Felicity murmurs.

Nyssa hates to admit it, getting Felicity down the steps is a lot easier said than done. She catches the foot of the attacker. The attacker breaks free and two arrows fly through the air at a rapid fire speed. One of them catches Nyssa on the arm. The other misses her and drops her down to the ground. She draws in a deep breath just in time to see the figure running at her from the shadows.

Cass grabs the figure and the two tussle on the ground. The two punch at each other until the lights flick back on.

The momentary distraction causes Cass to fling her adversary off. Said adversary flies into the wall, connecting as hard as possible with it. A dagger flings form Cass's hand at the intruder. She catches it.

Felicity lets out the breath she's been holding. Someone got the backup power on, but who did it? She really cannot care other then it's on. However, she's in the midst of a crazed archer who keeps taking shots at her. Felicity hits the wall and avoids an arrow coming inches away from striking at her face.

One of the computer towers receive a strike from the arrow. Nyssa swings from the top rafters and comes down onto the back of the head. The attacker sees the attack coming and blocks Nyssa's hand before flipping her down onto the ground. The attacker rolls forward and kicks Nyssa directly in the face. A loud thump follows from the Daughter of the Demon hitting the ground.

Nightshade reaches behind to block Cass's attack. The two fight each other hand to hand with some of the punches bouncing off the other. The two women charge each other one more time. Cass blocks the attack and flips over onto the ground. Two of the computer monitors get knocked down much to Felicity's utter horror. A loud bang echoes when desk is chipped.

"Wait."
Nightshade stops and comes face to face with Lian.

"What have they done to you?"

"We need to talk."

The voice Nightshade hears makes the hairs on the back of her neck stand completely up. And she turns ever so slightly, almost as if she sees a ghost. And he isn't too certain that is not what she sees. For Nightshade comes face to face with the Green Arrow.

It isn't just the Green Arrow, it's the voice as well.

"Sara," she mutters. "No."

"We need to talk," she repeats. "Drop the bow."

Sara scrambles up to the Clocktower and comes face to face with the mysterious woman in black. Black Canary and Speedy come up behind her. They can tell that something is up and the scene is just growing tenser by the second. Nightshade's eyes follow onto Black Canary and tears herself away from her quickly before looking at Speedy. Her mouth opens and shuts.

"Who are you?" Speedy asks.

"Well, that's a funny story."

Nightshade pulls off the mask to reveal the scarred face of an older Thea Queen. Everyone steps back from the revelation and Felicity in particular has her mouth wide open. She manages to close it so she does not start catching flies or something like that.

"My name was Thea Queen. Now, I'm Mia Dearden Merlyn."

This particular reaction causes the entire room to go silent. Thea looks at her alternate counterpart in very stunned shock. Her mouth does not work as much as it should. It hangs open before she takes a deep breath.

"Merlyn?" Thea asks finally.

Mia gives a very sardonic smile towards her younger and obviously less tainted counterpart. "It was to honor my birth father, Malcolm Merlyn."

This particular revelation makes Thea almost double over in revulsion.

"Why? Why would you want to even honor that glorified sperm donor?"

Mia's expression darkens a few shades. "I don't think you understand what you're talking about. Malcolm Merlyn is a good man….he and his wife took me in after Robert and Oliver went missing, and…after Moira stopped acknowledging the fact I existed."

She sounds extremely depressed a few seconds later.

"Wait, so Malcolm's wife didn't die on your Earth?" Felicity asks.

"So she died on this one," Mia answers.

"Yes," Sara confirms. "It was what kicked off his motivation to destroy parts of this city, in his
demented quest to save it. He's done though...he's all gone, at least on this Earth. And apparently, that change made him a lot better person."

"I don't know your Malcolm," Mia says.

"Trust me, it's better off that you don't," Sara answers.

"If he was anything like Moira is on my Earth, I can see why," Mia responds. "She tried to blackmail him to help level Starling City with an Earthquake Machine."

"Wow, Bizarro World," Felicity murmurs before she can help herself. Mia gives her a long look as if to tell her to shut up.

"I'm just glad that I got a chance to know my father. Not that Robert, who I thought was my father for years was all that bad, it's just that...well he was never the same after...the Gambit. He never came back the same. Watching your son drown before your eyes does that to a man."

"So, wait, your father's dead?" Felicity asks.

"Worse," Mia answers. "I think he's been captured by Zoom...in Zoom's Fortress on the mountain."

"Wait a minute..wasn't Zoom defeated? Didn't Iris and Speedforce Barry stop him?"

Those words cause Mia to give Felicity a long look.

"I mean..."

"He's cheated certain death before. He's sold his soul to the devil."

Sara gives a frown. No, Zoom joined up with something far worse.

"Do you know where it is?" Sara asks her.

"You shouldn't go there," Mia warns Sara. "Zoom will destroy you the second he sees you."

The lack of confidence Mia gives her causes Sara to break out into a frown. She thinks there should be a bit more credit given to her and how good she is, but to be honest, she understands where Mia's coming from. Zoom's not dead, at least from what Sara can confirm.

"I'm glad you're safe," Mia tells Lian. "For what it's worth...I'm sorry what happened to your parents. If I had been there..."

"You would be dead too," Lian grimly says. "So are you coming here to drag me home or what?"

"No, you're much safer here," Mia says. "Zoom and his meta-army is stronger than ever on Earth Two. And that's not counting...him."

Sara raises an eyebrow, but gets no elaboration from Mia who "him" is.

"Blackfire?"

Mia shakes her head and still clams up refusing to say anything.

"If you know anything, you should tell us," Laurel answers.

Mia looks anywhere but Laurel's face, rather she stares at the ceiling. She knows Laurel's not her, but
at the same time, Mia cannot...she blames herself. She really does for what happened. If they hadn't had that fight about Oliver, then Laurel would not have went to Central City, and then...well Mia can't help and think it's her fault.

Laurel notices Mia's nervousness. A side glance towards Sara and both sisters agree not to press the issue.

"If you have anything on Zoom, then now's the time to share it," Sara says. "I'm going with some friends to Earth Two. I made a promise to someone that I would rescue her daughter."

"Well, if you're suicidal."

Mia slips a portable drive into Sara's hand. She takes it and hopes that this will be something that will be able to help them. Sara presses an ear piece in.

"Iris, Karen, stand by," Sara says. "We're leaving tonight."

A blur comes up and Iris pops into the Watchtower. She blinks once to see the older Thea and the younger Thea essentially sitting next to each other.

"So, you're the Flash, Detective West?" Mia asks. "That's...a surprise."

"Well, me being a detective's an even bigger surprise," Iris answers.

Her father's response to Iris wanting to join his line of work was a somewhere along the terms of "over my dead body." She grudgingly let the matter drop after some time.

"So, ready?"

Sara reaches over towards the cabinet and takes a quiver full of six of the same type of arrows used to slow down Thawne. She hopes it will be enough to stop a force of nature like Zoom.

"Let's go."

Karen waits for Iris and Sara outside of Star Labs. She does not have to wait very long. The two of them show up as Green Arrow, Flash, and Superwoman are all ready to head to the unknown and head directly into Earth Two.

"So, we're finally ready to get this done?"

Harrison Wells of Earth Two steps out. He straps an energy cannon over one shoulder and slings a duffel bag full of as many weapons as he can carry. All three heroines eye him. Despite three very intimidating women staring him down, Wells does not back down.

"My daughter's there. It's my fault she's been captured by Zoom. Therefore, I'm going to go there and I'm going to help rescue her."

"Well, at least you're prepared," Superwoman offers.

Wells responds in an extremely curt tone of voice. "I'm willing to do anything to get my daughter back. And if I can put down Zoom, then I will do it, but...Jesse's important, the most important thing we're going after."

Sara nods, she's not disputing that Jesse Wells, should she still be alive on the other side of the breech, is essential to rescue. There's just a few things she feels has to happen. Her promise made to
Ruve Darhk to get her daughter out of there sinks into Sara's mind and will not leave it any time soon.

"You're going to get Jesse back," Iris tells him. "We're not going to leave anyone behind."

It is now where Harrison Wells grows very serious. One can see how little sleep he's been getting and how much the entire Zoom situation wears on his mind and rightfully so. He draws in a deep breath.

"If something happens to me, I want you to promise me, to swear to me, that you're going to get Jesse out of there by any means necessary. Don't turn back. Just get her out of there."

"Nothing's going to happen to anyone," Iris says.

"Don't get torn up on sentiment," Wells says. "If something happens to me, I want you to take care of my daughter and make sure she's here…I know you can do it, West. I know you're responsible enough to do it, but promise me you don't do anything which jeopardizes her."

"I'll….are you saying that you're…."

"If you ever have children, then you'll understand where I'm coming from," Wells answers. "I can make everything right, but only if Jesse's safe."

"We're going in and everyone is getting out alive," Sara tells him. "We're prepared, and Zoom doesn't know that we're coming."

"Lance, don't be arrogant," Wells tells Sara. "Zoom has his ways. If he doesn't notice you, one of his subordinates will notice you….and there's one more thing, one last thing I have to make perfectly clear."

Wells takes off his glasses to wipe them for a moment, setting the bag down on the ground. The second he puts them back on, his gaze falls firmly on all of the women in succession.

"Things are different, people are different. Don't get caught up in sentiment should you see a familiar face."

Wells gaze fixes on Sara for a moment before turning away.

"Let's go."

A breech opens and they are on their way to Earth Two without any further pause. Time runs short for them all and Wells stops, looks up at Star Labs, before leaving Earth One.

He has a gut feeling this is going to be the last time. As long as Jesse survives, in his mind, nothing else matters.

The time remnant Zoom sent to Earth Prime in his stead to perish sets him back a slight amount. The Fastest Woman Alive, the Scarlet Speedster herself, remains a threat, until Zoom has an opportunity to steal her speed. He walks down the cell.

The daughter of Harrison Wells remains in a spot of prominence as she always should be. Zoom manages to intimidate with a simple gaze. Nora Darhk is right next to her. Zoom only keeps her alive barely because Deacon Blackfire says she's all part of a grander scheme.

And Zoom admits she's perfect bait for a trap, in case it's needed. The younger girl shivers, but
unfortunately, stops screaming. When they become resigned to a dark fate, they lose their amusement and are no longer the playthings.

Several more prisoners do not hold Zoom's interest. He reaches the one at the cell towards the end.

"Malcolm Merlyn," Zoom growls.

The scraggly looking man appears to have not seen a razor in several months. Not that Zoom offers his prisoners such luxury. Merlyn inclines his head for a nod at Zoom.

"You will cooperate and tell me what I need to know soon. Or I will hunt down your daughter."

"You will hunt her down regardless of what I say or do," Merlyn manages in a raspy voice.

"You watched me rip your wife and son apart before your very eyes," Zoom says. "Remember?"

Malcolm will never forget what this monster did to Tommy and Rebecca while he's restrained and forced to watch. The blood of his loved ones splattered Malcolm's face and chest from the other side the cell as he's forced to watch. Zoom refined the term complete monster in Malcolm's book.

Even if it takes his dying breath, Malcolm will make Zoom pay.

Mia, she's still alive, and if Malcolm guesses right, slips away to another Earth.

"Tell me where is the Red Hood!"

Malcolm chuckles despite his grim situation. "Well, no one quite knows what that guy is up to. But, I'm sure it's going to be explosive."

Zoom growls at Malcolm, only to stop when a buzzing sensation comes up his arm A breech springs open and Zoom turns away from the prisoner.

"Good! I'm waiting for you, Flash!"

To Be Continued on April 13th, 2018.

See you on Friday for the latest chapter. Thanks for the favorites, follows, kudos, views, and comments.
"My name is….well it doesn't really matter what my name anymore is, doesn't it? Five years ago, I was sent head first into a chemical bath by some nutcase dictator with an Orwellian complex. I've pulled myself back together with one goal in mind, to cause these assholes as much headaches as possible along with blowing up as much of their shit up in the process as possible. To do that, I had to become something else. I had to become someone else. I am…THE RED HOOD!"

A figure wearing a red hood, along with a slightly worn tuxedo and a blood stained white dress shirt slips into the warehouse on the East Side of Central City. The warehouse is a front for something else, which he realizes right now. Only one security drone, which means either they're very confident, or the real juicy stuff is a floor beneath.

"Well, it's time to hack into the security drone and see what's up."

The Red Hood jumps onto the back of the security drone and reaches into his pocket to pull out a really big wrench. He smashes the wrench repeatedly over the back of the security drone to damage the senses. When his hacking is complete, the Red Hood drops down to the ground, and then slips through the back entrance.

The Red Hood walks over towards a door and hears something underneath. He cannot keep the smile off of his face because of the nerve damage. However, he is really pleased about something. He grabs onto the door and starts to pull it open. The door clicks and swings open to allow the Red Hood the means to step inside. The Red Hood walks down the steps.

Three gentlemen look up from what they are doing. One of them raises a glowing orange hand to Red Hood.

"Oh, you're some of Zoom's boys, aren't you?"

"You!" one of them yells.

"Yes, me!" the Red Hood yells. "Are you really going to blast me in here with all of this expensive looking equipment? So, what's your boss working on? New stereo system or something?"

The Red Hood chuckles and the man with the glowing fingers raises his hand even higher. He will like nothing better than to ram it through the Red Hood's heart, he can feel it. A second party flickers behind the Red Hood into mist. The third retracts his fingers.

"Oh, I forgot to bring you your peace offering."

He pulls a pumpkin out from behind it and hurls it into the ground. The moment the pumpkin hits the ground, it explodes which causes the three-meta humans to scatter. Red Hood scales up the wall and finds his way to the rafters. He reaches into his bag for another pumpkin bomb and holds it for about three seconds.

"I can't help, but feel someone else has done the exploding pumpkins gimmick before," Red Hood says to no one in particular. "Oh well, if it's not broken, you're not trying hard enough!"

The Red Hood hurls the pumpkin at the figure who fades out and appears right behind the Red
Hood. The Red Hood plunges a knife straight through the chest of his enemy and hurls him off of the edge of the ledge. He crashes down to the ground.

Glowing hand blow rushes towards the Red Hood. The Red Hood rips the fire extinguisher off of the wall and sprays Lantern Hand in the face. Nails tries to rush towards the Red Hood. Red Hood holds up the fire extinguisher to block and his nails stick into the Red Hood's weapon. The Red Hood slips an explosive device on the fire extinguisher and knocks his enemy back.

"OOOH, that's got to leave a mark!"

Lantern Hand charges towards the Red Hood. The Red Hood flings a bag on the floor and it breaks open revealing several marbles with explode on the ground next to Lantern Hand.

"And they say I lost these years ago!" The Red Hood cheers. "Here, have a pumpkin! It's on me!"

The flinging pumpkin bomb nails Lantern Hand flush in the chest and knocks him back. The Red Hood pulls out a collar that he's raided from Star Labs shipment. The meta inhibitor slaps on Lantern Hands neck and makes it very hard.

"You're going to be ripped apart. Once the Arkham Knight and Zoom learns about this, they're going to...."

Red Hood nails Lantern Hand in the face to knock him all there. "Yeah, I already saw the movie. No need to read me the book!"

Something moves behind the Red Hood. He hears the footsteps closing in on him. Red Hood picks up a mop just as Nails charges him.

"Oops, looks like I missed a spot."

A mop to the crotch of Nails doubles him over in sheer agony. The Red Hood back hands him directly in the face and knocks him down to the ground. He hits the ground with the Red Hood standing over the top of him.

"Okay, now talk."

A large knife comes to the neck of Lantern Hand. The man just grins.

"The Knight and Zoom will break you."

"Oh, you sweet summer child, I'm already broken. That's a huge problem for you isn't it?"

The meta struggles underneath the attack with the Red Hood's laughter only increasing.

"You know because you can't hold that threat of my head."

The knife closes in on the neck of Lantern Hand. His mouth widens a fraction of an inch. The Red Hood leans closer, his eyes slit like underneath his trademark Red Hood.

"We can do this the easy way. Or we can do this the hard way. You can spill with your mouth. Or you can spill with your guts all over the floor. It's your move, Claude."

The portal opens and the Flash is the first one out of it. Wells walks behind her, and Superwoman and Green Arrow follows. They are right outside of the Central City version of Star Labs. They stop short when they realize that there's a huge tank rolling in front of it. Several helicopters circle over
the top of the lab. They step as far back into the darkness as they could just in time to get a good look at several security drones patrolling around the area.

"So, was there a tank rolling around outside of your lab before you left?"

Sara's question causes Wells to frown. "No, he must have taken more control of the city."

Superwoman notices the security drones moving progressively closer towards them. She pushes the gate behind them open as gently and quietly as possible. This allows the quartet to make their movements to the edge. There's a rattle in the sky above them.

"We can't be seen," Wells says.

"Yeah, how are we going to take care of that one?" Iris asks.

Everywhere she turns, there's something on the city. There's members of the Central City Police Department off in the distance. A man dressed in armor steps in front of them holding up a piece of paper in his hand. The CCPD is in conversation with each other.

"They're just bowing to Zoom," Iris says.

"He's gotten even more powerful than since I last was here," Wells tells them. "This could be a bit of a problem."

The security drone is about three feet away from them. The entire group holds in their breath when the drones keep hovering over their heads. There's a rattle of the drone.

"This is your daily reminder to be indoors before sunset which is within the next hour. Those who do not follow the city wide curfew without prior permission will be struck down with extreme prejudice. And remember to keep an eye out for the wanted fugitive known as Harrison Wells. For those who do not recall, here's a picture of him."

Several of the screens flash the photo of Wells for the citizens beneath to look at. Armed guards move down the street. The Central City Police Department moves in.

"Okay, boys, keep moving," one of the officers says. "You should all head home. There's nothing to fear. The city will still be here at seven."

"I can't believe you've sold out to Zoom!" one particular man yells. "I can't believe Snart would bow down to him like this…"

"There wouldn't be a Central City if we didn't make compromises," the officer says patiently. "Now move it along or you'll be brought in."

The man's wife puts a hand on his shoulder. The two have a quiet conversation. The man casts a dirty look at the police officers which he once thought were noble. Instead, they're just another branch of Zoom's army.

"And remember you all have until Saturday evening to pay your tribute of protection to Zoom. You pay, your license of protection is valid until two weeks from Saturday. Anyone without a valid license will be sent away. Payments are thirty percent of your living wage, gross, not net pay. And remember, no matter what, Zoom is always watching you. And as long as you follow his rules, then Central City will remain safe and you will have nothing to fear. And this a reminder about Harrison Wells, and how it's your civic duty to report him should you see him."
The glowing red eye drone scans the side of the street.

"It's making sure everyone has their licenses," Wells breaths. "The Arkham Knight built the technology, and if it sees us, we're going to be dead before we have a chance to react."

"It looks like something about of 1984," Iris manages with her mouth hanging open.

Sara looks around her. She can feel something, a prickle down the back of her neck.

"We have to get inside Star Labs somehow," Wells says. "He knows that I'm coming back."

"I think we can go this way," Sara tells her. "We need to see what we're going against. Then we can take care of it."

"I think that if I get close enough to one of the drones I can deprogram it," Karen says. "The problem is, if it sees me, we're kind of screwed."

"Don't let it see you," Wells tells her.

"Let's get back here," Sara says. "With any luck, we don't have to fight anything."

Wells decides to block the pinching of the bridge of his nose. They do not really have any luck to be perfectly honest. And they were running short on time to be honest. His daughter was out there.

"Right," Sara tells them. "There's a blind spot of his defenses…right through here."

They would have a better chance if Karen could get her hands on one of the drones. There's also a really big risk of it blowing up in their face.

Jesse Wells rubs the top of her head in an increasing amount of frustration. She comes very close to solving the speed force equation. Then, the minute she closes in on what she thinks the equation should be, something else trips her up.

Everything in the cell block keep quiet. The young girl to Jesse's left long since stopped crying and screaming for her mother. She resigns herself to a horrible fate. Jesse tries not to get into that particularly bad attitude even though it's an easy attitude to get into.

"I swear I'm going to get it this time."

Jesse wipes a bead of sweat from her face. The empty tray is taken from her cell. Zoom only gives them enough foot and water to keep them alive to prolong the torment. Jesse pinches the top of her nose and rocks back deep in thought.

"No, inverse the matrix," Jesse breaths. "And then multiply by a factor of seven…or is it eight? Damn it!"

Jesse tries not lose her cool. Despite the fact she does not want to lose her cool, she's in a particularly bad place right about now. She takes in a couple of deep breaths and swipes her finger against her brow. Jesse wishes she had more strength of mind to get through this. The only problem is her mind is going down a very unfortunate rabbit hole. And she's receiving headaches all the way.

"I commend you for not giving up. Although, I'm not sure if it can beat him."

Malcolm Merlyn speaks up for the first time in a very long time. And the first time he's directly spoken to Jesse. Jesse chews back on her tongue and takes a couple more breaths.
"I have to get this. This is the key to beating Zoom. I don't care how long it takes."

And honestly, what else does she have to do in there other than ponder the greater means of the speed force. She chews down on the stick she uses to write on the ground.

"You're headstrong and stubborn. I'll give you that much. I understand. I have a daughter around your age who is the same way. And when she sets her mind to something well it's scary what she can accomplish. But, don't you think it's strange how Zoom's letting you do this without stopping you?"

Jesse pauses for a second. Malcolm raises an interesting point she has not thought about just yet.

"Zoom is always watching! All will bow down before his power."

She reminds herself of the reason why she's here. And the reason why she's trying to solve a complete impossible equation, one which could bring someone power or it could very well destroy the fabric of everything. Jesse bites down on her lower lip in frustration.

"Okay, one more time," she tells herself. "Just one more time, and I swear I'll call it a night."

Then again, with being here, Jesse has no concept of night, day, or any time. She has no idea how long she's been here. Could be days, weeks, months, or even years, trapped from the outside world and isolated with nothing other than her thoughts to keep her company and the occasional outburst from the prisoners.

The speed force equation and her attempts to solve it are the only thing keeping Jesse somewhat lucid. It's a puzzle which prevents her mind from atrophy. She takes another breath as the drones do their evening sweep of the cell blocks.

She lets out a breath only when they pass and decides to get back to work on the equation. Jesse gets ever so closer to cracking the code, at least she thinks.

"Okay, let's try that again. One more time, from the top."

"In the interest of public safety, Mayor Snart and District Attorney Rory have been a deal with Zoom to keep all citizens off of the street after sunrise. And police are still looking for disgraced scientist, Harrison Wells, after his actions leads to the meta-human epidemic gripping Central City. And finally, disgraced former CCPD Detective Iris West is wanted for treason after she helped a group of delinquent citizens who did not pay their Zoom tax escape out of Central City. Ms. West is to be considered armed and dangerous. If you have any information, then it is your right to inform us."

Iris smiles a bit smugly. "Go Earth Two-Me. Way to stick it to the man."

"Yes, well stop patting yourself on the back and let's go," Wells curtly tells Iris. "We're almost to the back entrance. I can't believe we didn't run into anything."

"Don't tempt Murphy," Sara warns Wells.

Karen listens for something and they notice the back door to Star Labs is down and several guards are down along with them. They either cut a lucky break.

"Did someone just break into your lab?" Iris asks.

"Who would be insane enough to do that?" Sara asks.
Wells grimaces almost as if he has a pretty good idea who is behind it. They make their way into the back entrance of Star Labs and then up the stairs when a figure in a red hood tries to force his way through the locked door of the main lab.

The Green Arrow whips out her bow and shoots an arrow at him. The figure jumps out of the way of the arrow and it lands into the wall. Three more arrows shoot at him. The Red Hood ducks two and catches the other one in a very impressive move.

The Flash body checks the Red Hood into the wall and causes him to land on the ground with a thud.

"Oh, did someone get the license plate number on the speedster that just hit me?" The Red Hood grumbles. "Because we really need to exchange insurance information."

"Okay, just who is this guy?" Karen asks.

"I know!" the Red Hood yells. "It's got to be…Red Herring!"

Sara decides to ignore his sudden outburst and pulls the hood off. Green hair flips out with a familiar pasty white face and wide grin on his face.

"Joker!" Karen shouts.

"Oh, Joker, that's funny, and the nicest thing you ever said about me," The Red Hood says. "But, I think you might confuse me with someone else. I'm Jack, the Pumpkin King!"

Sara snatches the bag full of pumpkin bombs away from him before he can employ it. The figure shakes his head and rises to his feet with a slight adjustment of his bowtie.

"His name is the Red Hood," Wells says. "He's completely insane, but he's against Zoom."

"Ah, Harry, long time no scene, old bean," the Red Hood said in a particularly terrible British accent. "I thought about dropping over for a spot of tea and seeing how the family was doing, guv'ner."

Wells narrows his eyes at the Red Hood who shifts his shoulders.

"Oh, right, your kid was kidnapped by Zoom. I tend to forget these things…and the Arkham Knight kind of took over your satellites where you were away. That's how he's controlling all of those drones on the sky and in the air, and once he realizes we're here, he's going to bring more."

"We're going to have to take control," Wells says.

"Well, too late for me," Red Hood says. "Ooooh, you mean of the lab. Yes, yes, of course, of the lab. And…wait, you brought a speedster here?"

He turns to the Flash and gives her a long look over before whistling. He turns to Green Arrow and Superwoman and does the same thing.

"Well, at least if I'm going to die, at least I'll get a glimpse of angels before I get dragged down into the other place," The Red Hood says.

"You're quite the charmer," Sara dryly says.

"Yeah, so I heard," the Red Hood says. "But, who am I kidding. I don't think I can die. I mean, Heaven doesn't want me, Hell's afraid I'm going to take over. So, I guess you're all stuck with me in the land of the living for now."
Iris shakes her head.

"Zoom's going to be after you, kiddo," The Red Hood warns her. "And not because he has good taste, oh no, it's because he wants a piece of that sweet speed of yours."

Wells moves over to the computer. It only takes him a matter of moments to realize he's been locked out of the system.

"The Arkham Knight's going to be here soon so we best find a way to do what we need to do," Red Hood tells them.

"Is the Arkham Knight…"

"Oh, underneath all that armor and bluster, he's just some rich brat crying because Mommy and Daddy got shot. Dirty cops did his parents in and they tried to sweep it under the rug. But, that's not the craziest thing."

Well the Red Hood sees he has everyone's full attention, he pushes forward.

"There's whispers he's figured out a way to take down Zoom, wild isn't it?"

"He's figured out…how do you know this?" Wells asks.

The Red Hood places his hand on the shoulder of Wells and comes back with a very soft smile.

"You know, I figure things out. It's just like you figure out just how obsessed your enemies are. I was just some guy trying to feed his family. Baby's on the way, debts piling up, the wolves are clawing at my door, and then he knocks me into a vat of acid because I didn't play by his rules. And then when I pull myself together, I find my wife and child died at the same time. It's the worst day of my life and I guess it takes is one really bad day…"

"To drive a person insane," the Green Arrow says.

"You look like you've had your bad day," the Red Hood tells her somberly before putting on his article of choice.

"I've dealt with it."

"Dressing up as a gender bent Robin Hood and trying to put arrows through people is not a healthy way to deal with it, darling," the Red Hood tells her seriously. "But, then again, who am I to judge?"

"I believe I've found a way around the Arkham Knight," Wells tells them. "And you're going to explain to me what you know about this plan of the Arkham Knight's."

The rest of the group is just as interested. Sara knows there's one constant throughout the entire multiverse. No matter what the cases, Bruce Wayne's always crazy-prepared with contingency plans to take down his enemies as well as his allies. And this time, it's going to work in their favor.

The only issue is whether or not they were desperate enough to trust Joker, even if it's an alternate universe version of him. One stolen look with Iris shows she has the same misgivings as Sara, but also the situation is so dire, he might be their key to victory.

So, despite him being a wild card, and obviously about as insane as their Joker, desperate times call for desperate actions.
Jesse pumps her fist into the air in triumph. The stick flies through to the ground as finally, she's solved the speed force equation.

Only five seconds after her triumph registers, Zoom pops in.

"It's about time, Ms. Wells."

Zoom pulls her up off of the ground and analyzes the speed force equation.

"I'm interested to see how it works," the Sadistic Speedster states. "If it does work. After all, isn't the scientific process about testing a hypothesis?"

The eyes of the sadistic speedster float to Jesse.

"And it just so happens I have the perfect test subject right at hand."

Zoom drags Jesse from the cell without another word. She's too terrified to even scream. Nora Darhk does however, and Malcolm puts his head in his hands in exasperation.

"I told her," Malcolm grumbles. "I tried to warn her."

To Be Continued on April 16th, 2018.

Thanks for the favorites, follows, kudos, views, and comments and I will see you on Monday for the next chapter.
Chapter One Hundred and Forty-Seven: Assault on Earth Two Part Two:

Quite the motley collection of individuals step out into the streets of Central City. The Green Arrow moves herself to the front, with Superwoman and the Flash following. The Red Hood walks a couple of steps behind them with a very obvious spring in his step. One can see the wide grin erupting over his face the further he moves into position. He does a spring and a dance and twirls around with a couple more steps.

"And look, here are the Arkham Knights forces."

A couple of large tanks roll down Central City. The Green Arrow pays attention to the very obvious blindspots on the tanks. There are not as many as she would like there to be. Thankfully though, they are there which means the Green Arrow can exploit them if need be.

"He likes the sound of his own voice," The Red Hood says. "Fair be it for me to judge someone on that, but the fact he drones on and on and on well…"

"Citizens of Central City please stand by for a very important announcement. One of the most dangerous fugitives in the world has just rolled into Central City."

Wells keeps looking over his shoulder. They are going to have to move quickly. The problem is with that large tank rumbling in front of the building, their movements are very much impeded. All he can do is stand there and be frustrated.

Still, the fact that his daughter was out there, and he was out here not being able to do anything, it burns Wells. He should be doing more and instead he's being blocked by the Arkham Knights forces.

"Despite propaganda to the country, the Red Hood is not a freedom fighter. He is a dangerous terrorist who should be apprehended at all costs. He is even more dangerous than the likes of Harrison Wells and the Red Hood. He ruthlessly and brutally assaulted a factory costing several men their lives."

"To be fair, they were working for a nutjob," Red Hood says with a shrug. "And number one with a bullet!"

"Keep it down," Green Arrow hisses in his ear.

The insanity of this man makes Sara wonder if he ever even heard of anything remotely sounding like stealth. Something tells her it's highly unlikely for many reasons. She comes inches away from a drone which turns around. Sara does not dare let a breath out.

"I wonder where the Knight is," Superwoman says.

The Red Hood scoffs. "Well, I know old sourpuss. He's in the biggest largest tank out there. Compensation issues that one."

There were several big, large tanks rolling over the area. It is not going to make this easy to be honest.
"We should be able to divert their attention," Superwoman offers. "You know, why you and Wells and I guess…the Red Hood sneak inside of his main base and try and access his mainframe."

"Are you willing go up against all of that?" The Green Arrow asks.

When she puts it that way, it's an insane task. Regardless of the insanity though, the Flash answers with a very crisp nod. She's gotten this far and if there is anything that they can do help, they will have to help.

"There's more than the tanks, I figure," Green Arrow says.

"Oh, there's the privately trained militia he's got," The Red Hood says. "And…he has an army of ninjas at his beck and call. I would prefer pirates or cyborg monkeys, but obviously I'm not consulted….and oh, I think he might have a back door into Castle Zoom through that way."

Wells sets his jaw very firmly.

"Let's get ready to move then," Wells says. "Every second we waste, my daughter's in peril. I'm not going to let it happen. I'm not going to let her get hurt."

"We'll get her," Flash tells him.

Wells wishes he shares the confidence. Every second Jesse is in Zoom's clutches, he feels something akin to despair. He knows she's alive, but what state Jesse's in is another matter entirely. Wells draws in a deep breath.

"I'm going to save her or die trying," Wells tells her.

"That's the spirit!" The Red Hood yells.

"Stealth, use it," The Green Arrow says. "You know what it is."

"Yeah, I do," Red Hood says. "Don't worry….

The Red Hood lifts his fingers up and zips his mouth up. Superwoman and Flash move their way outside of the alleyway. Superwoman decides to shoot up into the sky and then face off against the drones. Several of the drones circle around them.

"I've got their attention!" Superwoman yells.

Flash darts in front of the drones. She runs up the side of the building and smashes the drone with a punch. She vibrates her hand through one of the drones.

She only has seconds to recover before a tank rolls down her street. The tank is on her ass and not in the good way either. It engages the speedster and launches a white hot beam of light at her. The beam connects with the side of the building.

A path clears to allow the Green Arrow to lead the last two people she thinks would back her up.

Jesse's feet drag on the ground behind Zoom. She's long since passed the point of fear. Scared to death is a pretty good description of everything she is feeling right now. Zoom holds his hand against her wrist and keeps dragging her. Jesse cannot even stall for time.

"Please," she manages in a whimpering moan.
Begging does not help against Zoom. It only does one thing and that is strengthen his resolve. The two move around the corner with Jesse passing past the doors into the lab. They come face to face with the one and only Arkham Knight. Jesse fears her situation may have gone from bad to worse.

"So do you have it?" The Arkham Knight asks in his usual cold and chilling voice.

The gravity of the situation hits Jesse very quickly. She realizes how much she's been used and this nightmare scenario begins to come to life.

"Yes, we've got the final component, the Speed Force Equation," Zoom says. "And did you honestly think that you were going to use that little formula to defeat me. You're nothing, but a silly little girl with delusions!"

Jesse realizes how foolish she is. Zoom spent the last few days manipulating her into doing his bidding. Weeks even, building up her desperation. She tries to find a way to stop Zoom, and instead, it helps him move forward in his plans.

"It can stop you."

"But, you will never be in the position to use it," Zoom tells her. "I can create a brand new speedster and steal their powers to make me stronger."

Jesse's eyebrows raise and sudden fear. The speed force equation, she's not completely confident with it out, especially when she realizes what Zoom implies.

"Why wouldn't you use the process to empower yourself?" Jesse asks.

He backs her up against the wall. The putrid decaying breath of Zoom strikes Jesse in the face. She takes in a deep breath and quivers in fear the deeper Zoom wraps his hands around her shoulder and then releases them.

"You're a silly child. Do you really think that there is a way that I would run the risk of something wrong?"

The Arkham Knight brings up a copy of the speed force equation. He reads it, analyzes it, and soaks it in. He comes to one very obvious conclusion.

"There is a sixty-six percent probability that this will reduce the subject to a pile of ash."

The reaction on the girl's face shows she did not even consider this possibility. Zoom is very much uncaring about the entire situation.

"That means that there is a thirty-four percent probability she'll gain the powers from the speed force," Zoom says.

"Congratulations, you can do rudimentary math," the arkham Knight tells him, almost bored in his tone.

Zoom only does not strike out because the Arkham Knight is essential to coordinating his forces.

"So, you intend to siphon her off like a glorified battery?" The Arkham Knight asks.

Zoom only responds with a very brief nod. It's obvious what his intentions are, at least for this moment in time.

"I will use her to get me strong enough so I can take the Flash's powers. And then I will be the
The Arkham Knight heard this statement so many times he can recite it by heart. He understands Zoo's goals more than anything else. He has to play along with Zoom for now, at least until the moment where there's going to be some changes. He wants a utopian world and will stop at nothing to get it.

The heir of Ra's al Ghul and the leader of the League of Assassins demands nothing else. And true, he's come a long way. Ra's took a kid, angry off of the street fresh off of his parents and butler being murdered in front of him. He's shifted into one of the most deadly warriors in the world.

"They're closing in," The Arkham Knight says.

"Only delay them a little longer," Zoom says. "And let's prep the subject."

Jesse enters a nightmare world. She's about to be experimented on using the process intended to use to take Zoom down. It's heart to even breath much less think in circumstances like this one. Zoom shoves her down onto the table and straps her down.

She can only begin to guess what's in the syringe Zoom injects into her bloodstream, but it's nothing for her health. Every muscle in Jesse's body burns as she becomes hypersensitive even to the wind. Pain more intense than anything she's ever felt erupts through her, and it's not getting much better.

A flash of red solar light spans the air. Karen sighs, she figures that it would be obvious how craze prepared the Arkham Knight is. He's crazy prepared to the point of insanity. Superwoman rises up to avoid the weapon which could negate her super powers.

And the Flash runs up the side of the building. A rocket zeroes in on her movements and starts to shoot at her. The speedster avoids the flares from the rocket from coming up to nail her in the back of the leg. Iris's heart starts beating faster than ever.

She does not want these weapons to hit her no matter what. The rocket smashes into the ground and sends a flare of light around her. Three more whip through the air at an immense pace. Iris avoids the rockets just in time before they strike her.

"Duck!"

Karen hurls one of the orbs like a discus to smash it into the side of the tank. Sparks start flying up in the air. Iris breaths in relief and is very glad she escapes certain doom. At least for the moment, but soon that moment is going to be lost.

A large drone opens up and releases three miniature energy cannons. The cannons shoot their blasts at the Fastest Woman Alive. Iris zips to the right and then encircles the cannon. Her fists fly at the cannon directly and start smashing onto it.

"And here's the Arkham Knight's tank!"

Superwoman's yell brings the Flash over. The tank, much bigger than the others, crushes two parked cars into nothing. Flash zips out of the way of the tank. The tank releases an energy bubble which almost comes inches away from trapping Flash. It will be the end of her if she's encased in that bubble. Her heart races a little bit more during the deadly game and ducking and dodging.

"Lure it over your way!" Superwoman yells. "I have an idea."
"Really glad!"

Another attempt to trap the Flash does not go as intended. The cannon bubble comes close to ensnaring her. The Fastest Woman alive avoids the attempt to grab her and then keeps running as fast as humanly possible. Her rotating hands smash the edge of the tank.

Nothing, not even a scratch, and now Iris defaults back to her original plan. Two drones dive down onto her. One of them shoots a cable which wraps around her foot. Iris grabs the cable and shakes it with her hand. The drone snaps back and bursts into flames.

The Arkham Knight's tank releases a cannon. The blast of liquid ice comes close to ensnaring Iris. She makes sure to not be in position when the tank fires off its attack. More blasts of cool fire connects to the ground and comes close to snagging Iris. The Fastest Woman Alive makes sure to throw herself out of position and speed up her attacks.

"You will be brought to justice!"

Superwoman slams one of the drones down on the tank to scratch it. The tank turns its full attention towards her. A green ray follows Superwoman in an attempt to take her out.

"Good idea, if I wasn't already shielded from it!"

She goes underneath the tank to try and hoist off of the ground. Spikes fly from the back of the tank and comes close to spearing them through her hands. Superwoman steps back and looks over her shoulder.

The Flash flies through the air and connects with the edge of the tank. Her hand rattles as does the tank. A couple of sparks fly out of the tank.

"I'll go from the top, you go from underneath!" Superwoman yells.

They coordinate a second attack on the tank. The shields pop up. They strike the shields just right at super speed. This takes a whole lot of coordination and a whole hell of a lot more luck to bounce them off. They keep springing off of the shields at an immense and very insane force.

"I've found the weak spot!"

The shields shatter from Karen and Iris hitting it at the same velocity. Karen's able to grab onto the tank and pull it open. The Arkham Knight sits in the tank in all of his glory.

"This is too easy," Karen breaths.

It's surely too easy as the Arkham Knight starts flickering and hiss. He's a bomb and about ready to go off. Karen reaches in and chucks it into the sky out of the way. It explodes and showers falling debris which Iris and Karen zip around to prevent from striking any innocent bystanders.

They drop down and the streets are silent. The tanks and the drones are recalled. This makes Karen utterly suspicious, which makes her think she's hung around with Sara for far too long.

"I'm glad he's on our side back home," Iris pipes up.

The two heroines head inside to back Sara up. There is a prickling sense of dread of something coming up to them, but they are going to have to fight it.

They finally make their way inside, just barely. They run into another problem. Wells looks up to the
master computer which is surrounded by a force field and also several security drones.

"They're going to remain docile until we cross the line," Wells informs them. "The moment we do though…"

"Zap!" the Red Hood offers.

"To put it bluntly, yes."

Wells notices a box to the side. A keypad blocks off the access. Unless Wells misses his guess, there could be an easy and potentially fool proof way to hack through the security.

"Give me a minute and cover me," Wells says. "I'm going to see if I can't bypass his security."

The Green Arrow crouches down and does a three hundred and sixty degree turn with the bow and arrow. Just because the drones are docile right now does not mean a damn thing to her. They could attack and she needs to be ready for the attack when it happens.

Wells prepares to access the most probable coding to get to the master computer. He tries several combinations and none of them work as well as previously thought. Wells grows more and more frantic with each passing combination. No matter how hard he tries, time is running out for them all.

"You're taking much too long!" The Red Hood yells.

"It's a very precise process," Wells tells the Red Hood.

"Step aside, Harry. Let an old pro have a crack at it."

Wells jumps to the side and the Red Hood hurls one of his exploding pumpkins at the edge of the console. The box explodes and releases the force field from around the computer.

Sara readies herself to shoot an arrow at the drones. They smash into the ground and send sparks of light flying in every direction. She prepares for something else.

"I think you can get into the main computer now," Red Hood tells him. "Do you need a password? Try Swordfish, that always seems to work."

The most astonishing thing about this entire mess was the Red Hood's mad plan to hack into the security works. Wells positions himself in front of the computer to see what he's up against for better or for worse. He takes a couple of deep breaths and types away at the keyboard.

"There's a portal inside of this facility which leads us straight to Zoom's facility," Wells says to them.

"That's convenient," Green Arrow remarks in a stoic voice.

"CONVIENENT!" The Red Hood yells. "Yeah, about as convenient as a Nigerian Prince who wants to give you money. You know, after you give him all of your personal details that is, and hand over the keys to your bank account as an act of good faith."

"Anything about the contingency plan?" Green Arrow asks Wells.

Wells performs a search to try and locate anything regarding the contingency plan. There's a couple of thoughts entering his mind of what it could be. Harrison Wells rolls back from the computer, mouth hanging halfway open in one of the more evident moments of shot.

"I've found it…and no," Wells breaths. "No, no, absolutely not."
"What?" The Green Arrow asks.

"Over my dead body!" Wells yells.

Funnily enough that does not answer Sara's question. She grabs the back of the chair and moves in to read it.

"It says here he's going to create a speedster strong enough to fight Zoom," Sara says.

"Not just fight him, but destroy him," Wells says. "And what's worse, my daughter is on the short-list of candidates. And she's at hand…"

"It says here the speed force powers would destroy the person who is put in the experiment," Sara tells him. "It's a sacrifice."

"Over my dead body," Wells says.

"I found the portal!"

The Red Hood's voice cuts through the tension in the room. Wells leaves the computer and walks towards the gateway. He arms himself and prepares to take the first step through the portal.

"I'm telling you that we're walking into a trap," The Red Hood tells them. "People don't leave unsecured portals just lying around."

Superwoman and Flash join the party. Green Arrow moves them over to have a brief word with them. Wells slips through the portal first, with Red Hood shrugging his shoulders.

"Carpe Diem," he replies with a shrug.

The heroines follow the other two through the portal, knowing full well they might have stepped into something.

A constant bombardment of energy shoots over Jesse's body. The metal straps hold her down onto the table. Jesse thrashes and screams with her body whipping back and forth onto the table.

"It's working!" Zoom yells. "It's working."

"So far," The Arkham Knight says in a dull voice.

He knows better than to think the experience is going to be an outright success. There are just too many variables and too many problems which go along with said variables. Jesse thrashes against the table with the straps cutting through her.

A breach pops open off to the side of them. Superwoman, Flash, Red Hood, Green Arrow, and Wells all jump out of the portable. No sooner do they hit the ground, a field erupts around them and the electrified blast seals them in place. The entire group gives an agonizing scream of horror.

"Predictable," The Arkham Knight yells.

"Oh, Matt Murdock could have seen this coming," Red Hood yells. "You crafty bastard! Well played! That's not going to stop me from gutting you like a fish, but well played!"

The Arkham Knight finally has one of his persistent thorns right by his side. Wells and the others being here is only a bonus which he will cherish. The Arkham Knight breaks out into a wide grin.
"Yeah, keep smiling, I'll cut your lips off!" The Red Hood yells.

The containment units seal all of them up one at time. Wells throws himself against the unit in an attempt to break free. His body smacks the unit several times. He has about as much success as a bug slamming into a windshield at high velocity.

The screams of his daughter brings the attention of the scientists. Strange energies bombard into Jesse. Her body shakes and twitches on the table. Wells cannot contain his horror when it looks like his daughter is in the process of having a seizure on the table.

"No!" Wells shouts. "That's enough!"

"You should have thought about that before you denied me what I wanted."

"You're killing my daughter!" Wells yells. "You sick son of a..."

Zoom turns his attention from one Wells to another. His hand presses against the cell. His snarling face comes up against the cage.

"She's done it to herself. It is her speed force equation. Therefore the death is on her hands and yours. You shouldn't forget it, Wells."

"I can help you get the speed," Wells says. "Just please, let my daughter go! It's killing her. Can't you see it?"

"What does not kill you makes you stronger. Look at me!"

His face contorts into something which resembles an element out of a horror movie. The Green Arrow spends some time looking at the surroundings. The Arkham Knight's eyes flash on her.

"I wouldn't bother. I have planned for every single contingency. There's no way you're getting out of there."

"You must be a riot at parties," The Red Hood tells him. "No one can plan for everything."

"I have."

Jesse's body twitches and she sits bolt upright on the table. She resembles a statue with occasional flickering blasts towards her. The entire world cycles around her. Zoom waves his hand against her.

"Her speed's not registering," Zoom says.

"She just needs a shock to the system," The Arkham Knight tells Zoom.

Zoom rips through the containment field and yanks out Harrison Wells. One swift motion drives Zoom's hand straight through the chest of Wells.

'Crush his heart,' the sadistic voice of Deacon Blackfire whispers in Zoom's ear.

Harrison Wells fades from existence when Zoom squeezes his heart and causes blood to splatter everywhere. Jesse's eyes pop open and horror dances through her eyes.

Then, in a blink of an eye, everything changes, as a lightning bolt passes from behind Jesse's retina.

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To Be Continued on April 17th, 2018.
Thank you for the favorites, follows, kudos, views, and comments and I'll see you on Tuesday for the next chapter.
Assault on Earth Two Part Three

Another blog exclusive chapter, and because I've been on a Thea kick lately, it's Thea with Nyssa this time. Head to the Page of Important links, the Web of Chaos Archives, and either Blog Exclusive Archives or the Under the Hood Chapter Archives. It's titled "Commanding Stance." Not sure how many more blog exclusive chapters I'll have a chance to do, as we move into the final fifteen chapters of this series before we wrap it up.

With that out of the way, enjoy the show.

Chapter One Hundred and Forty-Eight: Assault on Earth Two Part Three.

Extreme shock visits the entire group. Make no mistake about it, Harrison Wells spent very little time even attempting to endear themselves to them. The fact of the matter is, seeing Zoom kill Wells without any remorse, no matter what the circumstances are, unsettle the entire group something fierce. Even with all of the death she sees, Sara is thrown off for just a few mere moments.

Jesse, on the other hand, she watches her father drop to the ground. The blood oozing out of the gaping wound in his chest where his heart used to be. Jesse starts to breath in and breath out in the deepest and most panicked manner possible. One sees the breakdown about ready to go through her. It's very hard for her to keep calm in a circumstance like this.

"No!" Jesse shouts.

"Do you feel any different? "The Arkham Knight asks calmly.

"Yeah, because that's what you ask a person whose father just had been killed," Red Hood tells him. "Seriously, I have some problems, but you, you good sir, you take the cake."

Sara crouches on the ground. The muttering of "oh my God" from Iris continues. Jesse collapses down on the ground. Karen and Sara lock eyes with each other, and then turn away from each other. There are several long moments where the terror keeps passing between them. Horror increases by each passing moment.

"I don't….why?" Jesse asks.

The Arkham Knight swipes a portable scanner against the back of her neck. There's a couple of clicks coming from her. Jesse keeps shaking and her hand vibrates against the ground for a brief second. The traumatized young girl holds it together just by the barest of strands.

"You know, you really have issues of killing parents in front of their children. Makes me think that you don't come from a loving home."

The Red Hood's statement causes Zoom's eyes to flare with anger.

Finally, Jesse springs up and rushes at Zoom. She moves about eight steps before speed tension rises in her muscles and she falls over. Zoom stands over her broken body with a wide grin on his face.

"Give into it," Zoom tells her. "Give into it. Tap into that energy."

The more she taps into, the more Zoom can consume and gain strength. And the more he consumes,
the more powerful he can be. He will have the entire speed, enough to manipulate the Speed Force for his master.

Sara takes a deep breath and notices a panel off to the side. She spends the time studying the force field. There's about a three second window every three minutes where the force field fades. Just long enough to shoot the arrow through and destroy the force field panel. Unfortunately for her, Sara only has one shot to make it work, so she really has very few options.

"I'm going to enjoy watching you suffer," Arkham Knight says.

"Remember, honey, the safe word is pumpkin," Red Hood says with a smile.

The Arkham Knight keeps his stony glare at the Red Hood. The Green Arrow locks eyes with Superwoman and Flash and then makes her move shooting the arrow through the break in the force field. It strikes the panel and causes sparks and fire to explode around them. It also collapses the containment units to allow the Green Arrow, the Red Hood, Flash, and Superwoman to vanish around them.

Iris and Karen blast off at the same exact time. Zoom is caught off guard by the Kryptonian and the Speedster hitting him at the same time. Zoom pushes back against them. Iris zips from one end and Karen zips from the other. Zoom blocks the assaults of both of his adversaries.

The Arkham Knight takes a step over only to get a roundhouse kick from Green Arrow. The Knight just smiles and retracts a glowing blade from his armor. The Arkham Knight rushes over with Green Arrow blocking the attack. Green Arrow fires an arrow to the knee. The arrow shatters at the highly armored knee.

The joints of the armor should be weaker, but it appears the Arkham Knight has a few surprise up his sleeve. And one of those surprises is knocking Sara halfway across the hallway. He moves in and casually backhands the Green Arrow in the face like she's an afterthought.

Zoom snags Jesse by the shoulder and disappears down the hallway. Iris and Karen run in hot pursuit after them.

The Red Hood decides to blast open the doors and run down the hallway to the cells.

"Hey everyone, it's a party and everyone's invited!"

Chaos and explosions fly all over Castle Zoom. Malcolm Merlyn leans back in his cell before it springs open. Several of the other prisoners are not as quick to leave the cell. Malcolm waits for his movement and it comes with one of the guards coming down the hallway.

Malcolm drops down to the ground to feign an ankle injury. The moment one of the guards gets close enough to grab him, Malcolm sweeps the leg out from underneath him. He quickly takes the stun staff from the guard and then kicks him into the wall. Malcolm twirls the weapon up into the air and sends it crashing down on the back of his adversaries neck. Said adversary crumples down to the ground with a very violent attack. Malcolm draws in a deep breath and then presses forward.

An exploding pumpkin whirls off to the side and catches another one of the guard. The Red Hood appears from the smoke in his madness.

"I've got a score to settle with the Arkham Knight," Malcolm says. "And then, I'm off to deal with Zoom."
"Hey, pick a number, get in line, everyone wants a shot at these two guys," The Red Hood says. "And I didn't come all this way to just spring your tight little ass, Merlyn."

Malcolm breaks open a storage room and then claims a quiver loaded with arrows and a bow. Zoom kept them as a trophy after capturing Malcolm.

More guards come down the hallway. The Red Hood displays his fast ball special and zooms the pumpkin bomb down to explode the ground.

The Arkham Knight stands one level below and he's in the middle of a battle with the Green Arrow. Not the one from his universe, a tragedy as it was. Malcolm drops down to join the battle.

The Green Arrow blasts into the wall from the full force of the Arkham Knight's assault. He hardens the sleeve on his suit and swings it. The Green Arrow dodges the attack and smashes it into the wall.

"You're not going to stop me," The Arkham Knight says.

"You're a member of the League of Assassins," The Green Arrow says.

She tries to engage the Arkham Knight. He deflects every single attack, and performs a move which Sara doesn't even know. It causes her muscles to size up in a pain far more intense than any Charley Horse and drop her down to the ground. The Arkham Knight plows her into the ground, toying with her like a tiger about ready to maul a smaller animal.

"I am the League of Assassins."

An arrow flies from the other end of the room. The Arkham Knight spins around and catches it before it connects. He comes face to face with the one and only Malcolm Merlyn.

The Arkham Knight whips a concussive energy beam from his suit. Malcolm ducks it and fires arrows to the knee joints. The arrows do nothing other than bend.

"You've figured out that flaw," Malcolm says.

The Arkham Knight spins around and nails Malcolm back into the wall. Malcolm staggers back. The Arkham Knight kicks him the ribs several times. Malcolm flies back off of the ground and then slams down hard. The impact of his body whipping around rattles him.

The Green Arrow puts her gaze on the back plate of the Arkham Knight's gear. She has one shot and better make it to count. The shock stick of one of the security guards drops to the ground. The Green Arrow charges up the energy stick and then nails him on the back.

This shocking attack only serves to stall the Arkham Knight. The Arkham Knight spins around. A combination of arrows from Merlyn and the Green Arrow strike the Arkham Knight down.

More guards come down the hallway. Sara finds herself in the very shocking position of fighting side by side with Malcolm Merlyn, even if it is an alternate universe version of him.

"That one's a meta," Malcolm tells her. "You better keep your eye on the ball."

"Don't worry, I've been through this one before," The Green Arrow says. "Your daughter is safely on my Earth."

"And she didn't insist on coming here personally?" Malcolm asks. "She's learning."

Malcolm wipes out three of the guards. Green Arrow takes out the meta with a blinding shot from
the arrow. A couple of punches rock the guard. One of them tries to restrain her. Green Arrow flips out and then sends an arrow to the wall. The wall blows up and causes debris to shower down on the back of their heads.

"Have you seen a young girl?" Green Arrow asks.

"Brunette, around nine or ten years old?" Malcolm asks.

The goons kept coming at her. The two archers kept firing at each other. Malcolm picks his shots wisely because he's running down on his supply of arrows and needs to choose what battles to fight very wisely.

"Yes, her," Green Arrow asks.

"Is she your daughter?" Malcolm asks.

"No," Green Arrow says. "She's just... well she's the daughter of someone I know. We made a deal that I would bring her home safely. And she would stop her terrorist group from targeting my city."

Malcolm shrugs off this very unconventional statement and takes the attacker down with a couple of leg sweep attacks. Said attacker crumples down to the ground.

"She's down that way," Malcolm says. "I'll watch your back so you can get down there."

Sara personally files trusting Malcolm Merlyn to watch her back under things she would never expect to happen. The grimace of Malcolm only barely passes through Sara's ears. She knows there's very little time.

"Hold on, Nora."

"Jesse," Iris mutters. "Hang on."

The two heroines move down the hallway. Jesse squirms as Zoom grabs her around the throat. His eyes shift onto Flash and Superwoman.

"One wrong move and she'll be joining her father," Zoom says.

"You know something. If you want my speed, then maybe you should stop using innocents as a shield and come after me. Unless you're a coward."

Zoom growls and lets go of Jesse. He resembles a bull about ready to engage the matador. Smoke billows from the floor several stories below and the Red Hood and Malcolm Merlyn drop down to the ground.

Jesse whips back to try and get fully away from Zoom. Her entire body shoots up into flames from the friction of the speed force. Her clothes are burning.

"Don't move!" Karen yells.

Not moving causes every single muscle in Jesse's body to start aching. Karen purses her lips and blows the fire off of her. Jesse remains in a few tattered pieces of clothing which cling to her and only barely cover her modesty. She takes a deep breath and clings to Karen.

Zoom and Flash circle each other, with Flash whipping Zoom's legs out from underneath him. Zoom avoids the attack and catches Flash by the arm and smacks her hard against the wall. Flash vibrates
out of his grip and shifts behind Zoom on the other side of the room.

"There's nothing I can't do!" Zoom bellows at the top of his lungs. "I will have the power."

"Yeah, and it's very hard to be the fastest man alive when you don't have legs."

The Red Hood's loud voice catches Zoom's attention and the ground underneath him explodes. Zoom flies back off of the ground with more explosions going off underneath him.

Flash zips through the flaming wreckage and dives directly at Zoom. She pounds him in mid-air. Several lightning fast punches catch Zoom and rock him back ever so slightly. Zoom collapses down onto the ground and almost pulls himself to his feet.

No room for bullshit, Flash takes him down to the ground. Zoom rolls over and Flash hurls the speed demon halfway across the way before driving him down.

"You can't kill me!"

Zoom propels Flash back upon her moment of hesitation. The Fastest Woman alive gets grabbed by the throat and Zoom rears his hand back about ready to slam it into Iris's chest to steal her speed and kill her in two fell moves.

"NO!"

This image triggers a memory from earlier about Jesse's father being killed. This propels the budding speedster into action to launch a crackling bolt of lightning at her enemy. The lightning sours through the air and connects with Zoom's back to stagger him back. A second bolt cracks him and then breaks open a portal.

Jesse hurls herself at Zoom with all of the precision and grace of an out of control wrecking ball. It does the trip to knock Zoom through the portal. He screams in agony as several wraiths surround him in the tunnel. The tunnel closes behind him.

The Green Arrow returns with Nora Darhk, who is shaking. Several of the other prisoners make their way out.

"And that would be the self-destruct sequence," Red Hood says. "This place is going to blow and not in the good Christian way either!"

Without Zoom here, his Fortress is going to self-destruct. A very bloodied and battered Malcolm Merlyn staggers out of the next room and bends over, breathing heavily. "This way, hurry!"

They enter a lab area where a huge portal lingers in the background. Several of the guards close ranks in it.

"You can either stop us or you can escape," Green Arrow tells them. "This place is going to collapse in about three minutes."

Thankfully for the guards, they have the self-preservation to live and breathe for another day. Iris drags the body of Wells down the hallway, while Karen holds Jesse tight. Green Arrow holds up a very shaken Nora who cannot even speak and to be honest, Sara understands why.

"I can hold the portal open," Malcolm says. "Go through it, now."
Jesse and Karen head back, with Iris dragging Wells through. Green Arrow moves forward. Nora clutches the Green Arrow's hood and then whimpers in fear. She's too terrified to speak other than that.

"It's going to be okay, sweetie," Green Arrow tells her in a soft reassuring voice. "I'm taking you to your mother."

Malcolm holds the portal as the entire Fortress starts collapsing down around them. He draws in a breath. "Tell my daughter that I love her. And don't worry about me!"

Malcolm's left alone in the chamber as he seals the breach shut. His final act before the room caves around him is to destroy Zoom's portal technology so he can't open breaches again.

"Rebecca, Tommy, I'm coming home," Malcolm mutters.

He drops to his knees as the room collapses around him. Fire shoots through the facility. Malcolm makes no movement to run, despite there being no escape.

On the other side of the portal, Iris, Karen, and Sara return. Caitlin, Natasha, and Sapphire sit up straight in Star Labs, and see Iris is dragging the corpse of Harrison Wells of Earth Two behind her. And that's just the beginning of the questions they asked.

"What the hell happened?" Natasha finally blurts out.

The Arkham Knight stands over the charred remains of Zoom's Fortress with a frown deepening on his face. He goes over and sees several bodies. Some of the prisoners escaped during the chaos. Many others failed to do so. The Arkham Knight only cares about three specific bodies.

Despite the fact he recalls watching Zoom disappear, the Arkham Knight refuses to believe he's gone. Someone like Zoom finds a way to come back, even after he was banished a long time ago. Zoom will never know it was the Arkham Knight who banished him to that realm and the only man who knew, Wells, is a bit too dead to tell the tail.

No Merlyn and no Red Hood, with the second one being a particular sticking point for the Arkham Knight. One thing about the Red Hood is he always finds a way to come back from the most implausible of circumstances. Merlyn does as well to a lesser extent, but the Red Hood is much more personal. He causes way too many problems and way too many issues for the Arkham Knight.

"You wanted to see us?"

Two of Zoom's top meta-humans appear before the Arkham Knight. Despite their power, they respect and fear the Knight, as they should. He understands their powers, the ways to stop them cold, and every way to destroy them. The Arkham Knight holds comprehensive files detailing plans to stop pretty much every single meta in Zoom's employ, many of them in ways that no one can comprehend.

"Zoom's been indisposed," The Arkham Knight tells them.

"Is he gone for good?" one of them asks.

"I'm searching for him," The Arkham Knight says. "Zoom was creating a weapon which would enhance his speed to take down the Flash. Unfortunately for him, it did not work as planned. The weapon turned on him and sent Zoom through a breach. I have no idea where he went."
"Surely you must?" one of them asks.

"I keep searching," The Arkham Knight tells them. "I will tell you once I have something. These are the breachers we're going to have to track down. They are subversive to our world."

He holds up the gauntlet to display three dimensional images of the Green Arrow, Flash, and Superwoman for the two-meta humans. They frown when looking at these criminal breechers. One of them holds out a hand where small ice crystals erupt from the tips of her fingers and she takes in a couple of deep breaths.

"Unfortunately, the portal technology between worlds has been destroyed," Arkham Knight says. "But, I will rebuild it. And when I rebuild it, you know what you must do."

"Yes."

"I knew I could count on you, Black Siren. And you as well, Killer Frost."

Both of the women nod. They have extraordinary powers which make them essentially goddesses, for lack of a better term. And the Arkham Knight riles them up to be attack dogs. They are perfect puppets on a string for him to do what he wants and they can do plenty.

The Arkham Knight shifts through the wreckage for any circuit boards he can use. A hallowed out pumpkin shell flies to the side with a solid kick, with the Arkham Knight barely restraining the disgust he feels.

It is for him to get to work. And until he's certain of Zoom's demise, there is only so much he can do. The Arkham Knight knows one thing and one thing alone.

When the Blood Moon approaches, then he will rise.

A long moment of silence passes over at Star Labs for the death of Harrison Wells.

"It's funny." Caitlin concludes in a somber voice. "We spent most of the time that he's here butting heads with him about every little thing and in some strange way, he's going to be really missed. I don't really know how to feel about that."

"I don't know either," Iris says. "So, Jesse's back, and I think she's stable for now."

"We're going to have to keep a close eye on her," Caitlin says. "Check her over and check over Nora Darhk as well...although her scars are more emotional than physical."

Sara grimaces. She knows that emotional scarring leaves more lasting trauma than any physical wounds better than anyone else.

"Poor kid's going to have to go through therapy," Iris says.

Sara walks out halfway across Star Labs. She does hold up her end of the deal. Karen follows her out into the hallway while the rest of Team Flash figures out how to go from here.

"At least you got Nora home," Karen says.

"Yeah, I should feel happy," Sara says. "I just have a feeling this is just the beginning of setting up something. I don't know what, but something. And I'm not entirely convinced that Zoom's been put away."
Karen agrees with Sara, she's not too convinced Zoom is gone either. There are way too many questions with Zoom and while they saw him fly into the breech, it does not necessarily mean Jesse destroys him. It just means he could be pretty much anywhere in the multiverse.

"It's been a really long day," Sara concludes.

"Yes, it has," Karen says. "So?"

Karen wraps her arms around Sara and speeds her halfway across the country where they end up in Karen's penthouse in Metropolis. The door is already unlocked.

"No matter how many times you do that, I'll still not be completely used to it," Sara says.

"Hope you're not too tired of this either."

Standing before Sara lies a vision of supreme beauty. Karen Starr wears little more than a transparent blue nightie which barely covers her breasts and stockings and panties to match. Sara realizes she's now out of her Green Arrow costume and wearing a black bra and a matching thong when standing before her.

"Just like old times again?" Karen asks.

Sara only answers that with a kiss. Her hands have to move quick to canvas as much as Karen's body as humanly possible. The kiss only deepens with each passing second, with Sara shifting her tongue deeper into Karen's mouth. Her hands go down to cup Karen's lovely rear end.

It takes only a few seconds for Sara to go straight for the most obvious part of Karen's body. Her generous breasts threaten to spill out of the top. Karen decides to help Sara out by guiding her down.

"Suck my breasts. Like you were always meant to suck them."

The twin wonders spill out of Karen's nightdress. Sara dives right in for the immense mountains of cleavage. She pulls out and kisses Karen's right nipple. She switches to planting a kiss on Karen's left nipple and the sucking it. The two lovely ladies drop onto the bed.

Sara straddles Karen's thighs and makes out with her with a very lustful kiss. Those nice breasts mold and push into the palms of Sara's hands. She squeezes and releases them.

A lustful moan builds with each touch of them. Sara manipulates Karen with her touches and makes the lustful beauty almost spill with lust. She grabs Karen's nipple and pinches it. A very light twist turns the nipple around before it releases from Sara's hand.

"It's been way too long."

A strap on is never too far away. Karen obviously has a few on hand because she invents the Starrwave model. Sara slips it on and then she grinds the tip of the cock against Karen's nipples. Sara pushes her hands on Karen's breasts and squeezes them against the tip of her cock.

The fully mature Kryptonian breasts pop out to reach Sara's touch. The energy from the sun did them good. The nerve ending interface of the dildo swinging from Sara makes her feel a burning lust to take Karen's large round breasts for her own.

"I'm going to fuck your tits," Sara says.

It's a matter of fact way, as if she is saying she's going to go to the grocery store or go out to a movie.
And those things are both common for Sara. Sara runs the cock into Karen's mouth first to make her spit close around it. The most powerful woman on Earth subbing for Sara excites her.

Well one of them at least, Diana's still up there, and Amazons and Anal go together like Peanut Butter and Jelly. Or Sara's cock and Karen's round wonders. She slides the well lubricate cock inside of Karen's cleavage while manipulating her.

"That feel good," Sara growls.

"Yes!" Karen encourages her. "Fuck my tits! I know you want to wreck them!"

Sara decides to take her time in sampling the wonders before her. And they are very wonderful, in the sense they hug Sara's cock the more she slides it in between. The modifications Karen made over the years makes this a much more invigorating sexual experience.

Those tits squeeze together on Sara's sliding pole the deeper she submerges into Karen's large chest. She slaps the chest a couple of times and results in a moan of pleasure coming from Karen. Sara slides out again.

"You're going to make me cum if you're not careful."

"That would be a shame."

Karen's breasts tense up together to squeeze Sara. She pounds Superwoman's most known attribute as hard and fast as possible. They built up a sweat, with Sara driving herself deep inside of Karen's cleavage. Her tone thighs smack repeatedly against Karen's breasts.

"Shit," Sara breaths. "I'm getting so fucking close too. I don't think that I can hold back much longer."

"Don't hold on," Karen argues with her. "I don't want you to hold on."

Agreement comes from both sides with Sara riding herself out all of the way. She coats Karen's breasts with her juices. Sara holds onto her and keeps driving her way in to coat them completely in honey.

Karen's jiggling tits keep shaking and keep receiving smacks the deeper Sara drives her phallus in between them. It feels really good. Karen reaches behind Sara to touch her ass and give it a nice squeeze to encourage Sara to ride her orgasm out all the way to the end.

Seconds later, Sara pulls away from Karen. She kisses the powerful woman, and Karen wraps an arm around her. Sara's eager mouth and tongue keep diving down and cleaning the juices she left all over Karen's breasts. Her fingers sweep down to touch Karen's center.

So many interesting simulations occur. Sara dives back down and kisses all over Karen's stomach. She swings her legs around so the two women enter a sizzling sixty-nine. Karen runs her hands over the back of Sara's legs and her ass before diving in and slipping her tongue against Sara's slip before moving around to take the cock coated with juices into her mouth.

Sara dives herself face down into Karen's womanhood and keeps sucking her juices. The moans around her cock sends stimulation up through Sara. She keeps running her fingers all over every inch of Karen's thigh flesh before pulling out and then running a finger into her asshole while licking Karen's wet folds.

Karen gushes all over Sara's face and returns the favor by eating her out. The two lovely women race
to see who can make the other one cum first. Sara wins the race, and Karen's not displeased with it. The cock jamming into the back of Karen's throat makes things feel really good.

Then, Sara pulls away from Karen. Her cock reluctantly leaves Karen's mouth, although she seeks a far different prize.

"You know, everyone's so distracted by these," Sara says with a squeeze of Karen's ample chest for empathy. "They don't give this that much credit."

A slip of Sara's finger inside of Karen's anal core makes her shift over. There's one thing that stops Karen in her tracks more than Kryptonite and that is the charms of Sara Lance.

"Do you want me to fuck your ass?" Sara asks.

"Please," Karen says.

"Say it," Sara says while pausing and driving her finger into Karen's anus before pulling out. "Explicitly."

"PLEASE! FUCK MY ASS!"

Sara's finger shifts deep inside of Karen's ass and pulls out of her. She's this close to entering her. Sara enjoys teasing the woman flexing her ass around her finger and slides it completely out. Sara slips inside and then out making sure her asshole is nice and open for insertion.

"Get ready," Sara says.

The tip of the cock slides into Karen's warm back passage. Sara works her hands and touches all of the curves, smashing them into her hands. She leans in and kisses the back of Karen's neck before pushing in and out of her. The moans coming from the delightful woman with Sara repeatedly driving her hands on the back of Karen's neck and then moving up to capture her breasts.

Every touch makes Karen feel so good. Sara's working into her and also stimulating her all over. Her pussy throbs and Sara's right between her thighs. She slips a finger into Karen's tight hole and then stretches out it. The double penetration makes her moan and twitch underneath her.

"Time for you to cum now."

Karen's already halfway there. She tightens and releases Sara's finger. Sara pulls it out and swirls the honey coated digit into Karen's mouth. Karen sucks on it the deeper Sara plunges into her. Sara pulls back and sinks herself deeper into Karen's ass.

She enjoys submitting to Sara and enjoying the feel of this cock burying deep inside of her tight rectum. Sara pulls pretty much almost all the way out and drags her cock against Karen's asshole. She shoves it deep inside and pulls pretty much all the way out. Then, she slides into her with a constant and never ending series of thrusts. Each time, Sara spanks Karen nice and hard. A squeeze on her ass makes things exciting.

"I'm going to make you explode," Sara says. "You like that. You like my cock inside of your ass stretching it out. I love knowing that it's going to be as tight as ever when I finish."

Sara holds the breasts back and releases them. Karen lustful purrs and shifts on the bed drives Sara deep inside of her tight rectum.

"Take me. It feels really good."
"I know it does, baby girl," Sara purrs in Karen's ear with a nibble on it. "It feels really good."

"Yes!" Karen yells. "Fuck yes! I love you fucking my ass."

"I love your ass. So overlooked, and underappreciated. Let me fix that."

That particular element of her ass being overlooked is rectified with Sara's skilled hands squeezing Karen's ass as she fucks her. The entire full body worship drives Karen over the edge. Every touch drives her completely to the edge the further Sara pushes inside of her.

Sara's close to losing it in the context of this tight, clenching ass. She hangs on for long enough to let Karen's latest orgasm out. Karen's body thrashes. She floats off of the bed on instinct. Sara holds Karen and pounds away at her juicy rear end.

Several pushes inside of Karen's tight rectum makes Sara get ever so closer to exploding inside of her asshole. Sara pulls out almost all the way and drives inside of her body. Karen's tight ass works Sara up and gets her closer to an explosion.

"Good," Sara pants while driving deeper inside of Karen. "Good. I'm getting so fucking close. I can't wait to cum, baby!"

"Me either!"

Sara's fingers hit the right pleasure point and makes Karen explode. She's practically riding Karen's thick ass as she fucks her in mid-air. Every push inside of Karen riles both of the women up. Sara holds herself back. She finally lets go.

The floating woman in the air receives a sticky asshole from Sara's deep thrusts. Her asshole tightens to test the durability of Sara's cock. Each push riles Karen up just seconds before Sara plunges her onto the bed and finishes riding her ass all the way to the end.

Karen turns over with a smile and leans in. She mounts Sara's lap. Those breasts now dangle in Sara's face like overripe fruit just demanding to be plucked. And Karen's asshole grinds against her toy.

"I guess I should have tried harder," Sara says.

The unwinding wraps up sometime before sunrise after having stopped sometime before sunset, and the two enjoy indulging in each other and their bodies.

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To Be Continued on April 19th, 2018.

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Thanks for all of the favorites, follows, views, kudos, and comments and I'll see you on Thursday for the next chapter.
Chapter One Hundred and Forty-Nine: Homecoming:

Lyla takes a couple of steps with the rest of the ARGUS agents. They try and maintain a low profile, and try not to cause too much of a stir. They do not escort a prisoner, rather a young girl who looks pretty shell-shocked and for good reason. She’s spent the better part of the last several months in a prison which broke many grown men and women. The fact she’s this composed is both remarkable and scary.

They made contact with HIVE, and now Ruve is there to pick up her daughter. Lyla trusts the woman will not do anything underhanded with her daughter present and there. However, a long and intense conversation with Amanda Waller indicates the Director of ARGUS is not so convinced. Lyla had to work hard to convince Amanda not to do anything that would jeopardize the truce that HIVE had and truly their activities overall reduced the very moment Damian Darhk disappears.

Lyla looks over her shoulder to see the figure perched on the rooftop. Green Arrow, one of the concessions that she had to make to Waller, in case HIVE tried something. Sara can take care of them, although Lyla sees no need.

"Your mother should be here soon," Lyla says.

"What if she doesn't come?" Nora asks.

"She'll be here," Lyla says.

She swallows the lump in her throat and honestly feels for the child. The fear, the uncertainty, and the lack of understanding are many things which Lyla knows she's going through. Her father sent her away and she would not understand why.

"I'm worried about Dad. He looked sick when we left."

Sick is one way to put Damien Darhk's condition. Lyla hesitates for a second, not wanting to be the one to break it to the child that her father is possessed by a demonic spirit, and the Green Arrow had to put him down. No one can explain that to a child mostly because Lyla barely understands everything which went down herself. She has more questions than answers.

The HIVE guards turn up and escort Ruve all the way in. She sweeps past them.

"I can walk," Ruve tells them. "ARGUS is here because they think that I might try something, don't they?"

"Waller thinks you might try something," Lyla tells her.

Ruve cannot even feign shock because that's just what Waller does. She steps forward towards Lyla.

"My adviser suspected something was up with ARGUS, and they want me to send back up. But as long as you don't attack me, there are going to be no problems. I trust we are on the same page."

"Yes," Lyla agrees. "As promised."

Nora steps out and then rushes forward to embrace her mother. Ruve scoops up Nora. The look of
relief on her daughter's face puts Ruve at ease. She takes a step back with Nora clinging onto her arm. Ruve stops and looks Lyla dead on in the eye.

"Starling City, Central City, and Gotham all will be left alone," Ruve tells her. "I'm seriously considering HIVE's place in the world after the dark path Damien took it on."

"Mom?" Nora asks in a quiet voice. "Is Dad okay?"

"Your father was very sick and he's...he's with the angels now," Ruve says. "Don't worry, he'll be much better right now."

Nora's eyes widen, she can't believe her father is gone. She breaks down into tears, and Ruve moves to comfort her daughter moving away from them.

The HIVE agents leave without incident which relaxes Lyla just a tiny bit. She unfortunately thinks there could be some issues in the past. At least there's no fire fight because things could get rather messy. Lyla watches mother and daughter drive off into the distance.

"Waller, we've made the drop," Lyla says.

"Let her leave with her daughter for today," Waller says. "I'll be watching her every move."

Lyla has no doubt whatsoever that Waller will be watching Ruve very closely, almost closely to an uncomfortable level. She steps back down and the Green Arrow moves down to meet her. The other ARGUS agents step back at one very sharp look from Lyla. They know better than to question her at times like this.

"I'm glad Ruve didn't throw me under the bus," Green Arrow says.

"She wouldn't," Lyla says. "Not for something like this. I don't think you're going to see any more of her after today. As for HIVE, well..."

Green Arrow nods and picks up on Lyla's statement immediately. They might have seen the last of Ruve, but HIVE is another matter entirely. Most of the leadership crumbles when Darhk took them on his mad quest. However, there will always be a place for a criminal organization who has designs on something more.

"You're alright?" Lyla asks her.

Green Arrow shakes off her thought. "It's been a rough last couple of weeks. I'll be fine soon. Trust me."

If one could plot Mia's point on the stages of grief, she would be firmly in the denial stage. She reasons that her father might have found a way to escape certain death even though it's not very likely. Regardless, she puts all of those thoughts off in the back of her mind and takes a trip alongside Lian to Star Labs. Both find some kind of relief that Jesse is up and about.

"I'm glad," Lian says. "She's going through a lot though."

Lian's not the biggest fan of Harrison Wells by any stretch of the imagination. Despite her personal feelings of the man, she can understand how this is effecting Jesse, after what happened to her parents back on Earth Two. They make their way into Star Labs.

"Really, anyone can walk in the front door without a pass?" Mia asks. "They really could use better
security."

"I know," Lian answers. "I know."

The two archers step down the hallway. They bump into Iris who is in the process of getting a cup of coffee.

"Th…Mia," Iris says after correcting herself by seeing the scars on Mia's face that most certainly where not on Thea's face. "And Lian….you two are here to see Jesse, aren't you?"

"Well, we want to make sure everything's okay with her," Lian says. "You know better than anyone that getting those powers can have some weird effects."

Iris gives a pretty sympathetic smile. Yes, she's been through that. And she was through it with Barry and the Speed Force possessing him, although thankfully Barry's gotten over that. And does not remember it, as far as Iris can tell at least.

"So, do you think there's any chance my father could have lived?" Mia asks.

One can almost see the hesitation going through Iris. Malcolm Merlyn of Earth Two, he accepted his fate as long as it meant his daughter is safe. Iris is hesitant to reveal this particular fact to Mia, not to add to the obvious guilt complex the poor girl already feels.

"I mean, he's called the Magician for a reason. He could have gotten his way out of anything, and found a way out, no matter what. No matter how hopeless it seems."

Lian allows a tiny little snort to escape her nose. She finds herself kind of amused by Mia and her optimism. It's kind of adorable if not a tiny bit foolish as well. She does not want to discourage Mia just in case she's right for some reason. It seems very doubtful though that Malcolm is gone.

"Well, there's no body," Iris gently conceded.

"That's right, and anyone who has been at this for a long time knows the number one rule. If there's no body, then there's nobody dead, right, am I right? Because, I have to be right. You know that I'm right Lian."

"Whatever makes you sleep better at night," Lian tells her in a nonchalant voice.

"Well, you know how many times the Red Hood was there, and they wrote him off. He's a crafty guy with how many times he's cheated certain death. So, he could be alive, just like my father is."

Mia becomes more animated the more she talks. Iris wishes she can give the girl some support. Her father told her all of the stories about how the children of dead parents, they enter a very powerful stage of denial eventually. The bigger the grief, the bigger the denial, and Mia's walking around with some big grief.

"What's life without hope anyway?" Iris asks.

She can't bring herself to discourage the girl's theory even though it might be the healthiest thing in the world to do. Lian just shifts her eyes back.

"So, Jesse?" Lian asks.

"Caitlin and Natasha are running her through a battery of tests," Iris says. "From what I can gather some far, there's nothing too worrying with her yet."
Lian does not worry about Jesse's physical state. Well she does, but more importantly, Lian worries about Jesse's mental state. She steps into the lab and walks on the other side of the door. Jesse keeps running around in circles. The blur is so quick.

"Well, she's always rushing everywhere, trying to do a million things at once," Lian says. "We used to call her Jesse Quick because she's always on the move."

The bright light flashes and Jesse comes to a stop. Caitlin smiles and moves over to check her heart rate and other vital signs.

"You should get something to eat and some rest," Caitlin says. "We'll run another round of tests first thing tomorrow morning. You're looking pretty good, and you're moving along faster than Iris was when she started as the Flash."

Iris raises her eyebrow and Jesse steps over with a smile. She moves over to see Lian and Mia and her grin gets even bigger.

"It's good to finally see you again," Jesse tells both of them with a warm hug.

Lian wraps her arms around her surrogate older sister and smiles. "It's good to see you too. After all of that, I didn't think that I would ever see you again…and I'm really sorry about your Dad."

"Yeah me too," Mia says.

"I'm sorry about yours as well," Jesse says.

Mia tries not to correct Jesse on the fact that her father might still be alive. Even in her mind, that's a tad bit insensitive given the fact Jesse just saw her father murdered in front of her. Jesse heads to the exit. The three girls have a lot of catching up to do and given Jesse needs a big lunch, it's the perfect time to do so.

"You're not so big and tough when you're not hiding behind a microphone! Supergirl really cleaned your clock, didn't she?"

Leslie Willis, better known as Livewire, moves down the tunnel where she waits to be put on trial. She's being charged for the attempted murder of Cat Grant and her dorky little assistant. What was her name again? Doesn't really matter because Supergirl and her pet Dragon put a stop to that. Leslie moves down the tunnel.

"Hey, Sparky! Why don't you shoot lighting? Why don't you shock us? Oh, that's right, you can't!"

It's not the first time Leslie deals with loudmouths. She turns around with the cuffs sparking on her hand.

"You just wait until I find a way out of these cuffs. You're going to be laughing out of the other side of your ass. Do you hear me?"

"Hey Willis, your show sucked! How many dicks did you suck to get on the air anyway?"

"Yeah, well I learned how from your mother!" Livewire jeers back to the woman who heckled her.

Several of the prisoners go loud in surprise. One of the guards prods Livewire along. They do not have the ability to push her around.

"You better not cause any problems, Willis," the guard says. "You put one foot out of line and we're
"Yeah, big man when I'm in these cuffs and this collar," Livewire says. "Supergirl got lucky. Without the Dragon, she's nothing but a flash in the pan. That stupid dyke won't get lucky twice."

"Yeah, yeah, whatever."

Livewire finds herself in the cell. Several of the women look at her in anger. She's not among the cream of society, that's for sure. Livewire sinks down onto the cot in the cell and contemplates her next move. The only thing which keeps her going is a chance for revenge against Supergirl.

"Such a pretty little white girl," one of the prisoners says with a smile. "Your privileged little ass won't last a month in here before we break it."

"Yeah, like you can really handle me," Livewire tells her. "You don't get it. I'm going to be out of here while all of you are going to rot and die in here. And I'm going to laugh at you when I do it."

The woman size up Livewire like she's a choice cut of meat. She pays them absolutely no mind at all just focusing on thoughts of revenge against Supergirl. The Girl of Steel will be nothing when Livewire gets her hands on her pretty little neck.

"Big talk for such a skinny bitch."

"Well, considering they picked you up on safari!"

The large black woman rattles the cage and makes plans to take Livewire out somewhere and beat some respect into the bitch with the rest of her gang. She's going to be the latest accident in this place, much like all of the other meta-bitches who thought they were hot stuff.

A bright light engulfs the cell and Livewire's eyes snap from the loudmouth prisoner to the light. She's completely astonished by the light especially when it ripples and causes her cuffs to short out along with the collar.

Livewire tests her theory by shooting a bolt of lightning and blasting the woman who gave her lip through the cell. She falls back and the other prisoners move back in shock.

"I'm sorry. What was that about breaking me?"

Another jolt of lightning electrifies the door. Livewire controls the sliding doors to prevent the guards from coming back in. All of the prisoners steps back in fear.

"I don't think that I quite heard you over the sounds of you screaming in agony."

Another bolt of lightning ripples from Livewire's palm and connects to the woman. She goes into shock and Livewire just breaks into a smile.

"Sorry, but I've learned by now never to learn a gift portal in the mouth."

Livewire escapes through the portal leaving several shell-shocked prisoners. No sooner does she pass through, the breech seals completely shut. The only items left in Livewire's cell are a pair of cuffs and a busted inhibitor collar.

A small group crowds around for a private surface for Harrison Wells of Earth-Two. Jesse steps into the picture and sits between Lian and Mia. Iris sits a little bit away from them. Jesse takes her hands over and sighs.
"This is all my fault," Jesse says.

"No," Mia tells her. "Just no."

"You blame yourself for....."

"That's entirely different and you know it!" Mia snaps.

There's an unsettling statement as Mia reigns her temper in completely. Jesse holds her hands over her cheeks and digs them in with a sigh. She recalls every single moment, how she spent months trying to form that speed force calculation. Only for Zoom to use it on her and what's worse, destroy her father.

"It's not your fault."

Barry's calm voice comes out. He's in much better spirits these days. He did not really know this Harrison Wells, or really any Harrison Wells. Most of his interactions with this Wells had been during the time where the Speed Force had decided to take over his body. Barry remembers very little, and he does not want to remember anything.

"I know it's easy to blame yourself," Barry says. "And...I know that I might blame myself if I was in your shoes. But you know, you can't control what everyone does."

"I just played into his hands and the Arkham Knight's hands," Jesse says. "I'm supposed to be smart. How could I be so stupid?"

"You weren't stupid," Barry tells her. "You were desperate. Desperation does funny things to people."

Jesse grudgingly nods. She really does not know what to say. Only that her father would be gone and now she has to set out alone. Despite wanting space away from her father, him being gone really puts just how important he was to her in perspective.

Iris looks across the way to Barry.

"So, how are you feeling?" Iris asks.

"Well, I'm no longer imprisoned by a mad future speedster or being possessed by a speed force," Barry says. "So, life's pretty good, I've gotten some fresh air, made up for lost time with my Dad, and I really hope...I just really hope to get back into the swing of things and have a normal life."

"Yeah, I hope that too," Iris says.

"It's been slow going, but I've made a couple of new friends," Barry admits. "And there's this girl that works in the library. She's been talking to me every time I went by."

"Maybe you should ask her out for coffee," Iris says.

"I'm just sure she's trying to be nice," Barry says.

"Well, you don't know unless you try," Iris tells him. "You can't spend time thinking about what might have been."

That's a very true statement, and Barry wonders what might have been if his mother had not died and his father had not been sent to Iron Heights for all of those years. What might have been if he had got those powers much like Iris did?
He turns around and watches Sara stagger into the room. She looks a bit distracted for some reason.

"Hey, Sara," Barry says.

"Barry," Sara says. "How are you?"

"Good, thanks," Barry says. "No offense meant, but you look terrible."

"I'm fine," Sara says. "I've just had a few late nights, and not the good kind of late nights."

Barry accepts it with a nod. Iris, on the other hand, she's not convinced. Sara moves over to the room to see how Jesse is doing.

"I'm sorry," Sara says.

"You were trapped in a force field, you couldn't have done anything to save him," Jesse says. "I'm just glad he didn't kill all of you. And you know he would have."

Jesse takes a couple of deep breaths. She takes a long drink from the coffee which has been prepared for her. The closed casket sits at the end of the room. Jesse is glad it's a closed coffin funeral because seeing her father's body mangled when alive is one thing. Seeing it in death is another thing entirely.

Life goes on and Jesse hopes to add onto her father's legacy and not dishonor it. Tears stream down her face, with Lian's arm wrapping around her shoulder and giving her comfort.

Felicity does a sweep for any unusual activity over Starling City. At least something which would merit the attention of the Green Arrow and send her into battle, but so far, there's absolutely nothing out of the ordinary, at least from what Felicity can see.

"I think you should call it a night," Felicity says. "There's nothing the SCPD can't handle tonight."

"I'm going to do one more sweep tonight and then call it a night," The Green Arrow says. "I've heard that a couple of Blackfire's followers were seen around Starling City."

"You're not going to get any sleep tonight again, are you?" Felicity asks.

"I'll be back as soon as I check this one thing out," Sara says.

Felicity knows better than to say anything especially when Sara gets her mind on something. She moves over to grab her coffee cup only to realize it's lack of coffee.

"Time for a refill."

Any thoughts of getting coffee delay themselves due to the lights in the Clocktower flickering and one of the monitors hissing. Felicity's head jerks up.

"OH SHIT!"

These are the last words Sara or anyone else hears over the communication network before severe electro-magnetic influence shorts it out. A figure pops out of the portal with pale skin and growing blue eyes. She dresses in the orange prison garb.

Felicity reaches underneath her desk. The baseball bat does not do her any good, so she recently switches to a stun gun. The meta-human just scoffs when she eyes the weapon.
"You serious?"

"Stay back from me!"

The stun gun explodes in Felicity's hand. She screams in agony as the meta-human, who controls electricity, makes her way into the clocktower.

"Move it or lose it, blondie!"

Felicity staggers back and lands in the chair. Then meta-human blasts her and the chair back into the wall.

"What do we have here?"

Livewire's attention diverts to the computer screen. She brings up some information which catches her eye.

"She could come in handy," Livewire remarks.

She exits the Clocktower in style. Several of the monitors and towers explode along with the lights. Felicity rolls around on the ground taking a couple of deep breaths. She drags herself across the floor and groans.

"Sara?" Felicity asks.

The cackle in her ear wonders if Sara can hear her. Hopefully she will be back here soon after hearing Felicity's "oh shit".

She sits in the midst of a damaged clocktower, trying to pull herself up.

To Be Continued on April 20th, 2018.

Thanks for the favorites, follows, kudos, views, and comments and I will see you on Friday for the next chapter.
A trio of ARGUS agents walks across the hallway to a temporary holding cell. One of them, the senior of the three agents, takes out a key card and swipes it against the side of the door. The door blinks open and opens up for the three ARGUS agents to step inside.

They prepare to move a high profile, dangerous, and potentially mentally unstable prisoner out. She's a genius in some ways, although her genius is often clouded by the fact she's completely and utterly insane. One of the ARGUS agents takes out a clipboard and starts reading it off.

"Brie Larvan, better known as the Bug-Eyed Bandit, is best known for her attack on Central City last year with weaponized bees. She was stopped by the combined efforts of Black Canary, Batgirl, and Flash and sent to Iron Heights prison, where she escaped and attacked Gotham City, particularly Wayne Enterprises. She held Bruce Wayne, Lucius Fox, and the entire board hostage, along with a researcher, Doctor Shondra Kinsolving, who specialized in treating a degenerative condition she's suffering. While, Ms. Larvan's condition has gone into remission for the moment, there's always a chance it will be returned. She will be moved for the ARGUS medical facility for study.

On that second occasion, her plans were stopped by the combined forces of Black Canary and Batgirl."

The door opens after this report has been given to the other two agents by the senior agent. They come across an attractive woman with messy blonde hair wearing the usual grey ARGUS prison garb. Her eyes glare over at them. Her fingers twitch.

Doctor Larvan's condition improves slightly over the past couple of months, but it's always just a temporarily relieve before it comes back worse than ever. Every single treatment she's undergone causes this. The faith healer she visited while in Gotham City is the only person who offers her the best relief, although she ended to go after Doctor Kinsolving for a more lasting fix to her problem then some religious nutcase.

"You will be sorry."

Her comments fall upon deaf ears because the agents only hear them pretty much every single day of their life. Her genius lingers wasted in an ARGUS cell.

"We're just here to help you, Miss Larvan."

Her eyes angrily flash at her captors before offering a snappy retraction. "Doctor Larvan."

She did not bust her ass to get where she is to be disrespected by a bunch of puppets of the machine. Brie's hands snap behind her neck. ARGUS took her research, including the device she was working on right before being picked up by the government agency.

A twitch in the back of her leg causes Brie's breath to intake. It's not a good sign when something like that happens. She needs to get out of this place. There's no doubt ARGUS will treat her condition, but at what price. Brie does not need to work for them and join their little Suicide Squad.

Every step towards the medical area makes Brie feel trapped. The lights in this building start to flicker above their heads. She pays this no mind, at least at first.
The light cracks above the top of their heads which causes all four of them to jump up in the air. One of the ARGUS agents puts himself between Brie and the flashing light. A rupture of light erupts from high above which forces the ARGUS agent to take out his weapon and put skyward.

"You better come out whoever you are?"

The ARGUS agents wonder if someone tries to compromise the building. One of them reaches for a radio to call for back up only for the radio to blow up in his face and cause him a supreme amount agony.

A ball of light appears and manifests into a woman. The crazed look in her eyes causes the ARGUS agents to all look at her. They prepare to fire at her only for their attacker to electrify the ground and knock them all.

"It's time to bring some life to this dull party! Yeah, baby! Livewire in the house!"

Brie blinks a couple of times like this mysterious woman's nuts. Several more agents make their way down the hallway. Livewire reaches over her shoulder and blasts the controls. The metal doors slide down and block them from going after Livewire.

The security drones hover above their heads to contain them. Livewire bombards them and controls them causing them to crash into the wall.

The moment she's taken care of the drones, Livewire directs her interest towards Brie. "So, you're the girl with the bee thing?"

Brie blinks. "I'm the one who has created a hive of bees and the means to control them but...."

"Yeah, you're the girl with the bee thing."

Livewire draws in a deep breath and blasts open the gate off to the side. She's got a pretty good look at the place and knows pretty much every single way out, at least in the back of her mind.

"So, are you ready to go or not? It's time to bust out of here!"

"Just let me get the box they took from me first."

Livewire responds by shrugging her shoulders and allows Brie to move through an opened lab door. She scoops up the box. Livewire's eyebrow raise, but she says nothing.

"Okay, kid, let's go."

Sara and Laurel rush back to the Clocktower at the emergency distress signal Felicity's sent them. Someone finding their secret base is always a concern, and despite their security, there's always their fair share of holes to navigate around.

"There's something wrong with the elevator."

Laurel's words present a very serious problem. Sara and Laurel move around to take the steps up to the level. It's a longer trip up the steps. And thus there's more time given to all of the unfortunate scenarios which the two women can think of Felicity in.

Sara in particular has a bad feeling about this. They move to the front part of the entrance where Cass and Thea already pound their way in an attempt to get inside.
"The damn door won't open!"

A hand places on Thea's shoulder as Laurel holds her back.

"Felicity, are you anywhere near the door?"

"No, I'm on the other side of the room."

At least the voice causes them some level of relief with the assurance that Felicity's okay. Laurel draws in her breath and unleashes a Canary Cry to the door. The doors blast open and allow them to go inside. Felicity rolls over onto the ground and almost collapses from her hands and knees.

Sara moves over and pulls Felicity up to sit in the chair. She winces with each step, but the fact she has feeling in her limbs is an encouraging sign.

The silence is broken by Thea speaking the very obvious question. "What the hell happened here?"

It takes a minute for Felicity to get her wits in order and to answer Thea's question. "Well, to put it bluntly, there's some really insane woman who blew up half of the Clocktower. She shoots energy blasts out of her hands. And she can control electricity"

All four of the other women exchange a look which indicates that they wonder what kind of meta-human they are dealing with here.

"And did I mention that she came out a vortex?"

Another vortex opens up at the Clocktower which causes Felicity to half jump out of the chair before the sharp pain in her leg returns. Felicity points forward and barely gets out her next statement.

"Kind of like that one!"

The portal opens up. Sara, Laurel, Thea, and Cass all brace themselves for the attack whatever it might be.

Sara frowns and sees a white hot blur shooting out of the portal. She smacks into Sara and causes both of them to topple onto the ground in a heap. Sara is caught off guard by this attack.

It takes her a moment to realize it's Supergirl who is on top of her.

"Oh, thank Rao, I got the right Earth this time…hey, Sara, how are you?"

Kara detracts herself from Sara's chest and pulls herself to a standing position. She straightens her cape and skirt before standing with dignity.

"Kara, long time no see," Sara says. "But, unfortunately, you're not here for a social call."

She shakes her head to confirm Sara's suspicions to be true. "No, I'm going after one of my most persistent enemies. Leslie Willis, or Livewire, I guess she's now being called. Leslie used to be your usual loudmouth on the radio, or at least until Cat fired her. She got powers, insane powers, the ability to control electricity."

Felicity takes in a deep breath. "There's our girl."

Sara moves across the room as something buzzes in her ear. She stops and turns around.

"Kara, this is Felicity, Laurel, Cass, and Thea. Girls, this is Kara. I need to take this call."
She walks the rest of the way out of the room. Kara turns her attention to the other women in the room with smiles all around.

"So, it's nice to meet you," Kara says. "I just wished I didn't have to be chasing a bad guy all the way to this Earth."

Laurel gives her an encouraging smile. "Yeah, the same, but since you know her better than anyone else, it should be a walk in the park."

Kara most certainly hopes so. There were a lot of problems with Livewire and putting her in that particular facility made her hope she would never see the woman again. However, hopes are something that often get dashed in this line of work.

Sara returns from her conversation. "Lyla just called. Apparently, our new friend struck and broke Brie Larvan out of the ARGUS lockup."

One could see Laurel's agitation getting close to the forefront. "Great, her. Why did it have to be her?"

Laurel's already dealt with Brie Larvan twice, and she's in no hurry to deal with a third encounter with the Bug-Eyed Bandit. And it was Barbara who disabled her horde both times.

"We should hit the streets," Sara says. "They might be somewhere in Starling City. Kara and I can check the East side, and Thea, you and Laurel you can check the westside. And Cass can stay here and make sure there's no further trouble."

Cass answers with a nod and Felicity responds with a frown. She decides to agree with it because it's the path of least resistance at this particular point.

"Of course," Laurel says.

"I might be able to track Livewire's energy if someone gets the computer working again."

Kara moves over and fiddles around with the computer. The systems in the Clocktower get working, perhaps not to full power, but well enough for Felicity to work. "That should do you for a while."

The features on Felicity's face brighten a second later. "Yeah, that should work. Thank you, you're awesome, and I really mean that!"

The four heroes move out of the Clocktower and split up. Felicity gets situated in. The aches and pains in her body become more tolerable now that she has work to get down. Cass watches her like a hawk and also keeps her eyes on all of the entry points.

"So, she's just like Superwoman, only younger and bit less…well you know…."

Felicity sticks her hands out in front of her chest and then sticks them out further in emphasis. Cass simply raises her eyebrow and nods which Felicity takes it as a cue to get back to work.

Two heroines hit the street on one side of the city. Well, Sara would not really classify herself as a heroine on the same level as Supergirl. She's more of a crusader or a vigilante, and she spent a lot of her time in the shadows. Still, it's good to have a different perspective when going on the street.

"So, I don't know where we should start. It would be a lot easier to track if Alia was around."

Kara takes a deep breath. Sara fixes her attention on her. "Where is she anyway?"
"She's time traveling, tracking down some spear thing. It's a long story and right now I don't think I should tell you about it. We should focus on dealing with this Bug-Eyed Bandit person and also Livewire, especially Livewire. Because she can cause havoc out in the open."

Supergirl takes a deep breath.

"Fortunately, she's vain and likes to talk. I'm pretty sure she'll get our attention sooner rather than later."

"So far she's remained frustratingly quiet."

The voice of Caitlin Snow chimes in over the com. "I've sent Felicity the information regarding the Flash's last confrontation with Brie Larvan. I know both Batgirl and Black Canary were there, but I think that the studies we've done on our weaponized bees can offer some insight onto her."

Felicity chimes in. "Got it. And according to what little we've gotten out of ARGUS, she was working on some upgrades for them before she got picked up. And before she attacked Wayne… because that disease will kill her in a year or so. Lyla mentioned what Waller intended to treat her."

Sara just gives a sardonic smile at that statement. Waller wants her research, because quite frankly that woman does nothing out of charity. Brie Larvan could offer a lot to ARGUS while alive and very little while dead. It's a very pragmatic thought to take.

"Iris would like to help, but she has her own problems to deal with right now."

"Everything okay with her?"

"She says it's fine, it's just something that she has to deal with."

Sara knows better than to pry. She disconnects the call and returns her attention to the edge of the rooftop. They drop down. For a night in Starling City, everything is too quiet for them.

The screams cut through the air and makes both Supergirl and Green Arrow get their attention. Green Arrow leaps off of the rooftop and lands on the streets below. Supergirl follows her very closely behind. Both of the parties rush into position where a large dark cloud rises over Starling City and hovers over the terrified citizens.

Supergirl's eyes widen. "Great Rao, that's a lot of bees!"

Green Arrow shoots an arrow into the middle of the swarm to send off an electromagnetic pulse to disable the bees and cause them to fly off in different directions. The bees angrily spin around and start to dive bomb the area. The loud buzzing sound echoes all around them. The bees turn their attention towards Supergirl and Green Arrow and all circle around their heads.

"Hey, Supergirl and Hood Girl, do you like my new friend's little toys. Are you glad we can just BEE Friends?"

Livewire's obnoxious laughter grates all over the area. Green Arrow rolls her eyes at the pun and the bees start coming at her. She fires two more arrows into the move. Supergirl claps her hands and causes them to scatter.

Livewire stands on the rooftop with the Bug-Eyed Bandit control the bees against the heroes. Supergirl fights her way through the swarm with one thought in her mind. She needs to get to Livewire and put a stop to this. It is either said that done amongst all of these bees. Supergirl tries to blow them away only for one of the bees to fly into her mouth.
If Kara was a normal person, that bee could start stinging the inside of her throat and potentially kill her. She sticks a finger down her throat and spits a bee out to smash it against the edge of the building.

Black Canary appears at the edge and uses a Canary Cry to temporarily stun the bees. The bees hover in mid-air. Speedy and Green Arrow pick apart the bees with some target practice.

The lights above them on the street start to explode from Livewire's attacks. Supergirl flies in and snatches the poor civilians out of the way before they can get smashed by the falling lights. They move them across the way and out of harm's way.

A bus hurls down the street out of control. Supergirl sighs and flies towards the bus. Green Arrow runs beside the bus with Speedy on the other side. The two archers shoot out the tires to slow the bus. This allows Supergirl to swoop in and grab the bus before breaking it open.

The bus driver slumps against the seat and breathes heavily. She looks like her entire life flashes before her. Supergirl frees her from the seat and moves her over to get her to a hospital. Black Canary, Green Arrow, and Speedy move in to help them off of the bus.

One unfortunate conclusion reaches them. "Our two bad guys got away."

Her bees burst into flames one by one on the ground. Black Canary grimaces.

"And she learned from last time to put a self-destruct sequence in the damn things!"

Livewire rubs her hands together with glee. A very agitated Brie Larvan sinks herself down on the chair. Fatigue begins to set in with her as she drops down onto the chair. She pulls out the helmet she's developed and gives it a long look.

"Hey, don't worry about those chump heroes. We're going to get the better of them. Those hoods think that they're special. They think they run the entire world."

Brie doesn't necessary disagree with her. "I'm not worried about them."

"ARGUS? Don't worry about them either. They couldn't catch a one legged man in a footrace."

Brie shakes her head and rubs the back of her neck. She runs hot and cold. The rush of being out there and seeing people bow down before her brilliance wear's off. Brie's shaking hands fumble through a case and she pulls out a drug before loading up a syringe. She injects it into the side of her neck and causes the warmth to spread through her body. The spasm in her back fades.

"Now I should be able to finish my work. They spurned my genius and thought that I was mad. They never respected my work."

Leslie raises an eyebrow. "Hey, preach on sister. They never respected my work either. I worked for Cat Grant and gave her the best years of my life and she just threw me out like yesterday's garbage because I didn't treat her new cash cow like the sun shined out of her ass. Just because she was the President's fuck toy in college, doesn't make her special!

She stops just long enough to take a breath.

"But no, Cat Grant has to be the queen of all media and all of us peasants have to grovel before her feet. She's nothing but another Liberal regressive hack who thinks her shit does not stink. She's no better than all of those Alt-Right nutjobs who think everything is part of some kind of Jewish
conspiracy, with lizard people and water that turns frogs gay!"

The rants just hit a deaf ear as Brie gets to work on her little piece of equipment. Her helmet almost reaches completion as she works it over.

"I should be able to control my bees remotely and at a distance. I can stand in New York and control an attack in California when this helmet reaches its full potential."

Leslie's interest piques and she tries to act casual. "So, are you saying that thing? It can control anything remotely."

"Anything that receives a transmission, in theory. I can broadcast to the bees anywhere in this country to anywhere in this country. And when I get sufficient funds, I will be able to build a more powerful helmet and be able to transmit the bees all over the world."

"Oh for crying out loud, you could do more than that. Stop thinking about the bees, and think bigger, much bigger!"

Brie frowns at this outburst from her reluctant partner. She's grateful Leslie's able to get her the drugs needed to maintain a somewhat comfortable existence. That being said, the woman's loud and obnoxious.

"I could be…we could be on every television station, every radio station, we can hijack the Internet, we can ransom people to pay us money and they'd have to do it if they want to get their entertainment back. You can have all of the funds you need to get the treatment you want."

"I want them fear me."

"Crash Facebook for a day and trust me, people will fear you," Leslie dryly responds. "Is that a thing on this Earth?"

Brie ignores that particular statement. She's almost done. All she has to do is run a field test.

A dead end hits both Supergirl and Green Arrow as they walk into position.

"I've picked up some more information on Doctor Larvan and it's unsettling to say the least. She's so desperate to heal her ailment that she visited a faith healer in Gotham City."

Sara has a very bad feeling where this one is going and Felicity does very little to ease her burden.

"The faith healer is a disciple of Deacon Joseph Blackfire."

Of course, of course he was, because why would he not be. The two women prepare to make their next move.

"And for the record, no luck in tracing the signal."

A blaring sound echoes through Kara's ear drum and almost rattles her. She drops down onto the ground right next to Sara. She screams in agony as the sound keeps bombarding her ears.

Sara pops out a pair of ear plugs they use to fight the Siren and slips them into Kara's ears. The sound subsides a little bit.

"That better?"
Kara answers with a nod. "Yeah…I don’t know what in the name of Rao that thing was, but it was awful that sound."

Felicity offers her own explanation. "It might be what they’re using to control the bees."

"Before that thing raped my ears, it came from Southeast."

"I can work with that. Just hold on a sec."

To Be Continued on April 23rd, 2018.

Thank for for the favorites, follows, kudos, views, and comments and I'll see you on Monday for the next chapter.
The business district on the edge of town presents the perfect location for someone to hide out. Some of the businesses previously shut down due to some hard times. While others sprung back up, there were still several blind spots. Many open spots where someone could control a horde of bees if they just chose to.

Supergirl scrunches up her nose in deep thought. She slips the ear piece out of her for a minute. The sound returns, louder and more prominent than ever. The constant assaulting of her ear drum is only something she can withstand for a number of seconds before popping the ear piece back in.

"Yeah, we're getting close."

Green Arrow braces herself for anything. She wishes there's a location that they can go to. Felicity's doing her best to trace the signal, and Black Canary and Speedy do their best to chase down a lead. Green Arrow takes a step forward, hand on the quiver and ready to withdraw some arrows at the moments notice.

A soft buzz brings her attention forward and up into the sky. The buzzing grows in prominence as a small group of mechanical bees comes towards her. Then another swarm joins the first swarm. A third swarm joins the other two and there's a super swarm moving at them.

Green Arrow remains stoic despite the anxiety reaching her body. "I don't think we have to look too much further. They've found us. Of course they would have found us."

The bees circle around them. Sara's never done well with bees to be honest and she can't see herself doing much better with the mechanical version than the real life version. She recalls the awful incident when she was nine. How she crashed her bike into a bee hive and was stung all over her body. Sara grimaces at the memory of spending a week in the hospital and being on anti-biotics for a month because of it.

These bees circling around her trigger those old memories that she tries to block out of her mind. The army of bees, and she has no idea what kind of poison might be in their bodies as well. The information of STAR Labs says they have the capabilities of sending poison into them.

Supergirl's on the attack with her heat vision cutting through the swarm of bees. While this scatters them a little bit, this makes the bees only cyclone around. They buzz nervously.

"You know, if you could find their signal, it would be great."

Felicity keeps cool despite the agitation in her boss's voice. "Well, I'm working on it. If you could tag a tracer arrow on one of the bees, that would help out a lot."

Snapping out of her thoughts puts the Green Arrow in position to fire an arrow. Target acquired with one of the bees buzzing angrily from being connected.

"Good enough for you?"

"Yeah, I got it. It's going to take some time."
Some of the bees dive bomb at the Green Arrow. She dodges out of the way and sends an arrow. The minute the arrow head comes in contact with the bees, a sonic soundwave blasts them and sends them flying backwards. These bees receive a constant bombardment.

Supergirl freezes some of the bees with her super breath. Some of the others snatch Supergirl up in the air by her cape. She breaks free and causes her cape to tear ever so slightly.

Those bees bombard Supergirl one at and time. Their stingers are not able to break through her super powerful skin, but they pose a danger to her costume. The costume rips and tears.

Green Arrow shoots another arrow into this swarm of bees. A net breaks out from the arrow and ensnares the bees. The Green Arrow wishes for the ability to breath a bit more easily, even though it's going to come very hard. The bees keep attacking her.

"We're not getting anywhere!"

Despite the calmness in her movements, Sara agrees one hundred percent with Kara's agitation. One of the bees almost stings her.

Felicity breaks through the buzzing with an anguished declaration."There's something happening… something's overriding the signals. I can't break free and shut down the bees!"

The news just keeps getting better and better. Green Arrow shoots another arrow which releases a fireball into the horde of bees. She takes a deep breath and runs up the wall. The bees dive bomb the wall and sting at her. She manages to stay out of the way. Three arrows come at them .

A sticky glue wraps around the bees and keeps them down to the ground. Supergirl smashes one of them in her hands off to the side. The crushing of the bee triggers an explosion which sends the Girl of Steel flying back onto the ground.

The bees swarm together in a cyclone. Green Arrow and Supergirl stand side by side. A field erupts from the bees and forces them back. Supergirl punches away at the field. The field keeps rippling around her hand. It's very difficult to punch on through the side of the wall. She pounds the field and it snaps her back a few feet. The energy is just too much.

The bees link together and form some super giant bee.

Green Arrow holds in her breath. There are few things worse than a horde of bees. One of them is some super giant bee who rises up into the air. The super bee-mecha smash one of the buildings it flies through. It dive bombs at Green Arrow and Supergirl.

Supergirl snatches Green Arrow around the waist and pulls her off of the ground. The bee dive bombs through the ground and causes everything to shake.

"Great, how are we supposed to fight that?

A plan forms in Green Arrow's mind. "Keep the bee-mecha distracted. I think I can find a weakspot."

Green Arrow drops off to the ground. Supergirl zips in front of the Bee Mecha. The Bee Mecha angrily hums and goes towards Supergirl. She just has the presence of mind to get out of the way of the attack.

A stoic expression forms all over the face of Brie Larvan. Leslie Willis paces back and forth. She
watches the scene on the ground of Supergirl fighting the giant super bee.

"Okay, I'm not sure how you thought a giant bee was going to stop Supergirl. Hell, Superman fought a giant turtle once. Turned out to be is good pal mutated, but that's another story for another time."

Brie ignores the manic ranting from Livewire. This is not going how she planned. The linking of the bees are hard to keep together and a small headache forms in her head. The muscle spasm in her shoulder from the constant thoughts directing the bees returns.

She flips back into the chair. Supergirl bombards them with a cyclone attack. She corkscrews through the bees and sends them flying in every which direction.

"Yeah, who saw that coming? Looks like your plan didn't work."

"Shut up so I can focus!"

Brie snaps a bit more harshly than she wants to. Leslie puts a hand to her mouth to offer a moment of complete silence. The bees keep on with their violent attacks, most of them which direct towards each other. The controller of the bees slips a finger to the edge of her nose and wipes the trickle of blood off of it. She realizes that there's some huge problems, worse than she's ever known.

Green Arrow and Supergil defeat that horde of bees.

"I told you, if you want to beat the big girls, you're going to have to think bigger."

The shock of the helmet ripping off of her causes Brie to almost slump over in her chair. Her shaking hand raises up in the universe sign of stop. Leslie jams the helmet onto her head for a second.

"You don't know what you're doing!" Brie yells in a strangled voice.

"Well, I'm not sure if you knew what you were doing as well. I'm trying to help you out and show that the world does not end with your bees. It's just the beginning of something."

"It's a sophisticated piece of technology. You don't know what it will do."

Leslie just ignores it as she interfaces with the system. Her powers both amplify the reach and also what it can control. A smile crosses over her face as Leslie starts linking into numerous computer systems. Each of them more sophisticated than the last. Her fingers clutch on the side.

"I'll have you know that I used my grandmother's old radio to tune into government radio signals when I was a kid. I know what I'm doing here."

She can feel the power swarming into her body one bit at a time. Given her experience, she knows what to look for and how much to tap into it. Livewire's hand swarms around with her head on a swivel and breaks into a triumphant smile. She almost does a jig, but fortunately, she manages to spare the world of that.

"The government should know better than to keep their alien stomping drones in my reach. You never know what I might do with them."

Glee spreads through the face of Livewire. These drones were there in case of an alien invasion and it would be a good thing to stomp out their resident alien menace.

Brie drops back with no choice other than to watch this insanity unfold. She bares witness to the large alien seeking drones coming out of the water. She becomes grudgingly impressed with
Livewire's ability to take the helmet several times its normal capacity.

'I just hope it doesn't blow up in our faces.'

'I swear, I'd be the happiest woman on Earth if I never saw another bee.'

The Green Arrow keeps herself steady. Supergirl, with a slightly ripped up cape, makes her way over to her. They notice an entrance to a large tower with a satellite array on the top of it. Supergirl looks over her shoulder and takes a deep breath.

"I don't suppose that could be the place."

"Yeah, I'd figure that might be the place."

"We have a problem."

Sara reaches for her bow at the sound of Felicity's voice. It's kind of garbled the closer that they get to the tower. "Yes, Felicity."

"Well, you remember how we have a monitor on the ARGUS network after the Vertigo incident. How, we wanted to be forewarned if some bad guy took control of ARGUS's technology again."

"Yes."

"I bet you can't guess what happened. It turned out some bad guy took control of the ARGUS technology and is about ready to launch an attack on you. And they've now locked me out of the system. The good news is that I've found out what they are. The bad news is, they are drones primed to take out alien targets. And they're geared for Kryptonians."

Three large drones about the size of a bus rise out of the river next to them. They have many weapons systems. Supergirl rushes to engage the drone. One of them fires a beam of light. The heat turns very immense and comes very close to connecting with her. The Girl of Steel avoids the attack which comes very close to clipping the side of her face.

Green Arrow thinks she might need something more than a bow. There has to be a weak spot.

"Felicity, get back in the system."

"Working on it, boss. It's becoming a tad bit tricky to get in there."

"Keep working at it. I'm going to try and get in from the inside."

Supergirl dodges the attacks. Large bolts of Kryptonite energy shoot at Supergirl. Her shields hold to block out the harmful radiation, compliments of her amazing girlfriend. Unfortunately, if one of the bolts penetrates her skin, shield or not, it's going to lead to some problems.

"Supergirl! You're going down! You just had to be the hero and save the day!"

Livewire's voice comes out and she bombards Supergirl with more attacks from the drone. She picks up a large rock and hurls it at the side of the drone with some kind of super-sonic fast ball special. The rock explodes into several particles the second it comes close.

"You had to be the good girl! You had to be the hero!"

The drones blow up the ground and send rocks flying in every direction. Supergirl rushes the drone
from underneath. The discharge of energy causes her costume to burn. It sends a beam of light down and comes close to trapping Supergirl within an energy field.

Green Arrow fires three arrows up into the air. They release a sonic blast which temporarily backs off one of the drones. Only two more go into the attack. One of them opens up and launches missiles at the duo. Supergirl and Green Arrow avoid the attack and the missiles blow a hole through the side entrance of the building and rock it.

"Okay, I've got a plan. You're going to need to follow my lead."

Supergirl nods as Green Arrow motions for her. "Lead those things away from here. I'm going to get inside and get Felicity a more direct link. She's going to hopefully get on the same frequency that Larvan used to control the bees and shut these things down."

"It shouldn't be too many problems to get those things off your ass."

Supergirl moves out of the way and goes up to the air. "Hey, Livewire! You want me! Here I am!"

The Green Arrow thanks everything that Livewire made an entrance for her to slip inside. It's going to make everything so much easier for her to get in that way. She slips through the entrance and makes her way into facility.

The drones direct their full and undivided attention to Supergirl. One of them engages a missile.

Supergirl closes her eyes. Either this plan's going to work or it is going to suck big time for her. She jumps on top of the one of the drones.

"You couldn't hit me if I had an "X" on my chest!"

"Oh, you bitch! You're going to pay for mocking me!"

Livewire sends the missile at Supergirl. Supergirl jumps out of the way. The missile impacts the side of the drone with a very direct hit and blows it up. The other drones come above the air at her. Supergirl takes a deep breath at it.

"Green Arrow's inside. And Black Canary and Speedy are on their way to your location. You should only have to play tag with these things for a little longer."

One of the beams connects and launches Supergirl up into the air. The second drone comes in and cuts a beam to the ground. It comes close to slicing her completely in half. Supergirl feels the heat approach her. She comes up and picks up the busted piece of the drone and hurls it into the air.

A dozen more black orbs appear into the air. They flash into light.

"Don't worry, these aren't attack drones, girl scout. No, they're just here to monitor the end of Supergirl for the entire world to see."

Supergirl really hopes that Livewire does not do the super villain laugh. It always makes things all that much more awkward. Her super powerful eye sight spots two more figures moving into the picture.

Help is on the way and fortunately, not a moment too soon.

If Green Arrow had a dollar for every air vent she had to crawl into, well she would have a few hundred dollars. The stench of this air vent almost overpowers her when she moves over to the
ground. She undoes the bolts of the vent covering and manages to hold onto it while sliding out.

She softly lands on the ground and steps over. Green Arrow crouches behind a large piece of equipment. The images of a battle between Supergirl and the remaining two attack drones picks up on the screen. Green Arrow cannot focus on that. She has other things to focus on.

The helmet's connected into the computer which Brie's sitting next to. She's more distracted in babysitting what Livewire's doing. This allows Sara to move in.

Livewire's insane fixation with Supergirl allows Sara to be in the perfect position to hook up with the computer in the back. She connects in and the code flashes across the screen.

"Got it!"

The signal sends to the Clocktower. Livewire's eye twitches and she turns around to send a bolt of lightning over the edge of the computer.

The Green Arrow jumps up to her feet and comes face to face with Livewire.

"You made a pretty bad move, Hoodie Girl! You should have known better than to get involved."

Brie's eyes narrow the very second the Green Arrow turns up. This is not going her way. She reaches over and grabs a remote control off of the table to call her bees. Only something goes wrong. She keeps pressing the button and instead of the bees coming for her, a signal jams. Brie grits her teeth the harder she pushes the button and the more the bees are not coming.

"There's something wrong. I can't control my bees."

Livewire blasts the lightning at Green Arrow who dodges the attack. The helmet is wireless which allows Livewire to move around and start attacking her. The Green Arrow puts her arrows in and fires three of them over Livewire's head.

"You missed!"

"No, I didn't."

A triggered explosion blasts open a large tank which causes water to spill all over Livewire. She screams out in agony when her body discharges power. She tries to get away from the water, but the damage has been done.

Now, she's just as normal as any other woman out there. The Green Arrow jumps up and snaps off a huge roundhouse kick to send Livewire crashing down onto the ground. Livewire slumps over onto the ground.

Brie's eyes widen as she follows the progress of the battle. She makes her way to the nearest exit only to run into a figure from behind her.

She turns around and notices Black Canary standing behind her. For the third time, Black Canary's played no small role in stopping her plans. Speedy follows and Supergirl drops down from the ceiling beside her.

Black Canary looks her dead on in the eye. "If I were you, I wouldn't make this any harder on herself."

Without her bees, Brie's as helpless as a kitten in the rain. She drops down to her knees and puts her
hands over the head in the universal sign of surrender. Black Canary snaps a pair of handcuffs on her back and then moves over to snap a collar onto Livewire.

"With the fishnets and leather, you must be into some kinky shit," she responds in a very tired voice.

Black Canary just flashes a smile over her face and helps Livewire to her feet. Several members of ARGUS arrive to pick up the two criminals.

Supergirl realizes that she might have some trouble getting Livewire back to her Earth.

"So, how reasonable is this Waller person?"

Green Arrow just puts a hand on Supergirl's shoulder in a way that makes her groan just a little bit. This is going to be a long one.

The aftermath happens, with Supergirl standing on the rooftop. She's contacted the DEO, and hopefully J'onn, or Hank Henshaw as the world knows him, will be able to sort this out with Livewire. She watches as ARGUS makes sure both Livewire and the Bug-Eyed Bandit remain in custody and in the inhibitor collars and cuffs that they have.

"She should be secure."

"Yes, now we're getting metas from yet another Earth. As if we didn't have enough problems."

Supergirl feels their pain. The smell of scorching fabric reminds her how much of a beating her costume took in this battle.

Green Arrow appears right next to Supergirl which she only barely hears. "They're going to keep Livewire in custody until this gets sorted out. I have a friend in ARGUS who is going to help mediate the discussions. I don't think anyone ever expected there to be a need for an extradition agreement between two Earths, but I guess times have changed."

"They have."

Supergirl flashes a smile at Green Arrow. "So, I better be heading back."

"Before you go, how about you come back to my place for a cup of coffee?"

Another grin flashes on her face. "They call it that on your Earth too?"

Green Arrow gives her a smile beneath the hood. "I don't have any idea what you're talking about."

A small amount of sarcasm appears in Supergirl's voice. "Right! Of course you don't. But I suppose coffee won't hurt!"

To Be Continued on April 24th, 2018.

Thanks for the favorites, follows, views, kudos, and comments and I will see you on Tuesday for the next chapter.
So, the following chapter contents strictly shameless smut and no plot. If you are reading for the plot, feel free to skip past this chapter.

Chapter One Fifty-Two: World's Finest Part Three.

A nice relaxing evening after the attack on Starling City earlier followed. It's getting very late at night. Kara switches out into some more casual clothes. Sara exits the kitchen, having made them a cup of coffee. She now wears a white sleeveless top and a pair of black shorts. She wears them pretty well.

"Hope you like your coffee."

Kara really did not think that they were truly going back for coffee. The coffee drops on the table and Kara takes it before drinking it. Sara sits down next to her and the two of them enjoy their coffee together.

A couple of moments pass as the two ladies enjoy each other's company. Sara decides to break the ice with a question. "So how are you doing?"

Kara puts down the cup of coffee on the table for a second. "Other than the Livewire escaping thing, everything's been pretty silent over on my Earth. Sure, there has been an alien fugitive here or there, but nothing that Supergirl can't handle. But for some reason, it just feels like there's a calm before a really big storm."

Sara shifts a slight little bit and drinks her coffee. "I've had that feeling too."

Both ladies drink their coffee in silence. Kara decides to further break in with a question of her own. "So, how have you been here since you left? There's just…well no offense, but you seem a bit tense today."

"Really? I thought I did a pretty good job of hiding that tension. I guess it wasn't good enough."

A sheepish smile moves over Kara's face. Sara just puts a hand on her shoulder and makes her shift on the couch. The sounds of crickets outside momentarily distract both women before they move back to the conversation at hand.

"The truth is, there's been a lot going on. Gang activity's ramping up in Starling City once again, along with the drug trade. I've been helping Iris dealing with an enemy, although he seems to be finished for now. An old enemy of my mother's is haunting me, and from beyond the grave. The only good thing is that the terrorist organization that I'm fought has agreed to back off of Starling City now that I returned the daughter of one of their enemies from her captor."

Sara lets out her words in a deep breath.

"And another person I knew returned brain washed and crazy because of that old enemy of my mother. And we still haven't found a way to break the conditioning on her."
There's a lot to take in and Kara does not envy Sara for everything she's gone through.

"Well, if you ever need some help, some more help, I'm about...well there's about thirty-six different Earths between us. But you still have the way to contact me, or Alia, when she gets back. If you need us, we'll be ready to help."

"Thanks, I appreciate it."

The two women put the coffee down so they can properly meet for a kiss. Sara's aggressive kiss almost takes Kara off guard. Kara, having plenty of experience in dealing with a woman who can dominate her, kisses her hard on the mouth in response.

A long, and passionate kiss, follows before Sara pulls away from Kara. She lightly brushes a strand of hair away from Kara's face and smiles at her.

"You know, I haven't shown you the bedroom yet."

The hint in Sara's voice causes a bit of arousal to come through Kara's body. She rises up and Sara leads the way. She gives a very nice view as well. Sara opens the bedroom door and allows them both inside.

Kara whistles at the nice curtains in the bedroom, the soft carpet looking carpet, and the nice large bed off to the side with satin sheets on it. She leans down and puts a hand to the bed. They feel so soft and made of the finest materials. The bed's pretty large, but Kara thinks she might just be repetitive with. Red light bathes the room the second Kara steps inside to get a good look.

"Given how many fine women sleep over, I think that you would agree there's a need for a big bed. If we ever make it to the bedroom that is."

Sara's arms wrap around Kara from behind. Sweet kisses apply to the back of her neck and make Kara moan in response. Sara's roaming hands make her body feel so good, in ways which she can hardly imagine. Sara's driving her completely insane with lust and the pleasure which went along with it.

Her top comes off on the floor. Kara's wearing nothing other than a blue bra from the waist down. Sara spins Kara around and in a flash, Sara's wearing a black bra. The two women meet again for another fiery kiss. Aptly named because it results in Sara setting Kara's loins on fire from the passion of the kiss.

Kara drops down onto the bed and Sara relieves her of her skirt. Her panties reveal themselves for Sara. Sara puts a hand on Kara's crotch and smiles. She rubs Kara through the Girl of Steel's covered core. This gets her moaning and having her hips bump up on the bed.

"Oh, Rao."

Sara turns around and removes her shorts so Kara could have a nice look at her thong clad ass. The perfect form of Sara's ass causes Kara's mouth to become very dry for a second because of the drool leaving it. Sara pulls down her thong to reveal her smooth and wet pussy for the Girl of Steel.

Two sets of lips meet each other. Sara forces her tongue in Kara's mouth and both of them kiss hard. Her bra comes off and their nipples rub together as well.

The friction of their bodies meeting together makes things a very hot encounter. Sara breaks away from Kara to leave her with red puffy lips, in more ways then one. She flips Kara over onto the bed and then shoves her fingers deep inside of her.
"You like my fingers in you. Don't you?"

Kara moans in confirmation. Sara's breasts press against her back. They are so soft and supple. Kara almost forgets how good Sara feels. She throws her fingers deep inside of Kara and keeps working her over. The stretching of those fingers inside of her pussy makes Kara gush like something fierce.

She overflows and Sara pulls out of Kara before she goes too far over the edge. She leans in and kisses Kara across the back of the neck. She touches those pleasure spots on Kara's body to trigger further arousal. She leans down and nibbles Kara's neck to cause her to pleasure.

"Those aren't just red moodlights either by the way. See, I really want to see you sweat."

Sara wraps her mouth around Kara's neck and sucks on it. She feels a tingle as Sara's skilled hands and mouth work her over. Kara's completely brought back down and really enjoying what Sara's doing to her now. It was not that Supergirl was not having fun before but this brings the fun to an entirely different level.

"Oh, Sara, please, I need you to fuck me."

"In time."

Kara rolls over onto her back and Sara stands over her. Kara looks up between her legs and the sight makes her grow weak with desire.

"First, I need something from you."

Sara rises up onto the bed and now is standing over Kara. She lowers down and sits on Kara's beautiful face. She opens up her mouth and then slides a tongue deep inside of her body. Kara's vibrating tongue shoves deep inside of Sara's dripping hot slit.

The lovely feeling of Kara's skilled hands and warm tongue all over her body drives Sara completely over the edge with pleasure. She reaches up to play with her nipples. Kara's hands cup and squeeze her ass while eating her mouth. Her mouth switches to Sara's clit ever so briefly.

Kara intends to make Sara feel really good by licking her pussy and getting it nice and wet. Her tongue rotates deep inside of her.

"Supergirl has a nice super tongue! Deeper, go deeper, really show me how much you want my pussy. Show me how much you want me to fuck your pussy! Make me cum!"

Her tongue dances against Sara's gushing hole with ease. The warmth and the moisture and the desire to taste more of her sends Kara over the edge. She explodes into lust and goes deep into Sara's hole to give the woman what she wants. Her hands roam freely. Every inch of Sara's beautiful and muscular body is hers to attack.

Kara's fingers drag deep against Sara's body. Sara rides Kara's face and saturates every inch of it with her arousal. She leans back and screams in pleasure while driving more of Kara inside of her. Kara holds onto her and keeps munching on Sara.

Sara's moans only increase. "Getting so close, baby. You're not going to give out on me now. You're not going to leave me hanging, are you?"

Kara's fingers dig into Sara's back and then go into her body. She keeps driving her tongue deep inside of Sara and then pulls out of her at the last possible second. Kara jams herself back in to taste the growing arousal from the woman riding her face. It feels really good to have Sara's firm thighs
just smacking up and down against her face and leaving the arousal standing her body.

"Good! Again! AGAIN!"

Sara crashes herself down on Kara's face and saturates every inch of it with her arousal. She rotates her hips up and down on Kara and makes her work for what she's doing. The entire world of pleasure increases with Kara sliding her tongue deep inside of her.

An explosion of her juices soaks Kara's face all the way through. Kara gasps in pleasure the second that Sara finishes riding her face.

The next thing they know, Sara leans down and gives Kara's pussy a kiss. Her hips twitch up from Sara stimulating it in all of the right ways.

She pulls Kara up into a heated embrace and smothers her with kisses. Sara tastes her own juices over Kara's face and mouth.

"You've done a good job. Your face is pretty soaked. I think that mandates a nice little reward."

Sara wraps her hand around Kara's firm backside and squeezes it. Kara throws her head back and allows a moan to escape her throat.

"Wouldn't you agree, my love?"

Kara answers with a nod. She has no idea when Sara slips a strap on. Then again, these ninjas are pretty good at the slight of hand, so Kara's not questioning it too much. Their lips smother together in another aggressive kiss. Now that Kara's brought down to earth, Sara bruises Kara's lips with a kiss. This turns her on with an excitement.

"You're really enjoying this. You're enjoying being mortal and being dominated. I bet you'd enjoy bouncing your tight little pussy against my cock when you ride me."

Sara lifts up Kara's legs and push them around her waist. She marvels at how nice they feel. Kara's nipples grow very hard and Sara cannot help to pay them tribute as well. She leans in and grabs onto Kara's nipples to squeeze them very hard.

"I want you. I want you to fuck me. Please."

"Asking so nicely will get you want you want."

Kara's moist canal pushes down onto Sara's strap on. The two slide together and their warm pussies meet together. Kara's grip around Sara's waist tightens when she moves face to face with Sara. She rotates herself up and down and starts to ride Sara.

Sara holds her hand on the back of Kara's leg and causes her to moan. She knows all of the spots.

"I can make you explode with a simple touch. But you love that, don't you? You love being a slutty little Supergirl."

Those words make Kara's pussy throb. She tries to protest that she's a good girl. Her body reacting in such a hot and intense manner with Sara's actions just makes her bounce up and down. Kara's legs grab onto Sara's waist and she takes the cock inside of her.

Sara holds onto her lover's waist and spears her tight pussy. Every inch of Kara's up for grabs and makes Sara excited. She wants to be deep inside of Kara's warm pussy. The deeper she shoves in,
the more Kara reacts. Kara throws her head back.

"And I thought my sister was a screamer."

The reminder that Sara regularly fucks her sister makes Kara overflow with those juices. She drives down onto Sara, their hips meeting together. Kara really does have no room to talk about carnal relations with family members, whether adoptive or blood, but that's beside the point.

Their lips latch over each other and they keep kissing each other. Sara and Kara meet in the middle with their arousal meeting up. Limbs entangle into each other and lips just meet into the middle, taking each other with pleasure. Kara jams her tongue further into Sara's mouth and then pushes back up into her.

Their bodies keep working together, with the pleasure increasing between both sides. Kara slides herself down onto the cock. Her entire body vibrates with the pleasure this arousal brings her.

"And now, you're going to cum all over my nice big cock."

A smack on her ass only just inspires Kara to keep riding her. She works on a sweat, a hell of a sweat. The only one who fucked her like this is Alia, and that's without the help of simulated red solar lights. And Kara's pretty sure that Alia's part-succubus, although she's never been able to confirm or deny that fact.

Sara enjoys the tension building up in her loins the further she smashes the beautiful super pussy descending into her. She loves dominating this lady.

Tonight, they're both relieving some tensions and that's good. Sara decides to indulge herself on Kara's perky little nipples. They taste really good in her mouth. Sara holds herself into Kara's chest and sucks on them to make the hunger increase through her body.

They meet each other several more times throughout this night. Sara rises up and drives herself into Kara when she keeps driving down onto her.

Kara digs her nails into Sara's shoulder. She's so close, and yet so far. Her toes curl from another orgasm. Words fail her, only giving way to loud moans. Their wet thighs keep smacking together in the ultimate expression of sexual lust.

Their bodies keep meeting. Sara enjoys making this divine being soaking wet. It brings tingles throughout her body. She drives Kara's face down between her tits and makes her suck them. Kara sucks on Sara's firm breasts.

"You're doing such a good job that you're going to make me cum. Go ahead baby. Keep sucking me. You're going to get a good reward soon enough."

Good girls get rewards and Kara shows Sara how good she can be. Her mouth roams over Sara's nipples and switches from one side to the other. Kara's pleased to get the skilled warrior moaning and also preparing to cream the inside of her pussy with juices building up in that nice little device.

Kara's hips rise up and meet Sara. The two ladies join together with a passionate embrace. They hotly kiss each other while working up and down against each other.

Sara pulls away from Kara and smiles at her. "After you."

The release inside of Kara causes her to tighten around the tool sliding inside of her. Every inch of their bodies just merge together. They brush together nipple by nipple with each other.
Sara hangs on for the end and then plants herself into Kara. She spills her juices into Kara. Their loins combine with a nice little discharge with Sara holding onto Kara and continuing to drive into her body from underneath. Her hands lock onto Kara the deeper she pushes into her.

The dust clears and Kara pulls away from Sara. She drops onto her side. Sara just smiles and wraps her arm around Kara and lays down onto her about ready to slide into her at a moment's notice.

"It's just too tempting not to fuck this tight little pussy into submission again."

Sara pushes against Kara from behind. Her breasts rub against Kara's back and send a buzz through her body. Kara's own nipples receive a firm grip from Sara. Both ladies lie on their side as Sara slides into Kara's wet hole one more time and drives into her.

The explosion of warmth through her nerve endings makes this a very nice encounter and one that Kara wants to feel all through the night. Her hunger and body only increases the deeper Sara plunges into her.

Fingers entangle in Kara's hair. Sara inhales the beautiful scent and absorbs the soft and delicious moans. Kara really wants to be taken and Sara's more than able to do so.

Sara works over Kara's body and makes sure her own orgasm comes closer. She does not pull the trigger. Sara teases both Kara and herself to make her body just rise up. Kara's breathing and heavy moaning.

"I need to cum!"

"I know what you need, baby. And I'll give it to you soon enough."

More kisses connect with the back of Kara's neck and make her thrash upon the bed, with hungry moans. Sara uses those moans as fuel to reach the end.

The two ladies share a mutual climax as the night ticks on with Sara riding her way through a roller coaster ride of never ending pleasure. She takes Kara's body and leaves her feeling it all the way up until she turns the lamps of and the sun rises in the morning.

In the meantime, a smile of content spreads over Kara's face after Sara pleasures her every inch of the way. This entire trip works out pretty good in the end.

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To Be Continued on April 26th, 2018.

Thanks for the favorites, follows, views, kudos, and comments and I'll see you on Thursday for the next chapter.
Chapter One Hundred and Fifty-Three: Scars Never Heal Part One.

The Green Arrow perches over the rooftop looking over one of the older buildings in Starling City. There have been mysterious attacks over the last couple of days.

"Yeah, this is about the third of them. Mysterious deaths. All of them violently disfigured with a broken arrow head next to their body. And before they were disfigured, they were severely beaten. We might be able to get something here because this one's fresh."

The police linger around which is not a problem for Green Arrow. She hitches her breath and drops down to the ground. "I'm going in."

Felicity comes up over the communication link. "Good luck."

In this line of work, luck is only a distraction. The Green Arrow moves in and sticks to the shadows. The cops move off in the other direction which spares her a few minutes of face time against the victim. She eyes a wall off to the side and notices that it's busted.

"Whoever attacked this guy hurled him through the wall."

Green Arrow bends down to get another closer look. The number of bruises on his face and arms were the only visible arms. The slashes burying into his face indicate someone went to down with a busted arrowhead. Green Arrow circumnavigates the steps around them.

A figure appears at the top of the steps and hurls a dagger at the Green Arrow. The Green Arrow moves off to the side and fires an arrow at the attacker. She almost nails him in the back of the head with it.

The Green Arrow gives pursuit up the steps to the individual in question. He swings a pipe at the Green Arrow. She crouches down to the dodge the attack. She blocks a second back swing with the pipe and comes back with a series of punches to rock her enemy. She knocks him almost over the stairway. The man dangles for a brief second. The Green Arrow catches him right before he drops.

"What are you up to?"

The man's hood slips off and he looks at the Green Arrow with a dazed smile. "Soon, the entire world will come crashing down upon you, Archer."

A clicking noise tells Green Arrow she better move. She jumps up to the landing as the stairs explode underneath her. Two more figures come down the second set of stairs. The Green Arrow puts arrows into them quickly to eliminate them. Another figure wearing black appears on the steps. A hood pulls over his face with glowing red eyes coming over him.

Three arrows fire at the next figure. He pushes through and bombards Green Arrow with a vicious punch which sends her down the steps. She struggles to get to a standing position. The figure charges at her again and nails the Green Arrow with multiple punches.

She dangles in the hole made in the steps. The figure stomps the steps and causes them to crumble even more. The Green Arrow drops down several feet below underneath. The hole she crashes down into makes her hit very hard on the concrete.
Green Arrow turns around with her entire body aching in misery. It's very hard to hold her head up. Two glowing red eyes look down at her from several floors above. The Green Arrow tries to grab onto the wall only to find out that there's no foothold on it. With her bow smashed underneath a pile of debris, it's going to be difficult.

"It's nothing personal."

Those glowing red eyes just lock down onto her.

"It's just between myself and your partner. The Red Arrow or whatever she's calling herself. She's ruined my life. I'm going to end hers."

The Green Arrow jumps onto the wall. Two more goons fire at her and send bullets raining down at her. The Green Arrow drops down to take cover and avoid the shots.

Darkness comes across the area as someone covers the area that Green Arrow has been knocked into. She pulls a couple of very deep breaths. She moves to reclaim her bow and get a way out of here. Two bottles lie broken on the ground.

Green Arrow holds her breath. She has no idea what's in the chemicals on the ground, but it's making her extremely dizzy and light headed.

"It's only a matter of time before you end like this."

A taunting voice echoes through her mind. Green Arrow tries to block it out of her mind. She moves to the wall only to find that her knee goes out from underneath her. She refuses to go down that easily. Persistence and determination forces the Green Arrow to grab onto a board and use it as a makeshift crutch.

"And slowly, you draw in your last breath. Much like I did some time ago when your dear mother crushed the life out of my body."

Green Arrow's eyes flash open. "Blackfire. No, you can't be here."

"I am always here. I am always around. I am a part of this world that people refuse to open their minds to, but deep down they always know is there. I am strongest around those who have committed sin and you, my dear, have committed sin tenfold."

The last thing Sara Lance wished to hear was some kind of religious sermon when she's trapped under ground. They did a fine enough job in sealing a hole in the top of the area, but there had to be another way out.

Sara shakes her head. Losing it right now is not going to do her any good.

Two figures, one dressed in red and another dressed in black, makes their way into the picture. Thea and Cass heard of Sara's last transmission and since they were in the Clocktower at the time, Felicity asks them to check it out and they decided that it's important.

Cass senses something in the air, that she does not understand and likes even less. She puts a hand on Thea's shoulder. "Keep your eyes open. It's bad."

Thea swallows and understands where Cass is getting at. If something or someone hurt Sara, then it's pretty bad to begin with. Sara's the strongest and most resilient person Thea knows, and Thea knows a fair few strong and resilient people in her life.
A barricade, makeshift with several trash cans, and saw horses, lie in the middle of street. A group of robed figures start pumping their fists into the air and chanting something underneath their mouths.

"Blackfire."

One word from Cass puts Thea on high alert. Those loud chants only get louder when the two fierce females move a bit closer. They surround a mannequin wearing a red hood.

"She will pay for her sins!"

They all cheer out loud. A figure wearing an overcoat gives a nod. They all dose the mannequin in gasoline and one of them lights it on fire. They all cheer out loudly.

Thea watches the scene, the figure in the red hood. "I'm surprised it's not a green hood."

"You might have done something."

It's hard to disagree with Cass. Thea's threw hands with a lot of bad guys, but has she done it to the extent where they got this pissed off. She does not have the answer. The figure in the overcoat moves in with the followers all dropping down before them.

"The Red Arrow destroyed our life. She ruined our organization. Now, we are going to destroy her and burn everything that she holds dear. And if this city falls with it, then it will be a sacrifice. We have seen the light!"

They all pump their fists into the air. Thea frowns and she turns to Cass.

"What kind of nutcase refers to himself as we?"

Cass shakes her head and points downward. The two women see a weak spot in some of the cultists. They could go full blown riot and put innocent people in danger right away. This fact makes it kind of important for them to move in and take out any threat before it becomes a threat.

A loud crack follows with Cass bringing one of the follows into the shadows. She pounds a series of punches into the side of the head of the attacker. Another turns around and Cass is already gone.

Only for her to come from behind the attacker and hook him around the side of the neck. She pushes in on a nerve ending and paralyzes the man to drop him onto the ground.

Speedy rolls in and takes the leg out from underneath a man. Another man comes at her. The deranged cultist receives an arrow to the knee.

A glimpse of the gentlemen in the overcoat causes Thea to be taken aback. The gaunt pale face, black lips, and red eyes aside, she runs into a severely disfigured Derek Sampson. She understands now why he has a such a mad on with him.

"Sampson, I thought that you'd learn your lesson after the last time."

"Derek Sampson is no more. We know you've caused that. But, we will gain your revenge on you. Stardust is the only thing is left. We rule the Fifth Dimension. We will right the scales and gain revenge on behalf of Sampson!"

"Are you getting high off of your own drugs?"

Two of the cultists rush in front of Thea. She makes quick work of them dropping them down to the ground. A third will attack her from behind. Cass has Thea's back and takes him down to the ground.
"By the time things are over you will never forget the name of Stardust!"

Speedy avoids the attack from one of the archers who try and reenact her burning in effigy with a flaming piece of wood. She dodges the attack from one of the enemies and comes back with a series of kicks to crack him in the side of the face.

"You will not take us! You will not stop us!"

The situation gets a bit more complicated when hostages come out of the picture. A woman and her two children are brought out. One of the cultists holds a knife to the young boy's throat. Thea and Cass move in. They are demented enough to kill an innocent woman and her children.

'Okay, I don't know how much more oxygen I have left. I'm going to have to...I'm going to have to conserve my strength.'

The only solace is that Sara did not hear the voice of the phantom in the distance over the next couple of minutes. The bad news is that she's not getting out the same way she got in. Moving through the basement offers now cues of what's been happening.

"Every heart beat you make is like a tick of the clock. Eventually the sands of time will snuff out your life."

She spoke too soon apparently. Sara moves a little bit through the distance. She's in some kind of utility room area, so there has to be a way out of here somewhere. No one in their right mind would build a door without a room.

A singing child causes Sara to look up. She notices a small child sitting cross legged on the ground. She runs her fingers over the head of a doll wearing a green hood and a miniature box and quiver set sits next to it. Sara moves a bit closer. She tries to offer the girl reassurance.

The girl turns around to reveal sunken in eye sockets with maggots crawling out of it and worms dangling from her mouth. The child drops down to the ground, exploding into dust, maggots, and worms. Sara's stomach takes a turn for the worst.

"The line between fantasy and reality is very dim."

Sara puts a hand to the top of her head. She notices the familiar figure of Deacon Blackfire appearing in the distance in all of his glory, if one could call him glorious. Sara doubts that one could. He dresses like someone out of the backwoods with a grotesquely messy beard and greasy looking hair. His brimmed hat covers his face. He looks at her with a knowing smile.

She crosses the room and notices a door on the other side. And the sound of scrapping on the other side of the other side. Sara rushes in and tries to grab the door and shove it open.

"Did you really think it would be that easy?"

The Green Arrow bounces herself off of the door. She lands on the ground and realizes something.

"You understand what's going on. They seal you in. Brick by brick, and sealing your tomb. But, perhaps you should thank me."

Sara has no idea why she should ever thank a monster like Deacon Blackfire.

"It's a mercy that you will die in this tomb tonight, not living long enough to see the death of the city
you've failed to protect along with the rest of the world. Starling City is full of sinners and monsters, and you have failed to eliminate them. The sins you carry is more abundant than all."

Green Arrow blocks his voice out of her head. It's difficult to do due to the fact that it just pounds in the back of her mind like a jackhammer and constantly threatens to bust her skull.

"It approaches near. And it will only be a mercy for yourself, when your body lies at the bottom of this building. The worms and maggots you see will feast upon your rotten flesh. But, you will not be alive when he arrives. On the night of the Blood Moon, Trigon will rise again. But, you will die tonight. Consider it a gift for all of the enjoyment that you've given me over the years."

His voice drops a little bit lower and slightly creepier.

"You were favorite plaything. But I'm done playing."

Sara's trying to get her thoughts together. She's pulled herself out of worst fixes than this. She looks up above her head and sand seeps in above her head.

'I could be seeing things. The deprivation of oxygen, it does strange things.'

"As you get slightly lulled to sleep, I will be with you always. You cannot lose me. I have been with you every step of this way. My presence was there on the night that the Queen's Gambit went down. Drawn there by your sin of mind, the fact you willingly stole your sister's boyfriend from her and married him. And you copulated with him, knowing that your sister gave her heart to Oliver Queen. But your sister was not much better, willingly and woefully committing the crime of incest and fornication alongside those of the same sex."

Sara blocks the sermon out of her mind and renews her focus. He makes it difficult.

"But, the righteous will win out in the end!"

'There's got to be a way out.'

Sara's never felt this hopeless. Her mind flashes back to that night on the Queen's Gambit. She finds herself being dragged underneath the water, the cold water hitting her, the feeling that she was going to die renewing stronger than ever.

She holds her breath, as a similar feeling hits her. The sand pours in above her head and is now up to her ankles. Maggots start poking out from underneath the ground.

'No, I'm not dead yet.'

The hostages quiver in fear. It sickens Thea to see how much these people are going to suffer because of this madman. Sampson's sunken in eyes lock onto Speedy from afar. All the hate burns into his eyes.

She doubts he has a better nature of appeal to. But it would be stupid enough to try. "You need to let them go. Whatever is going on, it's between me and you."

"You protect these people. Therefore, they are guilty as them."

"Let my children go."

The woman whimpers in horror. The monster does not even blink. One of the cultists presses the knife to the throat of the young boy. One single will slice his throat. The young girl shakes in
madness once again. Thea cannot save all of them at once given how spread out they are.

"You want me, come and get me!"

Sampson's jumps into the air and punches the street to cause Speedy to fly back a couple of feet. She jumps back up just in time for Sampson to charge her. She dodges the attack from this monster and all he does is punch into the wall. Speedy does a leaping attack and fires an arrow at his back.

The arrow bends at the man's back and offers no noticeable effect. His eyes flash to life and show how much of a monster he is. He charges Speedy. Speedy dodges the attack and nails Sampson with a series of kicks to the back of the leg.

The young boy almost screams in horror. A figure grabs the man holding him and spins his arm around. The knife stabs into the man holding the young girl. The two children break away.

Cass moves over quick, grabs the cultist around the neck, and stabs him in the side of the neck with a two finger strike. He drops to the ground.

"Run!"

One simple word causes them to run off. Cass fights her way through the mad cultists. She grabs one of them around the arm and snaps it. She takes the knife from the man's hand and plunges it into the stomach of the attacker to drop him down onto the ground.

Sampson's eyes widen over in rage. He punches at Speedy, but she dodges the attack. He keeps coming at her and no matter what, she has to keep fighting.

Several arrows unload and there's no effect. He keeps walking forward and making sure that there's no way to get to her.

Cass jumps up and nails him with a shot to the back of the neck. Sampson turns around and grabs Cass around the throat. He hurls her back against the wall.

Speedy sends an arrow at his knee and a discharge of electricity connects to him. She jumps up high into the air and catches him with a kick to the back of the head. Another kick to the side of the head is caught. She flips down onto the ground.

Sampson grabs her around the waist and shoves her against the wall. He rears back and nails Speedy in the chest with a palm strike.

The sizing up of her chest makes it very hear for Speedy to breath. Her knuckles turn white. Sampson smashes her with another attack which knocks her down onto the ground.

He scoops up Speedy and makes his way across the street.

"We will make you pay for what you've done to Sampson."

The battered and bruised body of Cassandra Cain pulls herself up. It's been a long time since she's felt true pain. Hell, one of the keystones of her training was the ability to block out most pain. When she really feels it, it's a huge problem.

"Speedy's gone."

Felicity lets out a very harsh breath. "Yeah, I was afraid of that. I haven't been able to pick up Sara. I think something's really wrong."
"Yes."

Cass's short and snappy tone comes over the communication link. She has to pick up the trail before it goes cold. The cultists, the ones that were conscious, left already. She kneels down for a second and tries to shut out the agony of the fractures Sampson gave her by hurling her through a wall.

Sampson and Blackfire joining forces spells some pretty bad news for everyone involved.

"I know all about your family, all too well. But, you don't know a thing about mine, do you?"

Green Arrow supposes she doesn't have a choice to listen to him.

"My father was a vile and rotten man, sickening and disgusting, would rather spend some time inside of the bottle than with his own family. My mother is a harlot, she reminds me a little bit of you come to think of it. And my brother, well he's nothing over than a charlatan. He claims to spread the gospel, but all he brings shame to the Blackfire name. He's nothing, nothing. And my sister…well that's the real tragedy of it all."

Green Arrow tries to kick her way out of the tomb. She finds the sand pouring in even more.

"As I told you, my Daddy, he was a mean old man. He loved drinking more than doing what is right for his family. I learned what not to be from him. But, during the rare times we spent together, he did touch me, alongside my brother and sister, in a very intimate way."

Sickening and depraved laughter comes from Blackfire. Green Arrow squirms in discomfort.

"He did teach me about the power of fear. And I saw the fear in his eyes. My Daddy had one thing that he loved more than drinking. He had his boat. He loved his boat. That is until his boat caught on fire. I watched from the pier, and saw the fear in his eyes, much like I see the fear in your eyes. That damn boat, it sank into the sea with him, and I saw it, I saw the fear. It made me feel good. It made me feel powerful."

The laughter only increases. This man is certifiable and Sara's kind of screwed as well.

"My harlot mother killed herself out of grief and left me to seek my fortune in the world. My brother had gone off to other pursuits. The only member of my family that who I still hold dear to myself is my dearly departed sister. She could have brought light to the world. But, instead, her death created a dark cloud."

More sand comes in and Sara comes to the grim realization she's going to die being tortured to death by his monologue.

"That is when I awoke and I found my purpose in life. And my purpose is to be a messenger to the one who can save this Earth from this decay. Trigon will come upon the Blood Moon. I am the second coming of Christ! I will bring the forth end of days!"

Sara sees the flickering form in the dust as her world begins to spin. Her last remaining thoughts focus on how delusional Blackfire is with his insane messiah complex.

"You're crazy."

This one statement comes out. Despite the need to conserve oxygen.

"You cannot deny the truth of my statements."
Sara collapses down to the ground and she feels the maggots and worms crawling all over her body. She's weak and struggles one more time to go up.

She can't.

"Eight years, Sara Lance, you've lived eight years too long. And eight years later, on the anniversary of the night you decided to run amuck with Oliver Queen, is the night you perish. Finally paying dearly for all of your sins. You will suffer because in the end, you, Sara Lance, have been the one to have failed this city."

She comes close to blacking out. Sara struggles one more time on her knees. She sees the rotting diseased lips of Deacon Blackfire lowering towards her and planting a kiss on her forehead.

Revulsion will be her final thought before the end. Sara collapses just as light engulfs her tomb.

To Be Continued on April 27th, 2018.

Thanks for the favorites, follows, views, kudos, and comments, and I'll see you on Friday for the next chapter.
Sara's eyes snap open and her body almost spasms because of what just occurred. She enters a small state of shock. It takes her a couple of minutes to realize that she's back in the Clocktower and not in the process of being buried alive in some tomb in the middle of Starling City.

Her eyes adjust to the light. Is she alive? The last thing Sara remembers is Blackfire's hideous face. And now she notices the faces of Laurel, Felicity, and Lyla. She shifts herself against the bed.

"Good, you're awake."

Sara takes a second to put a hand to the top of her head. Her throbbing headache does little to fade. Sara just breaths in and breaths out for a couple of seconds.

The woman's attempts to get out of bed stall when Laurel grabs her hand and guides Sara back down onto the bed. "I wouldn't do that. You've been knocked around pretty hard."

The back of Sara's head continues to throb. Yeah, she's been knocked around pretty hard to be sure. The attack on her mind outstrips the attack on her body.

"And for the record, we don't know how you got out of there. All we saw was a flash of light and your body lying at the bottom of the steps."

Felicity's explanation does not really explain anything to be fair. Sara's head continues its throbbing. She tries to pull herself up only to collapse down onto the bed again.

Lyla picks up where Felicity left off. "All we know is Derek Sampson's a threat and he's snatched Thea."

"What?"

Sara springs up out of bed. Every inch of her body is really sore, despite her being patched up. There's a sense of coldness in her body.

"I thought Sampson was incapacitated after Thea put an arrow into his face."

The women all thought that. Sara takes a couple of ginger steps forward. She feels a bit better after getting the blood circulating in her head.

"Cass tried to find him, but her injuries was too great," Laurel adds.

The fact Cassandra was beaten too badly to continue fighting worries Sara something great. She flips a lock of hair away from her face to focus on the situation. She takes a couple of deep breaths and looks over towards the case where her uniform has been put out.

Lyla frowns. "I'm not sure if it's such a good idea for you to go out there. You were poisoned by a combination of Vertigo and Crane's fear gas."

This only causes Sara to stop short.

"It isn't. But at the same time, I have to."
The women all nod and give Sara plenty of room to do what she needs to do. She's beaten up and battered and the walking wounded. Not to mention just recovering from being drugged. Yet, she has plenty of determination. If Sampson did anything to Thea, she would put him into the ground.

A hand belonging to Felicity slaps across Sara's shoulder. "Cass mentioned one thing. When she and Thea came across Sampson, he was hanging out with some of the followers of Blackfire. I doubt that's an encouraging thing."

Sara figures the connection should be obvious. And she also figures out where Thea might be. She takes a deep breath and goes to head down the steps. The mystery of who saved her just shoves out of the back of her mind for now.

Blurry images of a dilapidated looking church comes into focus as Thea makes an attempt to wake up. She takes a deep breath and hitches it in. It's a struggle for her to breath.

The humming in the church and the sounds of a choir singing in eerie tune fill Thea's mind. She looks around and sees no choir despite having a good idea where the music is handing. Chains snap around her wrists and ankles and secure her to pillars. She's set up in some kind of crucifix style.

"It's only fitting that you are strung up like the martyr you tried to make yourself out to be. Especially, given what you've done to Sampson. We are not pleased with what you've done."

Those red eyes become the first thing Thea sees. More of the gaunt and pale face of Derek Sampson comes out. Through the facial makeup, Thea notices a mark on his face, right in the area where she put the arrow into her face. She cannot say without a shadow of a doubt this man does not deserve everything which happens.

Regardless, this dark and brooding figure stalking her in the shadows causes her to shiver. Creepiness just ramps up through the roof by about a million times. Thea turns her wrist in the restraints and it snaps back a couple of times. She struggles to get out.

Sampson pulls out a busted arrow with a bloody head. He puts it under Speedy's chin. She refuses to look away from him.

"This is the same arrow you put in Sampson's face through your reckless behavior. This is the same arrow you tried to scar him with. We remember it. We remember it well, and we are going to destroy you for it."

"Sampson, you were a monster who was dealing drugs."

"NO! Sampson provides a service. It's a choice! A choice where everyone buys the drugs, he never forces it on those who do not want it. He only provides a service for those who wish to escape your pathetic and miserable existence."

The arrowhead digs into the bottom of Thea's chin. She resolves to remain strong because being broken is exactly what Sampson wants.

"And you are the most miserable of them all."

The next action is not one that Thea can block no matter how much she wants to. Sampson reaches in and grabs her hood before tearing it off of her face. The face of Thea Queen exposes to him.

"And now, we look into the face of a hypocrite. You were once a broken woman who decided to go for that high to take away from the pain she suffers in her life. Lost her father, lost her brother, and
her mother became cold and distant. Yes, we can see how pathetic you were. And now, you deny those the chance to seek release from the light."

Thea struggles to look the monster in this eye. "I was young and stupid. I changed! I don't want people to throw away their lives like I almost did."

"You changed nothing! You only replaced one high with another. Instead of shooting yourself up with any drug you can get your filthy little hands on, you shot arrows into anyone you judged to be a criminal. You sicken us. You sicken us greatly."

Spit flies into the face of Sampson. He does not even blink.

"The feeling's mutual, pal."

Thea tries to get herself out of there. She's not going to die chained up ready to be a chunk of beef.

"Perhaps, you need to experience that one true high before you experience rock bottom. Perhaps we can educate you on what you deprived the people of Starling City of. It would have given that one moment of happiness before the end comes."

Thea again tries to break out. The chain snaps back. Sweat rolls down her face. Sampson steps back a couple of feet and reaches towards a box. He opens it up and picks up a vial of what Thea recognizes from her raids as Stardust.

"This dose will cause you to receive the ultimate high. Your heart will give out afterwards, but at least your life ends on a high note."

"What are you?"

Sampson just smiles. "We are what has taken over to avenge the wrongs committed by a city of sinners. We are the darkest presence in the entire fifth dimension. We do not squander ourselves, worrying ourselves with pranks and mischief. Rather we, bring about something more real. We bring about the end."

The eerie chanting grow even more. Thea sees everything flash before her. Her entire life will be snuffed out in one high. She eyes the potential lethal dose of Stardust. The moment it enters her system, it's going to be over.

Glass shatters from above them. Sampson snaps out of his trance.

"Stay away from her."

The Green Arrow appears in the shadows.

"No! You should be dead by now! Buried alive! We don't understand."

"I don't think so."

A bow picks up and Sampson looks at it without fear. The Green Arrow pushes a switch on the box and it shifts into a more high-tech bow which shoots six arrows at the same time with a push of the button. It causes Sampson to fly back against the wall as hard as humanly possible.

The building shakes and Thea's still against the walls. Another figure appears through the shadows and undoes the shackles holding Thea into place.

"You alright?"
Thea looks up to nod at the figure and then blinks. She sees the Green Arrow having freed her at the same time the Green Arrow's fighting Sampson on the floor. Thea's more confused then ever.

Sampson's eyes snap open in rage. He dodges another set of arrows and jumps off of the wall. He shows surprising agility by performing a twisting roundhouse kick while flipping off of the walls. The first Green Arrow who attacked dodges the attack. She shoots more arrows at him and Sampson flies back into his crate of Stardust.

The stardust kicks into the air and Sampson absorbs a dose of it. It causes him to snap into a violent rage. He bulks out and charges the first Green Arrow.

The Green Arrow who freed Thea shoots Sampson in the back of the leg with an arrow. An electrified jolt explodes through Sampson and causes him severe agony when his arms flail around. The Green Arrow jumps high into the air and nails Sampson with a huge kick.

It's not enough to take him down. Sampson pops back up and charges forward to smash into the pillars. The building slowly begins to topple.

"Get out of here."

Thea and the original Green Arrow move out, leaving the second Green Arrow to shoot an electrified arrow into the chest of Sampson. She takes a sudden leave as debris crashes onto Sampson, crushing him.

The two Green Arrows and one Speedy appear outside to pull a hood over her head. Thea almost blacks out from the pain.

"Lyla, I don't think that killed him."

"I'll call it in for ARGUS. We should be able to contain him."

Thea slumps over on couch and rests. Sara moves over to finish her conversation with Lyla.

"ARGUS has him contained, right?"

"His body's gone into arrest because of the Stardust overdose. And then...nothing. We need to verify he's dead. We're moving him to one of the high security holding cells."

Sara figures it would be the case, but she has to make sure. "Karen met you down there, didn't she?"

"Yeah, she did."

"Good, because she has had a run in with someone from the fifth dimension before and she created a containment cell in case he caused trouble for her again. Providing he's actually channeled someone from the fifth dimension and is not talking out of her ass."

The Green Arrow on the phone turns to the Green Arrow in the shadows. Sara smiles as the second Green Arrow pulls off her hood to reveal Artemis Crock.

"You're back from the future!"

Thea wants to greet Artemis with a hug. Unfortunately, she's still kind of banged up. Artemis just walks over to the couch with a smile on her face and sits down next to Thea.

"Yeah...we took care of...well it was very interesting. It's one of those stories that I really have to
tell you in detail sometime because I'm not going to do it in justice in just a few minutes."

"I'll hold you to that."

Thea shifts herself on the couch and puts her hand onto Artemis's.

"My name cleared last week, and I'm no longer suspected of being the Green Arrow."

A small grin flickers over Thea's face. "So, you decided to celebrate by dressing up like the Green Arrow and saving me against Sampson?"

The two women lean in to share a kiss.

"It's good to have to back....you are back...aren't you?"

Artemis just shrugs. "For a little bit, until there's some kind of time crisis again. I'm going to have to drop this bow back off in the thirty-first century where I found it. Because leaving future tech in the past won't end well."

Thea decides to take Artemis's word for it.

"Good thing I came back when I did because you and Sara were about to die. I leave for four months, and the entire city goes to hell."

Sara decides to sit down on Artemis's other side on the couch. "It's good to have you back and thank you. I thought for a minute, that was the end."

Artemis does not quite meet Sara's eye when looking away. She just presses a button and a beam of light engulfs her bow to send it back to where it belongs.

"Sorry, I had to get that taken care of."

"Understandable."

Artemis shifts on the couch with her legs folded together. There's most certainly a sense of relief after stopping Vandal Savage, Klarion, and the rest of their followers in the future from enacting their evil plan. However, the moment that plan stops, something else dire happens.

On this night, Thea Queen was supposed to die. On this night, Sara Lance was supposed to die. In three weeks, Trigon was supposed to be brought to Earth and despite a valiant effort by the assembled heroes of three different Earths, Trigon crushes them and enslaves humanity. It's only a thousand years in the future before the Legion of Super Heroes are formed and Trigon is challenged, but that means that there's centuries of enslavement by the most evil force across many dimensions.

And everyone Artemis knows and loves is long dead. She takes a deep breath knowing that the story cannot end this way. And tonight, she stopped it from happening. She recalls Rip's dire warning about she was running a huge risk in screwing with the nature order of things.

Knowing humanity is sentenced to centuries of hell is not something Artemis will sit back and allow to happen. She breaks the directive of her Captain, which is pretty much ensures she may not be welcomed back among the Legends in the future.

Still, despite Thea and Sara surviving tonight, the Blood Moon approaches in a few weeks and that will be the night that Trigon will be brought back.

"I'm glad to be back and I'm glad to see you both alive and well."
A smile exchanges between the three before Thea puts her hand on Artemis's shoulder. "And it's good to see you back too."

Sampson's eyes flash open. Several government agents stare him down. A field of energy surrounds him in the cell. Sampson lifts a hand and punches the side of the cell. The pulse of energy rattles him back and makes it kind of difficult for him to do anything.

"It will hold."

Amanda Waller steps out into the picture. She keeps her gaze on Sampson who returns with an equally agitated gaze. The two stare down each other for several minutes. She takes a good long glimpse at the wires connecting to his limbs which read his vitals.

"You think you can stop us. You think you can hold us."

"As I said, it will hold you."

"This facility will be the first to fall on the night of the Blood Moon. The arising will happen on that night. Humanity will not have a chance to make peace for itself. You cannot lock on what is coming. You cannot lock up us for long. We will break out of here and you will all suffer."

Gas enters the cell and causes Sampson to stagger for a second. It takes an extreme amount of gas before he drops down onto the ground. His breathing increases before his eyes bulge out.

Waller turns to one of her agents. "Look into this Blood Moon event he's speaking of. Leave no stone unturned. I don't want to take any chances."

Batman takes a look over the police reports deep inside of the Batcave. There's been an increased amount of criminal activity in Gotham City and also the cult of Blackfire's picked up steam again. He's stopped at least twenty crimes which they were involved in over the past several weeks.

"Robin, Batgirl, what's your position?"

"Slow and steady tonight. There's no activity around the church either, or what's left of it. We've checked. Other than a car jacker, it's been a peaceful night."

"For now. Do one more sweep and I'll join you within the next half hour."

A brief blip of his alarm systems pop over the cave before they are shut off. Batman stands at high alert and takes a couple of steps forward.

The ground on the cave ices over and Batman quickly jumps into the rafters. He catches a glimpse of a woman with white hair moving in the shadows and charging him. Batman avoids the attack and avoids a blast of ice.

A second woman, who resembles Black Canary, appears. Batman realizes by her movements and colder tone it's not the Dinah Laurel Lance he knows. She sends a sonic scream up into the air and breaks the perch. Batman drops down and flips over onto the ground.

"What's the matter? Did I clip the wings of the little ringed rodent?"

Batman holds himself up just in time to see the woman who sent an icy attack shoot an icicle into the side of his leg. The armor blocks most of the attack, but it does cause him some agony. He avoids
another attack and jumps into the shadows.

He takes a pack with a flame thrower on it and shoots a blast of fire at his attacker.

"Move out of the way, Killer Frost. I got this one!"

This Black Canary doppelganger sends a scream at Batman. Batman flips over and slices a restraint holding a giant penny into pace. The penny rolls off of it's pedestal and rolls to the criminals to knock them back.

Batman escapes into the shadows and he throws a disc into the ground. The disc hits the ground and releases a sonic screech.

A swarm of bats shoot out of the cave and swarm around the heads of the two criminals. Killer Frost holds her hands up and freezes the bats where they fly.

Batman jumps into the air and throws a batarang at her. The Batarang explodes and a warm liquid splashes her. She screams in agony before Batman drops her down to the ground with a well placed kick to the side of the head.

Another scream from the evil Black Canary soars across the cave and causes an explosion to happen. Batman flips over her shoulder and removes a collar from his belt before snapping it onto the throat of this evil siren.

She spins around and knocks Batman back. The two go hand to hand with each other. Batman keeps himself a step or two ahead of his adversary, although she's good. She flies back against the wall. An attempted cry only causes the collar to electrocute her and drop her to one knee.

"Who are you working for? Who are you?"

The doppleganger refuses to answer the question.

A figure drops down out of nowhere and gets the drop on Batman dropping him down to the ground. He rolls over to see a hulking figure in thick armor standing over him. The figure stomps down onto the back of Batman's leg and causes him further agony.

"She's the Black Siren. And she's working for me. You may call me the Arkham Knight."

The Arkham Knight pulls Batman up by the throat and shoves him back first into the side of the wall of the Batcave. Batman struggles to get to his feet and the Arkham Knight punches him down across the shoulder blades to further drop him down.

A hit drops Batman one more time. The Arkham Knight disables the electronics keeping enemies from removing Batman's cowl before ripping off his cowl and exposing the bruised face of Bruce Wayne. He tosses the blood soaked cowl to the side and nails him with another punch. He rips off Batman's utility belt next and throws it away like yesterday's garbage.

Batman hurls back into a containment cell and the Arkham Knight presses in a panel to seal him in the cell. His helmet retracts to reveal the face of Bruce Wayne.

"It's like looking into a mirror. But, you're weak. I am the heir of Ra's al Ghul, the leader of the League of Assassins. And your Earth is soaked with so much weakness and corruption, the only thing to do is to cleanse it of everything."

"This isn't over."
Arkham Knight motions for Black Siren to move over. He disables the collar Batman put on her to negate her abilities. Something to no doubt negate her heroic Earth counterpart, just in case she turned rogue, which brings the Arkham Knight to the deduction he has plans to deal with all of his allies just in case they go off the path.

Something, they have in common. The only thing the Arkham Knight respects about this worthless excuse for a protector. The weak should burn and the strong should rule. Those who disrupt his order should be eliminated.

"Not yet, but soon. And you're just as weak as the rest of them. I'll allow you to see how futile your life is when you watch the world burn around you."

The Arkham Knight sits himself down in front of the Batcomputer and hacks through the encryption before looking for what he wants. Killer Frost and Black Siren stand behind him to await orders.

"Now, let's find out where the Green Arrow operates."

To Be Continued on April 30th, 2018.

Thanks for the favorites, follows, kudos, views, and comments and I'll see you on Monday for the next chapter.
Felicity cracks her knuckles and leans back in the chair. It's one of those nights in Starling City where it's pretty relaxing, although that relaxing evening can turn around in a blink of an eye. There's a few seconds which pass as Felicity checks over for any unusual crimes.

A few pockets of Blackfire cultists rise up. The other day, Moira made a speech about how Starling City will not live in terror because of a group of zealots. It's a nice speech and Felicity commends the Mayor for getting the message out there.

Cass watches on the couch as Thea and Artemis encounter a sparring session with each other. The obvious thing is how Artemis has picked up her game ever since returning from her trip. Thea does her best to match her.

"Sorry, I used the chance to sharpen my skills."

A kick nearly ends up clipping Thea in the side of the leg. She jumps back to avoid it and gets swept off her feet. Thea pulls himself up and takes a couple of deep breaths. "That's okay. I'm just going to have to step up my game."

Cass leans back and watches with interest. She naturally wants to try her luck against Artemis to see how far she could go. The two ladies circle each other with punches firing back and forth towards one and other. Artemis catches Thea in the side of the leg and throws her down onto the ground. Thea drops down to her knees.

Artemis steps back and smiles. She offers a hand for Thea to get up. The two ladies cease their sparring session for a minute.

Felicity turns her accept back to the word. Green Arrow and Black Canary patrol out on the field and currently, she waits for what they've found after checking out some strange activity out by the docks. Felicity takes a moment to readjust her headset.

"Gotham City Watchtower to Starling City Watchtower."

Felicity snaps her head up. "I'm here and I ready you loud and clear."

"The Arkham Knight is here. As in on this Earth. He attacked Batman and took over the Batcave. He attempted to take over the Clocktower as well, but I just managed to shut him out. It wasn't easy. The good news is that he shouldn't be able to attack you as well."

A couple of deep breaths come from Felicity. She realizes something in a minute. "So, what's the bad news. There's bad news with good news, especially in a situation like this. Sorry if I sound so cynical, but that's what's going on."

"Yeah, he might know where you are."

Felicity feels a chill and it takes her a scant moment to realize the chill is more than an emotion. She turns her head around and notices the windows icing up.

Thea, Artemis, and Cass jump to their feet. Cass rushes to the elevator only to feel that it's jammed as
more ice goes through the windows.

"Shit!"

All of the women agree Thea's statement is pretty on point. Artemis rushes out to the window and notices a figure with white hair and blue eyes creating the ice storm which is freezing them inside of the clocktower. All of the exits become blocked with snow and ice and the entrances leading inside of the Clocktower from the bottom level.

The lights start to flicker inside of the Clocktower and then the power goes out from the immense freezing. Felicity throws her head back. She's sitting in the dark, with no computers and no access to the outside world. The one thing she can contribute to this mess is been taken away.

"Okay, this is not good."

Artemis snorts. "You think?"

Felicity almost slaps herself for the Captain Obvious style remark. She feels a chill come up her body. She realizes that soon the frost bite could set in and they were going to freeze to death if they do not find the way out. Cass quickly rushes to the utility closet and forces it open.

She yanks out some blankets and heavy clothing which is only a stop-gap measure. She pulls out a battery operated radio and puts it at Felicity's lap.

"What am I suppose do with that?"

"Signal for help."

The other girls rifle around for tools of some sort, anything. The Clocktower's temperature gets even colder when the ice starts to seep in. They have a lot of problems and there's no easy way for any of them to get out, no matter how hard they try.

Black Canary and Green Arrow drop down and check out the disturbance on the docks. The only problem is that there's no one out on the docks here which causes Black Canary to let out a breath.

"Guess they figured out we were coming."

Green Arrow frowns when she looks across the city. She sees something that's unusual for the month of May.

Suddenly, through the communication headset, Caitlin's voice pops up. "Hey, guys, there's...well you should know about the Arkham Knight, how he's here."

"What?"

Caitlin manages to recover from Sara's outburst. "Yeah, the Arkham Knight's here, and he's taken over the Batcave. He tried to take over the Clocktower and she was cut off from Felicity from the Starling City Clocktower."

"And it's snowing in Starling City."

This piece of news causes Sara to realize something is completely wrong. She never expected the Arkham Knight to find his way to their Earth, although perhaps she should have. It meant that Earth-Two Malcolm failed his attempt to sabotage the Arkham Knight and prevent him from heading to Earth.
One sister locks eyes with another sister. "We have to get back to the Clocktower. Immediately... I have a feeling something bad happened."

The snow storm occurring in the middle of May pretty much signals this to both women. Black Canary and Green Arrow sweep over the scene and run into a huge gust of cold wind, much colder than the air they came into.

"Why is it that the weird stuff always happens around the end of May?"

Green Arrow shrugs in response. The two crime fighters keep up a steady pace all the way to the Clocktower. She puts herself in to try and contact.

"I'm getting no signal."

Black Canary wants to scream and not in the normal way. She keeps it together despite the urgency of the situation.

"Soon, your friends will freeze to death if you don't get to them."

Something other than the air makes Green Arrow stop completely and utterly cold. She takes in a deep breath and stops at the edge of the building. "It's you."

The Arkham Knight's cold voice broadcasts through the system. "Yes, it's me. I know you assumed that you would see the last of me. You cannot stop what is to come no matter how hard you've tried. I've calculated pretty much everything that you would do. I've planned for everything."

Green Arrow adjusts her balance to avoid slipping on the ice.

"Those who plan way too much leave themselves open for blindspots."

The Arkham Knight's cold voice comes through the other side. "Perhaps it does. Perhaps it doesn't. But, once I strike down everyone you care about, you will understand how you can't stop me. I realize now that I cannot just control one world. There's an entire multiverse of worlds which will be taken in line."

"What's your end game?"

"Telling would make things too easy on you. And I don't want to make things easy on the likes of you. The only thing you need to know is that I will bring order to the world. You made a dreadful mistake trying to ruin my perfect world. And now, you're going to suffer a loss along the same lines I have. I've already won. I've trapped the Detective in his own cave and now my acolyte has frozen your team inside of your own base of operations."

Green Arrow figures she should enlighten him on one fact. "You didn't get me."

The outside of the Clocktower paints a picture of snow and ice and also the fact that if they do not find a way to get them out soon, Thea, Artemis, Cass, and Felicity will all freeze to death.

"It's a small misstep that I did not get you or the Black Canary. But, soon, you will burn for what you've done. I will show you the true meaning of suffering when I bring the battle closer to home."

Sara realizes what's going to happen. She turns to Laurel. "Warn Mom, I'll give Dad the heads up that he might be attacked."

"Right."
Black Canary steps into the garage across the street from the Clocktower. There's snow and ice around it, but at the very least it's not frozen shut. She opens up the garage and climbs on her Motorcycle. She slips the helmet on and drives off in the direction of the house her mother's currently staying in.

The next move is for Sara to press a button on a watch she's wearing to send a super powered signal. Then she switches to contact.

"Captain Lance, we have a situation that you might want to know about."

While the Arkham Knight is monitoring the communication links, Sara cannot refer to her father as Dad or any other such names. Even though she has a sinking suspicion that the Arkham Knight knows exactly who she is underneath the hood.

Still assumption is the mother of all failures.

"This doesn't have anything to do with the snow in the middle of May."

A figure swoops in from the sky beside Sara just as she prepares to give her father the details on the situation.

The attack on Starling City makes Iris move into action. She is suited up and ready to go as fast.

"Iris! Do you think that you can help me with something for a quick second?"

A second passes with Iris walking into the lab to help out Caitlin. Only to come back and see a woman with bright blue eyes, white hair, a skin-tight black outfit, and a bad attitude who is not Caitlin Snow. Or at least the Caitlin Snow she knows.

"Good, you're here. Now you can die."

Killer Frost, without any warning, blasts Iris with jets of ice. She avoids them. The floor becomes slick underneath her. Iris pumps her legs to launch herself above the air. A blast of ice catches Iris directly in the leg.

"The Fastest Woman Alive isn't so fast when she's completely and totally on ice, is she?"

Iris drops down onto the ground. Killer Frost steps over her and pushes one high-heel boot onto Iris's chest in a symbol of victory. Iris grimaces as Killer Frost grinds the boot up against her chest with a growing smile on her face. Killer Frost keeps grinding and punishing Iris for her existence.

A sadistic smile spreads over the evil Caitlin's face. "I want to let you in on a little secret. For my powers to work, I need body heat. And you can be my own personal power source."

Caitlin's hands tighten around Iris's face. She attempts to vibrate out. Something blocks her powers. Killer Frost leans down and touches her lips to Iris's. She sucks Iris's body heat out through her lips. Every single nerve ending in Iris's body explodes in agony and her muscles start to wither and weaken.

An icicle blast connects to the back of Killer Frost's neck and knocks her off of Iris. She turns around.

"Well, if it isn't like I'm looking inside a cracked mirror."

One Caitlin Snow locks eyes with another Caitlin Snow. The Earth-One Caitlin stares down her evil
and menacing Earth-Two counterpart. They raise their hands and Caitlin-Two fires a blast of snow and ice at Caitlin-One. The two of them blast each other back across the lab.

"You have the power. But, you care about these insects. You could be a goddess. All you have to do is let it go."

Killer Frost laughs at the discomfort in Caitlin's face. Caitlin retracts two ice daggers from her hands and tosses them at Killer Frost. Killer Frost deflects them with her hands. The two ladies enter a beam of ice war with both of the beams crossing each other.

One pushes against the wall of ice and the other pushes back. They aim back and forth at each other with never backing off.

"You can't win against me! You are weak! Do you understand me? You are weak! You are pathetic! And you are….

Caitlin propels herself into the air and lands behind Killer Frost. She stabs at Killer Frost who turns around and performs a block attack with a shield of ice. Killer Frost tries to smash in Caitlin's skull with a swinging shield. She dodges the attack and comes back behind her.

Killer Frost screams when Caitlin jams the icicle into the back of her neck. She yells in agony and drops to her knee.

'Looks like Sara's right. That spot can disable any enemy.'

A look of pure rage shoots from Killer Frost's eyes. She snaps in and grabs Caitlin by the throat to shove her against the wall. She comes an inch away from slashing Caitlin's throat with an ice dagger of her own, but Caitlin blasts her way out.

"No more games!"

The snow storm could potentially bury all of Star Labs. Caitlin realizes that Iris is on the ground and could be buried alive.

A blur of light shoots down the hallway, and blasts Killer Frost with a lightning bolt. The figure grabs Iris and speeds her out of the room. A wall of ice covers the door and prevents Jesse from returning to help Caitlin further out from the battle.

Caitlin stabs two more ice daggers into either arm of Killer Frost to drop her down onto the ground. She moves over to a box and pulls out one of the inhibitor collars to slap on her.

'It's time for you to leave, my child.'

"Frost, I need you back here."

Killer Frost wants to rip up her heroic doppelganger. She decides to depart with one last blast creating a miniature white-out in the lab. She pushes a button on a device which activates a breach and flashes her back to Gotham.

Caitlin stands in the middle of the lab and draws in her breath. She closes her eyes and uses her abilities to clear out the room and prevent the ice and snow from damaging the equipment too badly. The upstairs doors crack open and Natasha and Sapphire rush down from the area.

Dinah Lance files away some papers. She's about ready to slip them inside of her bag when a knock
on the door signals that she has company. Dinah moves across the door and answers it.

"Sandra?"

The one and only Lady Shiva nods and motions for her to come outside. "We have a problem. You could be in serious danger."

"How?"

"I'll explain when I get you to a safe place. This place has been compromised."

Dinah has a few questions to ask of Lady Shiva. She knows better than to ask them in a situation like this. The two of them move outside. A figure moves from the darkness and causes both of the women to enter a fighting stance. A figure steps forward wearing bulky armor and dragging a hostage with a black bag over her head.

"I'm afraid that we've not been properly introduced, Dinah. I'm the Arkham Knight and your daughter is the reason why I'm here. She's opened my eyes to the fact that as long as there is not order an any Earth, there will not be any order on my own Earth because there will always be those who incite others to rebel."

Lady Shiva prepares to move in for some kind of attack. She is curious about the identity of the person underneath the hood.

"And you will be the perfect bait for a trap for your daughter. So, why don't you come with me?"

Dinah's resolve strengthens. "I'm not going to come with you."

"I think you might find yourself changing your mind."

The hood comes off and the terrified face of Laurel picks up. The Arkham Knight grabs her around the shoulder and puts a dagger at the side of her neck. One wrong move and he could slice an artery and have her bleed out completely.

"Mom, you shouldn't listen to him. I'll be fine."

"I can assure you you'll have your daughter's blood on your hands if you don't comply."

Shiva frowns for a second. She looks at the hostage, to the Arkham Knight, and to Dinah for a moment. She gives Dinah a side long glance for about ten seconds and responds with a crisp nod.

"I'm not going with you if you're just going to use me as a means to hurt Sara."

The Arkham Knight's voice grows colder. "You have a choice to make. You either choose Laurel or choose Sara. Every parent has their favorite no matter what they say."

A sickening amount of revulsion appears through Dinah. How dare this man think that she would favor one daughter or the other. She loved her daughters both the same, and she would like to think that they would know that.

Lady Shiva's cold and unsettling stare hits the Arkham Knight dead on. "If you are who I think you are underneath that armor, your parents would be ashamed of who you become."

Arkham Knight did not relinquish the assault on Laurel's neck. "Lady Shiva, the deadliest woman in the world. I enjoy remembering how I shattered your counterpart's spine and broke her spirit on my Earth."
Shiva's eyes narrow at this bit of news. Either he lies or her counterpart was far weaker than she was in battle.

"Take off that power suit and we'll see who the better fighter is. If you can beat me, do whatever you want to the Lance family. If you beat me, I will be dead and won't be any position to stop you."

The Arkham Knight mockingly looks at her while not relinquishing his grip on Laurel. "An interesting proposal, but, no, I'm afraid not. I should let you know that your own daughter currently freezes to death thanks to one of acolytes. Given she spent the first eleven years of her life being abused by her father as he sculpted into the perfect weapon thanks to her mother's failure, she should be used to being disappointed by you."

Batman's meticulous records allow the Arkham Knight to learn Batman's own perspective into the psychology of both enemies and allies and how he perceives their attitudes. Often times, from what the Arkham Knight can observe, he's pretty close to the truth.

"Don't you bring Cassandra into this."

"She's your greatest failure."

Laurel's breathing increases even more. Arkham Knight holds his hands against her.

"One more step and I cut her head off. But, maybe you do prefer Sara. Maybe she is your favorite. You abandoned your husband and remaining daughter until she came back into your life."

"No!"

"Ten seconds to make a decision."

Dinah takes a deep breath. There's no right decision to make. She raises her hand.

"Do what you want to me. Let Laurel go. Sara will beat you in the end."

The Arkham Knight allows Laurel to go off. She drops down to the ground. Dinah takes half of a step to the Arkham Knight's arms.

Instantly, Lady Shiva withdraws a knife and throws it at Laurel who dodges the attack and lands on her feet. She releases a sonic cry at Lady Shiva crouches down to avoid the attack. Several windows explode and send showers of glass.

"That's not my daughter."

"It is, but not the daughter you knew."

Laurel nails her own mother in the back of her head. She pulls out a dagger and puts it at the side of Dinah's throat.

"You thought about it, didn't you?"

Lady Shiva makes an attempt to protect her lover. The Arkham Knight jumps in to attack. The Arkham Knight and Lady Shiva circle each other. Shiva experiments with numerous attacks in an attempt to find a weak spot in the Arkham Knight's defenses. He keeps up with her.

"You've been trained by the very best."

The Arkham Knight blocks two of her attacks and comes back with a series of punches which
launches Lady Shiva back. A violent open-handed punch cracks Shiva in the mouth. Shiva drops down and puts a finger to her mouth. She feels a liquid pouring from her mouth.

Blood, namely her blood, and Shiva's eyes widen before she catches the Arkham Knight in the back of the leg. She whips out a grenade and pushes a button to release a sonic pulse which sends the Arkham Knight staggering backwards. He releases a grenade of his own. Shiva avoids and the ropes from the grenade wrap around a nearby light post.

Black Siren holds her mother down onto the ground. A voice, low and with a Southern accent, speaks in her ear.

'She's the one who allowed Sara to get on the ship with Oliver. She's the one who got Sara killed. She's a cold bitch, didn't care when your father died. She was not there for you when you got your powers. She was never there. You need to kill her, so you can be free. Go ahead, child, cut the ropes.'

Dinah struggles with her daughter's doppleganger's boot rubbing against the back of her head. A sound of a motorcycle coming through the distance stops her.

Black Siren turns around and releases a shrill scream to connect the bike. The Black Canary jumps off of the bike just before it crashes and burns. She whips the chain from her bike and wraps it around the wrists of the Black Siren before yanking her back.

The Arkham Knight and Lady Shiva go at it with each other. Lady Shiva pulls a torch from the hood of a busted open car, with gas leaking onto the ground. She shoots the blowtorch on the ground and leaps back to cause a burst of flame to engulf the Arkham Knight.

She picks up a wrench and a screwdriver and jumps into the battle, using the very practical tools in an attempt to pry the Arkham Knight out of his armor. He blocks the attack and sends her flying back a few feet.

Black Siren flips over onto the ground. Both Siren and Canary punch each other. They lock knuckles and start struggling with each other. Sweat rolls down their faces.

"What have you become?"

"A god."

Black Siren jumps into the air and knocks Black Canary down onto the ground. She picks up a miniature sledgehammer which slid out of someone's trunk on the ground and raises it over her head.

A dagger slams into the side of her arm from the side. Dinah stands on her feet having prevented her daughter's skull from getting caved in. A flash of anger flickers in the Black Siren's eyes and she goes for Dinah.

The Arkham Knight grabs her by the arm while throwing a grenade into the air. It explodes to cause a blinding light show to back off the fighters.

"We better go. Now."

The Arkham Knight and Black Siren disappear through the portal. Black Canary takes a step forward. Dinah grabs her arm and holds her back.

"Mom, are you okay?"
Dinah nods in response, wrapping her arm around Laurel to hold her up. "I am now that you're safe. But he's after Sara."

Shiva steps into the picture. There's blood, bruises, and a swelling around her right eye from the battle with the Arkham Knight. Laurel's taken aback by this little image because this is the first time she's ever seen Lady Shiva wounded after a battle.

"He's taken over the Batcave."

"Which explains why he knows a lot more than he should."

Dinah shakes her head. "Bruce is just as meticulous as Thomas was with his record keeping."

"Sara and I will take him down. I swear."

Shiva holds up a hand. "No. If anyone takes down the Arkham Knight, it will be me."

Laurel decides not to argue with it. Shiva's never suffered this much punishment in a battle. She looks down on the ground and sees that her motorcycle is completely trashed in the fight. Laurel takes a couple of breaths down to the ground.

She stops and notices a device lying on the ground. The Arkham Knight used a similar device to disappear out of here. Laurel frowns with a potentially reckless idea entering her head.

Black Canary appears outside of a warehouse where the coordinates on the teleporter automatically took her. She moves in to check in with Sara.

"Karen's here and we'll working on getting the team out of the Clocktower. How about you?"

"Mom's fine, Shiva's with her…the Arkham Knight and…my Earth-Two evil doppelganger attacked me."

"Caitlin's attacked Star Labs. It's just like Wells warned us about…there are people that we know that are twisted."

Laurel responds with a nod. She steps into the warehouse. It's completely deserved. The dripping coming from a pipe up above brings Laurel into position.

"You're predictable. Mostly because I would have done the same thing if I was still weak like you."

Dinah Laurel Lance of Earth-One comes face to face with Dinah Laurel Lance of Earth Two. Black Canary and Black Siren square off against each other.

"Why are you working for the Arkham Knight?"

Black Siren smiles a knowing smile. A superior and smug smile which causes Laurel to wonder if she could ever become like this if she did not have the support of family and friends.

"He's just one player in a larger scheme, even though he knows and embraces his role. It was after my sister and boyfriend died on the ship, and then everything went wrong. I got these powers and people considered me a freak. They were wrong. I'm a goddess."

She most certainly thought a lot of herself. Black Canary braces herself for an attack. "You tried to kill my mother….our mother."
The twisted mirror image just snorts. "Please. We both know that Sara's always her favorite."

There's a lot of contempt which masks the hurt and real agony that Black Siren feels regarding her lot in life.

"I'm not about to get on the couch and talk out my problems. Because, dear sweet Laurel, compared to me, you're an ant and I'm a goddess. And it's time for you to get crushed underneath my foot."

Black Canary says nothing. She just motions for her counterpart to bring it.

To Be Continued on May 1st, 2018.

Thanks for the favorites, follows, views, kudos, and comments and I'll see you on Tuesday for the next chapter.
Chapter One Hundred and Fifty-Six: Twisted Mirror Part Two.

Very cold chills spread all over the Clocktower and it just gets worse. Cass kneels down by the door and tries to get the loud hunk of ice off of the door. Artemis walks back and forth, wearing a large coat over her body. She mentally tries to calculate the best way to blast them out of here without burying themselves in a shower of snow and ice.

One present thought moves through Artemis's mind. 'After all of the bullshit they went through, I'm not dying of hypothermia. There's got to be a way out of here.'

Artemis closes her eyes. Thea puts a hand on her shoulder for a second before shifting over and trying to help Cass to get over there.

"I don't suppose you could have brought any future tech that would have helped us."

Felicity's frustrated words snaps Artemis out of her own thoughts. One can see Felicity's attempts to get word to the outside do not go as planned as they are in deep. And the cold just intensifies. It would only be a certain amount of time before they die of exposure.

Finally, after a second of thought, Artemis shook her head. "Maybe, but every second I keep a piece of future tech in the past, is a chance for everything to go wrong. And by everything, I do mean everything."

Felicity clicks her tongue and sighs. "Right. Of course. But you can't deny it would have been useful."

Artemis will not deny that fact because she's not denying it. She attempts to rub her hands together to generate enough heat. She joins Thea and Cass in an attempt to break through. One of the tools bends underneath the attempt to break through the ice.

Wordlessly, Cass drops the tool to the ground. One can almost see her frustration build and Artemis understands how she feels pretty much every step of the way.

"Damn it! Why isn't this working?"

The pressure and the cold starts to get to Felicity. It's getting to all of them, although some of them are better at holding their emotions in then others. Every step of the way brings about a thought that this would be the end. All they had to do was wait this one out and see what happened.

Artemis puts a hand on Felicity's shoulder to steady her and maybe calm her down just a little bit. "Keep calm. I'd like to say everything is going to be alright."

A snort comes from Felicity in response. "You like to say it. But, you can't say it, right?"

Artemis just frowns. She comes back from the future to stop them all from being killed or enslaved by a powerful demon, only to die from hypothermia lines up with her luck very nicely.

One of the girls stops with Cass grabbing Thea's wrist. Thea turns her attention to Cass with a raised eyebrow. "What?"
"Someone's trying to break free."

A pair of pinpricks of light come through the ice. Artemis, Cass, and Thea step back to allow the person to get their work. The ice covering the door begins to shift and defrost a little bit.

There's still plenty of cold in the area. At least they do not freeze to death.

"Are you still in there?"

Karen's voice is a welcomed beacon of hope, but then again, she always is. Felicity breaks out into a smile. "Yeah, we haven't frozen to death if that's what you're mean. I think everything is going to be fine."

The ice shatters and Karen steps into the room. Sara follows her into the room and then Lady Shiva also follows in. Felicity's taken aback by the fact Lady Shiva's face resembles ground up raw hamburger than anything else. She never thought that this dangerous and quite frankly scary woman ever would experience something which would leave her inn such a state.

"It's quite a story, Ms. Smoak. Getting you out of this place is more important than anything."

"So, we're heading to the secondary base?"

Sara responds with a nod. "One of them."

Felicity raises her eyebrow. Cass nods in response and ushers Artemis, Thea, and Felicity out of there. She and Lady Shiva lock eyes with acknowledgement for the most scant of seconds. Shiva's lips form an approximation of a smile while allowing Cass to pass through the area with the other girls.

Thea stops very short and turns herself around. "Where's Laurel?"

Sara sighs when she realizes where Laurel went off to. "She had to take care of something."

"She knows what she's doing."

Shiva's words only cause Sara some momentary comfort. Unfortunately, most of the time, Lady Shiva's not the comforting type, far from it as a matter of fact, and Sara has this sinking feeling that she should head out to Laurel's last known location once they have the other girls settled in at one of her secondary bases.

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Black Siren's eyes flash open and she screams at the top of her lungs. The blood curdling and violent siren scream causes glass to explode. Black Canary drops herself down onto the ground to avoid the attack. Black Siren charges her.

A dodge at the last minute causes Black Canary to avoid being rammed in the face with a high heel boot. Black Siren picks up a huge chain and swings it around. Black Canary dodges the attack and pops back with an uppercut to the side of the face. Black Siren blocks her fist and wraps the chain around her wrists. She kneels Black Canary in the stomach.

"I'm disgusted looking at you."

Black Canary wastes no time. She twists out of the attack. A painful crack shows that something may have been broken. She drops to her knees and breaths heavily. Black Siren comes back to the attack.
An attempt of a leg sweep is avoided when Black Siren flips out of the way. She picks up a piece of broken glass and hurls it into the air. Black Canary belts out a Canary Cry to belt the glass into harmless fragments which shower the area.

Black Siren flips into the shadows. Black Canary blocks a punch and returns fire with one more of her own. Both women punch and kick at each other with Black Canary twisting out of the way of an attack. The assault comes very close to nailing Black Siren down across the back of the head.

They flip down onto the ground. Black Canary hurls Black Siren across the way. She lands onto a crate which shatters when her legs go through it. She grimaces and dodges a flying Black Canary kick. Black Canary lands on the ground and picks up a shattered piece of wood.

Both Siren and Canary have a duel with the pieces of wood.

"How did you become this?"

Both say this at the same time and for different reasons. Black Canary finds herself backed up against the wall. Black Siren grabs the back of her head. Black Canary kicks Black Siren around and causes her to fly halfway across the room without a problem.

Black Canary wipes a bead of sweat off of the side of her head. Could be worse, blood could be pouring down the side of her face. She moves into the area in an attempt to locate Black Siren. Too many blind spots exist for Black Canary's comfort level which puts her in a very uneasy mood.

She has to be around here somewhere. Black Canary closes her eyes to isolate the loan heart beat which does not belong to her.

Black Siren comes around the corner with a glass bottle swinging at Black Canary. Canary dodges the attack and the bottle explodes against the wall. Shattered glass drops down to the area. Black Siren pulls back and stabs at Black Canary with the busted hand of the bottle. She dodges the attack and comes back with a series of kicks to the side of the head.

Both Black Canary and Black Siren square off with each other. They unleash their respective cries at the same time. They meet in the middle and cancel each other out into nothing. A second attempt to bombard each other with their powers comes and there's nothing to them again. They both drop to their knees.

The two versions of Laurel scramble on their knees and start punching out each other on their knees in a fight to get to their feet. Black Siren grabs Black Canary by the hair and snaps her back with a vicious headbutt. She knocks Black Canary down onto the ground and wraps her arms around Black Canary's throat. She switches and tries to choke out Black Canary with their legs.

"I'm going to squash you, birdie!"

Black Canary struggles as her doppelganger's legs tighten around her throat. She cannot draw breath to scream because of one Black Siren does to her. She's fading fast with the lack of oxygen going to her lungs. It makes it very difficult to breath.

In a last desperate attempt, Black Canary snatches one of the pieces of broken glass and stabs her counterpart in the knee. This causes Black Siren to break the grip and Black Canary to get herself to her feet. She's still staggering and a throbbing pain in the back of her head makes Black Canary slump against the wall.

Black Siren charges Black Canary and nails her in the stomach with a couple of punches. She drops Black Canary down onto the ground. One Siren Scream puts Black Canary through a plate glass
window. She breaths heavily as Black Siren climbs over the plate glass window.

'Finish her.'

Those words of her guiding light makes Black Siren smile, when soaking in the view of her double's body lying in the glass. Black Siren pulls herself up and lifts Black Canary up. She struggles to get up with Black Siren pushing her hard against the wall. Black Canary rushes to back down no matter what the circumstances.

An arrow fires from the ceiling and releases a sonic cry which causes Black Siren to stagger. The Green Arrow drops down onto the ground in front of her.

"Archers, I grow tired of them."

Another arrow fires at Black Siren. Black Siren stops the arrow with her bare hand with a surprisingly amount of reflex. She jumps into the air. Green Arrow dodges the attack and then flips into the air before she reaches behind her and drops her hood.

Black Siren stops short of stabbing the Green Arrow with her own arrow when she comes face to face with a ghost.

"Sara?"

Black Siren's mind flashes back to a time before all of the darkness. All of the despair about how she ended up failing her Sara makes its way into her mind.

'No, you can't...she's dead! This is nothing but a twisted mirror. You need to kill her to be finally be free. Kill her and be free.'

Black Siren's shaking hand drops the arrow. She looks Sara right in the face and drops to one knee. She barely registers Black Canary grabbing her by the shoulder and applying a nerve hold which knocks Black Siren completely unconscious.

"I couldn't risk her snapping out of her episode."

Sara understands. She notices a device on Black Siren's belt as well. She turns to Laurel who is more than happy to inform her what she's got in her hand. "It's a breaching device. I don't know where it's going to be sent."

It takes a couple of minutes for Sara to figure out how to work it. Black Canary makes sure Black Siren's secure. "We're taking her to Star Labs. I saw something in her eyes…and it's familiar. And it shows who is really pulling the strings here."

Sara opens a breach. Laurel drags her evil counterpart through the breach and the three of them end up at Star Labs which causes Sapphire to jump off of her chair when they pop in front of them. The heiress catches a glimpse of Black Siren for a second.

"Is that….?"

Black Siren's body lays out on the table with Caitlin hovering over her. Natasha, Jesse, and Sapphire stand with them readying to get their assessment. Laurel, Sara, and Karen also stand in the lab as well.

Caitlin turns to the rest of the group. "Iris is still sleeping off what happened. I don't think it would be
a good idea to wake her.'

A nod follows from Sara. "Fair enough, she should get some rest while she still can. I have a feeling that we've only begun to scratch the surface."

A second pauses with Caitlin finishes the mental scan on Black Siren. She pulls up a second mental scan and breaks it up side by side.

"You're right. When you're right, you're right. Black Siren's mental scans when compared to Shado's have some similarities. You can see the black spots on the lobe which controls impulse control. If I had to guess, and this is uncharted science, the black spots allow an external party to control the impulses and actions of the person."

Sara just gives her a smile. "It's not science, it's magic we're dealing with. And I don't like it either."

A momentary shrug shows Caitlin getting flung directly out of her comfort zone. "Magic really is just science no one's been able to explain."

Karen shakes her head and smiles. "If that helps you get through the day."

Caitlin recovers quickly from being flung directly out of her comfort zone. A couple more deep breaths follow as she studies the image directly in front of her face.

"Unlike Shado, the spots on Black Siren's brain are faded and it makes me think that whoever was doing this, they do not have the control of it."

Sara has her own theory on this. "It's because Black Siren didn't die and come back to life. And we all know that these spots represent dark, voodoo magic, the kind which turns people into puppets. It has Deacon Blackfire's fingerprints all over it."

"And he'd relish getting his hooks into one of us. Even if it was an alternate version of us."

Black Siren's body shakes on the table for a minute. She murmurs something in her sleep that no one, not even Karen, is able to pick up.

The doors slide open and Mia and Lian step into the lab. Mia's mouth opens up for a second when she sees the crumpled form of Black Siren on the bed.

"She's going to be okay, right?"

Sara wraps her arm around Thea's alternate Earth counterpart and pulls her in very closely. "We're going to make sure she's okay."

One single breath comes over Mia as she gently touches Black Siren on the head. Lian stands next to her and there are really no words that can be said right now which would appease Mia as she watches over Black Siren.

"I can't help, but think that this is my fault."

"No. It's not."

Laurel observes Black Siren with interest and also with discomfort. She is Laurel, although she went down a different path in life. Laurel could have went down that path without the support network she has. And things were obviously very different on Earth Two, where Laurel did not have the support needed to pull herself through some dark times.
Shiva got to Laurel on this Earth and on Black Siren's Earth, it was the Arkham Knight and also the specter of Deacon Blackfire. Lady Shiva may be ruthless in her training, but it's only to those who she expects the very best out of. She's not a ruthless dictator who executes people for wrongthink.

"She's going to be fine. I know she will be. She just needs help."

Sara's comforting words bring Laurel out of her thoughts. The two sisters lock hands.

"Jesse, could you help me with something?"

Jesse nods in response to Caitlin's inquiry. "Yeah, whatever you need. I'm here."

Caitlin stops at the edge of the table to see the downed form of Black Siren. She's so broken, so very broken, and Caitlin remembers her encounter with her alternate universe counterpart. She looks about as broke as Earth-Two Laurel did.

'Maybe there's a happy ending there as well.'

A new appreciation to the right people being near her during a dark stretch of her life fills Caitlin's mind. Her counterpart is more like Caitlin then she would ever admit.

The Arkham Knight sits in front of the computer in the Batcave playing chess with it. Even the most powerful computer in the world is no match for the Arkham Knight's superior intellect. So far, he's been unable to access the Clocktower. He knows where it is and can have it destroyed at a moment's notice.

"Siren's been captured."

Killer Frost stands at the edge of the cave and peers at the Arkham Knight with her beady eyes locked onto the back of the man's head. He continues the chess match with the computer, in silence. Killer Frost's fist curls up and a deep breath comes from her.

"Checkmate."

Killer Frost continues with a raised eyebrow in surprise. "You don't seem too concerned about the Black Siren's capture."

The Arkham Knight moves himself up into position and stares Killer Frost in the eye. "If she's weak enough to get captured, she's not a concern. You shouldn't even bother with her and be glad that it wasn't you who got captured by them. She's already lost to our cause and the next time we see her, she should be killed as an example of what happens when those fail us."

A stiff and stoic nod follows from Killer Frost. The Arkham Knight puts a hand underneath her chin and directs her gaze forward.

"We'll strike against them when the time is right. The equipment in this cave is perfect although it has not been used to its full potential. That's a fact that I will rectify shortly."

'It approaches."

The Arkham Knight pays no heed to anyone other than himself. He crosses the area leading into the cave where he peers in. Batman's sitting cross legged and calm in the prison cell.

"You should enjoy your moment while it lasts. My allies will find a way in this cave and they will find a way to bring you down."
A smile crosses over the face of the Arkham Knight. "Thanks to you, I am able to predict their every last move. For your sake, you better hope that there's a way for them to fool even you."

Silence spreads over every single inch of the cave with the Arkham Knight waiting for any further response. Batman adopts his calm and stoic approach before slipping into a state of meditation.

"I hope that one of these heroes find a way to rise up and fight me. A challenge keeps a strong mind stimulated. I'll be ready to fight anything and everything."

Black Siren finally rejoins the world of the awake. She's lying in a bed and much to her surprise, she's not bound down by restraints. There's a thought in her mind that she's waking up from a series of long nightmares, each one more awful than the last.

She recalls the last minute before being knocked out. Sara stands before her in the flesh. The second moment of conscious shot shows that Sara's across from the room. Earth-Two Laurel's mind becomes clearer than ever before and it's hard to really process a lot of what is going on.

"How are you doing?"

Black Siren's lips flicker into a grimace. "I'm completely messed up."

"We all are in our own ways."

Those words from Sara do not really do much to appease the Black Siren. She realizes that the whisper in her ear is gone and she isn't sure how it's happened. It's easier to think clearly without someone messing up her thoughts.

"I never told Sara...my Sara, how I felt before it happened...and I wonder if it would have made a difference. Maybe if I did, she would not have gone on that boat which ruined on my life."

Sara's hand shoots on top and grabs Black Siren's before squeezing it. Black Siren grabs Sara's hand like it's her lifeline.

"Now, Sara's gone, Oliver's gone, my father's gone, my mother's...I don't even want to touch that one, and Mia....well there's a problem right there...a huge problem.....we...we had a falling out after the accident."

Black Siren's eyes close as her hand closes around Sara's. Sara tightens the grip to ensure that it's just fine. She leans in and gives her alternate dimension sister a kiss on the top of the head. Laurel smiles.

"What do you know about what the Arkham Knight is planning?"

Black Siren shakes her head. "The Arkham Knight has been working closely with Zoom, but he's always been a means to the end. I was his double agent in Zoom's organization to ensure that he did not stray too far off of the path. I don't know where Killer Frost loyalties line. And there's been this voice...encouraging me to do wrong and to harm anyone who gets in my way."

"Deacon Blackfire...he's a preacher that my mother defeated back in the eighties. And it caused her to retire as Black Canary, the injuries she suffered. Only...he's not dead. He made a deal which allows him to become something else entirely."

Sara shivers at the thought of Blackfire's specter looming. She can almost feel a presence in this very room now that she speaks of him.
"I'm really glad to see you here and alive. You're still as beautiful as ever."

A small smile passes against Sara's face. "You should get some rest."

She leans in and gives Black Siren a brief and gentle kiss. The two pull away from each other with Black Siren trying to get comfortable. Sara steps out into the hallway to allow Black Siren to do that. The moment she steps into the hallway, she comes face to face with Lady Shiva.

"The security in this place is pathetic."

Sara shakes her head. Sadly, that's a common sentiment with Star Labs, although to be fair, even good security would not keep someone like Lady Shiva out for long.

"Dinah is where she needs to be. And I'm going to be where I need to be soon enough. I'm going to make sure the Arkham Knight pays with his head."

Normally, when Lady Shiva makes a promise like that, it happens. However, Sara takes one look at the state of Shiva's face and the fact the Arkham Knight got the better of their last encounter. A small amount of doubt flickers into Sara's mind about Shiva's ability against the Arkham Knight.

It's unsettling.

To Be Continued on May 3rd, 2018.

Thanks for the favorites, follows, reviews, kudos, and comments and I'll see you on Thursday for the next chapter.
Chapter One Hundred and Fifty-Seven: Twisted Mirror Part Three:

Earth-Two Laurel rolls over into her bed. She only dresses in a pair of lacy black panties and a tank top in bed. There's a sense of feeling drained, as if she woke up from a nightmare which went on for over a decade, maybe longer. Regardless of this fact, she decides to walk outside of the confinement of the room.

It takes her a couple of minutes to realize she's been moved from Star Labs. Exactly where she's been moved, it's not to be determined. She notices a door about half ajar, and decides to investigate further. Black Siren crosses the hallway and opens the door the rest of the way.

She comes across the tantalizing sight of her Earth One counterpart and Sara glued together at the lips with a passionate kiss. Laurel sits in only a pair of fishnet stockings which covers her legs while Sara's wearing a pair of thong panties and no top when they kiss.

Black Siren thinks about leaving the two of them to whatever. Sara's eyes open and lock onto her sisters Earth-Two counterpart before pulling away. Sara just smiles and does not even bother to cover her chest. Black Siren's eyes fall to Sara's perfectly perky breasts. She's unable to pull away.

"So…the two of you…you're….."

Black Canary smiles at Black Siren. "Yes, we are. You don't have a problem with that, do you?"

The Earth-Two version of Laurel answers with a shake of her head. "No. The two of you are consenting adults who should be able to do what you want. It's just…well it's just something that took me a tiny bit off guard, that's all. I didn't expect to see it happening at all."

The next thing Laurel Earth-Two knows is that Sara's behind her. The heat of Sara's crotch pressing up against her ass makes things a bit distracting. "Well, you got to expect the unexpected. The question is whether or not it was a good kind of unexpected. Or a bad kind of unexpected."

A saucy kiss behind her ear makes Black Siren shiver. She comes face to face with her counterpart. A small smile flickers over Laurel Earth-One's face. She puts a finger on Black Siren's lip and then traces a slight pattern to it.

"The question is that are you with us?"

Black Siren shivers when Black Canary lightly pushes a finger down her. She talks a good game, but it's obvious that these two are going to have their way with her.

"The Arkham Knight and Deacon Blackfire manipulated me. After what happened there and with this Trigon thing coming, I'm going to have to be with you."

Black Canary reaches underneath Black Siren's shirt and makes her take in an intake of breath. "That's nice to know, and we're glad that you've switched over to us. But, that's not what we wanted to know."
One Laurel met the other with a fiery kiss. Black Siren's loins set on fire from the intense passion from Black Canary's kiss. The two of them push their tongues against each other with Black Canary having her fun, at least for the moment, with her alternate counterpart.

"All that bravado and completely submissive in the bedroom. Guess somethings don't change no matter what the universe is."

Sara slips a hand down Black Siren's panties and feels her shaven and quite wet pussy. She works the panties down so she can rub Black Siren's crotch. The two sisters smash Black Siren's delicious body in between their own and take turns kissing her and feeling her up.

Black Siren walks back towards the bed. She turns to the side to see the devious smile on her sister's face. She misses her sister so much, despite the fact this is an alternate universe counterpart of her. Sara, this Sara, is going to have to do as a suitable proxy.

Black Canary attacks Black Siren's lips, neck, and then her breasts in the way that she knows she would want them to be attacked. It turns out that this sets Black Siren off and it causes her to moan in pleasure. Sara's able lips join Laurel's in worshiping Laurel Earth-Two's body. Her toes keep curling with a couple of breaths coming from her.

"The two of you are too much together."

Sara slides one finger inside of the dripping cunt of her sister's doppleganger. Black Siren reacts to Sara's touch with her hips rolling up to meet the finger. Sara leans in and presses Black Siren chest to chest. The two ladies enter an extremely hot kiss with Sara's tongue poking deep inside of her mouth. She pulls completely out and then pushes deep inside of her mouth.

Black Canary goes behind Black Siren's ear and sucks on it to cause her hips to jump up in Sara's hand. They have some of the sensitive spots as well. Sara pulls away and allows Laurel to mount her alternate self. The two ladies kiss each other hotly.

Both sets of lips push together with the heated excretion of fluids on both sides. Black Siren grabs onto her counterpart's ass and the two of them kiss each other.

"This is more than I deserve."

Black Siren's words only bring a naughty smile to the face of Black Canary. They push nipple to nipple with each other and keep kissing each other. Black Canary nibbles the lips of her broken counterpart. She pulls away with a smile on her face.

"You're going to get everything that's coming from you."

Black Siren falls back onto the bed with Black Canary leaning over the top of her. The two ladies kiss each other with more heat involved between the two of them than possible. Black Siren and Black Canary kiss and suck at each other's lips with Black Canary pulling off. Her hand strokes Black Siren's thigh and makes her gush in pleasure.

"Fuck me!"

Laurel mirrors the exact pattern with her kisses that drives her nuts. And sure enough, Black Siren's reduced into a whimpering kitten with juices rolling down her thighs. The heat only increases between her thighs the closer Black Canary edges towards Black Siren's wet and willing thighs.

Sara views the sexy sight of her Earth-One sister diving between the thighs of her Earth-Two sister and eating her out. She shoves fingers deep inside of her pussy and thrusts her hips up and down to
meet her hand. Sara's lips meld together as the sight of the hottest only increases. The temptation to just get herself off to this sight reaches a boiling point.

"Make her drip, Laurel."

Black Siren pushes her hands on the back of Black Canary's head. Black Canary buries her sexy face between Black Siren's firm thighs and eats her out. The two lovely women indulge themselves into each other. Black Siren wonders if this would be considered incest, masturbation, or just plain hot. The thoughts drive out of her head the deeper Black Canary shoves her tongue inside of Black Siren's dripping hot pussy.

"You're not going to leave me out of this, are you?"

"Join us, Sara."

Black Siren's words beckon Sara over. Sara grabs Black Canary's fishnets and tears them off to reveal her dripping wet crotch. Sara already slips the strap on with all of the ability of a ninja. She lines it up with Laurel and shoves herself deep inside of Laurel's warm pussy.

Sara holds her hips and drives herself deep inside of Laurel's wet and dripping hot pussy. She grabs onto Laurel and rams into her. One version of Laurel eats out the other while Sara fucks her prime sister's prime pussy. The feeling of pleasure just shoots all over her body. Sara places her hands on Laurel's back and keeps driving herself deep inside of her tight cunt.

Black Canary's pussy tightens up. She makes sure to eat out Black Siren and taste her juices. Laurel commits to memory how different the taste is. It's more of a spicy taste to her pussy, as opposed to Laurel's sweet and savory taste, but the juices taste all of the same.

"Look out how hard these nipples are. You're really getting off on tongue fucking yourself."

Sara presses her fingers against Laurel's firm breasts to really feel her up. A beautiful sheen of sweat covers Laurel's delicious body from head to toe the deeper and harder Sara fucks her pussy. And she can go pretty deep inside of that warm and delicious pussy.

"I love this tight fucking pussy. I love how it clamps down against me, it reacts to me. No one can make you feel better than this. Am I right, sis?"

The truth hammers into Black Canary just as Sara does. There are many sexual partners who make her feel really good. No one makes her feel good then her sister. They share a deeper bond then most people do. They can show their love in a way society might frown upon. Laurel cares little about what other people think when something make her feel so good.

The gushing and thrashing pussy of Black Siren shows Black Canary can bring about a pretty good climax. Her talented tongue and wicked lips drive Black Siren completely over the edge with lust. Her legs scissors around the back of Black Canary's head and pushes completely up off of the bed. The deep and lustful breathing only continues as Black Siren stifles a scream which could bring down wherever they were.

She cums and cums hard all over her counterpart's pretty face. Every single muscle in her body tightens and then releases the pleasure in gushing ways.

Sara pulls out of Laurel and spins her sister around. Black Siren collapses on the bed to feel the pleasure leave her. Sara puts her hand underneath Black Canary's chin and gives her a kiss to taste Black Siren's juices. She tastes slightly different than Laurel, so there are some changes on this Earth.
"Sit over there, and watch me fuck you into submission."

Black Siren's eyes widen the second Sara crawls on top of her. Sara's nipples poke against hers. Her hot baby sister, although an alternate version of her, slides her hips. The strap-on cock, already wet from Sara drilling Black Canary, brushes deep inside of Black Siren's needy lips. She gives a couple of breaths.

"You don't know how long I've dreamed of this moment."

Deep down, Black Siren knew this wasn't her Sara. However, she's willing to use this Sara as a suitable proxy to satisfy her deepest, most sinful desires. The two lovers press together hip to hip, breast to breast, and mouth to mouth. Hands entangling through each other's hair when they kiss.

Sara pulls away with a pop and Black Siren looks on with a smile. "It's time to make your dreams come true."

Deep down Sara plunges inside of her willing pussy. The tightness of her alternate universe sister brings a naughty feeling through every single inch of Sara's body. Her loins strike a nice little cord when shoving down into Black Siren.

She pulls almost all the way out. Black Siren holds herself deep down onto the bed and releases Sara's cock from her warm walls. Sara slides completely into her with her fingers dancing and then pinching one of Black Siren's breasts. Her nipple stands tight at attention.

"You're so sexy. Do you want me to suck your tits, baby?"

"YES!"

Sara obliges and drives her face into Black Siren's developed chest. Black Siren closes her eyes and it's obvious from the whimpering sounds she feels, she enjoys feeling Sara's mouth all over her chest and licking and sucking at her breasts the deeper she pushes into her.

Black Canary slides a finger against her wet pussy to collect the moisture. She watches Sara's bouncing ass when she rides Black Siren onto the bed. Sara's ass calls for Laurel in a way which she cannot help and indulge herself in such a beautiful piece of work.

The way Sara's ass bounces and moves blinds Laurel with her lust. She moves over and puts a hand on Sara's ass and slides a finger, dripping with Laurel's juices, inside of Sara's tight ass.

"Fuck, that feels so good."

Black Siren manages to catch a glimpse of her counterpart fingering Sara's tight ass. It's while Sara drives herself deep inside of Black Siren's pussy and penetrates her. Every single nerve ending on Black Siren's body begins to sing with a growing lust. The lust only builds into her body as far as an orgasm is concerned.

"Cum for me, Laurel. Cum for your baby sister."

The reminder of this shameless display of incest, even if it is to an alternate counterpart, makes Black Siren explode. Her juices coat the cock Sara pushes deep inside of her body.

Laurel attacks Sara's asshole with her fingers and leans down to kiss the back of her sister's neck. She grabs ahold of Sara's breast and squeezes it as she rides Black Canary. Sara's lustful growls only spur Black Canary on in attacking her.
Black Siren's inner muscles flex against the probing cock. She can only say one thing.

"SARA!"

The screaming of Sara's name causes the woman in question to pound Black Siren's tight pussy. She grabs Black Siren's breasts and squeezes them while sinking down. Their bodies form a nice little meeting with Sara pushing in and pulling completely out of her.

Laurel keeps playing with her sister while Sara fucks the mirror image on the bed. Black Siren's entire body contorts into pleasure.

The skilled movements of Sara turn her alternate sister's body into one big G-Spot. Every spot Sara touches sets fires off of Laurel. She spends a lot of time studying all of the point on Laurel's body which drives her nuts. She attacks Black Siren underneath her breast at the point which drives her completely nuts. Those nipples stand up in pleasure.

She watches the beautiful sight of Black Canary dropping down to suck on Black Siren's breasts. Sara only drives herself deeper and deeper inside of Black Siren. Her thighs clench against her.

Black Canary kisses Black Siren on the mouth to prevent a property destroying scream of pleasure. Her thighs clench together and send a very intense release between each other.

Sara slams deep inside of Black Siren. Her hips keep rotating and pushing deep into Black Siren's tightening cunt. She pulls all the way out and drives into her.

"Go ahead. Let it all go."

Black Siren's encouraging voice, coming after Black Canary releases for her.

"Cum for me, baby sister. Show me how much you love me. I'm sorry….I'm not worth it, I know."

"Yes, you are."

Sara plants herself deep inside of Black Siren's pussy. Their juices combine together as Sara pumps herself deep inside of the woman's delicious and clamping cunt.

A sudden movement with Sara pulling herself out of Black Siren and causing her to fall down onto the bed dripping with so much sweat and cum it's almost insane.

A naughty smile comes over Black Canary's face. She drops down and starts eating out Black Siren one more time. The taste of Sara and Laurel Earth-Two combined beckons them. It's a nice taste although Laurel kind of prefers herself and Sara combined.

Sara slides off of her strap on to give her access to her pussy. She fingers herself to the vision of Black Canary's beautiful face burying in between Black Siren's succulent thighs.

Black Siren drops down onto the bed. Black Canary smiles and picks up the strap on before sliding it down. She moves behind Sara and presses the strap on against her moistened asshole from Laurel's wet fingering in her.

"I'm going to do it, Sara."

"You've most certainly earned the right."

Black Canary squeezes Sara's ass as she rises her knees. She arches slightly and presents her tight and thick ass at Black Canary. Laurel traces a pattern down Sara's spine with one finger while
alternating attention between her breasts. She makes sure Sara's nice and ready to be fucked up the ass.

"There's another one in the drawer, if you want one."

Black Siren's eyes open up and she catches Black Canary's hint. She cannot tear herself away from the sight of Black Canary about ready to take Sara in her ass. It's obviously being done willingly, and Sara knows the power her ass has over both men and women.

The feeling of deep penetration makes every single nerve ending of Sara's body explode in pleasure. Laurel shoves herself deep into Sara's tight hole and pushes into her. The feeling of Laurel pushing against her from behind makes Sara feel really good.

Black Siren takes the invitation and the strap on. She gets right in front of Sara and prepares her dripping hole for penetration. She kisses her loving sister on the lips. The two of them meet in a pleasurable exchange of tongues and mouth hitting each other. She moves completely into position.

"Let's make a Sara sandwich."

The invitation is so enticing. Sara's thighs spread apart and allows Black Siren to slip into her willing pussy with ease. Black Canary's breasts press against her back and Black Siren's breasts press against her front while both of them push into each other.

Sara kisses Black Siren with the lust burning through her eyes. Two Laurels penetrate her holes and double stuff her from either side. It's not something Sara thinks she needs until now, but it's something she wants more than anything else to feel the pleasure and the lust just building through her body.

"Baby, we know you feel so good."

A kiss connects between both of them. Their lips meet together in a nice little encounter. Warm tongues push against each other and slide back and forth. Sara and Laurel keep themselves going against each other with the heat from their groins rising when pushing against each other.

"It feels so good. It feels so fucking good!"

Sara receives the double penetration of both of them. Earth-One Laurel takes her ass from behind while Earth-Two Laurel drives herself into Sara's pussy. Having both of her holes completely and utterly stuffed makes Sara breath completely in pleasure with the hands of both women just worshipping her body.

"She's a treasure, isn't she, Laurel?"

Black Siren smiles. "Yes, she is, Laurel. And I'm glad to have finally met her again."

Two Laurels at the same time drive Sara completely over the edge. Their warm lips meet her when their heated loins push against her from both sides. Sara wedges between their bodies with the heat only growing in intensity. Her wet pussy closes deep around Black Siren the deeper she thrusts into her.

"Baby, you're getting so close to cumming. Why don't you cum for me?"

Black Siren holds her sister's hips. She wants to feel her baby sister explode and gush all over her penetrating cock. She holds Laurel tight and plants herself deep inside. The two meet each other back and forth with their bodies pushing back and forth against each other.
"Cum for me, sis. Cum for your big sister."

The tensions in Sara's body only increase. She allows Black Siren to penetrate her in all ways. She slides deep inside and then pushes all the way out. Black Canary plants deep inside of her and spanks her ass from the other end. Sara lets it go and just belts out a lustful moan.

"Mmm, she's so beautiful."

Black Canary sucks on her sister's neck while the hands roll down her body and grip every single last lovely inch of Sara's flesh. She grabs onto Sara's ass and spears herself. Every feeling of the tight hole moistens Black Canary and makes her drip. She goes in deep.

"I want to feel her cum. All night long."

A duel attack on her breasts from both sides results in Sara throwing her neck back. The combined force of two gorgeous women who are practically twins almost overstimulate her senses. Sara persists through what's happening pretty much every step of the way.

"Sweet Sara, cum for me."

She cums for Laurel and cums extremely hard. The point of her body explodes and rushes over. Sara soaks Black Siren's sliding cock inside of her body. The two meet each other.

Sara's sweaty body smashes between Black Canary and Black Siren. The touches, the intense touches, and the lust following drives Sara completely and utterly over the edge. Their mouths keep shoving against each other, with Sara tensing up and exploding.

One more time for the road and the lust just burns through her body. Sara's eyes close as she turns around. Both Canary and Siren worship her body. The stimulation of pleasure only increases.

Black Siren's content rises to a new level. Finally, she's able to connect with Sara, in a certain sense, in a way which she wished she could before. The tension in her body just releases as Sara's hands grab onto her and pull her in tighter from the end.

The end reaches with both Black Canary and Black Siren releasing their pull on Sara's holes which drip. She drops onto the bed feeling release.

Black Canary and Black Siren rest on either side of Sara. Sara's hands move over and touch their pussies to gently stroke them. They lean in and kiss Sara on either side of her face as a sultry, if not slightly dazed, grin goes over her face.

To Be Continued on May 4th, 2018.

Thanks for the favorites, follows, views, kudos, and comments and I'll see you on Friday for the next chapter.
A jet zooms across the skies heading halfway across the world to Starling City. On the jet sit Black Canary and Green Arrow. A distress signal comes from the country of Vlatava, which Felicity radios them from their position in Central City. The cause of the signal is unknown and both of the women are really unable to figure out what is going on.

Last they hear, Queen Perdita has the matters in the country well at hand thanks to her mess of allies. Appearances can and have been extremely deceiving, as they learn in the not so distance past. Her uncle still has a supporter or two who could pop up and cause trouble. While most of Count Vertigo's allies had been rounded up, still a couple might have escaped detection.

Black Canary breaks the silence the two women share. "Do you think that it's one of Vertigo's follows?"

"He's long since dead and buried. But, there are people who just won't give it up."

Sara sighs and decides to answer her sister's question a bit further. "No, I don't think it's him. I think it's something else. Exactly what it is, I don't have the slightest idea."

A beam of light shoots up from the sky which jars both of the women. More beams of light keep firing from the ground. Sara leans in and draws in her breath.

"Zinda, please take us down the best you can, as close as you can to the source of the light."

Zinda Blake, the skilled pilot working for Sara, nods in response. "I'll do the best I can. You should know that this could be a bumpy ride."

Sara and Laurel both figure it's going to be a bumpy ride. A sense of darkness washes over Sara the moment the plane lands on the ground. They really have no idea what they're going to go against, only that there's going to be plenty of trouble coming around the corner.

The two heroines exit the plane without a single word between them. Black Canary and Green Arrow walk across the way just in time to see something. Fire shoots through the air. The sounds of battle signal that there's something really bad happening. Green Arrow draws her bow and points into the distance.

The images come off to the side. She comes across Rose Wilson engaging what appears to be a flaming skeleton. They keep fighting in front of the royal palace of some sort. Rose's eyes shift and she charges the skeleton. The Skelton flashes out of the way in an ember of flames.

More of them charge the area. The one and only Princess Diana of Themyscira does battle with one of them. She wields a sword and a shield and fights the enemy with the most valiant fire going through her eyes. She charges in with teeth gritted and her arm swinging. The battle kicks up with Diana sending herself against the enemy. The flaming skeleton charges them.

A third warrior, Talia al Ghul, engages what appears to fight three of the largest flaming skeletons of them all. Talia keeps moving around in a circle and gives them no quarter.

Black Canary and Green Arrow survey the lay of the land and decide to head in. Green Arrow fires
an arrow at the ground and causes an explosion to rock one of the skeletons. Black Canary unleashes a Canary Cry which shatters the bones of one of the skeletons into dust.

At least for a moment as a circle of magic surrounds the area and pieces the skeletons back together. Black Canary's eyes widen. She dodges a flaming bone sent at her by one of the skeletons.

"This is a bit out of my comfort zone."

Diana jumps in and puts a sword directly through the back of the neck of one of the creatures. The creature shatters at the spine and Diana withdraws the sword from the back of his neck. The Amazon Princess pulls completely away and then bombards the creature with another sword attack. The sword goes right through his spine and drops the monster down onto the ground.

"We better keep taking the fight to them. They're not going to give up."

Sara and Rose stand side by side. Sara picks up the pace and keeps fighting the creature. Constant arrows fire at the creature. The magic reforms the creatures about as quickly as Sara can put arrows in them.

"Do you have any idea where these things are coming from?"

Rose dodges the blinding attack from one of the creatures. She pops up and nails it with repeated punches to the side of the head. Rose spears the creature down onto the ground and pulls back from it. The flaming particles of dust kicking in the air make it very hard to breath.

"No," she says dodging the attack from one of the skeletons. "If I knew, it would be very helpful."

Black Canary bombards the skeleton with another Canary Cry which drops it down to the ground. The skeleton does not rise up to the ground.

Green Arrow thinks this could be encouraging if there isn't a feeling of incoming dread passing through her being. This feeling of dread comes true with a large creature made mostly of clay rising up from the crowd. Green Arrow takes a step back, her hand landing firmly on the bow she holds. The Creature gives a thunderous look and a loud booming round of laughter.

The creature smashes a fist onto the ground. Green Arrow avoids three more fists to the ground. An arrow does not even piece the creature.

Diana jumps on the creature's back and slams the sword down across the back of the neck. The creature thunders forward with Diana putting her blade as far into the back of the neck as possible on this creature.

"Make sure it doesn't reach the palace."

Another creature charges through the front of the palace. Several Amazon guards appear in front of it to engage it into battle. The Amazons charge the creature who only swells in size at the attacks from the fierce warrior women. They bounce off them with no effect.

The creature bombards the front entrance of the palace. A younger dark-haired Amazon, who resembles a younger version of Diana, appears in front of the creature. She wields a large wooden staff and jumps into the air to put it through the chest of the creature.

The creature's chest rips completely open from the attack. Clay splatters everywhere from the creature. The young Amazon's look of satisfaction in striking down this creature becomes very short lived as it reforms completely into two distinct creatures.
The army of flaming skeletons and monsters start to overwhelm the young Amazon's sisters outside. She struggles to find to counter. The creature moves his way into position and makes his way down to the basement area.

Green Arrow bursts through the area and saves the Amazon from the grip of the creature. An arrow pieces through the chest and sends clumps of clay flying in many distinct directions. The Green Arrow draws in her breath and keeps pushing forward.

"It's after something in here."

The creature rises up with Diana returning. The three strong warriors approach the creature. A shiver comes down Diana's spine.

"Any idea what's going on?"

The Amazon Princess is only too quick to answer. "I sense the hand of Felix Faust involved."

That's a piece of news which causes Sara to be more alert. Dread sets in. They last encountered Faust some time ago when dealing with Cheetah. Faust's return brings some bad news.

The creature vanishes at a blast of light. Several of the other creatures vanish in more blasts of light as some mysterious forces takes them down.

Raven flickers into the light having blasted off the creatures. Diana turns to the Amazon who resembles a younger version of Diana. "Are you okay, Donna?"

Donna nods. "Yeah, I'm okay. The Queen's in a safe room and...I don't really know what they are after."

The expression on Raven's face darkens a little bit. "I do. And it could bring about the end of the world as it was our only hope to bringing down my father."

Sara's eyebrows shoot up. She has so many questions right now and really hopes that Raven can bring down a lot of answers. With that one little cryptic statement, Sara takes a deep breath and only can say one thing.

"Explain."

A clay monster moves through a gateway. A glowing red spear clutches in the palm of his hand when he moves into the shadow realm. He is only capable of doing one thing and that is retrieving the item necessary for his master. He's much like a dutiful attack dog, loyal and ready to fight.

His master, Felix Faust, breaks out into a smile when his loyal minion crosses the area. The spear glows in his hand. A second figure, Deacon Blackfire, stands beside Faust.

"As the planets grow into alignment and the heroes become more desperate, we grow closer to that moment. The moment where I become stronger! And the moment that I am able to become the harbinger to lead Trigon, who will cleanse the world of the weak and the wicked!"

Faust only takes a second to raise his eyebrow. He is very used to the ramblings of Blackfire. You can't really take the preacher out of this man who can drop into a demonic sermon at a drop of the hat.

"Let's not forget that it was my genius plan that brought you this item. The spear you so desperately
The growing red spear appears in the hands of Blackfire who responds with a smile. He stands in the shadows and rocks back and forth.

"Hope is now gone from the world. Within twenty-four hours, all who try and stand and fight what is inevitable will breath their last breaths. Their bodies decay and their spirits wither. There will be no salvation for them on the other side. Merely ever lasting damnation."

Faust's eyes shift back a little bit. Religious nutjobs, got to love them.

"Within twenty-four hours Trigon will rise again and show his great power. This is the message I bring."

The sorcerer takes a second to clear his throat. "Yes. Trigon will rise. But, you do remember our bargain. You would give me my life back if I assisted you in obtaining the Spear of Azar. And I have. The only thing which can stop your master's uprising is at hand."

Blackfire's thunderous laughter fills the realm. "You know, my brother, the matter of your resurrection is completely and utterly out of my hands. However, you have earned yourself some credit. I will speak to my master of the matter and I will speak highly of your cooperation. If you assist us during this uprising, then you will get everything that is coming to you."

X-X-X

A fresh darkness comes over Gotham City. Several men wearing red appear in a circle around the area. A man wearing a red robe appears in front of them. He raises a hand and they all drop down to their knees. Their eyes flash for a second. They understand why they can.

"We must all make peace with ourselves with what is to come. We must all understand that he is going to come to bring your salvation. And our salvation will be our hand while the extinction of the non-believers will also occur. Those who dare deny his power will be marked for one thing."

The figure in the robes eyes shift over and he smiles.

"They will be marked for eradication. They will be marked for elimination. And most importantly of all, they will be marked for DELETION!"

Loud cheers come across the area as this figure in the robes holds a hand into the air. The figures start cheering in response to his statement. The figure raises his arms and they all raise their arms. Fire shoots out from behind him into a church.

The Arkham Knight steps into the church before them. They all move over to acknowledge another messenger of the great Trigon.

"Soon all of you will be part of this new world order. The wicked will be purged. And Gotham City will be among the first to fall. Batman's weakness allowed the disease which spreads over Gotham City to spread."

One can almost see the wicked nature of the Arkham Knight bubble to the surface. He has some plan, a very vicious plan for anyone who opposes him.

"The weakness he causes spreads to every single last corner of this city. I will do what I can to ensure that Gotham is put under heel. It is already become. No one can stop it. They would be foolish enough to try."
"Control will be yours!"

The Arkham Knight nods, satisfied by the statement coming from these true believers. They all understand one particular fact. He's completely and utterly in control tonight. A smile passes over the Arkham Knight's face when he prepares for the end.

A glimpse out of the corner of his eye at the fabled Bat signal in the sky causes his interest to be piqued. The Arkham Knight does wonder about who would call the Bat at this time, especially since he's been missing for close to a week no.

'There's always an optimistic fool out there.'

Karen zooms to the scene where Laurel, Sara, Diana, Talia, and Rose are waiting. Iris moves right away as the Flash. There's not the normal spring in her step, something Karen notices right away.

"You alright?"

"Yeah, I'm fine."

Iris is not a hundred percent physically or mentally after the attack from Killer Frost days ago. She needs to stand tall though given the fact. She moves over to where Sara greets her. A concerned expression flashes over Sara's face when Iris moves in closer.

"Maybe you should have sat this one out."

She shakes her head. "No, I'll be fine. I understand there's something important that I need to know."

They move in where Raven moves closer towards them. One can see the expression of urgency in her eyes and they move just a little bit closer. Perdita moves in after Raven says something to her.

"You have no idea that it was here?"

Perdita shakes her head. "Even after all of this time, I still haven't been able to piece together the full inventory of the dangerous objects that my uncle has had at his disposal. He was an obsessive collector."

Rose decides to add her two cents into the matter. "Some might say he was a hoarder of these objects."

"Say what you want. He's picked up a lot of objects over the years. And are you saying that this object could be the only thing that could bring the darkness down which is coming?"

A breath comes from Raven a couple of seconds later. "So I've been told. I figure it's best if we head to the beginning for this story. This is what my mother told me some time ago."

The group of women all gather around. One can almost see the frustration building to a key point in Raven's eyes.

"My mother was coerced, seduced, and taken by Trigon. I'm not sure how much of it was done with her consent at the time and how she regretted bringing about such potential terror. Regardless, she knew that if there was a chance, Trigon would visit this realm and cause its destruction. I would have been the means for him to get here, at least at first. But there are other methods, as Trigon has his followers, and disciples here in this realm."

Laurel and Sara think of the same person. It's the same person who has haunted their family for
almost three decades after their mother defeated him at the church.

"The spear Faust's minion stole is a weapon which has been crafted by the blood of my mother and six other months of Azarath. The Spear of Azar, and it's said to be the only weapon that will be able to slay Trigon."

Diana breaths in a deep breath when looking at Raven. "So are you saying that the only weapon that can defeat this man is in the hand of one of his minions?"

"I'm afraid so."

The obvious exclamation comes out of the Amazon next. "Hera help us!"

"We should only be so lucky."

Raven takes in another deep breath. "There's approximately eighteen hours left until the blood moon rises and Trigon will be able to cross over into this world. I can…well I might be able to find a way to seal the portal and stop him. I'm going to have to sacrifice myself to do so."

Sara's eyes shoot open and she shakes her head. "There's no way that we're going to let you do that. There has to be another way."

"If we had the spear there might be," Talia offers.

Karen pipes up with her two cents. "To get the spear, we're going to have to enter the shadow realm and to get into the shadow realm we're going…you can take us there."

Raven's entire body language slacks. She draws in a deep breath. Sara puts a hand on her shoulder.

"Raven, you have the ability to travel between your dimensions. You're going there anyway to face your father. The more of us who go there, the better chance you have of succeeding."

"This is a mistake. A huge mistake. If I die before we get out of there, then you will be trapped there forever."

Sara takes a moment to look Raven in the eye. She flinches at Sara's hand on her shoulder. "You underestimate us and yourself too much. We'll be able to get in there and if we can get the spear, if they still have it, then Trigon will be taken down."

A moment of hesitation comes over Raven. One can see how her eternal struggle is happening in the back of her mind. One can see how much she's going back and forth.

"I'll take you there."

Raven turns and opens up a portal. Diana turns her attention to Donna. "Guard the Queen in case trouble comes."

"I will," Donna replies. "Don't get into any trouble and may the goddesses be with you."

Raven guides Sara, Laurel, Rose, Talia, Diana, Iris, and Karen all through the portal. She steps through the last to seal the portal behind them. It leaves both Donna and Perdita standing there waiting. There's a sense of dread in Donna.

"Hera help them all."
Black Siren paces back and forth on the roof of the Gotham City Police Department Headquarters. She tries not to show the nervousness.

"I assumed you were captured."

The Arkham Knight appears on the rooftop with Black Siren appearing to her. She holds her swagger and confidence when looking him in the eye.

"I lulled them into a false sense of security. I knew this would be the only way to signal you here."

A second passes with the Arkham Knight stepping in. The minute he crosses the Bat Signal, the signal explodes and knocks him back. Pieces of glass and metal knock him off of his feet for a minute.

Black Siren opens her mouth and releases a shriek at the Arkham Knight. The Arkham Knight's armor absorbs the energy from her attack. He turns the tables on her with a violent energy blast to knock Black Siren down onto her back. She hits the ground extremely hard with the breath knocked completely out of her body.

"The fate for all traitors is execution."

The Arkham Knight retracts a blade from his armor and advances on Black Siren. He lifts a hand up to attempt to knock her head off only to realize that a second blade blocks it.

"I'm not finished with you."

Lady Shiva appears from the shadows and she jumps up to kick the Arkham Knight off of the roof. She dives off of the room after him with a dagger pointed down. The Arkham Knight hits the street. The armor absorbs most of the impact, with Lady Shiva's knife being caught in her hand.

The Arkham Knight pops back up and slams Lady Shiva against the wall hard. He hurls her down to the ground.

"You've made a serious mistake attacking me."

Arkham Knight charges Shiva. Shiva whips out three throwing stars and the shuriken hit the side of the Arkham Knight's armor. A miniature explosion echoes and Shiva's on top of him. She keeps striking the armor at several mores.

She withdraws a sword and stabs it into one of the weaker parts of the armor. Lady Shiva lures the Arkham Knight in. He slices the air with the blades from his suit. Shiva avoids the attack and pulls out a device. She unleashes one of the Canary Cry grenades which causes the structure atop them to fall on the Arkham Knight. Several boards, cinderblocks, and twisted pieces of metal lad on top of the Arkham Knight.

The Arkham Knight breaks free from his containment. Part of his armor damages from the attack. Lady Shiva swoops in and stabs the sword through the back of his armor. He gives a grimace in response. He turns to avoid the second attack and releases an electrified charge at Shiva. It rocks her into the air.

Arkham Knight blocks her kick and grabs her by the leg. Bone snap the second Lady Shiva drives down onto the ground. Arkham Knight stamps the back of her leg which causes more agony. The point of his boot drives in the back of Lady Shiva's leg again and a sickening crack echoes through the alleyway.
He lifts Lady Shiva up over his head in an attempt to drive her down across his knees and break her spine in half. Shiva releases a concealed dagger which stabs him in the eye. The Arkham Knight drops her down to the ground. Blood spurts from the other side of his helmet.

Shiva's broken leg drags behind her. The Arkham Knight snaps her down onto the ground and retracts a blade from his suit.

He stabs Shiva directly in the stomach. Blood oozes from her when the Arkham Knight draws blade out. Shiva keeps fighting her way against the Arkham Knight. He continues the vicious beatdown on her. Each punch nails her across the neck and the side.

Both of his thumbs drive into the side of her neck. Shiva's arms and legs become like jelly. She can no longer move and fight back. The feeling of being paralyzed hits her. The Arkham Knight stabs her in the stomach to drop her down onto the ground.

Arkham Knight grabs her arms and hoists her up. The body of the great Lady Shiva hangs like a glorified limp noodle. The Arkham Knight slams his foot down across the spine of Shiva and drives her down into the ground as hard as humanly possible. Her body flattens against the ground with a vicious curb stomp.

Blood stains the ground beneath Lady Shiva's body. The Arkham Knight steps back and looks down with grim satisfaction. The deadliest woman in the world lays humbled at his feet for the second time on two Earths.

One step away causes the Arkham Knight to drop down to the ground. The injuries get to him as he can barely move himself.

"No."

The Arkham Knight pulls out a vial with a blue fluid from his belt and slides it into the injector. He injects the formula into his body. His nerve endings burn and he rises to his feet. The punctured organs and broken bones along with other injuries heal themselves.

His eyes and veins both bulge. Grimly, the Arkham Knight steps away to leave Lady Shiva to be in the alleyway to be found. She will mark a symbol over his dominance of Gotham City as she lays, like many women before her in Gotham City, to slowly bleed to death.

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To Be Continued on May 7th, 2018.

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Thanks for the favorites, follows, views, kudos, and comments and see you on Monday for the next chapter.
Black Siren groans and roll over. Every inch of her body stabs with agony as she attempts to readjust to the scene around her. Pieces of debris and broken glass litter the floor. Black Siren remembers what happened, the attempted attack on the Arkham Knight comes back into her memory.

A small sliver of hope spreads over the body of Black Siren. She thinks, perhaps, since she's still breathing, Lady Shiva succeeds where no man ever has before. The smell burned flesh and blood fills the air. The sound of sirens in the background put Black Siren on edge.

She climbs down to the area. More broken glass litters the ground where she stands. Black Siren draws in another couple of breaths and moves down towards the alleyway to see one of the most horrific sights. She steps over and sees Lady Shiva's broken body on the ground. Blood pours from her mouth on all angles. Black Siren flips a hair away from her face when walking over towards the woman down on the ground.

She takes another step toward and reaches down. Black Siren recoils her hand back for a couple of seconds. She sees Lady Shiva's still breathing for whatever it's worth and she doesn't see it to be worth a whole hell of a lot. She walks back and wonders what to do.

Sirens approach from the distance. Black Siren makes her way deeper into the shadows. It's been an instinct of hers to avoid contact with the law enforcement after spending the better part of the last several years on the wrong side of the law.

Two flashlights shine into the alleyway with Black Siren holding her breath. Two officers of the Gotham City Police Force make their way into the alleyway. She does not want to answer too many questions about why she's here and it's hard to trust anyone of the GCPD. They are extremely corrupt over on her Earth.

Black Siren's chest ripples when waiting for something to happen.

"Is that who I think it is?"

Detective Harvey Bullock spent most of his adult life working for the Gotham City police force. He's seen things which would drive most men to do something hard. His partner, Renee Montoya, steps over. He shines the light down onto the alleyway and frowns. She gasps from behind and there's a moment where her hand shakes.

"It looks like Lady Shiva!"

Bullock cannot even comprehend this. He knows of Lady Shiva, but has never met her up close. She's a wanted fugitive in Gotham City, although they are not people who would even attempt to bring her down because Shiva terrifies most men.

"Jim, you're going to have to get a look at this."

James Gordon steps into the alleyway and comes across the broken body of Lady Shiva. There are so many questions onto who does this. Coupled with the fact that Batman seems to have gone missing, and there are even more questions than James Gordon is willing to answer right at the moment.
He knows this is Lady Shiva. Because this is Lady Shiva, the person who did that to her is extremely dangerous beyond all belief. Gordon pinches the bridge of his nose and turns around to Montoya.

"Call for the medics. She's still breathing, so there's still a chance to save her."

Gordon moves across the way to make a call. It will take several minutes. He recalls a conversation he had with Quentin Lance when the two of them got together, about how Lady Shiva and Quentin's ex-wife, Dinah, was involved. Gordon knew more than enough to steer clear of that potential mind field.

Regardless, if Dinah was in a relationship with Lady Shiva still, then she might be able to shed some light on this situation. And if she did not, it's a good chance she wants to know.

"Dinah, it me, Jim. I wish I could say I'm doing well, but there's something that I need to tell you. I really hope that you're sitting down when I tell you this as well."

Black Siren hopes that everything is going to be okay. She takes in a couple more breaths and makes her movement.

She senses someone behind her a second before a hand claps against Black Siren's mouth.

Dark flames light the area where The Green Arrow leads the way. The crew with her is very capable, and yet it puts her at less than one hundred percent ease to be here. Black Canary stands by her side. Wonder Woman, Superwoman, Flash, and Ravager all walk behind her as well. Talia al Ghul makes her way further up the path. She's no stranger to the weirdness around this area.

Raven puts herself in front of the path. Sara can read the woman's body language and it is very obvious how unnerved Raven is when she walks.

Demonic looking crows line the area. They all look at the small group, with some strange mixture of pity and distrust in their beady little eyes. Sara realizes one truth beyond everything else. The crows know that they're not supposed to be here.

Black Canary and Green Arrow both keep their eyes to the side. Every hole in the darkness presents a potential threat.

"We have to stick together, no matter what."

Superwoman holds her neck back at Green Arrow's words. "I just have a feeling that's going to be much easier said than done."

The entire group murmurs in agreement and keeps walking down the area. The footsteps grow even louder when all of them keep walking around.

Raven stops short and rubs her temple. One can see that she regrets bringing them here even though they were brought here by choice.

"He's close. I can feel his presence. It's almost choking me. It's so strong I can feel it."

Sara reaches in and places a hand on Raven's shoulder. "It's going to be fine. We're not going to let anything happen."

"I'm not sure if it's really in your control."
Raven tries to look on the positive side of this despite the overwhelming negatives which are present. The sands of time swim around her as she realizes no matter her best efforts, time is running out.

"You're going to find a way to stop him."

Raven nods and turns to the group. "We're heading to the point of no return here. Once we pass this gateway, we could run into him or close enough to him when you're going to feel him. Keep your minds sharp."

"It feels as if time is running out."

"Time has run out!"

That booming voice coming down the way is recognized by Black Canary, Wonder Woman, and Green Arrow. The one and only Felix Faust pops his way into the distance with a very demonic expression on his face.

Wonder Woman pops her neck back. "Faust, I don't know what you intend to get out of this, but you're not going to stop us."

Faust just smiles at her. "Dear Princess, I'm doing you all a service. Past this point lies the darkness which you cannot fight or you cannot withstand. Trigon will rip you apart, and it will not be swift and with mercy as I would be. He may destroy you painfully or he may enslave you, removing every aspect of your being."

Green Arrow stands tall and Faust just looks at her.

"I doubt that's what a group of strong independent women have been fighting for, to be puppets of a powerful demon. He's something you fear. Therefore, I'm going to do you all a favor and put you all out of your miseries before Trigon rises. And then, I will show how valuable I am by receiving my life back."

Talia holds her blade and looks at him. "You're going to let us pass."

"The Daughter of Ra's al Ghul holds no capital in this realm. You're not fit to make demands. Now, I trust you remember my followers."

Faust's horde of demons appear in the area. The demonic skeletons and creatures without any eyes and with fewer souls make their way there.

Flash dodges the blast of one of them. The Fastest Woman alive jumps behind them and starts hammering them with a series of superfast punches. She rears back and nails one of the creatures when he tries to attack her. She pushes back against the wall with a thump echoing through her body.

Superwoman blasts them with heat vision. The heat vision absorbs into their body and fires back at her. Superwoman connects to the side of the head with multiple punches. She pulls back and nails him.

Green Arrow sends an arrow onto the ground and causes the rocks to crumble out from underneath these demonic entities. They all topple to the ground in a matter of seconds.

"Get to Faust! Nothing else matters!"

Wonder Woman rushes into the battle. She withdraws a sword and hacks through the enemies. Faust
absorbs the energies of this realm into him and prepares to send even more creatures.

Despite the fact that they know they need to get to Faust, it's much easier said than done. He's more powerful than ever before with all of the darkness in his realm at his command.

Tension raises through Artemis, as tonight is the night. Thea and Cass look at her for a couple of seconds and Artemis wonders if now's the time to bring them up to speed about what could potentially happen.

She thought by saving Sara and Thea, it might alter the course of history. It's pretty much all for nothing.

"Okay, so Sara's not checked back in just yet, and neither has Laurel. Felicity's on her way to Gotham City to help Barbara, and hopefully between the two of them, they can get the Arkham Knight's control away from Batman's technology."

There's a couple of seconds where Artemis just nods at Thea's words. Thea leans over and puts a hand on Artemis's. Artemis just shoots her eyes up.

"Everything okay?"

The answer to the question waits a few more minutes, as the door opens. Mia steps through the door. Thea acknowledges the presence of her Earth Two counterpart. Lian stands through with her arms swinging a few seconds later. Jade makes her way through as well.

"Everything's quiet."

Lian's words cause Mia to look her over and all of the other girls to stare at her. Jade's the one who breaks the silence. "Given everything that's happened, why would we want to tempt fate?"

A very sheepish look spreads over Lian's face. "I'm sorry. It's just…well I'm sorry."

"It's fine, I understand."

Jade hardened expression softens just enough for her to be less judgmental but not enough to be pathetic. She turns to Artemis who has been acting a bit off since returning. Spending four months sprinting all through time and space could in fact change a person.

The conversation Jade wants to have is put on hold as Thea's eyes widen. She takes in a very deep breath. "Lady Shiva's body was found in the alleyway, she's clinging onto life."

"The Arkham Knight?"

Mia's statement shows there's no question in the matter. He's very dangerous, and Mia knows it firsthand how dangerous the Arkham Knight can be.

Several rips in the fabric of space and time tear open. All six women turn their attempt to the portal where several ghoulish entities rip through the fabric of space and time. One of them launchings a bolt of flames at Thea. Artemis pushes her down onto the ground.

In a flash of an eye, Artemis arms herself and fires several arrows at her. She wishes for her advanced bow right now because it might really come in handy. Artemis avoids the attack from one of the monster's and plunges an arrow into the stomach to double it over.

Jade withdraws two knives and propels herself over the creature. The only good thing is the
creature's actual forward movement is very slow. Even though it's aim is pretty much on point. It's only Jade's aim is pretty much that much better.

Mia launches an explosive arrow into the spine of one of the creatures.

"We're going to have to find a way to seal the portal."

Lian flips down onto the ground. "Yeah, except none of us have any magical ability whatsoever. So, unless you have a good magician on speed dial, we're kind of screwed."

Jade pushes Lian away from one of the creatures smashing her down onto the ground. A couple of punches knock the creature back with Jade slamming the knife deep into the throat of one of the creatures. Blood splatters in pretty much every direction.

The foul stench of this creature only backs Jade up an inch or two. She draws in a deep breath and brings the knife back into him one more time.

"They keep coming! We should find a way out of here!"

Thea and Cass lock eyes and know what they have to do. Cass rolls a grenade onto the ground and it explodes to send chunks of dust and debris at them. Cass and Thea fight their way through the hordes. Artemis nails one of them with an arrow which sets on him fire.

Most of these glorified zombies go down with one hit, the only problem is there are way too many of them and Thea does not want to know what they could do.

"Don't think we've forgotten about you?"

The demonic face of Derek Sampson comes into their line of sight. Artemis withdraws her bow and quick fires three arrows. All of them reduce to dust before they connect. Sampson charges in and nails Artemis with a punch across the chest to double her over.

Artemis's body collapses on the ground like a puppet getting it's strings cut. Jade dives into the air to defend her sister. Two of the creatures grab her by the ankles and a third puts a hand over her mouth. A disc flips into the air and engulfs Jade in an energy bubble.

Jade's eyes widen and she tries to punch out of the bubble. A second bubble forms around Artemis to pull her off of the ground.

One of the ghouls rushes in. Thea dodges the attack and comes from behind him. The ghoul's face snaps up and Thea's eyes widen. She sees the face of her deceased brother.

"Oliver?"

"It's an illusion!"

Mia's words only snap Thea out of it. A disc strikes Mia into the back and causes her to be completely submerged in an energy portal. Lian receives more of the same after dodging the first attempt.

Stardust smiles and lifts a hand up. He blows dust out of the palm of his hand into Thea's face.

Thea's entire mind crashes and she flies down a tunnel of horrors. She cannot process of it but it feels like she's beig dragged into the worst trip ever. She scratches and claws her way back up. It's almost like she's trying to wade on water.
"You will succumb to us!"

She grits her teeth and tries to push her way out. The world burns around her and she sees the dead bodies of her friends and loved ones around her. Vultures swoop down from the eye and start ripping at the flesh of the bodies of her families.

Thea's entire head spins around with the ringing deepening in her ear. She tries to force herself to keep her head back above the water. Unfortunately, it's much easier said than done.

She joins the others in the containment bubbles.

Cass stands alone and causes a case to explode which gives her enough cover. The skilled warrior holds her own even though she stands alone against an entire army of the undead. Cass drags in her breath and jumps into the air.

Sampson flickers out of the way and Cass slams the sword into the ground. She dodges two of the containment discs coming close to her. One of the creatures grabs Cass around the neck. She flips him down onto the ground. She rips the arm of one of the zombies off and uses it as a means to smash them in the face.

A blast of light connects to the back of Cass and despite her valor, she's contained alongside the rest of it.

Sampson just smiles. "It's time to depart to the Fifth Dimension."

Green Arrow blasts her way through the door. Raven stands next to her as the two of them move there. Faust flies back from an attack from Wonder Woman off to the side of the room. Superwoman and Flash make their way into the battle behind Raven and Green Arrow.

Getting to Trigon is one of the most important things this group can do and it might be the only thing which matters. Raven bombards one of Faust's forces back.

Rose, Laurel, and Talia do a good job in keeping more of them from coming down the path. An energy rip opens up. Green Arrow arms herself and Superwoman, Flash, and Raven prepare to battle inside of her.

Sampson jumps out of the energy portal with his army of ghouls. Things are about ready to get more dangerous from here.

"I thought ARGUS had you locked up tight."

"The vessel that is Derek Sampson is locked up, although our conscious cannot be locked up by any means."

Which means Sampson has some kind of ability to astral project to this realm despite being in ARGUS. That's some real good news.

Flash zips from one enemy to another. She knocks them down onto the ground. She stops short in horror when she notices something.

Superwoman kicks one of the enemies in the back of the head. They all look up to see Jesse, Sapphire, and Natasha contained in energy fields. Next to them, Lian, Thea, Cass, Jade, Artemis, and Mia appear and flicker into the light. The glowing purple fields surround them and suspend them.
A blast of ice comes from Killer Frost. Flash turns around to stare down the doppelganger of one of her best friends. "What did you do to them?"

"Don't worry you're pretty little head off. They're still breathing. My counterpart managed to get away, but... we're on a time table. And there's nothing that she can do when Trigon rises again. She cannot hide from the dark one."

Killer Frost's hand comes close to nailing the Flash. Raven blocks her and knocks her back to the ground with everything she has.

The figure of Deacon Joseph Blackfire stands in the distance. "Soon, all will understand the message I've been trying to speak to them. They will understand the gospel. On this night, in a matter of moments, Trigon will finally rise again. And with him, the world will be reshaped. Those who are wicked will be the first to fall."

"Yes."

Green Arrow fires an arrow at the podium which causes it to explode. Blackfire disappears into a blast of black mist in the dust.

The chaos of battle continues. Raven blocks the voices out of her head and presses on through despite the situation. She notices it on the shelf. The Spear of Azar just in front of her.

A huge stone guardian comes out of the ground. Raven's eyes glow and she whips dark tentacles at the creature to tear it to shreds. She taps into the darkness to be able to be strong enough to defeat Trigon. Raven pushes herself into the creature.

"You have failed them all. Just like these heroes will be a monument of how weak humanity is."

"They're strong. And you're the weak one. You had to coerce a woman to create your heir."

"She didn't seem to object when I gave her the greatest pleasure she would ever know."

Not something Raven really wants to hear at this point. She taps into a further darkness and tears her way into the stone guardian. She smashes herself into it.

She barely acknowledges anything around her. Ripples of magic block any further attacks as Raven moves her way to the spear, the weapon which wants to take her father into the portal.

"You don't have the strength to do this."

Raven snatches the spear into her hand. "You're wrong."

The spear stabs into the dark vortex of light which resembles Trigon. Raven's body vibrates the second it slowly turns to stone. She takes a deep breath and persists despite the agony spreading through every fiber of her being. It's a very hard but she keeps pushing. The nerves in her body burn.

A vortex of magic shoots out of the portal and time freezes. Everyone in the realm strikes with the energy blast and loud screams echo in the darkness. Raven's eyes bulge and body swiftly crumbles into dust. Her heart beats one final beat.

Then, nothing other than the darkness.

Dust settles as Sara's eyes blur over. She realizes almost instantly she's landed back on the island of Lian Yu. Sara sits up and cannot see the others. Where are they? She knows she's back on Lian Yu
and her head is quite frankly killing her. She puts a head on the top of her head.

Sara turns around and turns around to see Oliver's body next to her. It decomposes before her the moment she locks eyes onto it. The skies burn blood red.

"It's all on you!"

She rises to a standing position with a sharp pain coming through her body. Sara does not do anything. She snaps her head back a half of an inch.

"Show yourself Blackfire! I'm sick of these games"

"You've lived for nearly a decade despite your sins! You should have died on the Queen's Gambit. You should have died dozens of times over. But, now I'm going to right the wrongs and you're going to die for your sins."

Blackfire appears in all of his glory. The island rots where he stands on it. A darkness surrounds his body which paralyzes Sara where she stands. She fights out of the attack.

"This island is tainted by sinners. It's only fitting that it will be your tomb!"

All of the trees on the island wither and die from Blackfire's presence. Sara breaks free from the thrall he has on her and punches at him. Her blows do little as he deflects them with ease.

"I am strong now that my master has risen! He has given me what your mother ruthlessly ripped away from me. And so much more!"

Blackfire grabs Sara's arms and forces her down onto the ground. His hands rest on either side of her neck.

"An eye for an eye. A lie for a lie! A life for a life!"

His hands push against her as Sara feels her strength and the life energy rip away from her body. Sara's entire body quivers as she feels weaker than she's ever felt before.

"Sara Lance, you've failed your friends! You've failed your family. YOU HAVE FAILED THIS WORLD!"

Sara's hair greys and her skin withers as Blackfire sucks the life out of her body. Her crumpled body drops down onto the ground.

"Blackfire, to me!"

Blackfire turns and allows Sara to drop to the ground. Light engulfs her body the second she withers and the last breath leaves her body.

The Deacon steps across the way. He peers up with a smile and then kneels down. Red eyes appear as a dark shadow engulfs all of Lian Yu.

"Great Arch-Demon this world is yours!"

"It always has been."

Trigon stands on Lian Yu almost ready to take the world as the final chains holding him in his realm shatter.
The Arkham Knight returns to the Batcave. The change can be felt in the air and this new world order would be the beginning of something great.

He flickers the lights on and turns to the cell containing Batman. The Arkham Knight's eyes fix on the cell and see that it's completely empty.

To Be Continued on May 8th 2017.

Thanks for all of the favorites, follows, kudos, views, and comments and I'll be back on Tuesday.
Nyssa paces around with a loud thump echoing. This draws her attention to the bottom of the steps. Nyssa walks over and gasps when she comes to a very grisly sight at the bottom of the steps. She rushes the rest of the way down the steps and comes down. She drops to her knees.

Broken, battered, and withered, her beloved's body lies at the bottom of the steps. Sara lies without any sign of life. Nyssa leans down, almost fearful of what she might find out. There's no breathing coming from Sara, no signs of heartbeat, nothing. She puts a hand to Sara's, fearful of what could happen. She feels cold as ice.

Nyssa leans down for a second and gently scoops up Sara in her arms. No words escape out of her mouth. She turns around and moves Sara over and past the chambers. Several robed figures give her turn their attention to them. Nyssa wrestles with something in her mind before going for the one obvious conclusion. One which Nyssa despises with every fiber of her being.

"Prepare the pit."

No other choice which is logical enters Nyssa's mind. Her hands shake when holding Sara in her arms. She manages to not drop her. The robed figures all move into position and away from Nyssa. They prepare the Lazarus Pit. The mystical waters bubble and the intoxicating scent fills Nyssa's nostrils. She refuses to let Sara die just like this, no matter what.

"I've never wanted to do this you again. Desperate times call for desperate measures."

The last time Nyssa recalls subjecting Sara to the Lazarus Pit, she was a mess for weeks, and Nyssa experiences the horrors up close to what the pit can do to the psyche of a person. It's only through strength Sara came right. It put Nyssa's perspective on how her father either hid the effects well or eventually he had become so warped that he did not become horrified at the process of being brought back from the edge.

The Elite Guard rigs up an apparatus which dangles from the ceiling. Nyssa helps Sara into it. Off to the side, she notices Delilah standing next to Caitlin Snow. Caitlin's completely mentally out of it and the sight of Sara does not cause her move to improve.

"Oh my God."

Nyssa blocks these words out of her mind. Sara's body slowly lowers into the Lazarus Pit. Nyssa's heart starts beating when she sees Sara disappear into the mystical waters of the pit. She crosses her fingers a half of a second later and waits to see what happened.

Time crawls completely still from Nyssa's perspective. The waters in the pit hiss for a couple of seconds. Nyssa folds her arms and waits.

"One moment."

Nothing emerges from the Lazarus Pit. Sara, no matter what her mental state could be from dying, would emerge from the pit right now. Nyssa watches without any words.

More time passes. Still nothing. The Elite Guard shifts nervously at this and are afraid of Nyssa's
reaction if her beloved does not emerge.

"Mistress, I don't think she's coming out."

Nyssa’s blind devotion blocks the obvious conclusion. She stares down at the Pit where Sara lies. The waters soak into her body and several minutes may have passed.

"Give it another minute."

Each tick of the clock passes over. Nyssa drops down to her knees beside the pit. She hears footsteps from behind her. A couple of strangled breaths come from the area. Nyssa closes her eyes and refuses to allow the inevitable thought of Sara's fate to sink into her mind.

"Rise, beloved. Please, for my sake."

The gentle hand of her niece on the back of her shoulder only barely brings Nyssa out of her thoughts. Her eyes look down at the Lazarus Pit for a few seconds. She closes her eyes and lowers her head to make sure her followers do not see the sadness brimming through her eyes. A solitary tear wipes away, something which never happens to Nyssa.

'I'm sorry, my beloved.'

Nyssa takes a couple of deep breaths.

"She's gone."

Caitlin’s words bring this full and unfortunate truth to the forefront. Nyssa descends down the steps and rips a sword from the wall. With tranquil rage, she slams the sword into the chest of a practice dummy and rips into it. Stuffing spills out into the room.

Delilah moves closer to her aunt. "Aunt Nyssa, I'm sorry."

The entire League close their eyes to pay their respects to a fallen warrior. Nyssa turns to the Pit, one more time. She closes her eyes, almost as if trying to will Sara to rise from the Pit. Her father mentions there will come a day where there will be maladies that the Lazarus Pit cannot fix.

Nyssa refuses to acknowledge today is going to be that day. She brings her breath in deeper and lets it out a couple of times.

Two gateways open up. The members of the League turn to prepare to face who steps out of the portals.

"ARGUS has been compromised. We are on our own."

Barbara and Felicity take the underground tunnels into Wayne Industries. It's a small comfort the Arkham Knight does not have the security drones patrolling the tunnel.

Felicity shivers for a second. Barbara puts a hand on hers.

"For the record, I don't think any less of you if you're terrified."

"Well, I just hope we don't run into the guy that wrecked Lady Shiva. The Lady Shiva."

A sardonic smile appears on Barbara’s face. "Me too."
She accesses the elevator and they make their way inside of the building. Barbara keeps her head on a swivel. Every single step into this building could be a potential ambush. The doors open and they make their way to the bottom level. They run across a gentleman in the hallway pointing a gun at them.

"It's me, Lucius."

Lucius Fox drops the gun and then turns himself around. "My apologies, Ms. Gordon, but you can never be too careful. Especially today…there's just something different in the air."

A nod follows from Barbara. "I understand. This is Felicity Smoak, the other hacker I told you about."

Lucius extends a hand to shake Felicity's. "It's a pleasure to meet you. I've been working hard to keep the Arkham Knight out of the system. But, it's registering him as Bruce Wayne and he's gotten his hands on some of his…private inventory."

"You mean the Bat Gadgets, right?"

He confirms nor denies what Felicity states. The very tired form of Alfred Pennyworth steps into the room.

"Ms. Gordon, I'm glad to see you are well…and you must be Ms. Smoak."

Barbara moves forward to greet the faithful Wayne family butler. "It's good to see you Alfred."

"I should not keep you from your work any longer. It's imperative that we get this Arkham Knight out of the system and reclaim the Batcave. And hopefully…."

The words of Alfred fade off into the distance. Everyone knows what he eludes to. One can see the frustration of Alfred and given that he thinks of Bruce like a son, it is obvious to see why.

Barbara and Felicity prepare to walk off and do there think. Lucius will get them into the mainframe and then the rest would go from here. They stop when two more doors slide in.

Black Siren steps into the room. Felicity takes a deep breath when seeing her. Then, in walks Bruce Wayne, with a slight limp and also several bruises on his face. A couple of seconds pass when everyone in the room stands by in shock. Lucius is the one who finally breaks the silence.

"Mr. Wayne, I see the rumors of your demise are well exaggerated."

"They are, Lucius. And it's time to take back control of Gotham City. He hasn't attacked yet, but I fear that's coming."

Felicity cannot help herself from piping up. "Well, how do we know you're the real Bruce Wayne and just not the Arkham Knight pulling some trick?"

Barbara, Lucius, and Alfred all give Felicity some manner of dirty look and even Black Siren rolls her eyes into the back of her head at this. Bruce just nods in her direction.

"Very perspective, Ms. Smoak. And there's no way you can't know, given how similar we are. Every single security test you can perform will register either of us as Bruce Wayne."

Lucius decides to jump in. "Bruce, what is the Master Override Password for the Batcave. The one that self-destructs it."
"Lucius, you know that I can't divulge that information."

A smile appears on Lucius's face at the strong resolve. Alfred just looks at him.

"I want to believe you, Master Bruce. Tell me, what is the last Christmas present your parents ever gave you."

A far off look appears in Bruce's eye. "It was a nutcracker statue. It belonged in my family for years. I wanted the new limited edition Grey Ghost action figure that year for Christmas, and instead, I got that. I may have acted a bit of a...well of a brat to my parents because of that. And they took me a movie to make up for it, and that was the night...the night every changed."

Bruce closes his eyes and takes a deep breath. He brings himself back into the conversation a moment later.

"And you gave me the same gift the next Christmas, Alfred, and I saw it as a reminder of how much my parents cared for me, even though I did not fully appreciate them until they were gone."

Everyone turns to Alfred for his assessment. "You're either the best bloody actor I've ever seen or you're the real deal. And I don't know about you, I'm trusting my gut."

"You know him best, Alfred."

Everyone in the room agrees with Lucius's assessment. They cannot get themselves into further position without watching the skies turn red next to them.

Black Siren shivers as she feels the darkness seep into her mind. Even after Sara helps her, she's still on pins and needles. "Blackfire! We don't have much time."

There's a far bigger problem than the Arkham Knight presenting itself and the entire group realizes that. Felicity and Barbara move in to take control of the system, while Black Siren prepares to join Batman in defending Gotham City from whatever is going to come through that portal.

The portals open in the temples of Nanda Parbat. Nyssa and her elite guard wield their weapons. A figure wearing black steps out. Her blonde hair flies into the distance. Her black top covers her upper body with a glowing silver "S" embodied on it and she wears a tight black skirt which shows off her legs. The boots she wears are very practical as well.

Kara Zor-El steps out of the portal and in front of the picture. She wears a different version of the traditional Supergirl outfit due to this being a stealthy mission and therefore primary colors stick out like a sore thumb along with the cape.

"I come in peace."

"Supergirl. Lower your weapons."

Another figure steps out of the portal. Alia appears with her green eyes looking over the members of the League of Assassins. She approves of Nyssa's recruitment of her Elite Guard with a smile.

"I'm here to speak to Sara."

Crippling silence appears through the temple. A second passes with Nyssa inclining her head for a second. She turns her attention back to Alia.

"Sara lies at the bottom of the pit. She's too far gone for even the waters inside of the pit to revive
Alia flies up the pit and leans down. She closes her eyes and feels the mystical energies around the pit. They are very potent and she feels the fragments of the souls of those who have been revived with this pit for over the years. Losing a fragment of your soul is dangerous business, as very few completely recover from the process.

"Come to me, Nyssa."

Nyssa walks up to the pit. She wonders what the hell is going on. Alia extends her hand and takes Nyssa's hand in hers.

"You truly love Sara. Don't you?"

A moment passes where it looks like Nyssa's been insulted gravely by this line of questioning."It's not a question. I would do anything for her."

"I know. Give me your hand."

A dagger appears out of thin air. Alia draws a line up Nyssa's palm and cuts it. She presses her palm in Nyssa's bloody hand and soaks it. Nyssa closes her eyes, wincing at the pain. Blood drips from her hand. Alia pulls away for a second.

"I suggest you back away."

Alia kneels beside the pit and places her blood soaked hand on the pit. Her eyes shift over the back of her head and she starts hissing like a snake when pressing her palm into it.

The members of the League appear confused, as does Nyssa. Kara is only too helpful to offer a translation.

"Blood of the beloved selflessly given will restore your life."

The Lazarus Pit bubbles and the bright light illuminates the area. Alia steps back from the pit and a figure rises above the pit.

Sara ascends from the pit. The vibrant light spilling from her body almost blinds those who witness her rising up from the pits. Her eyes flash open and they start glowing with vibrant light.

Her mouth opens and several strangled languages come out. Sara's incoherent babblings switch between several different languages, some of them known and some of them not known.

She drops down to the ground. Sara rises up with a feral look in her face. She charges down the steps.

Instantly, Kara rushes in to restrain her before Sara can reach anyone on the steps. Caitlin's hand raises up in the air to defend herself with frost appearing on her fingertips. Alia joins Kara off to the side and Nyssa takes a step towards them as well.

"Sara! You have to get it together. Your friends, your family, the entire world, everything is going to fall apart. We need your help!"

Sara throws her head back with her eyes rolling on the back of her head. She scratches and claws out of there. Kara and Alia wrestle her down to the ground. Her entire body shakes.

Nyssa moves over and looks down into Sara's eyes. "Please, beloved, come home to me. You were
strong enough to defeat the madness before. You're strong enough to defeat it now. You have strength for anything."

A second passes as Sara's body shakes from both Alia and Kara holding her down onto the ground. Nyssa leans in and places a hand gently on Sara's head.

"You helped me find myself and embrace who I could truly be. Please, come back. Please, don't make me... you need to come home."

Sara's eyes shift over. She pulls herself out of the darkness. The claws of the demons trying to grab onto her soul finally relinquish her when she breaks free through the sheer force of will. She spent an eternity surrounded by hellfire and brimstone and past demons.

"I've failed them all. He's right. I failed them all. I wasn't strong enough. I was never strong enough."

Alia and Kara release Sara as she collapses down onto the ground. Sara, weakly, pulls herself up.

"I'm never strong. I'm not the hero this world deserves."

Nyssa puts a hand underneath Sara's chin. "You're the strongest person I've ever met in my life. And I would not waste my time loving someone who was weak."

The lips of both ladies meet with a very tender kiss. Sara pulls away for a second.

"Trigon's here. We don't have much time."

Sara takes a step over and then sinks to the ground. She's still recovering from behind brought back to life. Alia reaches into robe and pulls out a vial to hand to Sara.

"Drink this."

She takes a drink of the potion Alia gives her. She slinks to the ground in a deep sleep.

"She'll be refreshed in an hour, but the body needs rest after coming back from the dead."

Alia meanwhile has work to do. She has a pretty good idea what's about to happen. Trigon's on this world and humanity lives on borrowed time. She's seen what happens in the end during her trip to the thirty-first century after the Earths merge together into one after the Great Crisis.

A throbbing headache fills Sara's head. It's worse than the absolutely worst hangover she's ever experienced. She turns around and notices Alia sitting on the ground next to her. Runic symbols draw into the ground and the scent of a candle fills the air.

"Morgana's upskirt!"

The strange curse causes a bit of levity as Alia snaps out of her trance.

"Your friends are trapped in the Shadow Realm. I can't reach the Shadow Realm. Trigon's too powerful for me to counteract what he's doing."

"And I thought that you were...."

"I'm a skilled sorceress, but I'm no goddess, despite how many people worship me. I just can't will a solution into existence!"
There's a tense moment between the two of them. Alia decides to take a deep breath to clear the thoughts out of her mind.

She finally manages to return to the conversation. "I'm sorry I'm a bit short with you. It's just the world is going to fall apart and I learn that in about twenty or so years, my world's going to be the same way and every single Earths, all of them are going to be merged together and put one in Earth under Trigon until Kara and I manage to assemble the Legion. And that's after we get put to sleep for almost eight hundred and fifty years as well!"

Alia takes a deep breath. Sara gives her a smile.

"You feel better?"

One of those agitated expressions come over Alia. "Not really. I don't like failing."

"Failing builds character. And I'm sorry that I assumed that you could just wave your hand and a solution would appear."

"It would be nice."

Sara agrees with that assessment as much as anyone else. She notices Nyssa standing on the outside. Sara waves Nyssa in.

Nyssa makes sure not to disrupt the runic marks and the candles. She can tell Alia's about ready to reach some kind of breaking point.

"I've received word that the Arkham Knight's defeated Lady Shiva and left her for dead."

Sara's eyes close completely. Lady Shiva's the deadliest woman on Earth for a reason and despite her best efforts, Sara cannot defeat her battle. She's lasted a long time, but Shiva's always found a way to push ahead. She's always found a way to exploit one small mistake that Sara's left in her arsenal.

She rises up to her feet and looks out. The Green Arrow costume sits on the table just begging to be put on and take the fight to the Arkham Knight herself. Unfortunately, Sara's confidence has been shaken after her defeat at the hands of Blackfire.

"I've never defeated Shiva. And neither have you. It's very likely neither of us can defeat the Arkham Knight."

Nyssa shakes her head. "It's likely that we can't. But, are you going to give up trying?"

"No, but we should be smart about this. There's another way. There's always another choice. I'm going to have to go to a place that I never thought that I would have to go again if I had a chance of beating him."

They need someone who has a different fighting style then the League of Assassins who would be able to perhaps present a challenge to the Arkham Knight.

The last few minutes before Sara's latest demise flash in her mind. She lands on the island of Lian Yu right beside the of the image of Oliver's decaying corpse. Off to the side, Sara notices it on the island as clear as day. Her memories sharpen as she'll never forget that face for as long as she lives.

A familiar mask with a sword stabbed through the eyehole.

"Alia, can you open a portal?"
A surprised expression appears on Alia's face. "I can try. I might be able to get to the general area, but there's too much dark magic in the air to be precise."

A dead on stare meets Sara's eyes. "And if I don't time this right, Trigon will know."

"I have faith."

Kara pops her head into the room. "I do as well."

Nyssa decides to chime in with her two cents. "If you have faith, then I do as well."

A deep breath comes from Alia. She spends a couple of seconds. "I must warn you that if I portal you onto Lian Yu and you die, you're not getting back up this time. I had to make a deal with Death to resurrect you that time, and those deals don't come easy."

Sara wonders what Alia offered Death. She will have to ask later.

"We're not going to Lian Yu."

Now Alia blinks. "Very well then, where are you going?"

"Santa Prisca."

Nyssa's mouth hangs open for a second. "That's where we put…." A grim nod follows as Nyssa's sentence fades. When the world is the darkest, you turn to people that you never thought you would.

The prison in Santa Prisca is one of the worst prisons in the world. Sara remembers it very well, how David Cain had her sent into this hell pit almost five years ago. It was revenge for Sara and Nyssa messing up Cain's plans involving his daughter, Cassandra, and liberating her. Every now and then, Sara flashes back to that moment. The last time she remembers it prolifically was years ago when she was under the effects of Vertigo.

Now Cain's dead and Cass mostly recovers from the trauma of her unconventional upbringing although there will always be lingering scars of the emotional and physical variety.

Nyssa, Sara, and several members of Nyssa's Elite Guard step into the prison as Alia did a pretty good job in opening a portal. The Inmates notice them and scatter like cockroaches.

The last time the League of Assassins turned up in Santa Prisca, it ended very badly to these men. Some of the worst men and women in the world linger in this pit, so for them to show fear is certainly something. The death toll was very immense.

The end of the hallway is the cell Sara wants to see. The figure turns and acknowledges her presence by a nod.

"I've run out of options. I need your help and I think you'd agree that you'd want to help if you just hear me out."

The cell door opens. Slade Wilson steps outside. Most leave him alone in this prison due to them experiencing up close and personal how terrifying he is.

Slade's not the madman Sara left here almost two years ago. He's very calm and docile which in some ways is more terrify.
"I figure you would only come here for nothing else than the end of the world, Ms. Lance. But, why?"

Tension appears in the room. Sara and Slade never were friends. Slade and Oliver were the ones who were friends. Thankfully, Sara has an ace and one thing she knows might catch Slade's interest.

"Shado's alive."

Slade's expression turns to one of surprise. He looks over Sara and sees the stone cold seriousness on her face. A simple wave of his hand signals Sara to continue.

"She was brought back with the Lazarus Pit and warped into a puppet of Joseph Blackfire. And Blackfire's taken Rose hostage."

Now, all Sara has to do is wait and see what Slade will make out of this news.

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To Be Continued on May 10th, 2018.

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Thanks for the favorites, follows, views, kudos, and comments and I will see you on Thursday for the next chapter.
The bright lights shine from outside of the Church of Blackfire. Dinah closes her eyes and recalls the previous time she's stood outside of this building. The sounds of humming from inside of the Church keep echoing. She mentally flashes back to the night once again.

Images flicker into her mind of Blackfire coming close to burning those children. She saves them just barely and finishes Blackfire once and for all. Or so she thought at the time. The monster's found a way back and now his evil is stronger than ever.

Dinah cannot help but visit the Church tonight. There's something unsettling in the air even more so than ever in Gotham City. She tries to block the thought out of her mind. It's just her mind flickers into several different directions after Lady Shiva's been injured. She'll survive. It does not diminish the fact that Dinah really feels something is off tonight.

She opens up the church and hears something. A whimpering woman in the middle of the church causes Dinah's tension to rise. She notices a figure wearing robes. His sunken in eyes and demonic looking face causes Dinah to shiver. The woman on the ground whimpers some more.

The figure leans in and puts a hand underneath the chin of the woman. The rest of the members of the Church of Blackfire continue their humming.

"This is just one of the sinners in Gotham City. The end is here. Soon our great lord will purge this city and after the end of days we will be rewarded."

They all cheer and Dinah steps into the shadows. She notices one of them holds a large knife and with the neck of the woman exposed, Dinah only pieces together what's about to happen.

"Unfortunately, those we serve demand a blood sacrifice. And this woman just so happily stuck her neck out for us tonight."

The woman trembles and starts shaking. It takes a couple of minutes for her to look a bit brave in the face of what's going on. Time passes by with each tick of the clock.

"Please! I have children! They will worry if I'm not home."

"You should be grateful then! Tonight we will ensure a better world. Your blood will open the gateways for that. They will have been enlightened!"

Dinah reaches in the grabs the knife wielder by the back of the head. She smashes him in the ground. Dinah catches two more of the cult members with kicks across the back of the head. The prophet's eyes widen and he motions for the cult members to attack her.

"Destroy her! She's the one who caused our great leader to fall in the first place."

One of them dodges Dinah's uppercut punch and grabs her around the arm. She flips him down onto the ground. A backflip sends her up into the air. Dinah sweeps his legs out from underneath him and smashes him to the ground. She pivots, grabs the man's arm, and flips him onto the ground.

The cultist struggles until Dinah plants the point of her elbow down across the back of the neck of
her adversary. He shudders the second Dinah pulls herself away.

A small smile appears on Dinah's face as the intended sacrifice victim bolts out of the back door as fast as her legs can carry her. Dinah snaps one of the attackers against the wall and punches him in the stomach. One grabs her around the back of the neck. Dinah rams the point of her elbow into the man's ribs and takes her out.

One rips a torch off of the wall and swings at Dinah. Dinah dodges the attack. The flicker of fire sends her mind back to another evening. She attempts to block all of the thoughts of darkness out of her mind. Two more swings make Dinah just barely avoid the flames from hitting her head on.

"Come on!"

Dinah catches the attacker with a kick. The torch hits the ground and lights the church on fire.

Laughter echoes through Dinah's mind. She tries to press though. Several of the larger cult members surround her and punch at her. Dinah fights them off the best she can. Her breathing increases the second the flames shoot into the air. Dinah holds herself back and punches her enemy across the ribs to drop him down onto the ground. She pulls back and hits her enemy with another vicious uppercut punch to send him crashing down to the ground.

"Finish her!"

Dinah drops down to the ground after the latest attack. She finds herself dropping to one knee.

An arrow pierces the back of the leg of one of the attackers. The second attacker gets an arrow to the shoulder. The Green Arrow drops down and rapid-fire shoots the arrows in the circle. The cult members drop to the ground like flies.

"No! You've been deleted!"

Green Arrow turns to the latest vessel of Mathias Blackfire and shoots him down with an arrow which explodes in his face. The vessel drops down from his perch.

The flames continue to engulf the church. Green Arrow steps in and grabs Dinah's hand. She produces a crystal and turns it over. A portal opens and sends both Dinah and Sara back to Nanda Parbat.

The second Dinah regains her bearings, she comes face to face with the one and only Slade Wilson. She frowns and the two exchange an uneasy glare.

"Desperate times call for strange bedfellows."

The demonic shadows around Trigon march back and forth. The hideous demonic entity causes his power to rise with his hands spreading back. He steps down off and enters the shadow realm. He walks past the restrained heroes. There may be more here before too long.

He will enjoy breaking them one at a time and bending them to servitude.

"Such lovely specimens. Strong, which I appreciate. It's a pity that strength is wasted and will be for nothing."

Trigon's hand turns over. Joseph Blackfire appears along with Derek Frazier. The Arkham Knight joins them in his usual calm manner.
"You see this right here! We've witnessed history."

Blackfire breaks into a depraved smile. "Yes, great Arch-Demon! We see it! It's what's been talked about for thousands of years!"

"These heroes, they all have their own unique abilities and their strengths. Those strengths are all for nothing against me. They will be the ones who will witness my rise and the great power which comes along with it."

They all understand Trigon's power and bow before it. Blackfire's excitement increases. He sees the flicker of one of Blackfire's guards. The former Zoom has been reclaimed by Trigon and twisted into his dutiful minion as well.

"Soon we will show them all what true power is."

Trigon breaks into his smile. It's only a pity his chains hold him back somewhat, but soon, he will gather enough power to break free. His power comes from the fear he inspires to others. Destroying the last strand of hope from this pathetic world will bring him that fear and that power.

The terror known as Trigon walks away. Joseph Blackfire walks against the rows.

"You all think of yourselves as heroes. At the end, you are just children, who are woefully ignorant at your own vanity! You do not do this to save people. No, you do this to give your miserable lives purpose!"

Laurel's eyes open. Blackfire turns his full attention to her.

"Poor child, I do feel for you. You've been through a lot. But, it will be over before you know it. Your sister has been punished for what she's done. She'll be sent to her own eternal torment, surrounded by the results of her constant failures for eternity! But, unfortunately, you also must be punished."

A small thought enters Laurel's mind. She's already being punished by being forced to listen to this little commentary from Blackfire. Her head starts throbbing even more.

"Blackfire!"

Blackfire turns and walks to his master. This gives Laurel an opportunity to look towards Talia and Rose. They lay trapped on either side of her.

"We need to find a way out of here. Unless you want to be his plaything all of eternity."

A disgusted expression flashes over Rose's face like she's been force-fed something rancid. "I'd rather not."

Talia jumps in with her two cents. "We must move quickly and without alerting him. I don't know how we're going to get past Trigon."

Laurel cannot wrap her head around that either. Raven's attempts to use the Spear of Azar on Trigon only accelerated his return and did not stop it. There must be something they're missing or maybe Trigon cannot be stopped once he's alive.

The field flickers around Laurel for a second. Was it a weakness? She needs to watch out for it again.
An ancient scroll drops on the table right beside Nyssa, Slade, Sara, and Dinah. Nyssa rolls out the dusty and almost withering scroll.

"It's as I expected. A second artifact the Monks of Azarath have created, as a failsafe to bring Trigon down."

Slade narrows his eye and takes a good look at the artifact. "I've run across it before. It's buried deep underground on Lian Yu."

A deep breath comes out of Sara. "It's where Trigon's making his throne."

The doors open up. Shado steps into the room with the League guards observing her. She shifts from Sara to Slade until Nyssa. Slade opens his mouth up in surprise, but says nothing at the moment.

"I shouldn't be here. I shouldn't even have been alive. Sara should have killed me. I should have been dead on Lian Yu."

Slade stands up to his feet. "I've seen your determination up close. Your father would have been proud of the woman you've become, and the fact you haven't succumbed to this monster completely is something. You're fighting him every step of the way."

The woman's hands throw back in frustration. "I'm tired of fighting! I'm tired of just dealing with everything! I can't handle it anymore!"

Sara understands and feels Shado's pain. The room opens up and Alia steps behind her. She produces a clear blue liquid in a vial and hands it to Shado.

"Drink this."

Shado eyes the vials suspiciously. "What is it?"

"It's a serum which give you the strength to fight it long enough to banish the demons in your mind. But, it's only as strong as you are."

A second's pause and an even longer hesitation passes from Shado. She tips the vial to her lips and then starts to drink the serum. She finds herself a bit more clear headed and also very well aware of the situation around her.

Time passes with Slade observing the piece of paper. He decides to break the silence.

"I have a plan to get onto Lian Yu and get you close enough to get the artifact. It will require you to trust me, and I'm not certain if we're quite at that level."

Sara spends a few seconds in deep contemplation. "Right now, I'm going to have to."

One can see Nyssa's eyes shift and she has her very small share of misgivings of this. Just because Slade's recovered from the Mirikuru, it does not ease her suspicions on the man. He still may want vengeance for some reason and he wants to balance the scales.

"Sara, you don't have to…."

Dinah jumps right over Nyssa's statement and turns to Slade looking him dead on in the eye. "I swear, if you betray my daughter, the next hole you rot in won't be Santa Prisca."

The mercenary looks very unbothered by Dinah's words. He leans towards her, understanding of her concern, as a parent himself.
"To betray Sara will mean that I would have sentenced my own daughter to her death. I've made many mistakes concerning her over the years. I do regret that error."

It does confirm Nyssa's fears that Slade is only in this because Rose is captured. She does wonder what Slade plans on doing when this is all over. Sara reaches across the table and puts a hand on Nyssa's own which calms her ever so slightly.

"It will be fine. Trust me."

The couple meets eyes before Nyssa lets out a deep breath. "I trust you. I don't trust him."

Nyssa refuses to even look at Slade. Sara leans in and gives her a brief, and at the same time, very reassuring kiss. It only does a little bit to ease the frustration Nyssa feels.

Alia clears her throat. "Kara and I will be ready to jump in when you've got on the island."

"There's one more thing that you should know."

Slade's words bring the conversation back around. He looks Sara dead in the eye.

"A few weeks ago, Joseph Blackfire came to me and promised me my vengeance against you. He promised that I would get everything back that I had lost and I had lost a lot over the last decade."

A long second passes and Slade takes a deep breath.

"I turned him down. Because, I had just finished within the past few months being a slave of the Mirikuru. I'm not going to be a slave to Blackfire or Trigon. Regardless of what you may think of me and your opinion is warranted, you should understand this. Slade Wilson is no one's puppet."

Slade's mouth turns into a frown. His next action leads both Sara and Shado out of the room. It's time to return to Lian Yu.

Life brings everything full circle at the best of times and indeed at the worst of times.

Sounds of loud explosions cause Felicity to jar away from the keyboard as she helps Barbara try and take back control of Gotham City. She watches Black Siren jump from one of the gargoyles outside and take out one of the Arkham Knight's weaponized drones.

The feeling of cold enters the room. Fog seeps into the room and Felicity doubts this is a good sign. An even worse sign is the Arkham Knight pretty much making her frustrated beyond all belief. He's about twelve steps ahead of every hacking trick she tries.

Barbara's a bit more composed. Born and bred in Gotham City, she's used to the chaos. Barbara's fingers fly over the keyboard.

"Damn it!"

"Keep it together, Felicity. I think I have a way in."

He's created some solid firewalls and Barbara has to exercise great care not to trigger anything which could be a problem. She breaks in with a deep breath and then keeps flying out.

The window next to Felicity breaks. A disgusting demon jumps into the room and hisses out her. Felicity's eyes go wide as the demon reaches to the back of her chair.
A shotgun blast catches the demon in the chest and backs him through the window. Another few bullets catch the demon and send him spiraling out of the window.

Felicity looks up and sees Alfred Pennyworth holding a shotgun having backed the demon off.

"Carry on then, Ms. Smoak."

She takes a second to return to her hacking work. The butler did it.

Alfred moves over and takes a second to observe those nasty buggers coming in. The bullets forged by no less than Jason Blood himself were able to bring them down. He watches as Black Siren fights what looks like a demonic banshee like creature and goes scream to scream with it.

"I'm almost there!"

Barbara realizes that the Arkham Knight may have done something to trigger an explosion as a final "screw you" to the heroes. The number of drones and other weapons which Batman employed are all over Gotham City. She finishes and now Barbara has control of the system.

Unfortunately, getting control of the system and getting control of Gotham City were two very different things. At least she's locked the Arkham Knight out.

Joseph Blackfire senses someone coming. His mouth hangs open in astonishment as he notices Slade Wilson leading Sara Lance onto the island. Shado, his devoted servant, walks beside them. She holds a bow armed with an arrow for added insurance.

Blackfire steps over and gives one of those smiles when surveying Sara.

"And here we meet once again, Ms. Lance. You have cheated death and perhaps for the last time. For this time, you will be fed to my master. A fate you will be unable to cheat."

The demonic preacher's eyes turn around to look at the entire group.

"And Mr. Wilson, we meet again as well."

Shado gives her master a smile and kneels down on the ground. "Sara went to Slade to try and recruit him to help him take your forces down. But, he's decided to join the right side."

A couple of seconds pass with Blackfire's eyes shifting all over the island. He takes a breath and just breaks out into a smile.

"If you're lying, you're flying. And I don't see you your feet firmly on the ground, child."

One word enters Sara's mind.

'Shit.'

Shado senses the same thing and turns the bow on Blackfire. She fires an arrow at him. Blackfire blocks the arrow with one hand and crushes it. He knocks Shado to the ground and laughs.

"When will the little lambs learn that the shepherd holds all of the power?"

Slade drops Sara and lunges at Blackfire. The knife is blocked and Blackfire flips Slade onto the ground. Sara nails Blackfire with three arrows in succession. He rips them from his flesh and allows the cuts to heal over. Blackfire charges Sara and Sara dodges the attack.
"This time, I'm going to personally guide you into the ground!"

A beam of light strikes Blackfire and knocks him away from Sara. A figure appears into the shadows and his eyes narrow.

"You!"

Alia drops down to the ground with Kara. Nyssa joins the battle along with the various members of the League of Assassins.

Blackfire drops to his knees and starts laughing. He starts humming underneath his breath and then snaps his head back to start speaking in tongues.

The portal rips open and several demonic creatures come down onto the portal.

Alia slams her hands into the portal as hard as possible to rock the creatures. Some of them knock back and others remain present. Alia's arms spread and she knocks them all to the ground in one swift shuot.

"We'll hold them off!"

Sara turns to Slade and he points her in the right direction. Supergirl catches the arm of one of the creatures and punches him down to the ground.

The Arkham Knight's careful observation of the battle continues. He figures that everything would turn around now. All he needs to do is wait and pick up the pieces. Should certain opportunities present themselves, then they would present themselves.

An arrow comes close to connecting to him. He turns around to face the Green Arrow in battle.

"You're persistent."

Green Arrow jumps into the battle with the Arkham Knight. He dodges her attack with ease and knocks her back down onto the ground. The Arkham Knight hoists the Green Arrow up. She stabs an arrow into the face plate which emits an electrified shock.

Arkham Knight takes a couple of deep breaths and Green Arrow plants a series of kicks to the side of the head. He blocks the kick and slams her down onto the ground. Green Arrow struggles to get to her feet. Arkham Knight retracts a blade and it comes inches away from connecting with her.

She blocks the blade on a second time. He pulls back and kicks her in the side. The wind knocks out of Green Arrow as she rolls over.

A blade comes an inch away from piercing the back of her neck. Sara rolls out of the way and avoids the blade from connecting to her. She pulls herself up.

Deathstroke jumps into the battle and nails the Arkham Knight across the side of the head with a glancing blow. The Knight turns to face off against Deathstroke. They both go hand to hand, with Deathstroke getting the brief advantage on the Arkham Knight before he retreats on the defensive.

Green Arrow pulls himself to a standing position and makes her way over. She's so close. The darkness engulfing the island brings some of Sara's darker memories to the forefront of her mind. She tries to squash them.

"Looking for this?"
Killer Frost's words taunt Sara. The sheathed sword in her hand taunts her as well.

"Trigon knew you would come after it. He's not certain if it will do any good, but one should not take any chances in a situation like this. It's a pretty little artifact, isn't it?"

Killer Frost breaks out into a soft little smile. Everyone can see the smirk rising in her face. She drops her voice to a whisper.

"It will be a pity if something happens to it, isn't it?"

Sara holds her fingers over her bow and approaches the situation. The sounds of battle continues including a portal opening to the side. Killer Frost does not relinquish the grip on the sword.

"I can help you."

"Honey, I'm beyond help."

A standoff occurs between both of them. Killer Frost causes the ground to start to ice over.

"Oi Frosty!"

A pumpkin flies out from the distance and explodes. Killer Frost drops down to the ground with Sara catching the weapon in her hand before it drops to the ground.

"Here's Johnny!"

The Red Hood pops out of the portal and hurls exploding pumpkins for everyone who wants them. The chaos continues to reign over the island.

Sara senses a presence stalking her. She knows Trigon's close. Every step on this island triggers memories but Sara pushes them back into the back of her mind.

The skies burn red as Sara pushes on just a little bit further.

To Be Continued on May 11th 2018.

Thanks for the Favorites, Follows, Views, Comments, and Kudos and I'll see you on Friday for the next chapter.
Two dangerous warriors fight each other. Deathstroke and the Arkham Knight surround each other. Neither wishes to make the first mistake for it could doom both of them. The two charge each other. Deathstroke clashes his blade against the armor. The Arkham Knight pushes back for a second and then punches at Deathstroke. Deathstroke avoids the attack and nails him with a glancing blow to the side.

"You've grown dependent on that armor."

Deathstroke's matter of fact tone goes in one ear and out the other. The Arkham Knight charges Deathstroke. Deathstroke dodges the attack and nails him with a couple of glancing punches. The Arkham Knight spins around to take off Deathstroke's head. Deathstroke blocks the attack and sends him back.

"The biggest mistake I've ever made is to allow the Mirikuru to take over my life. I allowed it to have my skills decay. It's an error that I should not make again."

A lunge forward sends Deathstroke staggering back a couple of inches. The Arkham Knight feels inclined to correct him. "No, your biggest mistake is choosing the wrong side."

A couple more steps back with Deathstroke tightening his grip on the Arkham Knight when he goes back. A count to three in his head signals what Deathstroke needs to do. He manipulates the Arkham Knight over the top of a landmine which explodes and sends the Arkham Knight to one knee.

The armor protects most of him from the impact. Deathstroke rushes in and catches the Arkham Knight with a glancing attack to the back of the head. Electricity discharges from the armor to send Deathstroke back. A well-placed dagger discharges a battering ram from across the way and almost slams into the Arkham Knight.

The Arkham Knight dodges the attack with a malicious glint entering his eyes. He launches three daggers in quick-fire succession towards Deathstroke. Deathstroke avoids the daggers from piercing his skin and comes back with a multitude of punches.

Another manipulation sends him going into the landmines once again. Another small explosion follows and Deathstroke lunges his sword into the armor.

The breath comes out of the Arkham Knight. He reaches in and drops a grenade from his armor. A small amount of smoke billows into the area. Deathstroke avoids the smoke from choking him out and comes back around with a multitude of punches.

A Batarang plunges into the back of his shoulder. The Arkham Knight rips it out and the piece of metal explodes in his hand. The Arkham Knight backs off into a land mine. The explosion causes severe damage to his armor.

The next thing he knows Batman appears from the smoke. Batman and Deathstroke surround him on either side. The Arkham Knight takes a deep breath. The serum in his body prevents most major injures. He turns around and sends a blade at Batman.

Batman arches back to avoid the blade. He comes back with multiple strikes to the side of the face of
the Arkham Knight. The Arkham Knight drops down to one knee. A running kick from Deathstroke blocks. Deathstroke withdraws a huge sword and comes inches away from taking down the Arkham Knight.

"Hey, I hope I'm not too late for the party!"

A pumpkin bomb strikes the land mind with the super explosion sending the Arkham Knight crashing into the air. The Red Hood comes down onto the back of the head of the man and pounds away at him with a series of strikes down across the back of the head.

The Arkham Knight drops down to one knee. Breath barely escapes his body. Deathstroke nails him between the shoulder blades with one last shot and drops him down to the ground. He draws in a deep breath and then collapses without another word.

One stomp to the back of the head of the Red Hood sends him down. Batman moves down and disables the armor to cause it to snap from his body.

The battered and bruised form of Bruce Wayne of Earth Two rolls over. The injuries finally set in. He reaches into his pocket to grab a syringe full of some kind of blue chemical. Slade blocks his hand with lightning fast resources and ensures that he cannot use it.

"Not this time, kid."

Time runs short with Sara moving her way to Trigon. She knows it's not going to be easy and there are going to be many roadblocks along the way.

"This is far as you go."

Felix Faust flashes next to her with his armor of guardians. Sara's eyes widen.

"I'm pretty sure you don't have enough arrows to take them down. Such a valiant spirit. It's one I enjoy crushing."

"Not today."

Sara's determined words indicate she's willing to fight through all of them to get to Trigon and finish this finally. A flash of light signals the arrival of an ally. Alia drops down next to her and holds her hands out. The creatures wilt when the blast of magical energy hits them.

"You should go!"

Two beams of magic connect with each other. Faust and Alia push back and forth. No matter how much Sara wishes to watch the spectacle, she cannot do so. She rushes in, clutching the sheath with the sword in her hand. The power swimming through the island feels dark and she cannot hold herself together for that much longer.

'I'm going to have to fight it. I'm going to have to fight it. I'm going to win.'

She stops at the edge. Several demonic wraiths surround her on the island. Sara holds her neck back and decides to do something which many people would consider to be completely reckless. Desperate times call for desperate measures.

"Trigon! Face me!"

The rumbling echoes from the island. Sara realizes how much of a calculated risk this is. The image
in the light shows of a tall figure with dark red skin, horns, white hair, and glowing eyes who towers over Sara by several times. Sara holds her hand with her heart beating.

The smallest stab of fear enters Sara which this entity turns his full attention to her. She takes a deep breath and decides bravado is important.

"I do. And I know something else. You're not completely out of your prison. Are you?"

Trigon's eyes flash over. He takes another step towards Sara. Those minions surrounding Sara from all sides could easily rip her armor. She recognizes one of them as Zoom or at least it was Zoom.

"You could have destroyed us all by now."

"I will rectify it. Your arrogance astounds me."

"No, it's not an arrogance, it's a confidence. Your minion couldn't defeat me."

"Blackfire's merely a puppet."

No doubt enters her mind on that front that Joseph Blackfire is just merely a puppet. Sara holds herself in with a very deep breath and she notices an opening. The sword whips out and Sara charges towards Trigon.

A blinding blast of light sends Sara down onto her back. The sword drops down off to the side. Zoom comes back to his position before his master. No words come out of him merely just a deep breathing. Sara is unable to pull herself up right away.

Trigon's attention towards to the sword on the ground with amusement dancing through his eyes. "The Monks of Azarath spend their time creating artifacts which they think could stop me. But, they are not foolish enough or bold enough to take me down. It tells you something. They know that none can defeat me."

The Arch-Demon steps in. Sampson, Zoom, and Deacon Blackfire all stand next to him.

"You are a foolish child. I will enjoy ripping you apart."

Blackfire takes a moment to take in a deep breath. "Great One do allow me to do the honors. Her family has wronged…."

"No!"

Trigon's thundering voice booms as far as the ear can hear and sends Blackfire aback. He takes a couple of deep breaths and fixes his gaze on his master. His head extends downwards for the next couple of seconds and he resembles a dog who had been reprimanded more than anything else.

"You failed constantly to bring about her end. Several attempts have been blundered on your part. I will leave no other room for failure. I'm going to be the one to destroy her."

Nails dig into the ground as Sara pulls herself up. If she dies, Sara vows to do it standing on her feet like a warrior and not flat on her back.

Trigon's palm opens up and a bright red light blasts from it. It comes to Sara ready to remove her from this plane of existence without any problem.

Sara closes her eyes to wait for the end to happen. Only the end does not happen. A bright beam of light surrounds her with Sara holding herself up tall. Her eyes open up and she notices someone
standing above her. Someone clad in white robes which shine bright.

"My daughter."

Raven takes a couple of bold steps forward. "Yes, father. You thought you'd seen the end of me."

Blasts of energy erupt from the air. Laurel, Iris, Karen, Thea, Artemis, Rose, Talia, Jade, Cass, Lian, Mia, Natasha, and Jesse all fall down onto the ground. They all are free from their prisons.

"This does nothing!"

Sampson takes a couple of steps forward and his eyes flash with malice. "Yes. It does nothing. We will eliminate you all of the same."

Raven points her hand forward and hits Sampson with a beam of light. She engulfs him in a field of shadows before turning her hand. Frazier sucks into a vortex where his screams can only be heard.

Zoom senses the speedster he's been hunting and charges in for the attack. Trigon signals his other minions to attack the recently freed heroes.

One of the largest demons charges Dinah. She shows grit and determination by blocking the attack from the demon. She wrestles it to the ground and finds a point in the side of its shoulder to drop it down to the ground. She punches him several times in the head to take him down.

Energy blasts engulf the other demons around her. Dinah's eyes follow their progress as they vanish before her very eyes. She cannot say whether or not they vanish to another part of the island.

"No matter what you do it will never been enough. You will fail your daughters. Then again, you're used to failing children."

Dinah turns her attention around to the one and only Deacon Blackfire. Blackfire stands with his neck backwards. Dinah makes her way over towards him.

"I don't know if you've noticed, but my daughter and her friends are loose. You're going to lose."

Blackfire laughs. "They will be nothing other than a painful memory. Much like those children you could not prevent from burning. Their parents understand their role in the nature order. But, you just had to intervene. You always intervene, always playing the hero."

Two monsters rush on either side of Dinah. Black Siren pops in from behind and she drops them to their knees. An uneasy acknowledgement between Dinah and her daughter's doppelganger lasts for less than a second before she walks towards Blackfire.

"You did not give up being Black Canary because you were physically broken. No, you gave up doing so because you were emotionally damaged. I broke you! I broke you!"

The laughter pierces Dinah's ears. She nails him in the chest with a dagger. Blood spurts to the ground as Dinah nails him one more time. She stabs him three times in succession, repeatedly driving the blade into the chest of the sadistic preacher.

"LEAVY MY FAMILY ALONE! YOU'RE NOT GOING TO HURT ANYONE ANYMORE!"

A chill comes from Dinah and she realizes that someone is freezing her ankles from behind. She takes a deep breath to realize that Killer Frost entombs her in ice. She's almost frozen up until the waist until Killer Frost stops and turns around.
Caitlin steps into the battle. A bright glow emits from her vibrant blue eyes. The two women go eye to eye with each other.

"We really are going to do this right now?"

Caitlin holds her hand up. Killer Frost sends her back with a huge gust of freezing wind and ice. A huge impact sends the woman down onto her back.

"I don't think you've got the memo. I'm stronger because I don't care about holding back. You're weak because you haven't figured out what you need to do to truly let go."

Caitlin blocks the sharp ice blade from piercing her throat. She smacks Killer Frost back a couple of feet and bombards her with another beam of ice. The ice connects and sends Killer Frost staggering back. She almost drops down to one knee.

"I'm not going to let you win!"

"Oh, don't worry, you won't be letting me!"

Two ice beams connect with each other in mid-air. Killer Frost turns up the power and leaves Caitlin staggering. She tries to tap into the energy. Her heart races as she comes to one scientific conclusion. Killer Frost manipulates the powers to drop Caitlin to her knees.

A shield of ice blocks a rain of icicles from striking Caitlin head on. She takes a deep breath and comes back with an attack. Both women jump into the air and they clash blades made of ice against each other. Caitlin falls back to the ground and Killer Frost crosses the blades over Caitlin's throat.

"You make me sad how much potential is wasted."

Caitlin struggles and pushes her finger up. She jams it into the back of Killer Frost's neck and causes her to scream in agony.

The pressure point strike that Sara taught her worked wonders in sending Killer Frost back. Caitlin nails Killer Frost in the ribs with a blunt force attack and several more attacks. She drives a blunt chunk of ice into the back of Killer Frost's head to take her down.

Iris flies to the ground as fast as possible right next to where Killer Frost lands. Zoom jumps down onto the ground like a bat out of hell and slams his fist down. The fist burns to the ground after Iris slides out of the way. She takes a couple of deep breaths.

Jesse rushes in from the other side. Zoom bombards her with an attack and forces her down onto her knees. A scream comes out of Jesse from the bombardment of the speedster. Zoom pulls his hand back and is about to spear it through Jesse's heart.

"No!"

A block from Iris sends Zoom crashing back down onto the ground. She and Zoom keep moving around at lightning fast speed. Neither side wants to be to make that crucial first mistake.

Above their heads, Superwoman smashes two of the demons. She turns her head to one side and comes eye to eye with Supergirl. A moment passes before the two Kryptonians team up to nail the demons with an attack.

Karen gives a bright smile towards the younger girl. "Nice moves."
Kara's eyes try not to fall onto Superwoman's chest. She shakes her head. "Thanks, you're not too bad yourself. Your moves, I mean!"

"My eyes are up here too."

A blast of heat vision sends one of the demons back. They look down onto the ground and the full picture of Zoom engaging Jesse and Iris comes into light. Both Supergirl and Superwoman fly down to meet the attack. The sadistic speedster sends lighting at them both.

Supergirl whips a glowing green orb out of her hand and catches Zoom flush on the chest. The energy bombards him and it allows Iris and Jesse to both grab Zoom and drag him into the Speed Force to return him to the prison which he was once trapped.

Superwoman takes a deep breath as more forces come down. Soon Trigon's forces will engulf the world, unless of course someone stops him.

"It's time for me to end it! It's been too long! I broke your chains! You still stalk me! You still haunt me!"

Daughter and father meet eye to eye. Raven takes a step forward to engage her father. The cold look in Trigon's eyes indicates he's not really interested in her.

"I will always be with you. Whether you like it or not."

Trigon's palm opens and blasts Raven down to her knees. Raven collapses down onto the ground with agony spreading through energy fiber of her body. Trigon rises to his feet and moves closer towards Raven.

"You look just like your mother. Especially when you're on your knees."

The half-demon struggles not to let this crass comment bother her. The mystical energies strengthen her. She reaches into her robe and produces the Spear of Azar. The calculated misstep she made using it will not happen again. Trigon approaches the area.

Several arrows explode the ground from where Trigon is standing. It rocks him so very slightly. The attacks to him are like a fly pestering a human. Annoying, but most certainly far from lethal.

The Green Arrow shoots a super-charged arrow at Trigon's chest. It bounces off and reduces into nothing other than dust.

"Do you really think you could stop me?"

The archer crouches down. "No. But I had to keep your attention away.

"Away from what?"

The Green Arrow's hood comes down to reveal the smiling face of The Dragon. Alia gives the signal and from the other side, Sara comes down from high and sends the sword plunging into Trigon's back! Trigon turns around and sends his adversary flying back a couple of steps.

The wooden spear of Azar smashes into Trigon from behind. This time Raven makes a direct hit. Trigon's agony spreads as portals break open. Several of his minions return back home. Trigon's blood boils as he turns to attack Raven.

Raven releases a beam of light from her hand to drop Trigon onto his knees.
"You're not taking this world! And you're not going to enslave my friends! Not now! Not a hundred years from now! And not a thousand years from now!"

Two interconnecting blasts strike Trigon down to the ground. His nails dig into the ground. The demon struggles from the extremely powerful attack.

"Blackfire! I need your assistance!"

Joseph Blackfire returns and can feel something. His master loses the grip on the world. A small smile appears on Blackfire before he appears and flashes into light. Trigon's down on his hands and knees. He summons all of the power he can to block a further attack from his daughter.

Both the spear and the sword rip from Trigon's flesh. He's still extremely weak from the attack. Blackfire extends his hand to him.

"Take my hand master."

Blackfire clasps Trigon's hand and energy absorbs from the two.

"GET HIM AWAY!"

Alia's scream shows that something is wrong. Blackfire absorbs Trigon's life energy much like he did Sara's and with it, his power.

"And even the great Trigon has his blind spots. And now his power is mine."

Black lines burn into Blackfire's face with his pupils glowing red. He turns around to face the assembled army of heroes. Trigon sinks into the ground with a pained grimace. His powers completely depleted and in the hands of Blackfire.

"You don't know what you're doing."

A sadistic smile shows his power. Several demonic ghosts break free from the sky and surround Blackfire. He spreads his arms.

A beam of light erupts from the island and knocks every single fighter back with one fell swoop. Blackfire's transformation is unsettling. He's just pure raw power walking forward.

"I warned you! I warned you all! I warned you that at the end of time, I'm going to watch the world burn."

Every single defender drops down to the ground despite their struggle to get back up. They feel something ripping every single bit of life essence from their body. Their memories, their self-worth, all of it depletes from what Blackfire's doing. His thunderous laughter echoes around the area.

Alia's breathing grows deeper as she tries to fight it. "He's eating our souls!"

"That's..that's…impossible!" Rose manages.

A feeling of despair hits many of the people on the island as they slowly succumb. The internal fight begins as Blackfire holds himself. His mass swells as he grows stronger.

"I will consume all who live in this world! I will consume all that breath in this world! And I will go forth to consume other worlds."
"He can't control that power."

Raven's breathing voice comes out as she pushes back and tries to protect everyone from being consumed. Blackfire's tearing through them harder and making it hard to stand up straight.

Karen comes up with a grim assessment. "Which means he'll rip the entire world apart."

Sara's eyes flash open as every traumatic memory goes over her mind like a movie being put at a hundred times the speed. She feels herself being dragged into the despair even further. Blackfire further contorts into a winged shadow with spikes. No light other than his glowing pupils emits from him.

"WE CAN'T LET HIM WIN!"

"You don't allow anything! You have lost!"

Laurel screams out in agony. She reaches in and notices something out of the corner of her eye. The spear, the spear, slightly fractured, lays on the ground close to Sara.

"Sara."

Attention falls on the spear and Sara struggles to lift her arm. Raven and Alia's collective attempts to push back on Blackfire only cause them great strain.

She has to fight. Sara has to fight. She has to get up and fight. Everyone depends on her. The entire world depends on her.

Sara pulls herself up and crawls towards the spear. She picks it up as Blackfire moves in.

"It's time for you to pay for a lifetime of sins. I'll consume you personally to ensure you won't cheat death this time!"

A hand rips Sara to a standing position. Sara looks Blackfire deep in the eyes.

"I don't cheat death."

Sara buries the spear into Blackfire's throat! He screams out in agony with his power broken.

"I outsmart it!"

The area around them starts to warm up. Blackfire's power starts to wane and that allows Raven to blast him full on. The power he steals from Trigon leaves his body. Raven absorbs the energy like a sponge with her eyes shifting over. Her eyes glow demonic before she purges the power into oblivion where it cannot harm anyone.

Alia opens up a portal and Trigon flies through it. Trigon, regaining some strength, grabs Blackfire's ankle on the way through.

"No!"

"You will pay for your betrayal, Blackfire!"

Blackfire fights with everything he has. He lunges out of the portal with Trigon pulling him back in. The hands of all of his past victims grab onto him and help Trigon drag him in. Their presence ensures that Blackfire's imprisonment will not be one he will enjoy.
The portal seals shut. Everyone on the island rises up to their feet a second later. A loud rupture echoes from underneath the island.

Alia closes her eyes and opens then back up. "We have a small problem."

Sara shifts her eyes back. "And by a small problem, you mean….

"I mean magic is going to rip Lian Yu in half."

The island starts to crack underneath them. Alia and Raven, both too drained to transport them off of the island, attempt to figure out where to go next.

Sara snatches a device from the Arkham Knight's belt and opens a portal. Everyone goes through the portal with Batman dragging the Arkham Knight and Killer Frost being carried through the portal by Iris and Jesse. The portal closes just before the magic causes Lian Yu to go the way of Krypton.

To Be Concluded on May 14th, 2018.

Thanks for the favorites, follows, kudos, views, and comments and I'll be back on Monday with the finale of this series.
Chapter One Hundred and Sixty-Three: The Sun Rises.

A deep breath fills Sara's body. The feeling of dread leaves her being after haunting Sara for the past couple of weeks. There's a sense of a tiny bit of optimism and a small amount of hope in her mind. And also a sense of what will happen next, if anything.

It's not the end, but a new beginning, and Sara stands up tall. She walks over with Karen, Laurel, and Iris to Perdita's castle. The small fragment of the spear of Azar fixes in her hand. Sara closes her fingers around it and releases it without another word. She, Laurel, Karen, and Iris drop down.

Diana, Rose, and Talia stand outside of the castle. The Queen waits inside and she walks over towards them with a smile.

"I'm glad to see you have returned."

A small smile of relief spreads over Sara's face. "I'm equally glad that we have returned as well. And I've brought you something I think that you will want back."

Her outstretched hand holds out the spear fragment for Perdita. Perdita shakes her head. "You should keep it. Whatever is left of it anyway. It's a token of your victory how you defeated Blackfire and helped save the day."

Sara smiles even deeper when the realization of her succession hits her. She turns to the rest of the group who gives her an encouragement smile. "I couldn't have done it alone."

A hand sticks out from the side. Laurel grabs Sara's and squeezes it tightly. Both sisters enjoy the moment with each other and the relief which comes with it.

"You've landed the blow when you had to. That speaks well of you."

Alia and Kara turn over to join the party. The four heroines turn their attention to the two who join the room. Sara closes the gap between herself and Alia.

"I don't know if we could have done it without you and Raven holding everything together."

A small smile flickers over Alia. She's fairly thrilled with how things have gone today. And also, there's a sense where one small step could have thrown everything out of kilter. She walks forward and wraps an arm around Sara. "You better take care of yourself. I can't resurrect you like that again."

The two meet in the middle for a kiss. The second the two break away, Sara decides to jump back in with what she thinks is a fair question.

"You said you made a deal with Death to bring me back. If you don't mind for asking, what deal did you have to make?"

Alia spends a second contemplating what Sara asks. It's a fair enough question. "I said that I would deliver an immortal or two into Death's embrace. There's been a lot of people who have cheated her over the years. We've come to an understanding. Bringing Blackfire to his final end was just one part of his deal."
Laurel cannot help and jump in. "So, that means he's gone this time? He's completely and truly gone without any coming back."

A hand reaches out and Alia smiles. "You're free of him. When he got dragged beyond to Trigon's realm, that's the end."

The obvious question comes to the collective group. Iris is just the one who decides to bring it up. "So, Blackfire's gone after he got dragged beyond. What's the deal with Trigon. Is he gone as well?"

"As long as evil lives, Trigon may always find a way to breathe. But, as long as I breathe, I won't make it easy."

Everyone turns just in time to see Raven. Sara figures she would show up. She wears the white robes she came out of the realm with. A blood soaked sword dangles to the side. Sara realizes it's the same sword she drove through Trigon's neck. Disbelief hits Sara as she cannot believe how this one is pulled off.

"I believe you deserve to hold onto this just in case."

Another artifact places into Sara's hand. She gives Raven a very gracious smile and pulls it away from her. The sword is unlike anything she's ever held before in her life.

"I don't know if I would have been able to win if it wasn't for my friends and my family."

Sara closes her eyes in an attempt not to get too sappy. She harkens back to the past of those dark nights. The hope she could in fact come home motivates her like nothing else ever before.

A smile, a genuine one comes across Raven's face. "That's all the motivation you need. Hold those weapons tight. I hope you never need to use them again. But, evil unfortunately finds a way back home."

"It's a good thing there's someone to defeat it then."

A second passes and Sara turns her head around to Alia. She and Kara smile. "It's time for us to get going."

Karen breaks the silence. "It's nice meeting you."

A grin passes over Kara's face. "Technically, you're another version of me."

Another smile comes over her face. "Technically, you're the alternate version of me, since my Krypton came first, but let's not split hairs about it. But, maybe we'll work together again sometime. Take care, kid, don't do anything that I wouldn't do."

A snort comes from Sara's end as Kara and Alia disappear through the portal. Sara steps away with a smile and notices Nyssa appearing at the front entrance. The two join each other and with so many words left unspoken join in an embrace before kissing each other. The two pull away from each other just in time for Rose to walk closer to them.

"I have a favor I have to ask you."

Slade Wilson hangs around outside of Star Labs with his hands folding over and a calming breathing coming from him. The second passes after Shado walks out of the lab. The two of them lock eyes with each other.
"Where now?"

"I'm heading home."

Slade nods in acknowledgment. Home is something which is relative. He decides to let the past wounds finally heal and to move in. There's a lot to be done now although he is not completely sure where to begin.

The door of the lab swings over. Iris steps into the lab to walk down the hallway. Slade allows her to pass. Sara comes into the lab and Rose follows her into the lab. The longest moment passes with Rose stopping in front of her father. This is the first time in many years they've been face to face.

The mercenary breaks the ice with a nod. "Rose."

"Father."

Sara keeps herself close by just in case something ugly happens. She half expects Rose to attack Slade because the one or two times she's mentioned her father, it's not been in a flattering light.

"I've made some mistakes as both a man and a father. And I know we can't have the same relationship that others have. But, I just want you to know that I'm glad you've grown up to be a strong and resourceful young woman."

Rose gives her father a long look. One can see her debating on how much to say. "And I'm glad you've lived for long enough for me to look you in the eye and say that I'm glad you left when you did. I never would have been given the motivation to be strong if I didn't lose my father at such a young age."

A couple of uneasy moments pass. Rose steps back from Slade out of respect for him. And he did risk his life to help rescue her, so she owes him that much.

Slade decides to turn his attention to Sara at the next moment. "We're not friends. We never were. And you came to me because you thought that I would be a weapon to help take down the Arkham Knight."

"You did help take him down."

A nod follows from Slade's end. "I regret what happened with Oliver. But, I'm not going to apologize forever for the past and I doubt you want to spend time going over past mistakes."

Steely eyes fall onto Slade. Sara's never been facing off against Slade without him being an adversary. They know what the game is and they know what their relationship is. She slips a hand into her pocket and pulls out a drive before slipping it into Slade's hand.

"You helped me. This is my payment. Along with allowing you to leave."

Slade's not foolish and is fully aware there are members of Nyssa al Ghul's Elite Guard close enough to strike him down if he tries anything. "And this is…"

"Information regarding your son. And I wish you luck in mending that fence, but what you do next is all onto you."

A moment passes with Slade holding the drive in between his fingers. It's information which could hope mend the fences of over a decade of mistakes. He knows it will not be easy. Rose shows how much she wants little to do with him and that's not even crossing the minefield regarding his
estranged wife.

"Ms. Gordon goes above and beyond the call of duty, doesn't she?

Sara answers with a nod. The two parties lock eyes with each other. There's no friendship here, merely an understanding, they are going to part ways for today. The next time they cross paths, it's may be as enemies once more or it may be more.

"Until we meet again."

Both leave each other with Sara waiting for Slade to go. Nyssa and Slade pass each other. The two of them pass each other with great tension. Sara meets her wife half-way for a couple of seconds.

"And I know that you don't like him walking like that. But, in the interest of balancing debts, it's important we allow him to go. He's an integral part of beating the Arkham Knight today."

Nyssa holds out her hand and touches Sara. Their fingertips clash together. "I understand, beloved. I'm glad that you're well."

Well is a very funny term. To be honest though, Sara's never really felt better in her life. She just hopes the next adventure will be less life-threatening. She's come way too close to death too often as of late.

A completely redone Clocktower makes Felicity break out into a smile. She kicks back and joins Thea, Laurel, and Sara in a drink when dropping down on the table. There are many things in life where having a drink just makes sense. One of them is averting the end of the world.

Felicity takes in a deep breath and tips the drink back. "Clocktower's rebuilt, the bad guys are beaten, and we can just relax."

A smile crosses over Laurel's face. "I'm not completely familiar with the meaning of that word."

They all break into laughter as the four of them all share a drink with each other. Things really calm down once the collective followers of Deacon Blackfire.

Finally, Thea breaks the silence. "Sampson has been sent off into oblivion, the Arkham Knight's in the Phantom Zone, Trigon and Blackfire are banished, and their followers are snapping out of their funk. Some will believe, I guess, but others realize they backed the wrong person. I guess we can really just sit back, relax, and…."

An alarm comes off and Felicity jumps up to see the source of the disturbance. Thea's face slowly falls and she take s a deep breath. "Or not."

Felicity frowns as she gets a look at it. "A group of radicals have taken several prominent city officials hostages."

"Well, that's just another Thursday night," Thea says in an almost too casual manner.

Sara springs to her feet. "Suit up and let's go."

Green Arrow, Black Canary, and Speed prepare to hit the streets. Felicity's eyes widen and then shut. She decides to make the most obvious comment possible.

"I guess this puts the celebration orgy on hold, then, doesn't it?"
"For now."

The protectors of Starling City move out to do what they do best. In some ways, one part of their lives have ended, but now it's a brand new beginning. The adventure continues.

The End.

Thanks one more time for all of the favorites, follows, views, kudos, and comments, and I will see you in future projects down the road.
Well, it's been a year since the end of Under the Hood, so it's now time to add the Blog Exclusive chapters. The first of 18 bonus smut chapters. First posted on my blog on March 24th, 2017.

On the Mark(Thea Queen and Artemis Crock)

Thea remembered those lessons she learned from her first archery instruction. Take a deep breath and focus on everything in front of her. Become one with the bow and use the arrow as an extension of the will. The target she needed to fire at stood behind the glass of a very narrow hold.

The brunette stood back and chewed down on her lip. She dressed in a very tight black top and a pair of black yoga pants. She kicked off her shoes and moved around in her bare feet. Thea aimed the arrow and shot it through the hole. Time stood still the second the arrow passed through the hole.

'Wait for it.'

The arrow connected on the other side of the target. Thea let out her breath in a not so subtle sigh and took a step back. She looked at the target and grimaced. The shot only just barely grazed against the center hole. She did not hit it. Closer than Thea thought she would get, but the arrow did not connect with the hole.

"Not bad."

Thea turned around to face her girlfriend. Artemis stepped into the picture wearing a tight green top and matching pair of Yoga Pants. She bent over to give Thea a full few of all over her. Thea's eyes lingered on Artemis's backside. Artemis turned and allowed Thea to get a nice glimpse of her firm tummy. Those abs made Thea drool, and she had to kiss them for a while before heading down to worship other areas.

"You did good," Artemis said. "Actually, scratch that. You didn't simply do good. You did great. You're an amazing shot whenever you hit on point. Your hand-eye coordination is the very best it could be."

"I'm seeing a qualifier here," Thea said.

"No, not really," Artemis said. She loaded up the bow to point at the target. Her ponytail filled over to give her the full concentration needed to the target. "I know your eye coordination is perfect. Your eyes always fall onto my ass whenever I'm in the room."

Thea watched as Artemis shot the arrow through the hole. The arrow connected to the target and hit the target. Thea threw her hands down and curled her lips into a slight pout.

"Show off."

Artemis moved over and loaded up the second arrow. Her second attempt at the shot was more on point than the first one. The arrow fired through the hole and connected to the target. Thea viewed what Artemis did with a bit of frustration. She appreciated what Artemis did.

"Here."
The younger girl stepped over. Artemis placed her hands firmly down onto Thea's hips which caused a mild distraction. The brunette archer took in a deep breath. Artemis lightly touched the underside of her stomach. Those fingers tensed around the edge of her ribcage. Thea gave another breath when Artemis touched her again.

"You need to block out all distractions," Artemis said. "You can make the shot. Trust me. You can make the shot."

A kiss to the back of Thea's ear made it very hard to block out the distractions. The feeling of the hot breath of Artemis Crock on the back of her neck made her take a deep breath.

"You're making more distractions," Thea said.

"Just fire."

Thea just fired and stuck the arrow through the hole. She missed the target by just that much. Thea could have screamed. She would have had Artemis not grabbed her hand and squeezed it. The warmth of her girlfriend's touch resulted in Thea taking a very elegant breath. The breath passed through her body.

"One more time," Artemis said. "If you hit it, I might show you what other holes I can make the target in."

The obvious hint of something to come spurred Thea. Combined with her competitive spirit to do the very best she could, Thea was damned determined to get the arrow. For the third time this evening she aimed the bow at the edge of the hole. For the third time this evening, Thea fired the arrow through the hole towards the target.

For the first time this evening, Thea hit the target dead center. She almost jumped up and caused Artemis to stagger back. Thea dropped down to the ground and almost staggered back from her excitement. Artemis reached up and caught the slightly younger girl from dropping down onto the ground.

"You did it," Artemis said.

"I did it."

"Good behavior should be rewarded," Artemis said. "Positive reinforcement and all that jazz."

The two teenagers met lip to lip with each other. Thea enjoyed the feeling of Artemis's lips engulfing her own. She kissed her as softly as Thea wanted, or as roughly, depending on what the situation called for. Thea breathed and opened her mouth to invite Artemis inside. Artemis slid her tongue as far into Thea's mouth as possible. Their warm lips met with each other and the kissing increased. Each kiss brought their lips against each other. They smacked together when they released each other.

Thea and Artemis moved over to the room. Their fingers and arms interlocked with each other. Artemis pushed her thump against the tightness of Thea's backside. Thea gave a gasp of surprise when Artemis touched her asshole. Another touch of her asshole made her feel good.

"Maybe later," Artemis said. "That nice ass deserves to be tapped."

"Does it?" Thea asked.

"Yes it does," Artemis said. "But first, there's another hole that needs your attention."
Artemis slowly removed her pants. Thea watched Artemis exposed before her. Artemis's shaven pussy came out before her. She sat on the table.

"Time for you to get to work," Artemis said.

Thea dropped down to her knees and kissed Artemis on her toned belly. She lingered a little bit longer. The slight pleasured moans coming from Artemis showed Thea that the navel worship was not unwelcomed. Thea dropped down between Artemis's thighs and slid her tongue down against her pussy lips.

Artemis grabbed the brunette's ponytail. The first few strokes of Thea's tongue lapped up what trickled from Artemis. More strokes showcased how much Thea wanted this so bad. Her feverish licks touched certain parts deep within Artemis's core. Artemis pushed her hips up to meet Thea's invading lips.

"Thea," Artemis groaned. "Keep that up."

The Queen Heiress put her hands down on Artemis's legs and felt up. She was toned everywhere. Thea just loved that. Much like she loved having her face buried between Artemis's thighs. The older girl guided Thea inside of her pussy. The Queen Heiress rewarded the guidance by eating Artemis out. Her lips capture the warmth and released them.

The lewd sounds forced Artemis's thighs into her mouth. She gave an encouraging moan when grabbing Thea. A light tug on Thea's ponytail reminded the girl of her work. Thea only returned with more sucking off her girlfriend's juices. Artemis looked Thea straight in the eyes. The naughty look flowing in Thea's eyes showed Artemis just how much she wanted this pussy.

"Eat me, keep licking me," Artemis ordered her. "With your cute little mouth, suck my juices out of my pussy. That's it, right there. Give it to me. Give it to me now!"

Thea responded by redoubling her efforts. Her tongue dug into the sopping core of the slightly under girl across from her. Artemis tightened the grip on the back of Thea's head and pushed her pussy up into her mouth. Thea responded by licking her more.

The archer took her hips up and spilled her juices into the mouth of Thea. Like a good lover, Thea drank up everything Artemis could give her.

"Thea."

Thea pulled away and smiled. Artemis ensnared Thea in an embrace and kissed her. Artemis nibbled on Thea's lower lip and tasted the juices coming from her lower lip. Thea grabbed onto Artemis and returned the kiss as much as she had been allowed.

Artemis worked Thea's clothes off. Her sports bra dropped to the ground and revealed her perky tits. Artemis ran her hands over Thea's chest and tempted her with even more touches. Thea pushed her chest into Artemis's waiting hands and allowed her to worship it.

The object of Artemis's obsession would be unraveled a little bit later. She grabbed onto Thea and pulled her pants down. A nice lacy thong revealed itself through Artemis. Artemis hooked her hand into the back strip of fabric on the thong and snapped it back.

"Enjoying…yourself," Thea breathed.

The sound she responded with when Artemis snapped her thong back showed something. Thea enjoyed having her ass played with as much as Artemis enjoyed playing with her ass. She pulled
down Thea's panties to reveal her pussy with a small strip of pubic hair down it. Almost shaven in the shape of an arrow, come to think about it. Artemis lightly ran her finger down it.

"Fitting."

The two positioned into an obvious situation. Artemis pried Thea's thighs apart. She slid into place and slowly locked her legs in between Thea's in a scissor motion. Their pussies touched each other with Artemis reaching up to fondle every inch of the younger girl in front of her.

Artemis removed the final article of clothing from herself. Two round breasts came out with her nipples sticking out. Thea reached into. The juices between them ground their pussies together. Artemis rose up and pumped down, leaning back just enough to deny Thea of everything she wants. The pleasure point Artemis hit within Thea got her hips rocking back and forth. They lifted and drop in a series of repeated actions. Thea gripped onto the workout bench and let out a moan.

"Oh, you're not going to…..hey that's not fair."

"I think that's very fair," Artemis said. "You overstepped your bounds, Ms. Queen. You need to be punished."

Thea shivered at the tone coming from Artemis. Punishment was only good if it came with pleasure afterward. She had no idea what Artemis cooked up. She backed off in crab walk position and took extra care not to slid off of the bench to injure herself. Artemis extended her finger and motioned for Thea to turn herself over. Thea did as she was asked and made her ass position up in the air in the middle of Artemis's direct line of sight.

Artemis raised her hand and slapped Thea on her ass. She climbed up behind Thea and pressed her wet pussy against Thea. Artemis ground against Thea and dry-humped the girl's ass while leaning in against her.

"I like how you don't have any tan lines."

Thea closed her eyes to allow herself to get into the moment. She pressed face down with Artemis slowly working her into a fever. Those warm fingers caressed every single inch of Thea's body. Her asshole opened for intrusion. Artemis did not want to go for the obvious hole just that.

"I can get any target," Artemis said. "No matter the hole. You have a nice wide target and a nice tiny hole for me to get to."

"SHIT!"

Artemis started to lick down Thea's back and move closer to her to her hole. Thea dug her nails into the edge of the bench. That tongue, that naughty tongue, came very close to sliding into her.

The next action brought Artemis tongue first into Thea's forbidden zone. Artemis showed her prowess by moving around the inside of Thea's ass and licking it. She got it nice and wet. Thea dug into the bench and kept breathing. Deep breaths, deep breaths which made her lose it almost.

"I love this ass. And this ass always is on my mind when I see you. You're not the only one who can appreciate a nice ass. It could be mine, it could be Sara's or it could be Felicity's. Oh, what I wouldn't want to get five minutes alone with Felicity. I'll put her nice mouth to work."

Thea closed her eyes. Artemis slid a finger into her tight hole and removed it.
"And then I'll give her ass the working out I suspect she gets every time Sara pulls her into her office," Artemis said. "And I know what you watch, Princess. You want Laurel and Sara to take each of your holes. And you don't care which one they take. You just want them to take you."

Thea realized every perverted fantasy she had entered her dreams. Artemis swayed her tongue back against Thea's taboo zone while fingering her pussy. She stopped and left Thea hanging, begging for more.

"I don't blame you," Artemis said. "I want Sara as well and her sister is pretty hot as well. And I bet I can get Sara to sleep with me before you can."

"Oh, you want to bet on that?" Thea asked, annoyed how much she had been challenged.

Did Artemis really think she would beat Thea to having some fun with Sara? Sara was her sister-in-law. She wanted this for longer. She knew Sara longer. Artemis was not going to jump the line, no matter how much Thea submitted to the tender affections of the younger girl.

"We'll talk about terms when you're more lucid," Artemis said.

Thea let out a soft moan as Artemis hit her pleasure point. Warmth spilled from Thea and coated Artemis's intruding fingers.

"Do you like me fingering your spoiled pussy?" Artemis asked. "Do you like getting your pampered little rich ass rimmed?"

Said ass got the worship with Artemis's hand. She dug her nails into the cheek and gave Thea a swat on the ass. Artemis fingered Thea just that much faster. Thea's rock-hard nipples dug into the workout bench and made her gush.

"I wonder what Moira would think if she knew what the kinky little minx her daughter is," Artemis said. "Then again, your mother might be in some kinky shit. She's the type to have a dark side. Wouldn't you agree, Thea?"

Thea was oddly disturbed and also turned on thinking about what her mother would have been into when she was younger. Given Moira lived through the time of debauchery that was the eighties, Thea could only imagine the possibilities. She did not really want to, but her mind drifted towards a very forbidden and wrong territory.

Artemis gave Thea all of the attention she deserved. Every soft moan coming from Thea rewarded Artemis with her persistence. Thea squeezed Artemis around her intruding fingers. She fucked Artemis's fingers to slide them as far into her depths.

The fingers left Thea and she groaned, denied of the released. Artemis pressed down onto Thea and ground herself into Thea's ass. Artemis got herself off by rubbing against Thea's very perfect ass which stuck into the air. Artemis hips jerked and squirted her juices all over Thea's ass.

Thea closed her eyes and felt Artemis stick to her. The feeling just got Thea off. The workout bench underneath stained from their combined juices.

The feeling of release made Thea feel more than refreshed and ready to take on anything.

"So, time to hit the showers?"

After a good workout, Artemis thought of nothing better than to hit the shoulders. She allowed Thea to lead the way with her reddened sticky ass moving against her.
'Not sure if there's going to be much hygiene. But points for effort.'

End.
Felicity leaned back in the computer chair to observe the reunion of Iris West and Sara Lance. The hooded archer of Starling City and newly minted speedster celebrated in the only way possible by indulging in the world's oldest celebration ritual.

Ethically speaking, Felicity should just shift the camera to another area and give them some privacy. Hormones jumped the line in the way of ethics and caused Felicity's fingers to shift against her. She had her panties shifted to allow access to her pussy. Her warm and wet pussy dripped against the computer chair. Felicity's finger dug into them.

"Oh, don't stop," Felicity murmured underneath her breath.

Felicity ran her finger down past her blouse top and unbuttoned it. She knew there could be a risk of someone coming through her and catching her having fun with herself. Felicity did not care, tugging and pushing on her right erect nipple and then playing with her equally erect left nipple as well. Felicity chewed on her rosy red lips and blew a strand of hair away from her face.

"Felicity?"

Thea stepped into the room and Felicity threw her hands up into the air and tried to straighten up. The grin of the younger brunette made Felicity stand up straight in attention.

"I'm just studying the security footage in the Clocktower," Felicity said. "Nothing to see here…I thought…"

Thea sat on the desk next to Felicity. Felicity got a good look at the girl, dressed in a black strapless top for the weather and a pair of tight shorts. Thea's legs were on display. She kicked the shoes and socks she wore and now Thea's feet were on display.

Felicity was not sure the exact moment she developed a foot fetish, but the exact time where Laurel and Sara repeatedly made the IT girl worship their toes and soles pretty much pointed out. And Thea's young, soft looking feet invited Felicity to naughty thoughts.

"Right," Thea said reaching forward and grabbing Felicity's hand. Felicity shivered as Thea held the same fingers in her hand which she had just been getting off with. "I wonder if you can explain this."

The Queen heiress slipped Felicity's first finger into her mouth. Thea's very able lips formed a seal around Felicity's finger to suck the juices off of it. Lust blasted through those bright eyes. Thea licked all of her fingers clean.

"Caught red handed," Thea said. "Oh, you dirty girl, spying on people having sex through the security system. You haven't been spying on me and Artemis, have you?"

Felicity's voice grew meek and she shivered underneath Thea's stern glare. The younger girl crossed her legs and arms and just grinned. "M-maybe."
"Mmm," Thea said. "You naughty girl...you're just nothing but a slut who gets off on watching other people, don't you?"

Thea ran her finger down Felicity's face. The nail dug into Felicity's cheek. Thea dropped down onto the ground and forced Felicity to stand. Thea put her hand on Felicity's thigh and then ran up to go underneath her skirt. Thea's fingers brushed against Felicity's slit and made her let out a very evident moan. Thea lightly brushed her fingers against Felicity's slit and then pulled away from her.

"Yes," Felicity murmured. "Oh, yes, please!"

"Not yet."

Thea pulled her fingers away from Felicity and made her shiver. She motioned for Felicity to turn around. Felicity did and put her hands on the desk. Thea put a hand on Felicity's skirt and pulled it up. The thong clad ass in front of Thea just made Thea smile.

Felicity bent over the desk and wondered what was going to happen next. The hand of the younger girl gripped her ass, squeezed it and gave it a very firm spank. She shuddered a few seconds later.

The sound of something being picked up behind her made Felicity wonder what was happening. The hot breath coming from Thea hit her ear.

"Time for you to be punished, Ms. Smoak. This is your own good."

A firm whack echoed driving a wooden ruler into Felicity's backside. She shuddered and could not believe how much this was getting her off. The wooden ruler rose up one more time and slapped Felicity on the firm backstage and hard again.

Felicity dug her nails into the desk, breathing in and coming out one more time. The ruler slapped against Felicity's firm bum and hard. Then a finger pushed against her slit.

"I figured you would get off on this."

Thea's hand dug into Felicity's pussy. She alternated between fingering Felicity's tight cunt and spanking her delicious ass. A pause followed to allow the pleasure and the punishment to both sink in.

"You are a naughty, naughty, bitch!" Thea yelled. "And it's time for you get punished."

A loud smack echoed from the ruler. Felicity's body quivered underneath Thea smacking the ruler down onto her ass. She could almost feel Thea smiling against the back of her neck digging the fingers inside of her pussy. Felicity's eyes flashed over with lust.

"Oh, you want more, don't you?"

Thea moved over and took off her shorts and panties. Her pussy also got pretty wet in the stage of spanking and fingering Felicity. Thea sauntered over a little bit closer to Felicity and smiled. She cupped her hand over Felicity's pussy and stroked the warm cunt underneath her hand.

"I want...more!" Felicity yelled.

"First, you have to do something for me."

Thea climbed on top of Felicity's mouth. Thea's firm toned tanned thighs closed in on Felicity's mouth. Her ass also stuck in Felicity's face, knocking her glasses off her nose. Thea reached behind
her and pulled the glasses off of her face. Thea briefly shifted to slide them into a drawer before returning back from her.

The images of Sara and Iris still appeared on the camera, giving Thea a perfect view, just as perfect as the view of Felicity had of Thea's ass.

"Let's put that mouth to a more constructive use, Ms. Smoak."

No argument could be made as Thea's warm slit came into position. Felicity dragged her tongue over Thea's warm slit. Her hands pushed against Thea's ass and squeezed it.

"Worship your boss's ass," Thea ordered. "Kiss my ass and lick it."

Well, Felicity did what most people did, kissing her boss's ass. Only she did it in a more literal sense as opposed to a very figurative sense. Felicity kissed the perfectly formed ass cheeks of the part owner of Queen Industries. She kept her finger digging inside of Thea's pussy and pushed inside before moving in to lick it

"Lick it!" Thea yelled. "Put your face into my ass and really go in deep!"

The order of the younger, but more dominant, woman made Felicity bury her face in Thea's warm ass cheeks. Thea smothered Felicity to force her to rim the younger girl out. The brunette pushed herself against Felicity and forced the ass worship to continue.

Thea closed her eyes and enjoyed the feeling of Felicity's tongue and fingers.

"It might not be the position we fucking hired you for," Thea said. "I think you're more than qualified for this position, wouldn't you say?"

The constant lapping of her ass showed Thea how much Felicity agreed. The worship Thea received made her cum all over Felicity's probing fingers. She threw her head back and bit down on her lip.

The feverish devotion Felicity laid upon Thea's ass made the girl cum even more. Felicity's hands soaked with Thea's juices. She pulled out from her and finished, upon Thea's dedication.

"Eat my cum like it's the only thing keeping you alive."

Felicity obeyed the words of one of her newest Mistress. As many fingers slid into Felicity's mouth as possible when eating them. The cum sustained her and made her feel so good.

Thea stood upon the table and lifted one of her feet up. The delicious soles and elegant arches and cute toes came against Felicity's face.

"Don't think I haven't caught you staring at my feet," Thea firmly said. "Why don't you suck on my toes, Foot Slut?"

Another command obeyed without question with Thea pushing her foot into Felicity's mouth. She grabbed Thea's strong ankles and inhaled the delicious scent of the bottom of her foot. Thea's foot aroma made Felicity weak with desire. She sucked the tongues of the young girl tasting them. The forbidden foot candy slid deeper into Felicity's mouth.

Thea's foot slave licked the toes of the younger girl. To be honest, Thea always craved her own servant to suck and lick on her toes. And she knew Felicity's very perfect mouth was good for pleasure. She sucked the toes on her right foot into Felicity's oral cavity, making her taste them. Thea slipped out and did the same to her left foot.
Felicity became accustomed to the taste of female feet time. Thea's sweaty soles brushed against her face. The brainy blonde's eyes clouded with desire. She sucked Thea's toes with hunger and lust.

"Good little foot slave," Thea cooed. "But you know there's one other thing you're good for."

A strap on had been kept in the drawer on the desk just in case Sara or someone else had been in the mood to take Felicity. Felicity realized her role as the personal stress ball of the rest of the team, and she had been surprisingly turned on by that. Thea forced Felicity to roll over so she was pressed down on the desk. Thea adjusted it so her ass stuck firmly in the air.

"This ass," Thea said. "It was made for squeezing."

Thea squeezed Felicity's booty in response.

"It was made for spanking."

Several loud spanks came with Thea blistering Felicity's upturned ass with a series of spanks. Felicity let out pants and moans as Thea spanked her and squeezed her firm ass.

"And this ass was built for fucking," Thea said. "And that's what I'm going to do."

Some of Felicity's juices lubricated the tip of Thea's cock. Thea bent down and used her own tongue to make Felicity's asshole nice and wet. She grabbed onto those juicy cheeks. Felicity really had an ass built for fucking and would not be out of place in a rap music video.

'To join this team, your ass better be nice,' Thea mentally stated.

The point of Thea's cock brushed against Felicity's lubricated hole. Her tight cheeks took Thea deep inside of her rear head. The two hands rolled over Felicity. Brushing against Felicity's lower back made the girl give a passionate scream in pain.

At first, Felicity tried to hold back her screams of pleasure. Thea pulled down and grabbed Felicity and pushed into her. The repeated thrusts caused Felicity's interest in stifling her screams to go.

"Let me know how much you like this."

"I LOVE THIS!" Felicity yelled at the top of her lungs.

Thea figured about as much. The brainy woman underneath her squirm and dripping on the desk only made Thea want to fuck her harder. She rammed into Felicity spiraling her pleasure up. Thea pulled almost all the way out of her and then shoved deep inside of her again.

Everything made Felicity's body buzz with pleasure. Her ass received a hard and very pleasant round of fucking. Thea grabbed the ass in her hand and spanked her. Every single thrust brought Felicity closer to the edge. Thea's hands worked and squeezed their way around Felicity's perfectly shaped rear.

The hair became unclipped and Felicity's hair went wild. Thea grabbed onto Felicity's hair and yanked it. Felicity drew in a deep breath the deeper Thea slid into her ass from behind.

"F-fuck!" Felicity groaned. "That's so fucking good!"

"I know it is," Thea said. "You like me pulling your hair when I fuck your ass. You can't help but feel good when I treat you like my own personal office whore, don't you?"

Felicity's pussy exploded at being demeaned and treated like a piece of fuck meat by one of her
bosses. No doubt the strong independent women of the current year would have her head on a plate for such a thing, but she wanted to be demeaned and objectified even more.

Thea got off on the yelping and the moaning of the woman underneath her. Felicity's thick ass closed around Thea the harder and faster she probed her rear end. Felicity's nails brushed against the desk the further she pushed inside of her.

"You get off on being my little anal slut, don't you?" Thea asked. "Answer me, Felicity!"

"YES!" she moaned.

A few smacks into Felicity's ass drove the dildo deep inside of her. The strap on cock drove deeper into her. Thea shifted gears and started to rub herself out. Thea pushed one hand down the back of Felicity's lovely leg and then pulled back.

"I'm going to cum all over this nice ass! Whenever you down…you think of me!"

Felicity thought of Sara and Laurel and Karen and Nyssa and Diana and pretty much anyone else who swung by to take her ass in turn. Her fingers dug into the desk and now Thea took her turn on the train to fuck Felicity's ass. Felicity's hair swung upon her sweaty face wildly.

A few thrusts brought Thea's cock growing deeper inside of her warm ass. Felicity's ass squeezed underneath Thea's hands. The warmth surrounding her made Thea want to cum and she did, in fact, cum hard.

So did Felicity as well. The roller coaster ride hit the highest peak just seconds before Felicity crashed down onto the ground. The pleasure ride ended with Felicity slumped into the desk. Thea kept drilling her ass until raw.

Thea finished stroking her clit to the finish and came all over the dildo and the ass in front of her. Her wetness splattered the desk. The young girl felt satisfied tonight having drilled Felicity.

Time passed and Thea, still pressing her dildo against Felicity's lower back leaned in.

"Maybe you've learned your lesson. But I doubt it."

Felicity knew that if she was being punished like this again, she did not want to learn her lesson.

End.
Bonus Smut 3

Bonus Smut Scene 3 of 18, taking place during Chapter 59 as well of this series:

Wakeup Call(Featuring Laurel Lance and Barbara Gordon-Under the Hood Bonus Chapter)

Laurel shifted in bed. She wore nothing other than a pair of panties, stockings and a garter belt before drifting off to sleep. This state of undress put her in perfect position for her girlfriend's tender affections. The sultry redhead brushed her hands against Laurel's breasts and then touched her nipples.

Barbara obviously wore anything even less to bed. Her shoulder had been taped up after an unfortunate encounter with Tweedle Dee and Tweedle Dum, twin henchmen working for Jervis Tetch, better known as the Mad Hatter. Tetch returned to Arkham, his plot to abduct five girls between the ages of eight and twelve did not go forward. As shocking as it was to believe, all of the girls were named Alice.

"Babs," Laurel breathed. A series of kisses came down the side of Laurel's neck and Barbara parted to the stunning siren's hair.

"You said you wanted a wakeup call," Barbara said. "And you know how much I like breakfast in bed."

She spoke in a matter of fact way and started to fire tender kisses down Laurel's abdomen. Her panties formed a barrier to her pussy but not for long if Barbara had anything about it. She exposed Laurel's lovely lips and came down. The warm pussy lips came up to touch Barbara's mouth. Barbara kissed and sucked on her juicy, tender lips. Laurel shifted on the bed with a soft slight escaping from her mouth.

Barbara knew all of the spots which turned Laurel on. Her talented hand massaged Laurel's thighs which parted like the Red Sea for Barbara to go down on her. Tender touches of Laurel continued with Barbara pushing against her slit and then slipping inside of her.

"I want more," Laurel told her with a smoky smile.

"I know you do," Barbara said. "And I'm going to give you more, honey. I want to see how much I can make you scream."

The stockings were left on Laurel because quite frankly they made her legs look fabulous. Barbara could feel her legs up for days and days. Her fingers touched the side of Laurel's leg and then moved up to kiss her. The kisses continued to go.

"You better not like your windows if you really get me to scream."

Barbara shoved her tongue inside of Laurel's mouth and grabbed the back of her head. She yanked on Laurel's hair and pushed deeper into her throat. Laurel's tongue tried to fire back against her. Barbara, despite being younger, had a certain flair about her which made Laurel.

"Oh, I know," Barbara said. "There are some things which are worth it. Like being inside of this sweet little pussy. Wouldn't you agree?"

Laurel couldn't very well disagree, to be honest. Two fingers slipped into her and a third followed directly behind. Her pussy received a very heavy pumping. Barbara kissed her stiff nipples and then
moved down to grab Laurel's own discarded panties. Barbara rubbed them against Laurel's face before tying them into her mouth. The panties shoved deep into Laurel's mouth to gag her.

"I know you're getting off on this."

Barbara's whisper did not get denied. She leaned in and kissed Laurel through the panties. She moved and peppered her collarbone, her chest, shoulders, arms, and everything else she could reach with tender kisses. Barbara kept working her mouth closer to Laurel's moist center. She shoved a finger inside of her for a brief moment and kept teasing her. Barbara's eyes flooded over with increased lust the deeper she shoved inside of Laurel's tightening pussy. She moved over to kiss the side of Laurel's legs. The warm juices kept trickling against her.

Laurel enjoyed having her legs played with and worshiped. Barbara touched her in all of the right spots. Her moans stifled because of the moist fabric in her mouth. Barbara smiled and ran her fingers against Laurel's stomach. Barbara climbed on top of her. Laurel scissored leg around Barbara's and pulled her in. The two laid on top of each other.

The lustful kisses only increased. Laurel's eyes flooded over with Barbara receiving a tender suck of her neck. Laurel's fingers guided against her stomach and caused Barbara to link to her. Her pussy juices heightened with pleasure and stuck the two of them together.

"You want this, baby?" Barbara asked. "I know you do, honey. I know this is everything you want and more."

Barbara slipped her finger between Laurel's milky thighs, shifted closer to a certain point, and then rubbed her clit. Laurel's eyes shifted over with hunger dancing through her eyes. Barbara stimulated Laurel's inner walls with one finger and her clit with the finger from the opposite hand. The kisses also drove Laurel over the edge.

She came all over Barbara's hand. Barbara pushed against her and took all of the cum into her hand. Laurel's body thrashed and pushed against her hand.

Barbara reached into the drawer and took the tip of the strap on cock to rub over Laurel's slick center. Laurel's eyes burned with lust with Barbara moving in to kiss her nipples and then motioned for Laurel to lift her legs. She did and Barbara now how the cock sticking up in the air. She rubbed it and the synthetic material reacted to the warmth of her hand like a real cock.

"I'm going to ride you," Barbara said.

Barbara slipped onto the tip of Laurel's cock inside her. She closed her eyes for a second. Barbara rose and fell on them. Her amazing and round breasts swayed in the distance the further Barbara rose and then she dropped down onto the ground.

"Yes," Barbara said. "Touch them."

She took the gag out of Laurel's mouth and decided to gag Laurel with her cleavage instead. Barbara forced the mouth of her girlfriend into her chest and Laurel sucked on those wonderful breasts. Barbara lightly touched the back of Laurel's head to continue to urge her into performing the tit sucking.

Laurel's loins heated up as Barbara slammed down onto the cock. The cock interfaced with Laurel's nerve endings and made her feel as if Barbara was riding a real cock and it was connected to her body. The warm thighs pushed up and down against Barbara's cock.

"Fuck," Barbara said.
She would have to agree. Laurel's mouth worked over Barbara's nipples and sucked them as hard as possible. She wanted Barbara to cum just as much as she wanted to cum.

"Dreams do come true," Barbara said sinking down on the faux cock coming into her body.

Laurel gave a tempting gasp of pleasure. She had to hold back the true cry of lust out of fear of shattering Barbara's windows or worse her ear drums. Barbara hung on and rode the synthetic cock. Laurel enamored herself with every inch of Barbara's slick center. She pushed up and drove up into Barbara.

"Closer," Barbara said. "I'm going to cum now."

Laurel's gaze from the other side of Barbara's chest was that of encouragement. The younger girl kissed her forehead and sucked behind her ear making Laurel's whimpering just fade off into a never ending groan of lust. Barbara bounced up and down on Laurel until cumming.

The action of her girlfriend cumming made Laurel cum as well. She shot her cum deep inside of Barbara's pussy from underneath. Laurel's eyes pushed shut and she threw her head back. Barbara clapped a hand over her mouth to prevent the scream from coming out.

The end came with Barbara sliding off of Laurel. Laurel suddenly took down Barbara and pinned her down onto the bed.

"You had your fun," Laurel said. "My turn now."

Barbara's nails dug against the sheets and pulled them off of the mattress. Laurel's finger pushed against Barbara's wet pussy.

"Oh, you kinky bitch," Barbara said. "You know what I like."

"I'm not just a kinky bitch," Laurel responded. "I'm your kinky bitch. And I can't decide between your ass or your pussy."

Laurel brushed the moist tip of her cock against Barbara to dominate her against the bed. Barbara's nails sank into the bed the further Laurel worked up against her from behind. The tip of the cock touched her just seconds before Laurel entered her girlfriend's welcoming canal.

Barbara's eyelashes fluttered the second Laurel planted her way inside on the bed. Laurel showed the dominance she learned during years of lessons with Lady Shiva and how to really manipulate the situation into her favor. Barbara could give as good as she took and in this situation, she took Laurel in her from behind.

The two heroines entered a back and forth encounter with each other. Laurel shoved inside of her and made Barbara thrash on the bed. She came hard and fast the further Laurel worked into her. She edged Barbara and made her gush from the constant intrusion.

"Like that?" Laurel asked jamming her thumb in Barbara's ass while driving into her pussy.

The double stimulation devolved Barbara into nothing other than a stammering whimpering wreck. Laurel became a one woman double-penetration machine. Thankfully she was not wearing the two cock model. A skilled finger worked just as well as a toy under many circumstances.

Laurel got off on the fact Barbara squirmed and thrashed so much on the bed underneath her. The sheets kicked up with each motion. Laurel moved her hands away from Barbara's asshole. Sparks flew involving the two lustful heroines when Laurel rammed her cock into Barbara while fingering...
the redhead's ass.

Barbara's hair flew in her face. She looked like a complete treat with what Laurel was doing to her. Laurel grabbed to Barbara's hair with her right hand while gripping the girl's waist with her left hand. A shove with a handful of hair brought the phallus deep inside of Barbara's wet pussy. She squeezed and milked Laurel as much as humanly possible.

"You just can't help yourself. Is Batgirl going to come for the mean Canary?"

She cooed these last words. Barbara tightened her grip around Laurel the deeper she came into her. The hands pushed against Laurel's back and then cupped her ass. A couple of spanks made Barbara all light up.

"Batgirl, cum for me Batgirl."

Laurel nibbled on Barbara's ear lobe and made her squirm underneath her. Barbara clutched the side of the bed the deeper Laurel drove inside of her core. She pulled almost all the way back out and then shoved into her again. Laurel buried into Barbara. Breasts to lower back, Laurel's stomach brushing against Barbara's ass and the cock driving into her quim. Each inch of her flesh hyper-stimulated from Laurel's constant assault on her.

Barbara let loose with a scream after Laurel let her cum. It was no Canary Cry by any means. It didn't really need to be at this point.

"Good," Laurel said. "Excellent."

Again Laurel stuck her finger, damp with saliva, into Barbara's back passage. It was nice and moist. Laurel rocked herself against Barbara and stuffed the huge cock into her. She reached a high tempo and let out Barbara's pussy.

"I have to take that ass," Laurel said. "You're just too tempting. Walking around in that tight costume. The way the latex just hugs this nice thick juicy ass."

Laurel first grabbed said ass and she spanked said ass. Barbara squirmed and came all over the bed. Laurel's rotating finger brought Barbara up to her. The asshole opened up. It looked so pink and so inviting. Laurel pushed her tongue into Barbara's asshole as a sign of dominance.

She surrendered control just like enough to lure Barbara Gordon into a false sense of security.

"Damn it, Laurel!" Barbara breathed. "DINAH LAUREL LANCE YOU BETTER F*** MY ASS AT ONCE!"

"So, bossy," Laurel said as she kept fingering Barbara's ass and then licked her pussy. "Maybe I should just leave you on the bed, wanting more."

The next several minutes had been spent with Barbara's nerves racking up to a high level. She could not imagine life without Laurel in her ass. Barbara's eyes shifted over the more that Laurel dragged her nail against Barbara's puckered hole and made her just groan and thrash on the bed.

"Say please," Laurel said.

"Please," Barbara groaned.

The soaking wet tip of the cock pushed against Barbara's tight little back hole. Laurel grabbed Barbara and slid inside of her.
"Good girl," Laurel said lovingly wrapping her finger against a lock of hair with one hand and squeezing Barbara's sexy ass with another one.

Her tight asshole received a huge plunge of cock from Laurel. The constant and never ending working inside of Laurel's tight hole from behind made her hunger for even more. Barbara pulled out of Laurel and then pushed deep into her. The tip touched Barbara's asshole with a glorious smile on her face.

Barbara came all over the bed and now all over Laurel's hand. Laurel put the hand covered in cum up to Barbara's mouth and made her lick it. Barbara tasted her own lemony juices. It made her just cum even more.

"You really are a nymphomaniac," Laurel said. "Or is it just when I'm in town?"

The woman's hands tightened around Barbara's ass and gave it a squeeze.

"I wonder what really happened when Harley and Ivy had you tied up in those vines," Laurel said. "Did those two evil, evil, girls get you off?"

Barbara tried to argue against that was what happened. The most frustrating encounter was she was found in this state by Commissioner James Gordon, who happened to be her father. Thankfully, her dad was ignorant of the fact she was Batgirl.

As far as Barbara knew and it still made her want to turn twelve shades of red. Not only did the bad girls get away, but they made Barbara their personal fuck toy for the evening. Being reminded of that humiliation and receiving a big dildo in her ass.

"And you enjoyed when they dominated you," Laurel said. "Just like you're enjoying being taken in your sweet ass by your best friend. You're like my second sister…and sisters have to take care of each other."

Those words led to about three fingers jamming into Barbara's tightening core. Laurel did the reverse of earlier, fingering her pussy while fucking her ass. Laurel wished she had another couple of hands to explore all of Barbara's sensual and soft curves. She did lean in to lick the trail of sweat coming down from Barbara's neck. Barbara gave another moan.

"Good thing you don't have my power," Laurel said as she marked her prey. "Otherwise, you would need to get a new partner."

Barbara grabbed onto the edge of her bed. Laurel threatened to drive her over the side. She came again at Laurel's devious permission.

"Good girl."

The words made Barbara lose herself. Laurel's fingers left her pussy and smeared Barbara's body with the juices of her own creation. Then Laurel licked Barbara clean of the same juices than she put on her body.

Laurel finished hammering Barbara's tight ass and pulled out of her before driving back in. She went in deep to Barbara. Her toned abs brushed against Laurel's fingertips. She wanted to melt butter on Barbara's abs and then lick her clean.

Perhaps another time.

Barbara crashed down from the orbit and Laurel planted her dildo into Barbara's ass a couple more
times from behind. She pulled out and then drove back down into her.

"Good girl."

One more whisper lit Barbara's loins on fire. She kept cumming hard until Laurel finished.

Both girls moved to their mutual climax. This early morning workout had been productive although Barbara might have a little trouble sitting.

Laurel Lance and Barbara Gordon rested on sticky, sweaty, and disheveled sheets. The two skilled vigilantes ensnared each other in a kiss until the embers of lust stirred again.

End.
"Make sure you keep focused and mindful of your surroundings. One wrong move could be your doom. And expect everything."

Thea rolled her eyes. She heard this statements so many times coming from either Nyssa, Jade, or Sara she could recite it. She came face to face with Jade. Artemis, Thea's girlfriend and Jade's sister, walked over to the other side of the room. She had just been in a sparring session with Jade.

Jade dressed in a silky green kimono. Thea did not really have a chance to investigate whether or not Jade wore anything other than the kimono. Thea would have to guess it was a pretty good possibility she wore nothing other than the kimono.

The younger Queen sibling circled around the room dressed in a very tight pair of black pants and a tight black sports bra. She did not wear anything underneath. It was just more comfortable for Thea to go commando when she was being casual or training. Thea only wore underwear when she entered a more professional business setting. She charged across the room and rushed towards Jade. Jade blocked Thea's hand and snapped her over onto the ground. Thea landed onto the ground with a very solid smack with the wind knocking out of her.

"You are unfocused," Jade said. "Maybe, I should give you something to focus on."

Jade pushed her hands underneath Thea's chest and squeezed the younger girl's breasts. Thea woke up and grabbed Jade around the arm to try and throw her off. Jade came back around and swept Thea's legs out from underneath her. Jade came back up and then pushed her knee into Thea's collarbone while holding her leg down onto the ground.

'And she's not wearing any fucking panties there.'

"You should learn not to put yourself in a position like this," Jade said. "Think of the best way to get out."

Thea pushed Jade's kimono up to expose her thighs. She would have to think outside of the box.

'Or maybe get inside Jade's box.'

The warm tongue of the younger girl danced against Jade's lips. She hesitated for a brief second while Thea rotated her tongue over her soaking wet pussy. Jade ground her mound over Thea's tongue and worked deep against her. The tongue kept pushing against her.

"An…unconventional way of attack," Jade said trying to find a way turn this around.

Thea flipped Jade down to the ground. She caught Artemis's eye who came over. Artemis slipped her pants off and walked over her. Artemis also had her shoes off and her bare feet walked over the mat.

"Payback time," Artemis said.
"You really think you can last on top?" Jade asked. "Both of you?"

"You won't talk so big when you have my toes in your mouth."

Artemis Crock slipped her toes into Jade's mouth. Jade struggled to prevent her sister from pushing her toes inside and making Jade suck on them. Artemis's soles felt so soft though while rubbing into Jade's mouth. Her baby sister's toes also tasted like taboo candy.

Thea wanted to keep going by pushing her fingers against Jade's folds. They parted to allow Thea to delve inside of her. Thea got a tingle through her loins while watching Artemis temporarily make Jade worship her foot.

Until Jade took Artemis down in an ankle hold and made her scream. Jade wrapped her leg around Thea's head and pushed her face against her. Jade ran her hand the back of Artemis's leg and closed in on her. Every time Jade closed in on Artemis's heat, she lurched just a tiny bit.

Jade dug her fingers inside of her sister's pussy. Every time Artemis yelped, Jade pulled away from her. A long fingernail dug against her.

"Keep eating my pussy."

Thea automatically obeyed due to Jade's powerful thigh gripping her. She hoped that by eating out Jade's hot core, she would get a chance to have her own pussy eaten out. Thea hoped something would happen. She hoped, perhaps all hope, that the tongue would keep going against her pussy.

"Oh, that's fucking good," Jade breathed. "You let me make you my little pussy slave."

Jade squeezed Artemis's thigh and then worked inside of her. Rapid-fire pumps inside of Artemis's heat made the girl react all the more to Jade.

Artemis tried not to react to her sister too much. It would mean Jade gained some dominance over her. She really had to get back into control.

And speaking of control, Thea rapidly lost hers. She became a slave to Jade and munched on the older girl's pussy. Jade flexed her legs around Artemis's head and pushed her deep inside of her. Jade wrapped her hand on Thea and tugged the warrior's brown locks.

"Be careful not to have your tactics turned around on you."

Jade let her juices all over Thea's face. They splattered and covered her. Seconds passed before Jade moved away and pulled away from her. She gripped Artemis by the ponytail and turned her around. A half wicked grin passed over Jade's face when she locked her eyes onto Artemis.

"Go ahead. Clean up your girlfriend."

Artemis found her hair released and she crawled over to Thea. The two moved on their knees on the ground. Artemis wrapped her arm around Thea and the two of them kissed each other very hard. Thea's nail dug deep into the back of Artemis's neck with a light moan coming from her.

A blink of an eye caused Thea's pants to come down. Jade forced both of the girls on their hands and knees and rubbed their pussy lips. They closed their eyes when Jade took her right hand into Artemis's pussy and her left hand into Thea's tight pussy. Both sides pushed deep inside of them both.

"I wonder how much I can make you squirt."
Jade took both her sister and her sister's girlfriend with fingers plunging deep inside of their warm pussies. Both girls squirmed underneath Jade's penetration. They were panting and sweat started to build.

"You're just building a sweat now?" Jade taunted them. "Oh, we really need to work on your stamina."

Never had someone else gotten the most out of so little movement.

Jade slid her fingers into Artemis's pussy and had it in there nice and deep. Artemis squirming about on the ground brought a small little smile to Jade's face. She slid her fingers out and then pushed them deeper into Artemis. She made the girl thrash on the mats.

Not to be ignored, Thea received three fingers dug deep inside of her as well. Her eyes flooded over the deeper Thea pushed inside of her and then out of her. The deep breath came from her from Jade's pleasurable actions. Her entire body lit up and thrashed on the ground.

"You're going to both cum for me," Jade said. "Neither of you can help it. You should learn better self control."

Thea dug her nails into the ground. She tried to draw Jade's fingers deeper inside of her. Jade pulled out and allowed for a simple delicate blush on Thea's nether lips. Never had anything so elegant felt so good. Thea opened up her thighs almost begging for more. Jade pulled away both from girls to leave them panting and longing for release.

Both girls collapsed to the floor in a puddle of their own juices. They wondered what fresh tortures would be coming now that Jade would come back around the corner.

Dildos rubbed against each of their pussies. Jade manipulated the sensitive spots to make them want it even more. She wielded the dildos and kept dragging them against the pussies of the girls. They threw their heads back and constantly moaned in pleasure the further Jade manipulated their womanhood's with her toy.

"You want them inside of you, don't you?"

Artemis felt the first couple of inches of Jade's implement inside of her. Jade pushed it inside of her and slowly turned it before pulling it out. She pushed a little bit more the second time before pulling it out. Jade then held it up and made a production out of licking Artemis's juices off of it. She turned around and pushed the dildo back into Artemis's overheated pussy.

She clenched her walls around it and moaned while milking the dildo inside of her. Each push inside of her body made Artemis size up. Jade manipulated the insides of her younger sister's body. Artemis clenched at her and pulled the sex toy out of her.

She then switched courses to pay Thea a little bit more attention. Jade left the dildo jammed into Artemis's pussy and left her to stain it with her own juices. Thea's tantalizing ass called for Jade. Jade grabbed over and pushed her hand over Thea's ass and cupped it. She worked the dildo into her pussy from behind.

"I know why Artemis had been enticed by you," Jade whispered in Thea's ear. "I'm going to fuck both of you where it counts, and you're going to enjoy it."

No argument came from Thea. Only a soft whimper to try and spur on Jade to dig her finger deeper into Thea's anal core. She pushed in and pushed out of her.
"You're going to watch me when I take your little girlfriend in the ass."

Artemis reached for the dildo. Jade cast her a look which indicated that Artemis was not going to remove it. She picked up Thea and wrapped her arm underneath Thea's chin. Jade pulled her over to the workout bench for a minute. She beckoned Artemis to follow her.

"On your hands and knees like the bitch you are."

She almost protested, but obeyed instantly. Artemis dragged herself on her hands and knees where she was positioned in front of Thea and Jade. Jade grabbed Thea's hips and positioned her where she was lined up with the tip of the strap on cock that Jade pushed in.

Jade pulled the dildo out of Thea's pussy to collect some of her juices. She tasted them. Jade smiled and approved of them. She pushed her fingers into Thea's asshole and lubricated it nicely for her. Thea closed her eyes the second Jade pushed inside of her asshole and made her feel very good.

"I'm going to put this cock where it counts."

"Please, do it," Thea said.

Thea was ready to get her ass drilled by Jade's big cock. Jade brushed the cock head against Thea's ass to open her up nice and wide for the potential intrusion. Jade wiggled herself down as Thea sat on her lap and allowed the cock to shove deep inside of her.

She could feel the penetration and it felt beyond amazing. Thea's hair received a light tug from Jade to make sure she returned to the conversation when it was time. Jade worked Thea backside down into the dildo which shoved into her tight ass. Jade's fingers kept brushing their way around Thea's body.

"Moan for my sister."

Thea moaned and could see the sexual frustration brimming in Artemis's eyes. Those eyes just burned with fire and desire. Thea bit down on her lip.

Jade leaned in and kissed Thea on the side of her neck. She licked her and performed an path of exploration down Thea's young form. Thea shifted herself up and down off of Jade as she pushed her cock inside of her tight asshole. She moaned even louder with Jade playing with her and kissing Thea madly on the side of the face. Thea received a nibble to her ear which made her rise up and drop down. Jade bucked herself up into Thea's tightening asshole.

"Come here and lick your girlfriend's pussy. Taste how much I'm making her cum."

Artemis parked herself between Thea's thighs and licked at her heavenly lips. She made out with her girlfriend's pussy and slipped the tongue inside of her. Artemis inhaled her girlfriend's juices.

"Lick it like you mean it!" Jade commanded.

Thea breathed in with hunger when Artemis went down on her. Jade pumped her asshole as hard as possible. She gave her little breaks and a couple of tiny pauses to make sure it all sunk in what Jade was doing. The moment Thea dropped her guard, Jade was right back in there.

Thea's gorgeous body writhing and twisting on her cock made Jade hunger for more of the nubile girl. She was quite stunning and wet as well and not just because Artemis was licking her. Jade played with herself while continuing to push her.
"You can make an opponent just collapse when you know their weak spots," Jade whispered in Thea's ear. "And I know all of your weak spots."

No doubt about it, Jade could make anyone submit with the merest touches. She tortured Thea by hitting all of the pleasure points through the nerve endings. Jade reached over and grabbed Thea's nipple. She put the right amount of pleasure.

Thea squirted all over Artemis's face. Artemis did not care. She had been driven to a slave to her to her lust. Jade pushed her cock directly into Thea's tight warm asshole.

"Fucking hell!" Thea groaned.

"Mmm. I should have made my sister share the wealth a long time ago."

Jade wore out Thea's ass and the sex toy rammed into it. She could feel the girls whimpering. Artemis going to town on Thea's pussy and waiting for her turn only turned Jade on even more. Her eyes closed when pushing deep inside of Thea's tightening asshole.

"We should have," Jade commented. "Are you going to cum next, baby girl?"

Thea trashed herself down on the dildo. Her ass received a heavy pounding and she had the time of her life, that was one thing Thea knew for sure. Her eyes glazed over with the hunger spreading over them. Drool started to form on the edge of her chin from what Jade was doing with her.

"Cum for me. Cum for me. HARD!"

Jade slapped Thea's thick ass and made her cum extremely hard. She made a huge mess all over the strap on Jade planted deep inside of her overflowing sex. She left Thea moaning and wanting more.

A few seconds passed and Jade pulled out of Thea. She stained the bench. Thea turned around and almost bent over the bench on instinct. Jade just smiled and dragged Artemis to her feet.

The sexually aggressive kiss performed by Jade lit Artemis's loins on fire. She could not help, but return the favor and fire with this hard and passionate kiss. Artemis could only barely push back. She only touched Jade's body. The silky skin rubbed underneath Artemis's finger tips the deeper and more passionately she returned the kiss. Jade danced her tongue deeper inside of Artemis's lovely mouth and made her explode with some of the more intense moans possible.

"I have you now."

Jade pushed Artemis up against the wall and worked the dildo into her pussy. It had been jammed in there for so long, and managed not to slide it in all of the time she was working. Jade pulled it out and ran her tongue down the length of the dildo. Artemis watched with hunger dancing in her eyes.

"You liked seeing me fuck your little girlfriend in her tight ass, didn't you?" Jade aggressively growled. "I'm sure you want to be fucked in hers."

Jade squeezed Artemis's tight ass hard and worked a finger back there. The younger sister became butter in the hands of the older sister.

Rubbing her ass, Thea winced. Jade really knew how to give her a good going over. Any instance of pain gave way to sudden lust when Artemis was bent over against the wall. Her thick, firm, booty jutted out and Jade grabbed it hard before slapping it on her ass.

"I'm going to fuck this tight ass and I'm going to make you scream for more."
Jade leaned over and ran her finger down Artemis's spine. She closed in on the girl's ass and made Artemis whimper for it. She wanted it so bad that it almost became obvious how much.

"Only if you beg for me, sis. Are you going to beg for big sister to fuck you in the ass?"

"Jade, fucking take my ass already!"

Jade reached up and clutched Artemis's ponytail. She leaned in to whisper in the girl's ear in the most deadly manner. "Not until you ask me nicely, pet."

More juices dripped down onto the floor. Artemis's nipples became uncomfortable and hard. Her deep breath came over.

"Please, fuck my ass."

Jade worked her finger inside of Artemis's tightening rosebud. She loosened up the girl in time for the cock. Water splashed over the cock to cleanse it over Thea. The cock stiffened on its own accord, almost as if knowing what would happen when she worked back into Artemis's tight ass.

"Here I come."

Artemis shuddered with Jade's touch. The cock pressed against her anal core and edged closer into her. Jade's eyes narrowed and she broke out into a grin when pushing inside of Artemis's tight asshole. Artemis spread her legs so Jade could get better access to her tight asshole.

The older sister treated her younger sister to a thrill. Her ass being worshipped and then fucked hard. Artemis moved against the wall as Jade pushed back against her. She cupped her sister's full breasts and made her moan even more. Each cry brought Jade further into her asshole.

"I'll give you something to scream about."

Jade centered an attack on a nerve which made Artemis's rational thinking shut down. She experienced only pleasure. It was like Jade had located the one spot on her body which turned her into just a vessel for sex and pleasure. Artemis's toes curled up.

All soreness in her ass had been forgotten. Thea watched Jade get to work and it was very interesting to see what she was doing as opposed to feel it. Thea licked her finger and shove it into her wet pussy. The sound of pussy lips clutching against her finger grew even more in prominence.

"Your girlfriend is getting off on having her ass fucked," Jade whispered. "How do you feel about that?"

A squeeze of the body part in question made Jade size up and flood over the ground.

"It makes me feel fucking horny," Artemis breathed. "It makes me feel so fucking horny; I can barely stand to stand up."

"I figured it would," Jade responded with a slick smile over her face. "And now you're going to cum for me."

Those three fingers inside of Artemis ended up being her undoing. Her entire body sized up and released a gushing flow of cum all over the place. Jade pulled her fingers out and pushed them back into her. She manipulated Artemis's body. Her body pushed deeper inside of Artemis from behind and made her clench up against the wall. Her breathing only grew more intense.
"Yes, cum for me again," Jade told her horny sister. "Fucking explode for me."

Jade shoved her fingers inside of her. She then moved her other hand about Artemis's body to remind her who was in control.

The vigorous masturbating on the other end of the room coming from Thea showed how much she was enjoying this shameless display of incest. It was considered wrong by the standards of society which made it all the more exciting and made Thea drip wet.

'I guess I'm the type of girl who would tell society to go fuck itself.'

Jade pushed herself into Artemis. She constantly drilled the girl in the wall and took her anally. This was how it should be, the little sister being obedient to the older sister. The natural order of everything just snapped into place. Just as Jade pushed herself deeper into Artemis's ass and made her breath in with pleasure.

Almost on cue, Artemis came again. She came over and over again. Every time Jade worked her over, Artemis pretty much had her right where she wanted her. It was insane how much control Artemis held over Jade's body. She pulled out of her and pushed inside of her on a constant basis. Jade clutched onto the wall and drew in her deep breath.

She allowed Artemis to drop onto the ground. Jade smiled and wiped the juices from her own thighs.

After having some fun, Jade turned around and locked eyes with Thea. Thea slid off onto the floor and seductively crawled towards Jade almost as if on cue. Jade smiled.

'My sister has good tastes in women. I'll give her that much credit.'

Thea moved from Jade's leg while kissing it and slowly moved up taste the juices flowing off of Jade's legs. Jade smiled and could see a momentary blast of pain from Thea's legs rubbing on her ass.

"Good. You're learning."

She deep-throated Jade's cock and put her hands on the ass of the older girl. Jade gave Thea a smile which matched the burning lust in the girl's eyes.

End.
A long night of patrol passes into the distance and morning slowly approaches. Thea Queen steps across the room from the doorway at Laurel's apartment with a soft smile across her face. She allows the clothing from her to drop on the ground. Thea stands against the wall dressed in nothing other than a black undershirt and a pair of thong panties covering her well-toned and rounded ass. Her legs stretch down for miles to show how nice Thea works out for her body. A soft smile pops over her face.

"Thea, you were great out there."

Laurel crosses the room. Thea's eyes follows to her friends beautiful body dressed in the tight black sports bra and a pair of spandex shorts. These clothes showcases Laurel's nice toned body. Thea's eyes traces over every single muscle on Laurel's beautiful body.

"You're great too!"

She pipes up with a smile on her face. Laurel looks over Thea and beckons her over. Thea crosses the room without any preamble. The two girls stand towards each other. Thea's face only comes up to Laurel's chest area to see her cleavage in the sports bra.

Laurel clears her throat. Thea blinks at the obvious smile and the "my eyes are up here" expression. The Queen Heiress plays innocent, something she remembers having a lot of experience with. She remembers having this experience to some various results as well.

"I know," Laurel said. "You were cool under pressure. And you didn't lose your head. The training with Jade's paying off."

"Yeah," Thea said with an obvious wince. "My shoulder's still feeling the training."

A motion from Laurel prompts Thea to turn around. Those soft fingers brush against Thea's shoulder. Laurel starts slow and subtle. She works over the muscles. Thea tries to block out the pleasure. She also tries not to focus on the back Laurel's free hand brushes against her lower back. Tingles come in the tip of Thea's bare toes.

"Why don't I help get the kinks out?"

Getting the kinks out appears not to be a problem. Laurel placed both of her hands on Thea's shoulders and rubs in slow circular motions. Thea takes a deep breath in and out. Her nipples stand straight up in attention. Laurel's hair tickles her neck.

Thea feels the knowing smile against her face. She feels Laurel's hands drift from her shoulders and start their sensational magic on her mid-lower back. Thea brings out her breath in a sigh the more Laurel works her over.

The beautiful girl's inhibitions reducing to jelly brings a sense of power over Laurel. She smiles and escalates the motions, now with one hand brushing against her upper ass while the other hand moves down her back. Those delightful little sounds escape from Thea's mouth. Laurel pushes her luck and moves her hands all over Thea's body.
Thea spins around with Laurel touching the side of her face. Laurel strokes Thea's face and her mouth opens. Words fail Thea as Laurel's soft lips push against her mouth. Laurel's mouth latches onto Thea's and the two kiss each other. Thea returns it with equal amounts of intensity. She feels Laurel's amazing mouth make love to hers. The heartbeat continues.

Laurel brushes a fingertip against Thea's shoulder and gives her another deepening kiss. Thea opens her mouth to invite Laurel's tongue inside. The older girl accepts the invitation with gusto and kisses Thea deeper than ever before. Thea's mind runs completely wild with the thoughts of what Laurel does to her. Those kisses only increase.

Backing Thea up put Laurel in perfect position to escalate her moves. Laurel's fingers strokes Thea's lower back and then moves back to pull the sports bra off of her.

"Jesus, Laurel."

Laurel kisses Thea's neck. Butterflies flow through her. Thea places her hand against Laurel's head to encourage Laurel to go down further. Laurel only consents on her own terms and slowly draws down to kiss Thea's collar bone. Her hand moves down to brush Thea's stomach.

Those nipples tantalizing Laurel to push herself encourages her to keep teasing Thea. She wishes for Thea's nipples to become as hard as little rocks for Laurel to suck on and to pleasure.

Thea's trembling hands latch onto the back of Laurel's head. Laurel kisses her and Thea attempts to coax Laurel down. Her perky breasts stick up to demand attention. Laurel slows down her descent into them to ensure the demands are not giving up.

"Laurel! Damn it, Laurel!"

Laurel's grin deepens. She knew exactly what needs to be done and she loves drawing out the torment of the young girl. Thea's dripping hot pussy squeezes deep against the palm of Laurel's hands. She teases Thea ever so briefly.

Her core receives a brief visit from Laurel. All too brief as Laurel pulls away and lightly massages Thea's spreading legs. Thea closes her eyes and tries to will Laurel through to her chest.

Finally, Laurels mouth locates Thea's breast. She sucks it one little time. Thea jumps up off of the bed. Laurel's mouth latching against her sensitive little nipple burns hot sexual fire through Thea's body. Her loins clench in anticipation for Laurel to do it again.

Laurel dives down one more time and sucks Thea's lovely little nipple. Her heart races when Laurel alternates with three to four sucks to the right nipple. Laurel switches off with three to four sucks on the nipple.

"Good," Laurel said. "I'm making you feel good. Because, you've done good."

Slow caresses simply accelerate Thea's lust for her friend. Her thighs open up for Laurel's indulgence. Laurel pulls away from Thea and leans to her.

"Not yet," Laurel mumurs.

"Why?"

Another kiss, this one with more intensity. Laurel wearing down Thea's reserves only brought a rush over her body. Thea's fingers running over Laurel's toned biceps encourages Laurel to deepen the kiss. She increases the coverage of Thea's mouth and keeps manipulating the girl to run her hands
over my body.

Laurel releases Thea from her liplock. Thea's swollen lips beckons Laurel forward. Laurel leans in and kisses Thea down on the side of the neck. She edges closer and sucks the side of her earlobe. Those soft moans only made Laurel's lips latch onto the sensitive spot.

"I want to see how good that tongue really is."

One lover rises up off of the bed. Laurel crouches down a little bit to avoid hitting the ceiling fan above her head. She slips down the shorts with a tantalizing sway of her hips. She peeks down to see Thea's eyes widening when her pussy comes into full view.

"Let me feed you, baby."

Thea opens her mouth. She feels like a woman who starved herself of any human contact. Laurel's perfectly trimmed pussy lowers towards her. Seconds grind by on the clock the closer it reached. Thea grips onto Laurel's legs and ensures it lowers onto her face.

Laurel shifts herself down onto Thea's perfectly able tongue. The tongue eases its way into Laurel's core and gives her a lick. Laurel throws herself back up and down. Thea swirls her tongue around her. Laurel's eyes shift up and down onto her tongue.

"Good, girl. You're making me so wet. Like that, Thea!"

Oral attention coming from the younger girl's tongue only increases Laurel's arousal. Her peak edges closer. Laurel sinks down on Thea's face and traps the young girl against her. She closes her eyes and then licks Laurel's warm pussy. Laurel chews down on her lip to avoid letting out a scream which would deafen everyone around them.

"Thea, make me cum," Laurel gasps.

Thea doubles her attention to Laurel. She drinks in the first few drops of Laurel's juices. Her sweet taste encourages Thea to drift in and out of her. Her hands cups Laurel's ass and give it a solid squeeze. Laurel squirts all over Thea's face. Thea made sweet love to Laurel's center to get more juices from her.

Juices gush out of Laurel and splatters against Thea's face. The eruption increases and splatters more of those heavenly juices all over Laurel's face. Thea holds onto Laurel's buttocks and rides out of the orgasm.

Laurel pushes away from Thea and locks eyes on a very beautiful sight. Thea Queen falls back on the bed with a face full of Laurel's juices. Laurel leans over and kisses Thea's lips. She tastes her own arousal on Thea. She sucks the younger girl's lips and makes out with her.

Thea's pleasure heightens from Laurel touching her on the back of her neck and then running her fingers down her sides. Instinct set in with Thea wrapping her leg around Laurel's body and pushing them forward. Their moist cores rub together.

The kiss breaks for a minute just long enough for Laurel to lose her sports bra. Her unrestrained breasts come up and squash Thea's smaller, but still very perky, breasts. The two kiss each other with intensity and passion. Laurel's hands brush over Thea's hair as she tastes the final traces of juice.

"It's your turn. Turn over."

Thea, without any further instruction, flips over on the bed. She sticks her ass firmly in the air. Laurel
puts a hand on the vision of perfection and squeezes it. Thea's supple, firm ass came into the palm of Laurel's hand. Laurel pulls away from her and comes back with a smile which only deeps.

"Put your hands behind your head."

No questions, only obedience, follow with Thea placing her hands on the top of her head. The sounds of rustling drawers from behind her drew Thea's attention closer to Laurel. She peeks out of the corner of her eye to see Laurel swinging a pair of handcuffs around her finger. A stern look from Laurel causes Thea to sheepishly bury her face into the pillow. Anticipation and a bit of anxiety hits on what was going to happen right now.

"Are you sure about this?"

Laurel smiles when leaning towards Thea and touches the back of her hair.

"Are you sure...Laurel?"

"Trust me."

Laurel's siren song only increases Thea's obedience. She lifts her hands to the back of her head. The clinking of metal against her wrists was not an unfamiliar feeling to Thea. Handcuffs had been slapped on her before. Thea thinks this time it would feel much better than all of those other times.

The older girl smiled at the prone form of the younger girl. Laurel feasted on the buffet of young, firm, supple female flesh. First she traced over Thea's prone form with her eyes, and then with her hands. She spent time at each inch of Thea's warm and lovely body.

Thea's verbal showcase of pleasure gives Laurel the needed fuel to explore Thea's body. She kisses down the back of Thea's neck and down her spine. Her fingers dig into Thea's ass to feel the very supple flesh. Laurel's kisses grew even more passionate.

She skips past Thea's asshole which disappoints the younger girl. Not for long because Laurel's talented tongue demands entry into Thea's womanhood. Thea wishes she could clutch the side of the bed. Laurel's tongue dances against her womanhood entrance before slipping inside of her. Thea spreads her thighs just in time for Laurel to push inside of her.

The dripping arousal coming from Thea's pussy encourages Laurel to push herself in a little bit deeper. Laurel pulls out and then pushes back inside of her. She plants the tongue inside of her and licks Thea something fierce. Thea clutches onto the bed and draws in another deep breath.

"LAUREL!"

The sound of her name simply encourages Laurel to pick up the pace. Her hands reach up to clutch onto Thea's backside. The supple cheeks squeezing her hand feels good in time with Laurel tasting Thea's eager young juices. She swirls her tongue against Thea's opening.

Then, without any warning, Laurel inserts a finger into Thea's ass. She doubly pleasures Thea with a pumping finger into her ass and a tongue pushing into her womanhood. Thea lets out a scream. Another couple of screams breaks open the gates for Thea to gush all over Laurel's face.

Laurel adds a second finger to Thea's anal hole. This time she lubricates the finger with Thea's own juices to add a more sickening pleasure to her. Thea's face buries into her pillow to try and stifle the submissive screams coming from her body.

In slips finger number three. Laurel fills Thea's asshole, stretching it out. She increases the speed of
her pussy eating as well. She buries herself into Thea's overflowing cunt and ensures the vixen will spill out all over her face.

"Laurel, oh damn it!"

Laurel ascended ever so briefly.

"And here I thought I was supposed to be the screamer."

A small smile passes and Laurel buries herself tongue first into Thea one final time. Thea's thighs spread all the way out to allow Laurel to bury herself inside of her. Three fingers match Laurel's pussy licking. Laurel slurps Thea's pussy and finger bangs her ass. Thea's handcuff hands clinks over her.

Thea came one more time on the bed. Laurel pulls away from her and licks her fingers clean. She swings off of the bed and walks over to the drawer. She puts a strap on.

"Should I take your tight little cunt? Or should I take this perfect thing and fuck it until you explode?"

A very dominant grope of Thea's ample ass cheeks makes the girl gush all over the bed. Sheets stained with Laurel stroking down her body from behind. Thea receives a finger into her backside with Laurel pushing in and out of her.

"My ass...please!"

Laurel rubs her cock head against Thea's pussy to collect the juices. She teases Thea's pussy even though the destination stands out in front of her. Thea's asshole, tight and perfect, stood open. She grabs the firm glutes and squeezes them. Laurel pushes her finger into her mouth and then pushes it against her.

A finger slips inside of Thea's warm asshole and makes her squirm all over the bed. She squirts all over Laurel's sheets. Laurel smiles when pushing against Thea and makes her take a deep breath. A few finger pushes inside of Thea escalates her.

"I'm going to take that ass. It's going to belong to me."

"Yes," Thea whispers. "It does...take it...fuck my tight ass."

Laurel gropes Thea's cheeks and slowly lowers the cock against her. A few inches slips inside of Thea. Laurel enjoys the warm sensations emitting from Thea's anus. She pushes almost all the way out of her and then drives a little bit deeper inside of her.

"It's in your ass. It's built to fuck, you know!"

"YES!" Thea screams at the top of her lungs.

The lengthy phallus slips into Thea's asshole. She pulls almost all the way out before plunging inside of her. Laurel touched Thea's pussy and rubbed against her. Her hands pushes against her and pulls it all the way out of her. Thea plunges deep inside of Thea's perfect ass.

Thea enters a new level of lust and excitement. Laurel dominates her asshole and makes Thea her little anal slut. Thea takes the full blast of the cock up of the ass. She pulls Thea out and then pushes into her asshole. Laurel's body pressed against Thea. She spanks her ass and makes Thea only lose it even more on the bed.
"Good. I'm glad you're on the right page. You're built to be fucked. Cum for me, Thea. Cum for me hard!"

"Yes!"

Laurel pushed her fingers against Thea. Pussy juices saturate every inch of Laurel's hand. She rubs Thea and collects more while banging the hot and tight ass of the woman underneath him. Laurel pushes almost all the way out of her and plunges into her tight asshole.

"You're so hot," Laurel said. "Are you going to cum for me again already?"

Those fingers bring electrical shocks through Thea's body. Laurel runs her fingers and grips the underside of her nipples before tugging on them. Intense feelings shoot through Laurel's body.

"You're going to make me cum as well. Oh, I can't wait to cum all over your sexy little ass!"

Laurel spanks said ass which makes Thea breath in and out with few more pumps. She pulls out all the way to rub the cock tip against her before pushing inside of her. Laurel clutches her breasts as well and makes Thea succumb in her.

Thea reduces in a drooling, cumming wreck, and twitches all over the bed. She pushes against her ass and then pulls out of her to leave Thea's body almost collapsing onto the bed. Thea buries face down into the pillow when Laurel finger-bangs Thea to another orgasm while driving into her ass.

"You sexy little bitch, you're going to keep cumming. Just like this!"

She collapses to the bed, her mouth hanging open in drooling. Laurel works her through another orgasm only slowing down to let the feeling of the previous on settle in Thea. The second Thea finishes comprehending it, Laurel goes back to town on her ass and pussy again.

Laurel uses Thea's panties to stifle her Canary Cry. They were damp from her arousal from earlier. Laurel pushes into Thea and buries herself into her ass until cumming even harder.

Thea collapses down onto the bed with Laurel burying inside of her ass with a few more thrusts. She lays into Thea's ass a few more minutes before cumming hard all over it. Thea takes the cock into her ass and devolves into loud moans, whimpering all over as Laurel finishes inside of her ass.

Laurel sputters to a stop when driving herself deep into Thea's asshole. Thea clutches onto her and releases the strap on from her.

The older girl pulls back with a small grin when staring down at the younger girl after she collapses on the bed. A soft smile pops over Laurel's face as she prepares for the next play.

End.
Lack of sleep and a lack of coffee put Felicity Smoak in a dazed state earlier. The lack of problems tonight in Starling City makes her drift off to sleep.

Something stirs Felicity awake. Her eyes open and mouth starts to open up to vocalize her agitation of being stirred out of bed. She only is able to speak a muffled "Umph" which makes it very hard for her to do anything. A ball gag burying deep into her mouth and strapped around the back of her head makes Felicity realize something happened. Her hands tied behind her back makes it hard to maneuver as well.

'Sara's not here. Laurel, Thea, Artemis, damn it, that's what I get for sleeping on the job.'

The dim room makes it very hard for Felicity to get a fix on the person. A hand lights three candles. Felicity's eyes strain to adjust to the light. A smiling girl wearing a black corset top, thigh high stockings, and a thong carrying a whip appears out. A shiver comes over Felicity's back the second the woman comes up. She gasps even though the ball gag prevents her from saying anything.

'Cassandra.'

Felicity's mouths says nothing. Her eyes tell the entire story. Cassandra rests her hand on Felicity's thigh and eases it up. Only seconds pass leading up to Felicity coming to the realization of her lack of panties. Cassandra cups her sex and makes Felicity close her eyes.

She manipulates Felicity very well. Her nipples stand at attention through the top. One hand shifts underneath Felicity's skirt and the other hand shifts all the way up her. Cass offers a Cheshire cat grin towards Felicity. Her lithe fingers works the buttons upon. Felicity's bra covered chest comes out of the life.

A single finger inside of Felicity jolts her up. Cass slips inside of her with a single finger working its magic in her. Every single one of Felicity's nerve endings feel worked over. Her body succumbs to Cass's action.

Cass spends the next few seconds paying attention to Felicity's non-verbal cues and her body language. A slight amount of sound penetrates on the other side of Felicity's ball gag. Cass slides her finger out of Felicity and releases her from the pull.

A second finger joins the first and only doubles Felicity's fulfillment. Her eyes adopt a very smoky look the more Cass works her nerve endings. The girl knows exactly what spots to tempt and toy with to drive Felicity further over the edge. Felicity tightens around her and releases it.

A little break, a little pause, and Cass decides to run her hand over Felicity's stomach. The older girl succumbs to the touch of the younger one. Cass rubs up against her and plants a series of kisses over Felicity's midsection. She exerts her tongue and touch a little bit closer.

Cass nibbles Felicity's outer lips and makes her jump up. The moment Felicity feels Cass's lips her
entire body goes completely wild. Cass starts nibbling on Felicity's nether lips and makes her feel really good. The second Cass drives her tongue in, Felicity loses it.

Another little break follows, and Felicity's frustration increases. Cass deliberately measures the point which she brings Felicity to her edge and yanks her away. Cass rubs against her pussy. The eyes burning with lust fuels Cassandra Cain on to make Felicity squirm underneath her. She understands how frustrated the girl must feel. But, Cass wants to have her fun. She kisses down her thigh and makes Felicity jump up instantly.

Cass devours Felicity's womanhood and keeps her gushing completely. Those nails rub against Felicity's thighs and makes her take in a deep breath. She sucks up the juices gushing from Felicity until she pulls out of her one more time.

Suddenly, the ball gag yanks from Felicity's mouth. She has no time to speak as Cass's thong comes down and reveals her dripping wet pussy. Felicity's face maneuvers in front of her and she has no chance to do anything other than to ram her tongue into Cass's tight pussy.

Felicity slurps Cass's juices coming from her. Cass reaches behind Felicity and grabs a handful of hair to hold the computer hacker into place. Warm joyous licking darts up and down all through her. Cass's toes curl.

The usage of Felicity's mouth to pleasure her makes Cass smile. She turns around just enough to crouch down and look Felicity directly in the eyes. Felicity's gaze never leaves Cass's from second one of the oral pleasure. Felicity swipes her tongue back and forth over Cass's scorching slit to devour it.

Juices spill out for Felicity to drink up. Cass retains her momentum of riding Felicity's tongue all the way to the end. Her eyes glaze over with more lust when Felicity parts her lips.

The two lovers break. Cass's lips cover Felicity's in a hungry kiss. Felicity's mouth opens to accept Cassandra's demanding tongue into her. Cass allows her hands to come free and to trace patterns over Cassandra's athletic body.

More than their upper lips touch together in this steamy makeout session. Cass gyrates her pussy over Felicity's. Felicity gingerly lifts a leg to push Cass closer to her. Cass keeps her tongue in Felicity's mouth to remind who dominates this dance.

She allows the ball gag to come out. She allows Felicity's hands to come free. And Cass most certainly allows Felicity to explore her frame, touching the scars of battle on her back and legs. Cass muses how much Sara and Laurel train Felicity's fingers to touch all of the hot spots.

Not perfect, but then again, it just gives her room for improvement.

Felicity's mouth opens to speak only to reveal Cass slips the ball gag into her mouth and also her hands are tied over. A shift to her hands and knees follow. Felicity fixates on the mirror and the reflection of Cass crawling behind her. A small pink tongue darts over Cass's lips to taste them.

Goosebumps fly over Felicity's body. Cass touches Felicity's rib cage and makes her shift again. Her legs spread apart and demand to be fucked.

'Not yet,' Cass thinks to herself.

Cassandra ensures the whip twirls in her fingers and ensures Felicity takes a good long look at the implement in her hands. Her tongue curls back into her throat and another moan follows.
A soft spank of the whip against her right ass cheek forces a reaction out of Felicity. Cass's hand fondles her left ass cheek in time of spanking her right ass cheek. Cum drips from her body.

Another dominating spank continues to drive Felicity further to the brink. She tags Felicity's ass with a few more spanks with the whip and then leans down to rub her pussy to feel out wet she is. Felicity fails to hide it.

Felicity Smoak wants her lover to know how aroused she is. Her legs part all the way to give Cass full access. A skilled tongue travels up and down the slit and then moves from side to side. Every part of Felicity's womanhood experiences full stimulation.

Every now and then a wet finger brushes against Felicity's backside. Her ass clenches until Cass forces the finger out. Then she repeats the ritual on a constant basis to make Felicity's lust build to a level. Cass climbs against Felicity.

The reflection of a strap-on flickers in the mirror.

'She must have got it on…how did she fucking get that on so quickly?' Felicity wonders.

No time for asking the questions given the fact Felicity feels it brushing against her lips. Cass brushes her hand down the small of Felicity's back. She turns and grabs Felicity's hips. A small readjustment before Cass guides herself into Felicity.

Felicity helps her out as much as possible by spreading her thighs as far as they would go. She takes more of the phallus inside of her. Did they get bigger?

'Knowing Karen, I wouldn't be surprised.'

Cass works her fingers down Felicity's back and starts to guide herself inside of the woman. The tightening feeling of Felicity makes Cass only want to go deeper inside of her. Cass pulls completely out of her and then pushes into her.

Would Cassandra allow her to finish this time? Felicity hopes, trying to convey without words how she wants to finish. Cass remains as stoic as possible while working over Felicity. Her hands perform their deadly dance.

'Talk about being condemned by a death of a thousand cuts? Try a death of a thousand mini-orgasms.'

Cassandra Cain moves in for the kill and it would be a delightful kill. Felicity's thighs flex their way around her loins the deeper they push inside of her. Cass almost pulls out of her and leaves Felicity dangling for a minute. A wicked, half-smile, flashes over Cass's face before driving herself back inside.

Tension builds up in Felicity. The desire for her to just let it go comes with in her. She tries to catch Cass's eye through the mirror, not knowing whether or not Cass knows of her desire to cum.

Thrusts bury Cass deep inside of her prey. The juices pool over the bed and stain the sheets. Cass pulls almost all the way out of Felicity.

'Please no.'

Inch by inch the cock leaves before returning to Felicity. Her fingers curl as much as the bindings allow. The sounds of flesh smacking against each other makes Felicity come closer to losing her mind.
Cass enjoys everything about this situation. Her hands move up to touch Felicity's ass. She plays with it, fondles it, squeezes it, and spanks it all while fucking her inside of her pussy. Cass shoves a finger into her mouth and sucks it until moisten.

Another dimension of pleasure fills Felicity the second before Cass drives the finger deep inside of her. The finger banging of her ass commences and appeals to Felicity's kinks. Cass works a second finger inside of her puckered full.

"Cum."

One single word breaks the silence and also breaks Felicity's resolve. She oozes and explodes all over Cass's probing toy.

Cass rides it out and feels every movement Felicity makes. Every time she turns and moves on the bed. Cass works her way inside of Felicity and rides her all the way over the edge. She pulls almost all the way out of her and then touches her outer lips.

The orgasm finishes and only leads Cass to one of her own. Cass works over Felicity with each shove inside of her body. A firm grip holds onto Felicity's ample ass the deeper she pushes inside of her.

Stars flash over Felicity's eyes from the orgasm and another one already builds up inside of her. Cass tapers her movement off to make sure it comes not too fast. Disappointment and relief confuse Felicity by coming at the same exact time.

Cass pulls out of Felicity and allows her to drop on the bed. Her pussy aches after the encounter they have had.

Seconds pass before Cass bends down and kisses Felicity on the top of the head. She blows out all of the candles one at a time leaving Felicity back in darkness.

The door closes which leaves Felicity bound and gagged on the bed on top of sticky sheets. No way to further relieve herself given the tied hands.

'Well, that happened.'

End.
Bonus Lemon first posted on my blog on September 20th, 2017. Seven of eighteen.

Steamy Evening (Laurel Lance/Black Canary and Mari McCabe/Vixen)

Laurel sinks down onto a bed in nothing other than a black bra and a pair of panties. Her Black Canary outfit is sat on the chair after the attackers attack her with a knife and does some damage to it. At least the boots remain mostly intact, at least she figures. A few cuts on her shoulder makes her come back with agony a few seconds later. Laurel pushes her fingers against her shoulder.

"How are you feeling?"

A dark-skinned woman enters the room. The lights come on. She sways a little bit, dressing in nothing other than a purple set of panties, a bra, a garter belt, and a set of stockings which clings to her sexy legs. Mari McCabe walks with confidence when moving over and it adds to her sexuality.

"Well, I got a couple of rough hits," Laurel admits her. "I feel like things could be worse.'

'Not as durable as Sara is,' Laurel comments.

Mari walks over and puts a hand on Laurel's bandaged shoulder. She draws a deep breath with Mari tracing down a pattern from Laurel's shoulder to her lower back. Mari pulls back and reaches into the cabinet to lift a bottle of massage oils.

"I've never really had a chance to use this," Mari remarks off of the cuff. "Then again, I've never had anyone who is here to apply it to me."

"Go for it," Laurel tells her.

She rubs the oil into Laurel's body. The oils work their way into her lower back and makes her breath in and out. Mari's thumbs caress Laurel and work the tension out of her body. She fires a moan out of her throat.

"Why don't I get your legs?" Mari asks. "You know…if you really wanted to show them off, they'd look really good I fishnets."

"Mmm," Laurel murmurs. "OOH!"

She pops out with those words. Mari massages the back of Laurel's left leg. She runs down the back of her leg and leans closer towards her. A couple of nibbles down the back of Laurel's neck draw a breath down her. Mari's skilled hands work over Laurel's body.

"Are you getting off on this?" Mari asks her.

"Hard not to!"

Those words come out in a solid breath. Mari leans in and kisses her. Each kiss sparks magic inside of Laurel's body. Mari keeps stroking her flesh and drives her to the edge. She turns Laurel over on the bed and undoes the other woman's bra.

A snap brings Mari's bra off and releases her large breasts into the wild. She picks up the oil bottle
and slathers her breasts with the oil. Her oily dark tits shine in the dimly lit room.

"You want some of this?" Mari asks her while straddling Laurel.

Laurel only responds by grabbing the back of Mari's hair and pulling her into a hungry kiss. The two lovers join each other. Mari's nipples grind Laurel's. The two women build up the fun with each other. Mari shoves herself up and grinds against Laurel.

Those skilled hands roll over Laurel's legs and make her breath in in pleasure. Mari keeps lining up her kisses to the side of Laurel's mouth.

"Oh, you're are a naughty vixen," Laurel breaths in pleasure.

Mari rubs up and down the side of her leg and slides back just enough to pull her panties off. Laurel's soaking mound comes out for Mari's look. A small amount of dark hair sticks up between Laurel's legs. Mari runs her fingers down her slick lips and shoves them inside of her. Laurel clutches her fingers. Mari pulls in and out of her.

A nipple sticks up for Mari to suck on. The combination of sucking Laurel's tit and fingering her pussy drives Mari to pleasure and greater lust. Mari sucks on her nipple and keeps tonguing the juicy nipple.

Mari hammers all of Laurel's bottoms at the same time. Her fingers keep shoving in and out of Laurel. Her heated pussy closes around Mari's probing fingers. She holds it in for a few second and pulls it out. She shoves deep in until Laurel cums all over her hand.

Laurel drops down onto the bed. Mari pulls her fingers up and then sucks Laurel's juices off of her finger. She turns around. Mari, with her ass sticking completely out, slides off of her panties. The quickening heartbeat and the sensual breathing coming from Laurel on the other end only inspires her on.

The dark-skinned temptress stands up and allows Laurel to see her pussy and ass form the point of view. Mari pushes one finger into her pussy and another finger into her ass. She fingers them both until the point where she releases a small drop of cum over her face. Mari lifts her foot up and pushes her sexy toes.

"You like that?" Mari asks. "You like sucking on my sexy black toes. You like that a whole lot! Don't you?"

Laurel enjoys feasting on the bottom of Mari's feet. She kisses on Mari's arches and sucks on her toes. Mari stuffs her stocking clad toes into Laurel's mouth. She moans underneath Mari's toes while they push up and down inside of her mouth repeatedly.

"Oh, you're such a good toe sucker," Mari breaths. "I wonder how much of a good pussy licker you are."

The toes push out of Laurel's mouth. Mari's dark thighs come down to sit on Laurel's face. She turns just enough so Laurel can grab her ass and the back of her legs. Laurel's eager fingers push against her with Mari pushing up and down on her face.

"Eat me!" Mari moans.

The tasty juices coming from the ebony-skinned goddess makes Laurel just increase. Her face disappears between Mari's tasty thighs and goes into her pussy. Mari rises up and down on her.
Mari jerks herself up and cums all over Laurel's face. Laurel drinks her juices and makes the goddess continue to cum all over her face.

"YES! YES! MORE! MORE!"

Laurel digs her fingers inside of Mari's back and keeps working her. A finger daringly slips deep inside of Mari's asshole. She tongues Mari and tastes all of the juices. Mari throws herself back against her face and continues to ride her tongue.

Mari bounces up and down on Laurel. She allows herself to be eaten out one more time. Laurel drives her fingers deep into her anus and keeps her going. Mari screams one more time before falling forward. She catches the bed before falling on her face.

The two pull away from each other. Mari climbs on top of Laurel's body and kisses her mouth. One woman tastes her juices coating the mouth of the other girl. One heroine indulges in the other. Their fingers dig into the side of each other's face.

"You're something else," Laurel breathes. "You're naturally the Alpha Woman, aren't you?"

She shoves her fingers inside of Mari and riles her up. Mari's nails dig into the bed the further Laurel penetrates her. Sweat starts penetrating from her. Laurel detaches her fingers a few seconds later. She runs them up over Mari's body and tugs on her nipple. It causes Mari to moan out before rubbing on her back and then burying her fingers inside of her.

Laurel eases up the orgasm a little bit more. She shoves deep inside of Mari and keeps working her over to the end. She pushes Mari over the edge a few seconds later before pulling her fingers out of her.

"Oh, very funny," Mari breathes out.

A smile passes over Laurel. She explores Mari's beautiful frame. Kisses and touches cover Mari's body. She sucks the side of Mari's ear and then works over her rib cage before going inside of her.

Talent and skilled hands keep working Mari over the edge. She pulls the fingers outside of Mari's warm cunt. She shoves three fingers inside of Mari. Laurel pulls out and does it again. Over and over again, Laurel drives her fingers inside of Mari. Her warm pussy clutches Laurel.

"Oh, a nice toy."

A thick strap on comes into Laurel's free hand. She pushes the strap-on and drops into her.

"You want my cock?" Laurel asks. "Why don't you suck it?"

Laurel climbs up and grabs Mari by the hair. She opens her mouth and Mari's warm mouth engulfs half of the length in one fell motion. It might not be STARRWAVE standard. It does the job well enough. Laurel rocks back and forth against her. Mari's sexy tongue keeps curling against Laurel. She pops the cock out of her mouth and shoves it into her.

"MMMPHH!" Mari moans as the cock stuffs into her throat.

The vigilante known as Vixen cannot believe that this girl dominates her. She knows how to push all
of the buttons. Mari knows she'll have the moment. She'll learn how to push the Black Canary's buttons and leave her dripping in a pool of cum and drool.

For now, Mari takes the cock into her mouth. Laurel holds onto her and face-fucks Mari. Mari keeps sucking her. Mouth smacks up and down against her.

"Oh, fuck, it's going to be nice and wet when I put it in your ass."

For a second, Mari protests the thought of getting anally fucked by a strap-on. She can't deny it is very enticing to think about. And more than enticing to feel Laurel violate her mouth with the promise of being ass fucked. Again, Laurel goes deeper! And Mari moans around the cock.

Laurel clenches her walls and works her finger underneath the strap on while fucking Mari's mouth. Her perfect lips work well around the cock. Laurel throws her hips back and buries all the way into Mari's oral hole.

Finally, Laurel detaches and allows Mari to roll back onto the bed. She leans down and kisses Mari on the lips. Laurel covers Mari with a series of sexy kisses all over her body. Mari rewards Laurel with a scream of pleasure every time she touches her.

Some pussy touching and breast nibbling gets Laurel in the mood. She puts her hand underneath Mari and squeezes her round ass. A couple of spanks makes her breath in. Laurel turns her over and Mari rises up onto her hands and knees. Her asshole beckons Laurel. Laurel leans in to loosen up Mari's asshole with a few pumps dep inside of her.

"I want this," Laurel breaths. "Do you want me to take this?"

Laurel sits down on the bed and Mari climbs onto her lap. This position gives the stunning siren perfect control of the curves of the vivacious vixen. Her dark body shines with sweat and oils for Laurel to keep going at her. She kisses at Mari. Fingers dance down her ribcage. The final destination is Mari's wet pussy for Laurel to touch and to tame all of her own.

The running against Mari's wet pussy drives her completely nuts. Mari rubs her cunt against Laurel's fingers and prepares herself to be penetrated anally.

They were ready to join as one. Laurel works her strap-on against Mari's pussy. A finger dances against her pussy lips and slips in. One finger and one cock move in complete synchronization with the other.

Mari throws her head back and shows that Laurel's not the only screamer. Laurel works softly at first and picks up to receive the reward of more of Mari's screams. Mari's chest heaves out with Laurel touching and tempting her. Those nipples stand up and Laurel moves her hand from Mari's waist to start rubbing it.

One hand messages Mari's pussy and the other hand grabs on her chest.

"Let it go, honey," Laurel breaths in her ear.

Mari lets it go and cums all over Laurel's hand. Laurel shoves her fingers in and rides out the orgasms.

Not to be outdone, Laurel shoves her cock inside of Mari's tight ass. Mari clenches onto Laurel and releases her with a few more fluid pumps.

"Spank me!" Mari moans.
"Since you asked so nicely."

Laurel's hot breath blows all over Mari's back. She moves up to receive Laurel's tender affections all over her ass. Laurel tries not to disappoint. She times her strikes on Mari's delicious rump. The last few swats are driving Mari over the edge. She cums hard over her.

A forced taste test hardens Mari's nipples. She sucks Laurel's fingers dry until satisfaction hits. Laurel works over Mari to the edge with constant massaging and touches.

She drives deep inside of her with Mari's tight asshole. She clenches Laurel for a second and releases her. Only for Laurel to bury her cock deeper inside of Mari. Her rear entrance sucks in Laurel. The reaction her body gives to Laurel's thrusting cock makes her breath in.

"Please, harder," Mari breaths.

Laurel dances up and down Mari's legs. She grabs Mari's feet and rubs her toes before moving down. Every time Laurel touches Mari in any way, the woman shudders and gives a scream. Mari's nails dig deep inside of Laurel's wrist and throws up against her.

"Anything for you!"

A rough squeeze of Mari's breasts entices her to bounce. And bounce down hard she does. Mari's ass stretches and sucks in Laurel's strap on. The cock shoves deep inside of Mari.

Laurel rolls her finger down Mari's clit. She touches it in the exact place to drive her nuts. Laurel leans in and kisses the back of Mari's neck. The delicious sweat drives Laurel wild.

Their bodies mold together from Laurel ensuring Mari comes down from her high. Then she shoves the cock harder inside of Mari's warm hole. Her toes flex from the impact.

"I like those toes curling up when I fuck your ass," Laurel tells her. "That's it you kinky bitch. Make those pretty toes curl when I do this…and this!"

Laurel slaps her ass at the first this and then marks Mari's neck with a suck at the second "this."

Mari’s arousal only spikes her own.

The two lovers indulge in each other with fire burning through their bodies. Laurel hammers Mari's ass and only starts slowing down. She decides to ramp up the pleasure both of them feel by rubbing their bodies together.

"Getting tired," Mari breaths.

"Are you?" Laurel asks her.

Her fire renews and Laurel rides out the latest orgasm inside of Mari. Her body shakes with primal lust building between the two vigilantes. Laurel buries her fingers as deep as possible within Mari's pussy while driving herself deep inside of her ass.

All good things reach an end. Laurel decides to give Mari one more toe curling orgasm. She keeps attacking Mari's body with kisses and touches. Laurel hits all of the pleasure points in time with each other. The breathing only increases. Twisting nipples increase the screams.

Laurel loses it. Her pussy splatters and cums all over Mari's ass. She presses into Mari with the cock sliding out of her. Tightening fingers dig inside of her body. Both of the lovers hit their high and cum down.
Both fall down onto the bed. Mari curls her fingers against Laurel.

"I'll get you next time," Mari tells her.

"Oh, is that before or after your ass recovers from the pounding?"

"Snarky bitch," Mari grumbles.

Laurel grins in response and allows Mari’s head to rest on her. She runs cum-soaked fingers through Mari’s silky dark hair as the moon shines bright. Tonight will be a restful night after they indulge in some good kinky fun tonight. With much more to come if either had anything to say about it.

End.
Set between Chapter 63 and 64 for those who are wondering. Granted, this chapter can really fall anywhere between Iris meeting up with Sara and Sara going to Central City, but that's just where I decided to put it. Bonus smut scene eight of eighteen.

Just a Quick Moment (Iris West and Caitlin Snow)

A battery of tests makes Iris West roll her shoulders back. She allows the frustration to slowly build and shimmer in her body. The gorgeous brunette scientist on the other end of the room studies the notes. They are the only two people present in Star Labs tonight which serves Iris just fine.

"So, everything appears to be normal," Caitlin says to her. "You're eating right."

"I'm eating about twelve small meals a day in addition to the big ones at Breakfast, Lunch, and Dinner," Iris answers. "And I have a metabolism which would make a lot of women out there hate me."

Caitlin smiles and shakes her head. "That's good. Your heart rate is what it should be. And you don't have any physical injuries which are not healing right."

She moves over to put the notes away. Iris zeroes in on Caitlin's ass in those tight pants. It is hard for her to look away despite her best efforts. Iris tries not to lick her lips.

"So, is there anything which is bothering you that we need to talk about?" Caitlin asks. "Because, I'm here to help you."

"Well, there's something which is a bit strange," Iris says. "It doesn't take that much to get me set off and get my libido ramped up high."

"Oh," Caitlin says.

"Yes," Iris agrees with a smile. "There are sometimes when I need a good lay, and I need it right now. You would help me with that, wouldn't you, Caitlin?"

Caitlin finds Iris's hand on her lower back in two blinks of an eye. A couple of deep breaths comes through her body. Caitlin opens her mouth, almost because she feels like there should be some level of protest here. Iris just smiles and leans in to Caitlin. Instead of opening her mouth to protest, Caitlin opens her mouth to accept Iris's tongue inside of it.

Her warm tongue dances all over Caitlin's gums and excites her to no small degree. Iris rests a hand on the small of Caitlin's back and eases down to touch her ass. Caitlin does nothing to correct this behavior. Rather, she deepens the kiss and puts a hand on the back of Iris's neck to ensure she's completely into this kiss.

The two break apart from the kiss. Caitlin manages to recover enough and sit back on the table. Iris climbs over and slides a hand up Caitlin's skirt to cause the woman to moan.

"Anything to help," Caitlin purrs. "Anything to help...."
constant shaking.

The speedy hand reaches for the top and unbuttons the top of her shirt. Caitlin throws her head back and her lacy black bra comes out. Iris pulls her hand over Caitlin's cleavage.

"Damn, Iris," Caitlin breaths in hard.

A bra snap comes down and reveals Caitlin's nice round breast into the room. The nipple sticks up to be touched and to be toyed with from Iris.

"You have such nice tits, Cait," Iris tells her. "Mind if I taste them?"

"You can do whatever you want with them," Caitlin breaths in.

With a smile, Iris drives her face inside Caitlin's heaving chest and starts to suck her warm nipples. Caitlin roams her hand through Iris's silky locks and drives her face into it. Another hand moves down and starts to feel up Caitlin's stomach before removing her skirt and leaving her naked.

Caitlin falls back with her legs spread. Iris drives her fingers inside Caitlin's deep and warm snatch. She smiles when pumping those fingers in and out of Caitlin and drawing more lustful moans. Iris goes from one breast to the next, her mouth a blur. Caitlin's juices coat her fingers from Iris's deep probing.

"IRIS!"

The head of the wanting woman whips back onto the desk. Iris moves her oral attention from Caitlin's breast to her stomach and then dives between her legs. Caitlin drapes one of her legs over Iris's neck as she dives down. Every time the tongue drives into her, a soft little moan feels the room.

It's like being constantly assaulted with a vibrator where the batteries never run out, only better. Iris strokes her fingers up and down Caitlin's ample backside and makes her shiver in pleasure. She really knows what spots to hit and make Caitlin gush like a never ending waterfall.

"Baby, it's so good!" Caitlin moans out loud. "Keep it up! Don't stop…use that fucking tongue to make me cum all over your face!"

Iris does as Caitlin asks. She loses herself to the actions of Iris's super-fast tongue, darting in and out of her pussy at a rapid fire rate. Caitlin closes her eyes and Iris hears the screams of pleasure cumming on. Iris never lets up, only keeps tasting Caitlin's trickling pussy.

Now, Iris pulls away from Caitlin and crawls on top of her. A kiss joins the two with Caitlin sharing Iris's warm mouth and the honey trickling out of it. The Fastest Woman alive rakes her nails down across Iris's back and keeps kissing her, nice, hard, and warm with a repeating assault with her lips.

Now, Iris shifts her wait and drapes her dark thighs over Caitlin's face. Caitlin gets a face full of Iris's perfectly round ass. Her fingers dance against them.

Lost in the moment, Iris grabs Caitlin's hair and shoves her deep inside of her dripping pussy. Caitlin opens her mouth and sucks out the juices. Iris vibrates against her and humps Caitlin's face to paint it with dripping juices against her.

"Damn, girl, you really can use that tongue," Iris breaths. "Good…good on you."

Caitlin's comments about doing anything to help her charge becomes lost when all she can focus on is Iris's wet pussy. She swipes the tongue into the slit and goes a little bit deeper. Caitlin shifts her
grip onto Iris's sexy rear end and squeezes it to lose her sense.

"Grab my ass, baby!" Iris encourages her lover. "Squeeze it hard."

A combination of ass grabbing and pussy licking lights a fire into Iris's loins. She keeps rubbing against Caitlin like a cat in heat. Caitlin, to her credit, keeps up about as best as she can. Iris rises up high. She knows it will not belong before she paints Caitlin's face and makes a mess all over it.

Every time Caitlin's pale face disappears between Iris's dark thighs, she feels the contrast. The hungry pussy lips meet with Caitlin's own lips and she makes out with them, sucks on them, and slips her tongue into Iris one more time to taste the huge rush of cum.

The two break apart and Iris crawls back from Caitlin. The two women go face to face with each other and join with another kiss.

Iris moans hungrily and tastes the combined juices trickling down Caitlin's face. Several kisses canvas Caitlin's neck, and then her chest at a rapid fire rate. Iris stops to suck on Caitlin's erect nipple. Her nipple grows so hard that one might think Caitlin's in the freezer.

"Iris," Caitlin breathes. "I want you so badly."

A smile passes over Iris's face when she moves closer to Caitlin. They kiss each other one more time. They lock mouth to mouth and lip to lip. Caitlin's legs spread and Iris starts vibrating against her pussy. Their nether lips touch to the point where very immense friction spills out between Caitlin's legs.

"Oh god, yes!" Caitlin cries out.

Iris rolls her hands against the back of Caitlin's neck and touches a couple of spots. She shivers and then Iris dives into her neck sucking onto it. Caitlin throws her hips up and meets Iris's pussy which vibrates and feels like it's about ready to penetrate her.

A few more thrusts down into Caitlin intensify Iris's conquest. Her greedy hands touch Caitlin in several spots at once because of how fast they are moving. Iris tries to hold herself back just enough not to overwhelm Caitlin. She can't help herself though; it's just so tempting.

The encounter rolls into the next level. Each orgasm becomes more intense than the last one. Iris elevates Caitlin's leg up and rolls her hand all the way over it. The moment Iris touches the balls of Caitlin's feet and her toes, it drives her completely beyond all general pleasure.

Caitlin cannot be for certain when Iris adds the strap on cock into play. Iris grabs Caitlin's hips and pushes down inside of her. Iris finds it within herself to slow down just enough not to overwhelm Caitlin cum and hard. Iris just leans down and kisses Caitlin's lips which she returns.

Both lovers increase their lust for each other. Caitlin tries to match Iris's movements and also meet her when she shoves deep inside. Their hips roll against each other. Their hot bodies tingle with each touch which drives them insane. Caitlin wraps her legs around Iris's ass and allows her to continue driving deep inside of her.

Iris sends herself deep into Caitlin. Her body becomes a blur. She breathes out and inhales the scent of Caitlin's arousal. Something floral fills the air and entices Iris. A tingle hits her when Caitlin's cool finger probes her back and keeps driving Iris down inside of her.

"Thank you, Caitlin."
"Any time," Caitlin manages with her back arching and her foot turning around to rub the back of Iris's leg in encouragement.

Iris is not done having her fun and Caitlin accepts the actions. The nail of Iris digs down into Caitlin’s side for leverage the deeper Iris pumps into her. Their pleasantly gorgeous thighs smash together. Light flesh connects the lowering dark flesh. The blur flesh keeps rising up and connecting against Caitlin's thighs. They keep smacking together the further both sides push into each other.

Caitlin reaches a brand new limit. Iris is ready to push her all the way to the edge though and beyond. The two lovers connect with each other with pleasure coursing through all sides. They move up to keep meeting each other. The friction builds until Iris has it.

She cums and cums hard. She vibrates against Caitlin with a constant raise and descent against her body. The two join each other and their juices mix together with pleasure increasing on both sides.

Iris finishes inside of Caitlin. The warm and tender loving both sides share only increase the faster Iris descends into her. Caitlin knows she's reached a new limit and cannot help, but feel some level of enjoyment the deeper Iris rams into her tight warm pussy.

The two lovers descend. Iris smiles and pulls out of Caitlin. Caitlin's body drenches in sweat from the workout she's gotten. Iris runs a hand down Caitlin's thigh to direct her attention towards her. Caitlin shivers when feeling the warm fingers coast against her thighs.

"So, are you ready for a follow up tomorrow?" Iris asks.

"Yes," Caitlin agrees. "We need to make sure that you're completely taking care of yourself and your needs…sexual or otherwise."

Iris smiles and kisses her lover on the lips. She does not relinquish the kiss for a very long time. Iris pulls herself back on the bench and zips off before Caitlin has a chance to blink

Caitlin falls back, dripping in bodily fluids, both hers and Iris's. And she just has no choice other than to smile in contempt. She brushes against her sore, but satisfied pussy. Iris put her through the ringer and to be honest, Caitlin wants one more round.

She can't wait for the follow up.

End

Distractions(Iris West and Laurel Lance)

Freezing patter on the window of Iris West's bedroom. The frustration she can't find Barry continues to dig a hole into the stomach of Iris West. She holds her hand on the edge of the window and draws in a very frustrating sigh which only grows more frustrating by the moment. Iris leans at the side of the bed. She wears nothing other than a lacy red bra and a matching set of panties.

She recalls the taunting voice of the Reverse-Flash.

'Not fast enough.'

The demon in yellow continues to flash over and over again. It's been a regular part of her thoughts for the past couple of months. Iris chews down on her lip and releases it in steady frustration. Her ear presses up against the window and there's nothing other than a tap-tap, tap which only grows in prominence.

A knock on the door brings Iris up. She quickly locates a bathrobe to slip on to properly answer the door. The door opens and Laurel appears at the front of the door. She wears a black leather jacket, a white top, and a tight pair of black leather pants which draws Iris's attention to certain parts of her body.

"How are you holding up?"

Laurel's question causes Iris to smile. "About as well as I've been over the past few weeks. Every time I think that we have something with Barry, it gets away from us. And there was…the situation earlier today with Brie Larvan."

A grimace appears on Laurel's face. "Yes, those damn bees. Did I mention how much I hate bees?"

"Not as much as Caitlin does."

The two women smile. Laurel kicks her boots off in the door as Iris invites her inside. Between Batgirl, Black Canary, and Flash, they were able to stop the Bug-Eyed Bandit's attack on Central City. Iris moves over to the window and fixes a cup of coffee for herself and raises an eyebrow.

"Coffee would be great."

She smiles and the two of them sit down on the bed. Iris thinks about the hectic day which was and the hectic night. Laurel shifts a little bit closer towards her. The foot brushing against the side of Iris's bare leg jerks her attention back into the conversation.

The two women sit on the side of the bed and drink their coffee.

"Sara's still hunting down the White Canary."

Iris raises an eyebrow. "I thought she was…this is one of those long story things is."

"She's not quite ready to tell me about this. I know she knows who it is, but she hasn't come out and said it."
Iris smiles, it can be hard for a sibling to open up and to get them to open up. She's been down that road before. She leans over and puts a hand on Laurel's. The touch between the two women adds warmth to their hands.

"Give her time and she'll come around. At least I hope she will. I think whatever it is or whoever it is, she's still processing everything."

Agreement can be said between both of them. They have been through a lot and so much more could be to come. Laurel and Iris move a bit closer to each other. Their lips inch together and then connect together with a kiss. Both say so much in this one action with the kiss only getting deeper.

Iris demands entry with Laurel giving it up for her. The two lovely ladies keep kissing each other. Iris's super-fast hands make work of Laurel's coat, shirt, and pants as quickly as possible. It leaves her clad in only a black bra and a black thong. Laurel positions herself on Iris's lap and kisses her.

The two ladies keep hungering for each other. The front of Iris's bathrobe comes open. Laurel shows how in control she is by moving from Iris's lips and attacking her neck. More kisses attack Iris. She only moans from Laurel's intense aggressions which bring her over the edge.

"I want you badly."

Iris's eyes look up at Laurel with wanton need. The stunning crime fighter undoes Iris's bra and drops it down to reveal her chest. Laurel does the same. The contrasting colors of their breasts look very lovely. Laurel kisses Iris several more times and moves down to attack her very receptive chest.

Every single step of the way, Laurel's there to hit all of the buttons to bring her lover increasing pleasure. She buries deep into Iris's ample chest and sucks on her nipples. There's a moment where Iris shifts herself against Laurel's hands. Her warm and firm grip drives Iris completely over the edge.

Laurel attacks Iris's body and makes her hips thrash up and down. Her legs open and Laurel uses a quick trick to remove Iris's panties. Her hips jump up for Laurel to dig her fingers into her pussy. Laurel leans in and kisses Iris all over.

"You're going to be the death of me."

A smile passes over Laurel's face the deeper she drives those fingers into Iris. Iris's pussy heats up as she keeps bucking her hips up and down. The deeper Laurel holds onto her pussy, the more Iris thrashes up and down on the bed. Laurel pulls completely out of Iris to tease her before getting back in there.

"I aim to please. Going to come in a flash?"

Iris's pussy clenches at Laurel's well-practiced attacks. She brings a heat to Iris that she cannot even imagine being brought to her. Her nipples stand up and Laurel attacks them to suck them in time with figuring Iris into submission.

The constant state of orgasms of the woman on the bed makes her hips lip back and forth. Iris thrashes on the bed and the constant sounds she makes shows how hot and bothered she is. She turns around and pumps her hips all the way up off of the bed.

Laurel can feel her heat building and quickly delves in. She hits the right spot to trigger Iris's release. Laurel's fingers coat with warm liquid from Iris's discharge.

The second Iris finishes her orgasm, Laurel puts the fingers to her mouth to make a production of eating Iris's juices. Iris looks to her with lust in her eyes, and grabs Laurel before throwing her onto
It takes maybe less than a blink of an eye before Iris is between Laurel's legs and eating her pussy. A vibrating tongue dancing against her dripping hole drives Laurel completely over the edge. She retracts herself to take control of the muscles in her body.

Iris, burning with lust, dives between the firm thighs of her lover and licks her all over. She wants to hear Laurel scream.

"It's a good fucking thing I have control, because you'd have a hell of a time...explaining why your apartment toppled to the landlord."

The sucking and licking of her pussy makes Laurel wonder exactly how much more torment Iris can give her. Iris's legs close around the back of Laurel's neck and more of her tongue shoves inside. Iris gives her a full going over and it's only a matter of time before Laurel cums.

That particular dam breaks hard from Iris driving her tongue on a constant basis inside of Laurel. Laurel holds her legs against the back of Iris's neck. Laurel drives her tongue deep inside with a constant level of licking which only increases in pleasure.

Iris comes up from between Laurel's thighs. She crawls over to the other end of the bed and presses down so she can go chest to chest to Laurel. A smile pops over Laurel's face.

"So, who tastes better? Me or Sara?"

A snort comes from Iris at the always competitive nature between sisters. At least that's what she heard, Iris does not really have a sister to be competitive with, but she's heard rumors. "I'm going to have to do a side by side comparison. You most certainly taste different than your sister."

"I'm much sweeter, right?"

Iris pushes her fingers against Laurel and causes her to shift. "You're leading the witness, Ms. Lance. That's very bad form for someone with a law degree. I think the data is insufficient, and needs further investigation."

A deeper kiss comes between the both of them. They nibble on each other's mouths until Laurel rolls Iris over onto the bed. Her ass sticks up in the air for Laurel to touch and to play with. More kisses follow the deeper Laurel fingers her. Friction builds between the two lovers.

Through a slight of hand, Laurel slips a strap on Iris. She uses her wet pussy to lubricate the tip. Laurel pushes a finger into her mouth and then pops it out to slip it deep between Iris's dark cheeks. She spanks Iris's ass which causes her to vibrate in pleasure.

"Oh, that feels good."

Laurel rubs herself against Iris's ass when she continues to vibrate. Iris rises up off of the bed just so Laurel can attack her. Each touch sends Iris spiraling over into pleasure. Laurel's certain to tease her.

"I know Sara fucked you up the ass. And I can see why. Who wouldn't?"

A swift smile pops over Iris's face. "I'm not asking who wouldn't? I'm asking if you would."

The lubrication of Iris's back passageway leads her more than open. Laurel slides a finger in to test how nice and slick it is. The moment she pulls out, she allows Iris to drop down onto the bed. The anticipation of Laurel sliding her toy against Iris inspires moans which gets Laurel hot and bothered.
"It's a shame Babs couldn't join us this time. But there's going to be other opportunities."

Another slip of the finger tests out Iris. Her tight back entrance is ready and wet for Laurel. Laurel pushes herself against Iris's body and sucks the skin on the back of her neck. She slides deep inside of Iris, while pulling her up. Iris balances on Laurel's lap.

Laurel slides her strap-on cock deep inside of Iris's tight ass. She feels the pressure from the sensors of Iris's super tight and snug ass wrapping around her intruding rod. Laurel pushes her hands against every single inch of Iris's delicious body. She drops almost all the way down onto her.

A deep breath comes from Iris. Laurel's hands work over her legs as well and send pleasure through her. Laurel grinds her finger against Iris's snug box and shoves inside. A finger delves deep inside of her and then pushes all the way inside of her.

"Looks like you're the one who is going to cry."

Another kiss comes to the back of Iris's neck. Laurel cannot get enough of feeling up Iris's smooth and toned legs while also drilling her ass while Iris bounces. Iris turns to kiss Laurel. The two lovely ladies exchange a warm greeting of lust with each other.

"And you're going to cum as well. Go ahead and do it."

Laurel dances her fingers deep inside of Iris's snug hole. The timing of her fingers drilling Iris in addition to the cock pushing inside of her warm ass inspires Iris to really lose it. Her muscle size up and saturate the digits probing her with juices. Laurel rides out this orgasm until she's dripping wet.

A remove of the cock from her asshole sends Iris spiraling over into a pit of frustration. She is positioned so she can face Laurel. Laurel makes the feeling become less empty the second she slides into Iris's warm asshole. Their legs cross over the other and rub against each other.

The friction sends Laurel deep into Iris's ass. Her fingers trigger the pleasure points which sends Iris over the edge. Her heavy breathing and rising and falling chest only makes Laurel smile. She knows what she wants and knows what she wants.

Iris's thick booty becomes the spot where Laurel pounds her constantly from underneath. The feeling of her tight ass clenching hard only makes Laurel want to drill her even harder.

The soft and musical moans coming from her partner only prompts Laurel to drive a bit deeper. Then a little more, with the temptation building up. "You're so hot. You're going to enjoy this. I wonder how many orgasms you can have per minute."

Laurel triggers Iris's deepest impulses. The tension in her muscles release and spills more juices all over the place. Laurel sends her fingers deep inside of Iris's warm pussy and then pulls all the way out of her. The combined double penetration by one woman results in a hell of a feeling.

"I want…I want to….please you."

"Honey, fucking your ass is pleasing."

The desire Laurel shows for Iris's juicy ass makes her really feel nice. She grabs her ass and keeps pummeling her from underneath. The deeper Iris drops her buttocks down onto Laurels thighs the further the cock goes into her ass. They become a complete mess of body fluids and soaking skin.

A superfast motorboarding of her tits makes Laurel keep driving herself deep into Iris's snug back hole. She pushes down the back and keeps drilling inside of her. She pulls all the way out and leaves
Iris a moment to consider before driving deep inside.

The thrill of Iris switching from sucking one nipple to the other hits a higher level. Laurel bites down hard on her lip to prevent her arousal from just hitting a fever pitch. Her hands latch onto Iris and pushes deep inside of her. She rides her out all of the way to an orgasm and to the next one.

Laurel keeps rubbing on Iris's legs. The soft, and tender flesh and the sounds she makes only prompts Laurel to increase her indulgence and driving into the depths of Iris's thick ass from underneath as well. She holds onto it and buries herself cock-first into Iris's ass.

"Getting closer."

"Don't…don't be too generous. You want to get off as well."

Iris's fingers switch to dancing over Laurel's clit when she's in the perfect position. Sweat coats the body of the beautiful vigilante as the sexy speedster hammers her with pleasure. Her breathing becomes very labored the further Iris attacks her body while Laurel still gives her the pleasure in her back passage.

"Baby, Iris, I don't think…"

"Don't think!"

Laurel does not think. She's only ruled by a simple animalistic desire of pounding Iris in her ass from behind. The pleasure increases the deeper she shoves inside. She extracts herself just long enough to drive deep inside of her one more time.

The tension in both of their bodies reach a fever pitch. They mutually finger each other to an orgasm while Laurel adds a little bit more by fucking Iris's ass. Their bodies reach the heat and fire off their release at the same time.

Heavy passions and petting follow when they both cum at the same time. Iris falls back on the bed with her ass still feeling the workout Laurel gave her. Their bodies still buzz with each other.

They move back in with a kiss. The practice dance continues. Laurel pins Iris down onto the bed and gets on top of her. They press chest to chest with each other. Dark hair mixes with blonde hair, darker skin mixes with creamy skim, with the lust of their passionate makeout hitting a fever pitch.

Iris becomes a glorified vibrator while underneath Laurel and brings her pleasure. Their legs cross together. The strap on cock slides off of Laurel from the impact of them joining. Laurel does not care as their combined attack makes their pussies burn with passion.

The distraction from all that's happening is appreciated by both. Iris slides down and goes after Laurel's pussy one more time. She munches on the wet snatch and sends Laurel over the edge.

"Good! Don't stop! I need this."

Iris gives Laurel what she needs with a super-fast vibrating tongue inside of her pussy. The moment Laurel crashes down, Iris now presses firm on top of her lover's body. Every single inch of skin connects with each other with their hot making out.

To her credit, Laurel puts her best foot forward in keeping up with Iris in their carnal meeting even though Iris has a pretty good advantage for obvious reasons.

They kiss each other with Laurel tightening the snug grip she has on Iris. Iris rams her hips down as
fast as she could without breaking Laurel. Her meta-human abilities leave her pretty strong and
durable then most.

The Black Canary gives a very subdued scream which rattles the shelves, but thankfully does not
break any windows or bring the house down on them.

Iris gets so close to cumming herself as well it's almost way too intense. She spreads Laurel's legs
and vibrates against her clit to drive her completely mad. And it gets Iris off herself.

They find a way to keep warm as the freezing rain turns to snow and ice as the night goes on. Their
firm bodies keep pace with each other with Laurel's legs locking firmly against the back of Iris. Iris
rides with her delicious breasts bouncing.

Laurel buries her face into Iris's chest to stifle the scream coming from cumming together. Iris
becomes a vibrating flicker in the light when Laurel cries into her chest. Their powers combing
causes their bodies to heat up before they crash down onto the bed.

Finally, Laurel extracts herself from Iris's chest.

"It's a marathon, not a sprint."

Laurel's words bring new life to those thoughts. Once again they meet each other and keep with their
attentions. Sparks fly with Laurel's entire body sizing up with more pleasure. Every scratch, Iris is
there, and Laurel only returns the favor.

They lose track of the time and the number of times they help each other finish before it's all said
than done.

End

Getting Off With a Warning (Featuring Vicki Vale and Sara Lance)

One of the biggest news stories of the last month is the official report of the demise of Oliver Queen. Some people wrote him off as dead for years. Others feel there's a chance for some news of his comeback. The return of the sister of his former girlfriend who he ran off with sparks a lot of interest because of some of the news media people. The news of them getting married before it happens also sparks even more news.

Vicki Vale finds herself to be a liar if she's not particularly interested in that particular round of gossip. Still, she's more intrigued about what five years away will do to a person. On the surface, Sara Lance appears to be a strong woman who wishes to put the past behind her. Still, her return fails to completely discourage Vicki given some interesting rumors which spread through the grapevine in Gotham City.

Starling City's not fully aware of these rumors. Vicki wonders if it's possible to find out information. She opens the door leading to the office with Sara Lance keeps at Queen Consolidated. She moves around through the drawers on the desk and sees nothing out of the ordinary. A picture of Sara and her sister sits on the side corner of the desk.

The lights come on and Vicki stands up straight. She normally has a better sense of when someone enters the office. Yet, she finds herself face to face with the woman who she investigates. Sara Lance wearing nothing special, other than a button up red blouse, a skirt, stockings, and a pair of high heel shoes. She does not need any fancy bells and whistles.

"Well, Ms. Vale, it's interesting to see that you're here. And good job on that expose on crime in Gotham City. You really worked for that story, didn't you?"

Working for the story means Vicki Vale almost ending up at the business end of one a gun from one of Black Mask's henchmen. Regardless she stands forward to her.

"Sorry, I wanted to get a few questions for you, but someone said that you were out and I figured...well I wanted to be in here..."

"And you decide to go my desk drawers to see if you can't dig up anything spicy. Never mind the fact if I truly had something to hide I would keep it more well hidden than in of a public place where anyone can access it."

Sara slips her hands on either side of the desk and boxes Vicki in. Her heart flutters when staring down at this woman. Despite the fact Sara's shorter than Vicki, she holds a pretty intimidating aura.

"Things you want to hide are best hidden when they are out of sight. And there are people here who want me out of here."

"What do you have to say about that?"

A smile passes over Sara as her hand strokes the top of Vicki's. She can tell the reaction from the reporter, she has Vicki right where where the reporter should be.

"It's their opinion. I'm not going to change any minds. I just got to do what I can do. I have a lot to
do and a lot to prove. But, I don't have anything to prove from a bunch of vultures whose time has long since passed."

"What about the rumors that you spent some time in Gotham City?"

"Now, that's interesting. How can I be in Gotham City when I spent five years on an uncharted island? It doesn't make that much sense does it?"

Another push and Vicki decides to throw all caution to the wind. The most likely thing, with witnesses, is that she would thrown out of her office and potentially arrested. It would not be the first time, but Vicki's hoping that she can bluff her way into a situation.

Playing with the daughter of a decorated Starling City Police Detective is not the riskiest move Vicki's made.

"Well, you were sighted in the company of the daughter of the international terrorist Ra's al Ghul. The reports have not been confirmed but you two were in Gotham City a year ago. And you got into it with the Batman."

"Batman's just an urban legend, isn't he?"

Vicki realizes the deflection right when she sees it and tries to persist even more.

"I've seen him. He's real. Scary, but real, he's real and scary, and scary real."

"If you say so. I've never seen him up close and personal. Then again, just because you don't see something, doesn't mean it doesn't exist. Although gullible people can be manipulated if their faith is strong enough and someone is devious enough."

It becomes obvious to Vicki what Sara refers to. The Blackfire Cult murders all those years ago. While it is well before Vicki's time as a reporter, she studies it.

"So...what about Starling City's own vigilante. What about the Hood?"

"What about the Hood?"

Vicki decides to choose her words very diplomatically.

"Well, she just happens to show up in the months leading up to you being discovered alive. Some people might make the connection between the two of you."

"Some people already are, but the timeline just doesn't add up. And I've been seen at several very public functions around the time where the Hood's been seen outside of Starling City. It just doesn't add up, does it, Ms. Vale?"

"No. I guess it doesn't."

A tiny smile crosses over Sara's face.

"So, you really came in here for no reason. And you technically trespassed as I didn't invite you here. And I doubt that Moira did either or anyone else who would have a say of this building. I knew you were invited for the press conference, but the press conference is over."

A small amount of nervousness enters the pit of Vicki's stomach. She finds herself up against the figurative wall as Sara closes in on her.
"You could get in some serious trouble. Especially if I mentioned that you were rifling through my desk drawers. Something like that could land you in a whole lot of trouble."

"I didn't find anything incriminating. So therefore, there's no harm done. Right? Right?"

"Maybe. Although it's out of my hands if security catches you out here. And given the recent activities of the Hood, there's a pretty good chance you can get caught in here. Unless someone tells you the exact way you can leave this building without getting caught by security?"

Sara closes the door behind them just as security moves down the hallway. A smile crosses over her face.

"You see if I wasn't here, they would have been less forgiving and a little bit less gentle. I can help you get out of here, Vicki."

"Thanks."

A smile passes Sara's face. A bit of mischief haunts her eyes.

"Don't thank me just yet. You're a hard working career woman. Therefore, you're going to have to work for what you want, just as hard as you work for a story."

Vicki wonders what Sara's talking about for a second and then it hits her. Being a journalist makes it very easy for someone to try and take advantage of her and ask her for sexual favors. It's just rare it's a woman and hell, technically, Vicki put herself in this position.

"I can see it in your eyes. How much you've worked hard to get a juicy story which will reignite your career? How frustrated you must feel?"

The next thing knows, Vicki's on the desk and Sara's on top of her. She straddles Vicki with a smile on her face. Sara puts a hand on Vicki's hair and leans in to kiss her on the lips. Vicki tightens her grip around the waist of the younger girl and returns the kiss. Sara's hands become a part of the exploration of her body in short time. They tease Vicki through her clothes and Vicki's hands find their way to Sara's thick ass. She would be either blind or a fool or sexually dead on the inside if she did not notice how pleasant it is to watch.

Sara pushes against her neck and gives her a series of kisses. Vicki lets out a gasp as Sara decides to make her mark on Vicki's neck. One thought crosses Vicki's mind she cannot squash.

"What if someone catches us?"

"Well, there's nothing too strange about a girl getting a lunchtime quickie. As long as you take good care of me, I'll take really good care of you, Ms. Vale."

Sara slips her panties off as she says this and hikes her skirt up to show her pussy. Vicki understands her message and drops to her knees in front of Sara. Vicki just has to slide a hand down Sara's juicy legs and move up to feel it. They're so strong and beautiful that Vicki just goes numb with pleasure.

A helping hand directs Vicki between Sara's legs. She makes sweet love to Sara's neither lips with her mouth. Sara smiles fondly when the reporter decides to work to stay out of trouble. She's very good and Sara's glad she makes a snap decision to ensure that Vicki worships her. The heat rising through Sara's body only increases.

"Lick."
Vicki obeys and licks Sara. It's not the first time Vicki's gone down on a woman. During her wilder days at Gotham City University, Vicki enters a fond moment of recollection about all of the wild experimenting she underwent. Only, back then, she's the dominant force and she somehow doubts that Sara will be anything other than dominant.

The next movement brings Sara's hands to clasp the back of Vicki's head. Loud and passionate sucking brings a pleasurable buzz all over Sara. She holds her hips up and back to roll them over her face.

"Good, you're taking care of me. You're going to make me cum!"

Sara squirts all over Vicki's face. Her hips rock back and forth in time with Vicki's downward thrusts of her tongue. Vicki stays with her with every single moment until Sara pulls away from her.

A hand on the back of Vicki's hair tilts her back. Sara bends down and kisses the reporter on the lips. The taste of her own cum on another woman's lips always gets Sara excited. Even more so when said woman submits and pushes back into the kiss. The two ladies meet together in a very intense lip to lip showdown.

The next play follows Sara pulling Vicki to her feet and removing her blouse with precision. She smiles and takes a good look at Vicki's large breasts just barely in a Purple satin bra. Sara performs her duty to free Vicki's breasts from their confinement. They bounce out of their confinement high and firm and ready for Sara to have her fun with.

"Oh God!"

A smile passes over Sara's face the very second she dives into Vicki's chest. The one two punch of burying herself face down into Vicki's ample chest and pulling her skirt up to feel up her pussy makes her. Sara runs her tongue from nipple to nipple before pulling back. She kisses Vicki's firm stomach while making quick work of her panties. She slides them to the side and reveals Vicki's arousal.

"It would be unfair if I'm dressed."

Clothes drop to the ground one by one. Vicki Vale looks a spell bound at Sara's body. Nice firm breasts with fit her frame, sexy looking abs, long dazzling legs, and a pussy which looks extremely tight and tasty. Not to mention her ass. Along with Sara's beautiful blonde hair, sexy face, and dazzling eyes, along with lips perfect for doing any time of sinful things, she resembles a wet dream indeed.

"You're beautiful."

"Yes, I know. And proud of it...but you're pretty damn hot yourself."

Vicki spreads her legs and Sara kisses her thighs. She muses how Sara should register them as deadly weapons, as they keep working Vicki into a fever.

A tease of her nether lips brings Sara up and down. She kisses Vicki on her pussy and then slips the tongue inside. The right amount of pressure against the clit drives Vicki completely bonkers with lust before Sara goes down on her fully. Her pussy flows and Sara tastes the juices.

A swirl of Sara's tongue drives Vicki over the edge with lust. She reaches up to cup a breast and moans when she plays with herself. Her breasts bounce with the sudden movements of Sara. The very experienced tongue of the younger girl sends Vicki into a spiraling bout of pleasure the likes of which she never feels before.
And may never feel again as this is the type of pussy eating which spoils a woman for life. And Sara goes deep and slurps the honey from her.

A twist of pleasure fills Vicki from head to toe. Sara ensures she feels the best she can and finishes in a very amazing manner. Vicki collapses back on the desk with Sara's very active hands working her over.

The next thing she knows, Sara moves on top of Vicki. She smiles at Vicki like a predator going after her prey. Vicki tingles at the very thought of being the prey of this stunning blonde. Sara Lance knows exactly what she wants and exactly when to get it. These thoughts enter Vicki's mind as they touch chest to chest. Sara squashes her lips over Vicki's with a long kiss and allows Vicki to sample her own juices.

It tastes extremely good. Vicki's legs spread so Sara can slip against her. The connection between the two of them ramps up the intensity. Vicki's perfect leg drapes over Sara's. Sara puts her fingers on it and allows the right amount of pressure to fill her up. Sara rolls her hips up and down.

"Sara!"

A smile crosses Sara the second she flips Vicki over onto the desk. She rubs against the back of Vicki's leg and feels up her body. A flick of her stunning red hair comes away from Vicki's face. A smile processes over Sara's mind.

"It's a pity I don't keep my toys up here. That would have raised some interesting question if you came across them."

"What do..."

Sara spanks Vicki's ass and causes her to rotate on the desk in pleasure. A series of kisses go down down onto Vicki's back. Her pussy opens up for Sara to shove her fingers in and rock Vicki's word.

"You know exactly what I mean. Just because I don't have my toys it doesn't mean I'm going to rock your world."

A finger times it's entrance into Vicki's dripping pussy and another finger pushes deep into the reporter's back passage as well. Sara manipulates the inside of her holes to get the most arousal possible. All while planting numerous kisses all over Vicki's body.

The moans escalating throughout this meeting excite Sara. She drags Vicki ever so closer to the edge and then pushes her a little bit further beyond. She releases Vicki from her grip and then returns her. Over and over again, a tease, a denial, and back in to bring Vicki over the edge.

"You're earning your payment for passage and then some credit for the future. Because let's face it. A naughty girl like you is going to get into trouble again."

Several swats to Vicki's rear only make her drip even wetter. Sara rotates a thumb deep into her and smiles when pulling Vicki over. She rotates Vicki and dives into her chest. Sara sucks on her breasts like they give her life bringing fluids. All Vicki can do is hold on for the ride.

"I don't...I never thought that anyone could make you feel this good...what the hell were you doing the last five years?"

Sara slips her thumb down Vicki's front and then pushes it into her. She removes the thumb from Vicki and makes her suck the juices from it. A wicked smile penetrates Sara's facial features while Vicki willingly sucks her own juices off of Sara's thumb.
"Now, honey, that would be spoiling."

She mounts Vicki's lap with their centers gushing together. Vicki holds Sara across the back of her neck and the two meet with a frantic and sloppy exchange of saliva. Sara squeezes Vicki's breasts and makes her moan.

"So, they're real. The tabloids were full of shit. As usual."

The submersion into Vicki's large chest excites Sara. The moans coming from the older woman also ramps up the pleasure spreading through her body. Sara holds her hands underneath Vicki's chest along with attacking her with a well-placed series of sucks with her mouth.

Stars flash right before Vicki's eyes as Sara makes a feast out of her chest. Several love bites appear on her. Sara's hands work as well as her mouth in hitting all of the pleasure points. A finger slides down Vicki's abdomen and then pushes between her thighs to set her completely off.

Sara rotates herself and gets off on humping the willing woman underneath her. Their pussies grind together in unrestrained and untamed lust. Sara's so close she can feel herself be sent over the edge thanks to this little encounter.

"Almost there."

Vicki lets out a scream and clutches onto Sara's arm to ride out the coming climax. They join in a simultaneously orgasm. Sara's screams show more restraint as she holds back her emotions. Vicki only sees how much she gets off and how much she soaks the desk both of them lay on.

The two break apart. Sara slides back from her and gives Vicki's pussy one more stroke before kissing her on the lips.

"Wait about ten minutes to get out of here. Go right, take a left, and take the stairs. And then you should get into the garage. Duck at the first corner to avoid the security camera. And then once you're outside, you'll good to go."

Sara returns Vicki's clothes to her. Vicki wonders if this is the last time they meet.

"Next time you sneak into my office, you might not get off as easily."

So Right(Sara and Nyssa Blog Exclusive Chapter)

A sharp ache fills Sara's body when she settles down in for a bath after a long day of training. She cannot help, and think there's a part of her who is secretly suicidal after the guilt she feels deep down after Oliver's unfortunate death on Lian Yu. The thought that perhaps if Sara works herself to the bone, she'll be too exhausted to contemplate her own failures. It's something which works on most nights and some night, she still feels the nightmares rocked.

The training in the League should be able to shut herself off emotionally. She sees the fiercest warriors every day who shut themselves off from their own thoughts and emotions. Times exist where Sara's able to do this. And other times, she finds her mind drifting. These days result in Sara suffering a humiliating defeat at the hands of her trainer. Lady Shiva shows exactly how far Sara has to go before she can be a true warrior.

Sara pulls herself out of the path. The barren walls do not give any sense of light. She wraps a towel around her waist and thinks about just crawling into her bed for a few hours of restless sleep until the crack of dawn.

A knock on the door pulls herself out of the thought. Sara opens the door and comes face to the face with the daughter of the Demon herself.

"Nyssa?"

"Do you mind if I come in?"

"It's a free country."

Nyssa gives her one the oddest looks possible. There's several expressions which do not really fly and there are times where Nyssa looks at Sara's like she's positively alien. Or rather a puzzle she wants to figure out, but it's completely throwing off all of Nyssa's thoughts.

"Come in regardless."

Crossing the room brings Nyssa inside. The dim candle light is the only thing which illuminates the robe. It takes Sara a few seconds to realize that Nyssa's wearing a very elegant silk robe. It likely costs a fortune. Likely a fortune paid with the blood of others.

Not the League of Cuddly Bunnies, rather Sara's in the League of Assassins.

"Are you settling in well?"

"Well, I've come here because I have nowhere else to go. And I'm coping with what happened."

"Yes, with Oliver, I'm aware."

Nyssa and Sara find a second looking over each other. There's a moment where Sara struggles to find the right words. Her normally on point speech fails her right now.
"It's not difficult to tell. There are nights where you scream bloody murder in your sleep and you don't call out your name. I thought about checking on you, but it's unwise to wake up a warrior in her sleep. Well, unless you want to to lose parts of your body."

Sara spends a second deciding whether or not Nyssa's trying to lighten the mood. It's really hard to tell. The beautiful assassin is equal parts alluring and dangerous. Sara's attraction to the daughter of the Master of the League is most certainly something that the man may not approve of.

"Sorry if I'm..."

"You are far from the first to come here troubled. Physical scars heal. But, you need to let Oliver go if you want to move forward and become the very best you can. As formidable as you are, you cannot take too many more beatings at the hands of Shiva."

Nyssa puts a hand on Sara's shoulder for a second. The touch causes a warm feeling to appear in the pit of her stomach. Sara tries to block the very taboo attraction she's feeling. To be honest, it's not taboo so much it's towards the same sex, at least not her. It's taboo for entirely different and potentially deadly reasons.

Namely, Nyssa's the daughter of Ra's al Ghul who has a fearsome reputation. Sara's somewhat intimidated by him and likely for good reason.

"Let it go, Sara. Find a way. You can't become the warrior I know you can be truly and fully. I would not have brought you here if I did not see the potential. You fought your way off that island. I saw the strength in your eyes. You're determined. It was beautiful."

"You think I'm beautiful?"

Sara cannot help and smile. If she's going to get in trouble because of her taboo attraction, she might as well go all in. What's the worst that can happen? The world already thinks she's in.

"You are. Anyone can see that. But, your true beauty comes from your strength. And your strength comes from how determined and bold you can be. Not many will laugh at one of my father's displays of power."

Sara smiles. Humor is a coping mechanism for many people and trying to find the lighter side in the situation makes her feel really good.

"You like how bold I am, then?"

Without another word, Sara dives before and kisses Nyssa. Nyssa puts a hand on the back of Sara's head and acts conflicted with what she should do. The first instinct to pull away fades and Nyssa returns the kiss. They spend a good long minute indulging in each other.

The second they pull away, a small tremor of fear hits Nyssa.

"We shouldn't do this?"

"What do you want to do?"

Sara slips the towel down her body and allows herself to be bared to Nyssa. Nyssa just smiles and leans in to kiss Sara one more time. She pulls away from Sara for a moment.

"We could get caught."
Sara puts a hand on Nyssa's head and guides her back into position.

"I know."

Another kiss follows. Sara plants light kisses on the side of Nyssa's face and her lips. A hand slips between their bodies and undoes the sash of the robe she wears. It drops down to the ground with Sara pulling away from Nyssa.

Sara gets a good look at Nyssa's body. A deep and healthy looking tan, dark hair, a fit body with nice sized breasts, a great ass, and legs. A small amount of nervousness spreads over Nyssa as Sara's eyes cast between the black curls covering her pussy lips and back into her face.

"You're beautiful as well."

An expression of astonishment comes over Nyssa's face. Sara cannot help, but comment on something.

"Is Nyssa, the Daughter of Ra's al Ghul, blushing?"

No comment follows with Nyssa diving onto Sara's mouth and kissing her. Both skilled women put themselves on the bed. Nyssa deepens the kiss and explores with what Sara wants and most importantly, discover what she wants. Their hands keep touching each other.

Sara's legs part for Nyssa to gain a further access. Her firm hands keep pressing against Sara. Nyssa leans in and captures one of Sara's erect nipples in mouth. A couple of sucks only hardens the nub in Nyssa's mouth. A tight grip encourages the very skilled actions of the Daughter of the Demon.

Finally, it becomes apparent this is destiny, and Nyssa hopes to explore a deeper relationship with Sara. The consequences of what others may think fade. Including to and up to her father, as Nyssa's only purpose is to make this wonderful woman feel happy and to have her forget the pain. And perhaps scratch a couple of itches she's been trying to fulfill for the longest time.

Nyssa covers Sara in kisses. Each kiss sends a pleasurable jolt through Sara's body. Nyssa's lips canvas her body in a way which makes Sara feel a rush just build through her. Nyssa taking her time causes Sara's impatience to rise through.

"Nyssa, don't..."

She looks up to Sara with a mixture of confusion. It's hard to figure out the cause of the irritation from her.

"Did I displease you? Because that wasn't my intention?"

"I need to feel your tongue between my legs. Please! You wouldn't want..."

Nyssa moves into position. Sara offers herself up and it will be just rude to not to take her up on the very important offer. A kiss to Sara's belly button causes a deep breath of pleasure. Hearing that sound coming from Sara makes Nyssa just want want even more.

Finally, Nyssa dives in. Her tongue teases the outer edge of Sara's opening. The drags against her lips show themselves to be very tentative at first. Then they go a bit further inside of Sara until she rises up a bit further. A hand clamps down onto the back of Nyssa's hair.

"Mmm, your hair is so soft. I can run my fingers through it...all day."
The pleasurable caresses against her scalp become like a dog-whistle which sends Nyssa into action. Nyssa rotates her tongue against Sara's wet pussy. A leg darts against her back and Nyssa picks up the pace. She wants to taste more of the sweet honey dripping from Sara. She wants it all.

The first rush causes stars to flash from the back of Sara's head. She clutches Nyssa and continues to guide her lover further down. A breath follows with Sara popping her hips up. Sara closes her legs and makes sure Nyssa continues to make her feeling good.

"You're going to finish me off!"

Nyssa almost pulls away from her. Sara puts her hand on Nyssa's head in a very commanding presence. In a way which she might take the hand off of if it's anyone other than Sara.

"I didn't tell you to stop."

So she does not stop. So she does not even stall. She just keeps eating Sara. Keeps devouring her womanhood and all of the tasty honey coming on through in a rush. Sara bends her hips up and meets Nyssa the deeper she dives down. Nyssa staves off the incoming flow with her tongue.

Sara twists underneath Nyssa on the bed. Her legs keep rubbing against Nyssa's upper back area. The incoming rush of orgasm prompts Sara to grab onto the bed sheets with one hand. Nyssa drinks the juice from her and it makes Sara feel so extremely good.

It's like the holy grail of pleasure with what Nyssa does her tongue to her. It's something which Nyssa does to her. The tongue flashes up and down her before Nyssa pulls out.

"Hello, beautiful."

Sara sits up and slides up the bed. She meets Nyssa mouth to mouth. The taste of her own honey only builds Sara's momentum. She positions where she lays side to side with Nyssa. The constant caresses build up a steady amount of sexual release which Sara wants to stave.

Time for Sara to return the favor. Nyssa positions herself and Sara crawls between her legs. Sara approaches Nyssa and kisses her belly button. The hot pleasure makes Nyssa to tighten her stronghold on Sara.

Sara disappears between Nyssa's legs in a way which either shows experience or a great natural aptitude for the oral arts. Nyssa's flesh calls out for Sara's tongue and she also wants to touch Sara. Each drive of the tongue sends Nyssa flying over the edge. She hands on and holds onto Sara's hand which creeps her leg.

Each push and each burst of pleasure keeps Nyssa on her rollercoaster ride. Nyssa pumps up and down off of the bed with Sara making sweet lover to her nether regions with her mouth. The loud and hungry slurping builds the fire in the pit of Nyssa's body. It reaches a high point and causes her to crash down.

The dam breaks and Sara refuses to seal it again. The lovely Nyssa al Ghul becomes someone she can indulge in and hopefully allow some of the scars to heal, or at least make it less painful to go through life. Perhaps Sara looks at her membership in the league.

"Sara! Beloved!"

Nyssa darts her finger against the back of Sara's head. She brings a new meaning to the word pleasure in Nyssa's mind. Sara keeps going and does not even stop.
The end comes with another climax. Nyssa collapses back on the pillows. Sara pulls herself up only to crawl up on top of her. Nyssa spreads her legs and lifts one to wrap around Sara. They kiss in more ways than one.

Sara puts her hands underneath Nyssa's chest and gives it a squeeze. The sweat coming their bodies builds a feeling that cannot be spoken in mere words. The only thing Sara speaks of is the thought that she can go tongue to tongue with Nyssa and keep kissing her. Keep pleasuring her.

Nyssa allows Sara to get in perfection position to ride her. It brings a further emotion from Nyssa. One she held great doubts of feeling until this very moment. Pleasure leaves.

"I hope that you're feeling as good as I am."

"Yes! I am!"

Sara just grins at Nyssa's words. It gives her ego a boost she can make the daughter of Ra's al Ghul herself squirm and gush with sexual joy. For the first time, Sara hangs onto some level of confidence which may help her in other ways. The confidence of perhaps her life is going.

Finally, Nyssa feels and cannot help to touch every part of Sara her hands can grab. She's like a drug which Nyssa sees herself wishing to indulge in more often. Their thighs smack together and both lay into each other. Sara scratches some of Nyssa's hidden and suppressed urges.

"I'm not going to forget this moment, beloved."

Sara bends down and kisses her lover on the lips. A tease of her nipples gives Sara a reward of pleasure cascading down her body.

"Good! I would hate to think that I could be forgettable."

"Never."

The backup of pleasure results in Nyssa's climax hitting her full on. Sara's touch bombards her nerve endings with pleasure Nyssa never feels. The rush of combat only becomes second at this moment to Sara's touch and the connection building between the two of them.

Feeling Sara cum alongside of her only adds to her enjoyment. But, truly, her enjoyment is their enjoyment now. They share it within each other.

Sara clings onto Nyssa and rides out the rest of her orgasm. For the first time in a long time, Sara feels a jolt of pleasure filling her body. She hangs on Nyssa to the last.

Everything settles and ends with Sara's head resting on Nyssa's sweaty chest. Nyssa plays with Sara's head and leans in to whisper in her ear.

"I should stay here tonight."

"Thank you."

A kiss follows on the top of Sara's head when she goes to sleep. Nyssa figures whatever happens will happens. This is the dominating thought in her mind as she waits for Sara to drift off. Nyssa follows her beloved into a state of rest, with their hands intertwining when they fade to sleep.

For the first time since the events on Lian Yu, Sara sleep cycle is untroubled.

End
Twelve Out of Eighteen Bonus Smut Chapters, First Posted On My Blog On January 30th, 2019:

A Few Rounds-Under the Hood Blog Exclusive(Laurel and Nyssa)

Nyssa decides to swing in to the Clocktower to check up on Sara now that she's in Starling City. She moves past Felicity and down the steps to the gym area. She hears the sounds of someone hitting a heavy bag which prompts her to knock on the door.

The door opens and Laurel steps out. Nyssa smiles at the sight of her sister-in-law looking pretty good in those skin tight black yoga pants and tight black sports bra. While Sara always will hold a special pace in Nyssa's heart, she would be blind not to consider the attractiveness of her older sister.

"Nyssa? What can I do for you?"

"I swung by to see how Sara was holding up. Where is she?"

"She's out for the moment. Why don't you stick around for a drink?"

Nyssa nods at Laurel's gracious behavior and steps into the room. She walks into the small refrigerator and opens it up. She turns in and takes a nice drink of water.

"Actually, if you don't mind, I'd like to ask you a favor."

Curiosity hits Nyssa instantly. She looks in Laurel's eye.

"Anything."

"Do you mind going a few rounds with me? Sparring, because Thea's out, Sara's out, and Cass isn't even here. I could use a good sparring partner."

Nyssa nods in response. She supposes it does not hurt to keep her skills sharp. Quite frankly, Laurel looks plenty warm up and she's curious to see how well Laurel stacks up with Sara. Granted, comparing them is not fair.

"Ready?"

Those words from Nyssa spurs Laurel on. The two circle each other and they start trading punches. Nyssa blocks a kick and flips Laurel onto the ground. Laurel lands on the ground and then Nyssa pins her down on the ground.

"A bit slow on the trigger there this time."

"Yeah, I should have been quicker to react. Shiva would have my head if she saw how sloppy that exchange was."

A small smile appears over Nyssa's face. Some people might see it as a factious statement. Knowing Lady Shiva, it's not exactly two far out of the realm of possibility. She circles around and moves ever so closer to Laurel.

Again, they fight again. Laurel and Nyssa enter a hand to hand combat. The firmness of her thighs
catch Nyssa's attention. She decides to go behind and push Laurel down onto the ground. Laurel fights her way out and wiggles her way out of the attack. Nyssa moves her hand up under the pretext of getting a better grip.

A tingle goes through Laurel's body the second Nyssa's finger pushes against her nipple through her top. The touch is fleet and brief, not exactly anything that was too extraordinary on its own. Yet, the fact her beautiful sister-in-law performs the action makes it extraordinary.

Nyssa slides underneath Laurel's legs and pins her down on the ground. She straddles her hips and leans down into her.

"It's your play. What would Shiva do in a situation like this?"

"Something unexpected."

Laurel grabs Nyssa's hair and she braces herself for a headbutt. Instead, the two women meet lip to lip. Laurel buries her tongue into Nyssa's mouth and guides it deep into her mouth. Nyssa reaches in and grabs the back of her neck.

Instead of pushing Laurel away, Nyssa deepens the kiss. Their mouths meet in a fury of an intense makeout session. Laurel unclasps the top of Nyssa's garment and pulls it off. The two ripping at each other's clothing strips them off.

The crotch of Laurel's pants rips in Nyssa's hand. Nyssa decides to move over and grapple Laurel's head with her legs. Nyssa slips her pants down to reveal her soaked pussy. Laurel rises to the occasion and starts to taste Nyssa's juices.

Meanwhile on her end, Nyssa parts Laurel's legs and starts eating her out as well. The feeling of being between Laurel's warm and toned thighs most certainly causes the juices to flow without any problem. Nyssa slides a finger deep against her slit and then pulls it out to make Laurel breath.

Both women breath hard with each other. The deeper Nyssa slides her tongue, the better this situation feels. Laurel holds her legs into place and keeps guiding Nyssa further into place.

They spend the next several minutes indulging in each other. Both lap furiously at each other. Both try and make the other break first and more importantly harder. Laurel squeezes Nyssa's backside. Their heads get very grabby and their tongues go very frantic.

The end comes with both of them cumming on each other's beautiful faces. Nyssa slides down and then positions herself on top of Laurel. She flips Laurel over onto the ground and she lays stomach first. Nyssa strokes Laurel's body and this all of the points which bring her pleasure.

"Admit that I have you where I want you. Admit you're weak at my touch."

"Prove...yourself!"

Nyssa slams her fingers into Laurel and starts to work her pussy over. The juices just gush out of Laurel. Nyssa buries her fingers down and goes deeper into the source. Grabbing Laurel's hair makes this a more erotic encounter than before.

The forbidden nature of this encounter hits all of Nyssa's buttons as well. Her wife's sister becomes her own personal fuck toy, at least for the moment. Laurel keeps holding onto her and trying not to succumb to what is going on.

"You know this will be a lot easier on you if you give in."
"I'm not finished yet."

Nyssa buries deeper into Laurel and makes her scream in pleasure. The Daughter of the Demon gags Laurel with a ripped piece of fabric to prevent the roof from coming down. She keeps going in deep. Some time passes before Nyssa replaces her fingers with her tongue. She drives deep into Laurel's pussy and laps up the juices into her mouth.

Intense feelings of lust explode through Laurel. She cannot believe how good this is making her feel. The more Nyssa works into her, the better everything is. And the better everything is, the more she just flows like a malfunctioning faucet. Nyssa dives in to keep plugging the leak and to keep sending Laurel on a further roller coaster ride of pleasure.

The next play features Nyssa pulling away from Laurel. Laurel sits up and Nyssa climbs onto her. She pins down her weight on Laurel's legs. Her chest lowers down to reach Laurel's mouth.

"Suck."

The commanding tone of Nyssa causes Laurel to almost attack the other woman's chest with so much vigor it's not even funny. The blonde-haired crime fighter digs her mouth into the chest of the Daughter of the Team. A soft and subtle alteration from one nipple to the next causes Laurel to get a pretty good mouthful of Nyssa's juicy tits.

"Good. You're good. You're perfect. Keep sucking them! Suck them like they call to you."

No question about it, there's only one thing which Laurel desires. The deep and wonderful chest Nyssa holds makes Laurel want to just submit to them. She's in control so much, it's a good thing to lose control.

The frustration Nyssa feels after recent events just burns away. Every suck, every bite, every lick, and every caress Laurel gives her lights a fire underneath Nyssa. Nyssa gives Laurel pretty much everything she has to offer and then so much more.

Time for another play, at least Nyssa thinks. She shifts her weight ever so closely and then locks onto Laurel. Their legs scissor together and start rubbing friction against their loins. Laurel's eyes cloud over and that wonderful feeling of making her feel so good reaches Nyssa. Nyssa leans in and touches Laurel's nipple. A nice tug snaps her attention into the place where it should be.

"You can't deny this is what you want. Can you?"

"No! I need it! I need you! NYSSA!"

Nyssa shows Laurel why Sara falls with her by making her feel so good. Despite Nyssa taking a dominant role, this still does not mean that Laurel cannot feel the best she can. Nyssa runs her foot up the side of Laurel and moves ever so closely to her.

The feelings between the two lovers build a bit sharper. Nyssa pulls away and goes in deeper. Their inner lips press together. The friction between the two of them make each other feel good. Nyssa pulls away from Laurel. The pussy juices ooze from between Nyssa's legs. She scoops up the juices and smears them across Laurel's face, neck, breasts, and stomach.

"How does this make you feel?"

Nyssa cups Laurel's chest. She makes sure to handle the breasts with the same vigor one expects. Laurel bites down on her lip not to betray how good this makes her feel. Nyssa has none of it and keeps pleasing Laurel until she shoots over the edge with pleasure.
"Good! Really good!"

"Perfect!"

A squeeze of the woman's nipples sends Laurel cascading completely over the edge. Laurel grabs onto Nyssa's hand and keeps maneuvering it into position. Her lips purse and release a pleasurable moan.

"How about that?"

The next movement results in Nyssa's talented fingers shifting down. She pinches Laurel's clit at the exact precise moment and sends her flowing. Her hips slam up. Nyssa leaves her for a second and resumes the pleasure. Laurel's eyes fade out completely.

"Is that better?"

"Yes."

"I thought so."

Nyssa pushes Laurel down and rides her body. Laurel can only grab onto Nyssa and enjoy the feeling. Nyssa's firm thighs smack against hers. It causes the sensation of penetration to hit Laurel due to all of the right ways Nyssa his her. A warm feeling spells fulfillment for the older Lance Sister.

Employing a similar tactic Sara does hammers home to Laurel how her sister knows how to do this. Laurel tries to wrap her legs around Nyssa's waist and pull their bodies together. Nyssa only does it. All while putting her hands all over Laurel's strong legs and stroking them.

"I can't wait to have both of you at the same time."

The fact Sara, Laurel, and Nyssa never got together at the same time strikes Laurel as very unfortunate. She brings her hips up and hopes there will come a point where the three of them join together.

"It's your turn."

Laurel is about to ask the question as to what Nyssa means. Nyssa's pussy draping over Laurel's face answers the question. The tight, warm, hole of the Daughter of Ra's al Ghul calls for Laurel. Laurel decides to accept the call and lap up the juices coming out of her.

She rides Laurel's face. Laurel shows what a talented mouth she has by sucking the juices out. Nyssa's approving moans of pleasure shows just how much she wants this.

Laurel graps onto her own pussy and rubs her lips with a free hand. Eating her sister's wife out, her sister-in-law, most certainly riles Laurel up. She should have known a sparring session can end this way. Especially one where Laurel shows up a bit distracted and pent up due to recent events.

Nyssa keeps using Laurel's tongue as a measure to pleasure herself. She vigorous rubs her clit to reach a closer peak. Nyssa balances herself on the ground wishing for more hands or at least a third party with a mouth to suck Nyssa's tits. It's a shame really. They'll just going to have to make do.

The encounter ends with Nyssa losing herself over Laurel's face. The warm honey builds a sinful desire in Laurel and she cannot help to do anything else other than lap the juices up all the way at the end.
The dust settles and Nyssa pulls away from Laurel. The juices on Laurel's face reminds Nyssa very fondly of her wife. During those earlier encounters when they first start out.

"Well, I'm glad we could share this experience."

Laurel looks up and Nyssa lean to kiss her. The older Lance sister shudders when her sister-in-law sucks the juices off of her and gives her one more parting kiss.

"Next time I'm going to be more on top. You caught me off guard."

Nyssa just smiles at her.

"I look forward to the rematch."

Damn right there would be another rematch and this time, Laurel plans to lead the dance. She can really see why Sara fell for Nyssa.

**End.**
Thirteen Out of Eighteen Bonus Smut Scenes Previously Posted on My Blog on February 18th, 2019.

Target(Featuring Thea Queen, Artemis Crock, and Felicity Smoak)

Many times, Felicity Smoak wonders how she gets herself into certain positions. Likely after someone talks her into one, be it Laurel, Sara, Thea, or one of the others. This time, Felicity finds herself in a very interesting predicament.

She lays down on an elevated set of mats. The only thing she wears from the waist down is a pair of stockings. The only thing she wears from the waist up is a lacy black bra. She's bound in a position where her ass is in the air.

Thea put her in this position and left about twenty minutes ago. Thus leaving Felicity with more than enough time to contemplate her fate. The seconds on the clock tick by the more she waits. A deep breath tries to calm her down.

'Okay, Thea. What's your game? I'm curious to see what you're up to. You're getting off on riling me up, aren't you?'

The gag in her mouth muffles her to a frustrated and helpless moan. She grabs the side of her face and lets in a couple more breaths as time passes. Frustration hits a fever pitch.

'Okay, seriously. Are you serious? I mean, really?'

The door opens and two figures step in. Felicity cannot turn around from her position.

"So, do you think you can hit that target?"

A figure comes over and puts her hand on Felicity's backside. Those soft fingers brushing against her from behind makes Felicity close her eyes.

"Please, I can hit this one blindfolded."

A smack on Felicity's ass leaves a red mark on her skin and a second where she shivers on the bed.

Artemis Crock joins Thea in the room. The hands of both women take turns swatting Felicity's ass. It causes her to jolt up on the mats.

"Relax."

Thea's firm hand runs down her back and causes Felicity to quiver. That's seconds before Thea hauls off and cracks Felicity on the ass. Her ass jiggles underneath Thea's touch.

"It's not too bad."

"Actually, it's pretty good. Look at how firm that nice ass is. I can spank it all day."

Artemis demonstrates by spanking Felicity. Each of her shots measure and hit her at the right angle. Felicity bites down on the gag in her mouth and feels the juices flowing.
"I'm pretty sure I can get one deep in this hole as well."

"Which hole?"

"This one."

Pleasure shoots through Felicity as Artemis slides one of her talented fingers into the hacker's anal cavity. Artemis turns her finger and sends a very healthy amount of stimulation all over Felicity.

Another slide sends Artemis as far in as she can go and she pulls out. Thea pops her girlfriend's finger into her mouth and sucks on it. Making sure Felicity hears every single moment of Thea sliding her tongue over her mouth.

Clothes drop behind her. Felicity imagines both Thea and Artemis revealing the other's beautiful bodies. Firm from their working out and hitting the streets as protectors of Starling City. The computer hacker shifts her position and wonders.

Felicity's imagination is not too far from the truth. Thea wraps a leg around Artemis and pulls her in. Thea leaps into her girlfriend's arms and the two of them enter a deep kiss with each other.

Artemis guides her tongue deep into Thea's mouth. The young heiress enjoys the taste and the touch from it working into her mouth.

The feel of her girlfriend's body inspires Artemis to delve as deep as possible. They go mouth to mouth, tongue to tongue, and have their fun with each other. Artemis puts her hand on Thea's back and pulls her as tight as possible.

Their lower lips rub together as their upper ones do. They release each other from the kiss. Artemis brushes her finger down Thea's front. The perky breasts of the heiress squeeze into her hands.

"Get me ready."

One more kiss for the road.

Felicity's mind, and loins, get set on fire with the alluring possibilities of what can happen next. She tries to block the very alluring thoughts of what these two lovely young women behind her could be up to. Her imagination runs wild.

"Use that sweet mouth on me."

The sound of Thea's mouth sliding over something causes Felicity wish to reach between her legs. Doing something to relieve the pressure building up to her. Something is going to pop and Felicity wants it, wants it so bad.

"Good! Thea. Use that mouth on me! Use it!"

Thea spears Artemis's cock down her throat. She covers it with a full court tour with her tongue. The Queen Heiress shows how much she can pleasure someone orally and also using her hands as well.

The look of desire flooding over Artemis's eyes when Thea sucks her makes the heiress only double down. She bottoms out.

Artemis rocks her hips forward. The pressure building in her makes this a very alluring ride. She reaches up to caress her breast.

A breast pushes into Artemis's mouth and she sucks her nipple hard. Thea's eyes burn with passion
when working Artemis over.

"I'm ready."

Never do two words really set Felicity's world on fire. The restraints loosen. The blindfold pops up.

She comes face to face with both Thea and Artemis. Both of them stand on either side of her. Artemis leans in and gives Felicity an aggressive kiss. She feels so weak underneath Artemis.

Yet, Artemis knows how to hit all of the right buttons and feel her up. Thea moves behind Felicity and kisses her.

Thea squeezes Felicity's ample posterior. She pulls almost all the way from her and slides a finger inside. Felicity pushes back to allow Thea to go to work on her even more.

"Mmm, I think we're going to have some fun. Aren't we?"

Felicity nods, biting down on her lip. Thea passes her off to Artemis. Artemis's sizeable chest brushes against Felicity's back. She leans in and kisses the back of her neck.

"I need..."

"What do you need?"

Thea's back between Felicity's legs to cause a very wonderful distraction. Her fingers dig in for a second. Then fingers give way to tongue. Felicity brushes Thea's beautiful brown hair.

"I'm waiting, Ms. Smoak."

A squeeze of her nipple makes Felicity almost lose herself.

"I need you...to fuck me in my ass!"

Warm oil coats her hole and lights Felicity's pores ablaze with sensitivity. Artemis works over her breast with her talented hands. She puts a hand on Felicity's nipple and gives a twist to send her a bit closer to the edge.

The visual of her girlfriend about ready to take Felicity up the ass only makes Thea want to go in for a closer look. And she wants to eat Felicity out.

Artemis slides her way in. She holds onto a handful of Felicity's cheeks and pumps inside of her. She pulls out and drives back into her. Artemis brushes her tongue against Felicity's ear.

"You're ours now."

No doubt, given how those juices flow out for Thea to suck up. Thea's lips work Felicity's pussy to a gushing wreck. She squirts juices out for Thea to swallow. The lemony taste makes Thea really high with pleasure.

Thea sucks up the juices. Felicity encourages her to lick and keep licking. It only makes Thea want to go in deeper. To take every last drop of Felicity's tasty juices as possible.

Felicity's eyes glaze over for a minute. The combination of Artemis working her ass and Thea working her pussy makes Felicity completely lose it. Both of her holes get a pleasure.

"More!"
A slap on her ass causes Felicity's neck to snap back. Artemis drags her nail down the side of Felicity's shoulder to bring her closer to the edge. She pulls back and drives into her.

"Ours."

The second Thea's mouth leaves Felicity, the loss becomes obvious. Yet, something more happens. Her legs part in excitement as Thea stands over her. A huge cock juts out of the strap on she wears.

"I bet I can hit this target as well."

"Go for it."

The nerve sensors in the strap on show Thea just how tight Felicity is. Not to mention how willing her womanhood is to sucking Thea up inside. She holds on tight.

The double penetration rocks Felicity. Thea slides in one hole. Artemis takes the other. Their motions bombard Felicity with an insane amount of pleasure. Each touch sends her further and further to the tipping point.

Artemis watches her girlfriend slam into Felicity. She oozes out and makes Artemis just brim over the edge with excitement.

The only thing Artemis can do is ride Felicity's ass. She slaps the firm cheeks as hard as possible. Her nipples digging into Felicity's back causes her pleasure.

The warmth spreads through Artemis's loins. She buries deeper and deeper.

"She's about ready to cum, isn't she?"

"Mmm, hmm?"

Thea holds onto Felicity. The visual of Felicity's body just sandwiched in between Thea and her girlfriend adds an alluring flavor to this encounter. The heat spreads through Thea the deeper she drives in.

She accelerates her thrusts. Bringing Felicity over the edge is something which Thea desires more than anything else. She pulls out almost all the way before slamming inside.

A drool bubble pops on the edge of Felicity's mouth. These two lovely women join her in this threesome. The roller coaster ride she enters only excites her even more.

"Smoaking hot."

The pun Artemis fires at her causes Felicity to roll her eyes. The eye rolling cuts off due to Artemis hitting her shot and burying deep into Felicity's ample ass.

Artemis hangs on and digs into her. She can feel Thea on the other end. Every now and then, Artemis brushes up against her girlfriend. They share the same woman and make her their own personal sex pet today.

And she's such a loyal one at that.

"Cum for Thea, pet."

Felicity tries to speak out against this world. At least she does in theory. Thea brings her back around with the faster thrusts. They connect together and make Felicity just lose it completely.
The nails of Felicity driving into her back spurs Thea to go further.

"Grab my ass."

Felicity does so and receives another thrust from Thea. Not lose any attention, Artemis repeatedly works herself inside of Felicity for the next several minutes.

Both Artemis and Thea stuff her holes far with their deep thrusts. The perfect touch Felicity receives sets her alight with pleasure.

"Time to take this to the next level."

They take turns slamming inside of her. Then, they hold it, grinding up against her body. Felicity reaches for as much lovely flesh as she can. Thea's most certainly a treat and she cannot help and grab out to touch her.

"Good, cum for her again."

Felicity's lit on fire and she cums all over Thea. The dildo slides into her and hits all of the pleasure points possible.

The blonde hacker experiences a sensation, as if she's only wired for sexual pleasure, which isn't the worst possible feeling in the world. Especially when joining in with these two gorgeous women.

Thea humps her pussy and sends Felicity into fits of pleasure. She holds Thea's arm and guides it all over her shoulder.

Finally, Thea breaks and cums all over Felicity's pussy. The juices coat her on both the outside and the inside. Thea pushes inside of her and allows the release mechanism of the strap on to fire her juices inside of Felicity.

"OOOH!"

She lets out several breaths and even more just after Thea disappears into Felicity's chest and sucks on her nipples. Felicity holds the back of her head and lets out a passionate scream of lust.

Artemis just grins and speeds up the thrusts. Her end is about here and she can hardly tell how long it's going to take before Felicity decides to break. She holds on and buries her dildo deep into Felicity's perfect ass.

Now that Thea pulls away, it allows Artemis to get full access to Felicity while spooning her. And she works over every square inch of Felicity's body.

"One more time."

Artemis's hand dips into Felicity's honey pot and works her over. The pleasure hits the hacker all over and makes Artemis just work her over completely.

Finally, Artemis has her fill of Felicity and more importantly filling her ass up. She pinches Felicity's cheeks and releases them.

Felicity cannot help and cum one more time before Artemis finishes up with her ass. And more importantly finishes up all over her ass. Coherence vacates the premises and leaves Felicity a drooling wreck.

"I think you broke her, sweetie."
Thea watches the last few thrusts with a finger digging in between her legs. She jams another finger and a third finger in time for Artemis's final ride on Felicity's ass.

Seconds after Artemis pulls out, she walks over to Thea. The two women exchange a kiss with each other.

Felicity rolls over onto the mats, panting after the workout both of her holes receive. And now after that, Artemis and Thea prepare to give her a show.

Thea parts Artemis's legs while Artemis sits on Thea's lap. Her dildo, still slick with Felicity's honey, slides into her.

The visual of Artemis's breasts bouncing while Thea grabs onto them brings Felicity into a state of unbearable heat.

It's obvious these two devious women have more in mind for her, both to fuck with her mind and then with her body. Felicity plays with herself, her pussy and ass still raw, as she wonders what could happen next.

End.
Bonus Smut 14

Fourteen Out of Eighteen Bonus Smut Chapters Posted on February 22nd, 2019 on my blog.

One Up(Sara Lance(Earth Prime) and Sara Lance(Earth Thirty-Eight))

The trip to Earth Thirty-Eight is not one which is without merit to Sara. She's just glad to be going back home, to deal with some problems. She walks around the room of the safe house and packs away some items. A pair of blue jeans, boots, and socks lay on the bed. Sara walks around the house, showing a great amount of ease whilst wearing her white tank top and lacy black panties.

A sound of a door opening causes Sara to be put at high alert. She thinks it's Alex at first.

'No, Alex will knock.'

Sara spins around and grabs the hand of the figure in the shadows. The two lock knuckles with each other.

"You know, that's a good way to lose a hand. Or worse."

"Mmm, maybe. I'll just have to be a bit better than you, won't I?"

The mischief sparkles through the blue eyes of Sara Lance when she stares down Sara Lance. The Earth Thirty-Eight version of Sara Lance crosses the room to go face to face with the Earth-Prime Version.

"You're looking good. You don't look as good as me, granted. But you still look pretty good."

"So, what do you want?"

"Can't I say goodbye to my alternate Earth counterpart?"

Sara-Prime gets a good look at her Earth Thirty-Seven counterpart. The tight black pants hug her body like a second layer of skin and this causes Sara's mind to go completely into the gutter about what touching Thirty-Eight's ass may feel like. The top black tank top Thirty-Eight clings to her chest makes it obvious that Sara Thirty-Eight is a bit more well-endowed then Sara-Prime. Not she minds the view. The ponytail flips against her shoulder and the two Saras lock eye to eye with each other.

"So do you like something you see? Not too different from what you see, but at the same time...a little bit different."

Thirty-Eight's arms fold against her chest to draw attention to an area which catches Sara's interest without any problem.

"I should be mad at you. I mean, you took my identity. Granted, you are me...but you posed as me to deceive my boss. That shouldn't really be something you get off the hook for that easily."

Thirty-Eight's arms wrap around Sara's waist. Only because Sara allows her doppelganger to move closer towards her.

"Pretty nice, isn't it? Don't think you haven't thought about what might happen? We are pretty hot. Therefore anything we do together is bound to be enjoyable."
"I thought about it."

"I knew it. We're alike...in some ways."

Thirty-Eight daringly grabs a handful of Sara's ass. Sara takes her down with a legsweep and causes her to land on the bed with a swift moment.

"And it appears I've hit a nerve...hasn't it? But is the good kind of nerve, or the bad kind of nerve, I wonder?"

Sara leans down a little bit with a smile crossing over her face.

"Keep pressing your luck and you'll find out."

"Honey, I'll press a bit more of than my luck."

Thirty-Eight's lips invite Sara a bit closer. She cannot help, and turn excited. The forbidden and tasty thought of kissing her own counterpart on the mouth excites Sara like one will not believe. The movement brings them ever so closer.

"Do it. You know you want to. You know you have."

"I will."

They edge ever so closer to each other. Sara's fingers press against the side of her counterparts head and the two lean in to kiss each other.

Pure aggression shoots through both of them at this point. They both want each other in the worst way. They fight each other with this kiss because neither wants to be the one who subs to the other.

Nails dig into the side of both versions of Sara Lance. Prime gains the inside track to kiss her counterpart back. Thirty-Eight fires back with a kiss of her own and they mold mouth to mouth each each other.

Sara rips Thirty-Eight's shirt off and exposes her ample chest to the air. The nipples stand up in excitement. They hung against her chest and Sara cannot help, but play with Thirty-Eight's chest.

She knows what Thirty-Eight likes, mostly because she knows what she'll like. Sara squeezes the chest of her Earth Thirty-Eight counterpart and causes her moans to only escalate to another level.

"Mmm, baby, I love it."

Sara kisses a couple more times. Thirty-Eight responds by stroking the back of Sara's hair and guiding her in to suck on Thirty-Eight's ample chest. The licks and little love bites makes Thirty-Eight's mind go into a daze.

A hand slips down Thirty-Eight's toned stomach and closer to the edge of those tight leather pants.

"Why don't you give me some room to breath?"

An interesting suggestion and Sara decides to have some fun with it. She moves away from Thirty-Eight's breasts and kisses her. Endless worship covers Thirty-Eight's lovely body. Sara leans in and plants more kisses on her lover's body. The kisses only deepen and increase with each movement.

Sara slides the pants off to reveal a very nice and toned ass. She feels transfixed at looking at the ass of her counterpart. Sara's eyes trace over every single one of those ass muscles and her mouth
moistens at the thought of what can happen next.

"Do what I know you want to? You've wanted to feel what other women have. The joys...play with my ass. Stick your face in between my ass cheeks and feel how firm it is."

Lust overrides all of Sara's other impulses. She cannot help and dig into this ass, and worship it. The pleasure increases the more Sara touches. Temptations only bubble through the service.

It is a great ass. Sara appreciates herself from this different point of view. A finger pops into Sara's mouth to get it nice a wet. The moist digit lines up to slide into Thirty-Eight's tight, warm asshole.

"Mmm, baby, you know you...you know you're the best!"

A sliding finger fills Sara's asshole up from behind with repeating thrusts. Thirty-Eight's perfect ass tightens around Sara's finger and releases it without any problems at all.

"Right here! Right here!"

The chants only escalate the deeper Sara fills Thirty-Eight's asshole. She dives into her pussy and offers a combination pussy licking and ass fingering. The sticky juices overflow on Sara's tongue.

Thirty-Eight closes her eyes. Her nipples harden and Thirty-Eight tweaks them. Some more nipple play follows.

The nipple play is nothing on the ass play as Sara's tongue replaces her probing finger in short time. The nose brushing up against her causes Thirty-Eight's lust to increase.

"Fuck yes!"

The statement of pleasure only makes Sara-Prime eat the asshole of her alternate counterpart. The act of pleasure causes Thirty-Eight to clutch onto the bed sheets.

The beautiful rimming of two alternate counterparts hits a fever pitch. Sara repeatedly licks Thirty-Eight. Each time she goes in, a new pleasurable wave hits them. Escalation is the name of the game.

A smile passes over Sara's face. She munches the asshole of her counterpart out. Each twist brings her tongue in. The feeling of what happens between her thighs only escalates what Sara's trying to do to her counterpart.

Finally, Sara pulls away and smiles at her counterpart.

"You want me to fuck your ass?"

"I know you want to."

Thirty-Eight's debauched look almost causes Sara to head over the edge to some pretty debauched thoughts of her own.

"Eat my pussy first."

Sara strips off the rest of her clothes. She wonders what Thirty-Eight will do. Sara's panties come off and the second her pussy bares itself for her counterpart, she strikes.

A measured attack to Sara's clit sends her rocking pleasure. It's a very sensitive precision strike. Thirty-Eight worms her way into Sara's head just seconds away before worming her way between her soft thighs. Sara's hunger only increases the deeper Thirty-Eight goes.
The deeper Thirty-Eight goes, the more hunger passes through Sara. Thirty-Eight licks Sara's pussy with hunger. Sara holds onto the bedsheets.

"Well, you do know exactly what I like! Why don't you go deeper? Bury your slutty tongue in my pussy and lick me clean!"

Thirty-Eight knows what she likes. The dirty talk pushes Thirty-Eight to eat Sara's twat even more. The hunger increases with each swipe of the tongue. Thirty-Eight teases Sara's snug asshole just as much. She would like to take her counterpart in the ass.

It's all playing the long game.

"You're just a slut who likes the taste of your own pussy. You must enjoy it! Just like you're having fun eating me out. You're the Dragon's personal cum dump, aren't you? I bet she gives you it up the ass ever nice, don't you?"

Thirty-Eight hits a trigger point and causes Sara's mind to keep racing. She pulls out of Sara and licks her a bit more.

"Now it's my turn."

A finger presses against Sara's tight rosebud. The cling of her asshole against Thirty-Eight's finger shows how tight she is. Thirty-Eight drags her tongue against the asshole.

"Put your tongue in my ass! It's where it fucking belongs! That's all a slut like you is good for."

A smack of her lips follows with Thirty-Eight pulling out. She leaves a pool of saliva from Sara's asshole to the bed.

"If I'm the slut, what does that make you?"

The two lock lip to lip with their pussy openings grinding each other. Sara tries to force her way in with the brutal scissoring she gives thirty-eight. It's not so much love-making as it's a struggle for domination and power.

Sara gains a bit of the inside track by grabbing a firm handful of Thirty-Eight's ass. Her tongue shoves down Thirty-Eight's throat and pushes her onto the bed. Sara struggles to reach for her bag, but Thirty-Eight blocks her.

"I'll be taking...that..."

Thirty-Eight caresses a spot on the back of Sara's leg which almost causes her to mentally shut down from the pleasure. Almost, but not quite.

Determination spreads through both versions of Sara Lance. Their fingers move fast with both groping the other's ass and trying to psyche the other out. Pussies grind into each other and nipples caress the other. Their mouths frantically engage in a battle.

And it's a battle, a battle for dominance. They break apart once with their lips puffy, red, and swollen. Thirty-Eight takes Sara's clit in between her fingers and applies pleasure to cause Sara's mind to almost shut down.

Sara catches her around the head and wraps Thirty-Eight's head up between her thighs. She forces Thirty-Eight to be her own personal pussy slave.
"That mouth belongs right here! And don't you you forget it."

She allows Thirty-Eight's tongue to work its sinful magic for a little bit. Sara does not want her counterpart to get the better of her, at least not yet. There may be a time where it happens, but Sara vows to win tonight.

Then, she sits on Thirty-Eight's back when she's down on the bed. Sara grabs a handful of Thirty-Eight's ponytail and grinds against her.

"You're mine."

"As if you can take what's yours."

The challenge is issue and Sara slips a big thick black strap on into play. The juices Thirty-Eight spills from her soaked pussy opens up the door. And Sara opens up the door to open up Thirty-Eight's snug asshole.

"To be fair, I've always wanted to fuck myself up the ass. I just didn't think it would happen."

Sara's hands squeeze Thirty-Eight's thick butt cheeks and leave finger parts. A finger slipping into her asshole lubricates the back passage. She toys with Thirty-Eight who mumbles something.

"Sorry, sweetie, you're going to have to speak up."

"I want you to fuck me."

"Sorry?"

"I WANT YOU TO TAKE ME UP THE ASS!"

A finger buries into Thirty-Eight's ass.

"Honey, if you wanted to get your ass fucked, all you had to do was ask. And I'll be happy to. This ass is perfect for me. Perfect to be fucked."

Sara drags her cock over Thirty-Eight's tight rear. One version of Sara Lance is about to take another version up the ass. If there's not a more perfect scene, then Sara struggles to find it.

"Just enjoy it while you can..."

"Don't worry. I am enjoying it!"

One more thrust plants Sara deep into the depths of her counterpart's scrumptious ass. A snug tightness brings the toy deep into Thirty-Eight's. She pulls back and pushes into her.

"Admit it, we do have the best ass to grab and fuck...maybe Felicity's up there."

"What the hell is a Felicity?"

Guess certain people did not exist on this Earth, or maybe Felicity Thirty-Eight and Sara Thirty-Eight did not meet.

"My slutty blonde secretary with the biggest ass you've ever seen on a white girl. Maybe I'll introduce you two sometime...if you swing by for a visit. I'm sure we could break her mind."

Sara repeats her thrusts to drive into her counterparts ass. Thirty-Eight lays down face-first on the
pillow.

"You just wait..."

"Wait for you to cum? I don't think I have too much longer to wait for that, beautiful."

Sara attacks Thirty-Eight's body at the certain points. Getting nibbled on the neck when getting an anal pounding triggers Thirty-Eight just as much as it does Sara-Prime.

The pleasure makes her drive deeper and faster into Thirty-Eight. Sara rubs her own clit to allow her own body to inflame itself with passions. She keeps pushing into Thirty-Eight and rocking her entire mind.

Prime-Sara takes advantage of the burning pleasure Thirty-Eight feels to explore the doppelganger's body. Every single inch causes Sara's fingers to dance over her. Her hand skims the underside of the clone.

Thirty-Eight sits on Prime's lap with the strap on driving down onto her. A finger pushes against Thirty-Eight's nipples and keeps pleasuring her.

"You could flood a desert."

Fingers dance against Thirty-Eight's inflamed pussy and causes her to breath. A series of kisses down against the back of her head. Prime keeps working deeper and deeper inside of her.

Sara feels her pleasure increasing. The juices collect in the base of the toy. Sara keeps shoving her strap-on cock in Thirty-Eight's tight ass with a constant barrage of thrusts.

"Keep going...cum in my ass."

"Oh, naughty girl you are?"

"You know I am...and next time...you're going to be the one who takes it..."

"We'll see."

The thrusts keep building up to a peak. Every since inch of Thirty-Eight's body opens up for Sara's palms to play her. She pulls almost all the way out and plunges into her ass.

The build of their mutual, shared, orgasms increases the intensity both of them share.

Closer, Sara goes. She rubs her finger against Thirty-Eight's clit while doubling the thrusts inside of her. Pulling out and get, plunging into Thirty-Eight's tight asshole. The pressure of her cheeks tighten around them.

Finally, finally, it becomes too much for Sara to withstand. She pushes into Thirty-Eight and cums and cum shard.

Thirty-Eight closes her eyes to fully soak in the warm rush of delicious womanly juices into her ass. She hopes Sara eats her own cum out. It will be so hot.

"You're not half bad."

"You're pretty good yourself."

Sara's final words come when pushing as far into her mirror's ass and feeling the heat clamping
around her. The heat clamping around her fingers only increases the pleasure.

"Now, why don't you help me clean up?"

Thirty-Eight turns around with the mouth opening up and sucking Sara's thick cock. Sara parts the hair of her mirror-lover and forces it down her throat.

"Such a hot fucking mouth."

The fun's going to continue until Sara gets the go-ahead to leave. She kills time by face-fucking herself and it gets her off more than many things do.

End.
Fifteen Out of Eighteen Bonus Smut chapters Previously on my blog, first posted on March 20th, 2018.

A Bonding Experience(Under the Hood Blog Exclusive Lemon Featuring Sara, Laurel, and Nyssa)

The usual long night of patrol brings Sara back to the Clocktower. The Hooded Vigilante barely has enough time to catch her bearings before an extremely erotic sight visits her.

Her wife burying her face between the spread legs of her sister. Sara watches for a good ten seconds before reacting with a smile. Nyssa buries her tongue into Laurel's box. Laurel in response moans out loud. Her hands brushing against the back of Nyssa's soft and smooth hair.

Sara takes off her clothes until she's in nothing other than a thin black tank top and a pair of panties. She edges over to the bed and wonders just how long is it going to take before Nyssa and Laurel realize she's there. And wonders if she can great them in an erotic way.

Laurel's back bends as her hips rise. Nyssa shows her many talents. These many talents result in Laurel's chest rising and falling. Her nipples harden from the stimulation. The heat rising in her body increases in intensity.

A very familiar set of fingers pinches her nipples. Despite Laurel being in too much pleasure to acknowledge Sara with any verbal communication, the non verbal cues are more than enough. Sara tweaks Laurel's nipple and sends a flare through her body.

Laurel lets out several soft moans. Not only is Sara playing with her nipples, Nyssa doubles down on her pussy eating. Feeling the Daughter of the Demon go down on her makes Laurel horny enough as is. Combining that with her sister's long and vigorous nipple play.

Nyssa distracts herself in Laurel's sweet pussy. A familiar hand and touch brushes down her back. Nyssa finishes going to work on Laurel just seconds before pulling herself back up.

"Beloved."

"Hello, Nyssa."

Sara and Nyssa move in to share a kiss with each other. The taste of Laurel's juices is still fresh from Nyssa going down on her. Sara forces her tongue into Nyssa's mouth and she hungrily sucks away at said tongue. They dart their tongues back and forth, with Nyssa trying to slide her tongue deeper and gain a bit of leverage over Sara.

Laurel finds her pussy empty from the loss of Nyssa's tongue. Not to mention her sister and sister-in-law making out send a buzz through Laurel. She moves in and pushes a finger between her legs. Laurel breaths in and out to help ease some of the pleasure and the pressure building through her loins.

"I think we should join Laurel. Or maybe invite her to join us."

Sara crouches down on the bed and crawls next to her sister. The Lance sisters meet lip to lip and kiss each other. Laurel opens her mouth to allow Sara's aggressive tongue inside. Her baby sister always has a way with her wicked tongue. Laurel cups the back of Sara's head and kisses her.
Nyssa, not one to be a casual observer for long, moves closer. The Daughter of the Demon picks her spots and kisses both Laurel and Sara. Hitting several points on their beautiful bodies. A finger also darts between Sara.

"I'm glad you're here. I'd love to have both of you."

Without another word, both Sara and Laurel shift so they lie side by side. Their fingers roam without any pause. Their position leaves their pussies open for Nyssa.

Nyssa aggressively fingers both Lances. The moans and fluids pouring from them along with their tantalizing nipples call Nyssa to perform more of an attack.

"So sweet. I must have both of you."

The talented assassin shows she's as able with both her mouth and hands. She speeds up the finger fucking while almost moving in. She alternates between Sara's chest and then goes to Laurel. She keeps her head moving at a certain tempo, sucking their nipples a few more.

"F-fuck!"

Sara's wet pussy clamps down onto Nyssa's probing hand. Laurel leaning over to nip her neck adds another spread of pleasure through Sara. Her hips move up to get more of Nyssa's attention.

All of the attention Sara craves and then some more comes from Nyssa. Nyssa plants her fingers deeper and faster into Sara. Sara's breathing increases with the lust building through her. She reaches the peak and Nyssa edges her just a few steps closer.

Laurel holds on as well. She squirms underneath Nyssa's firm touch. A couple more pushes into her sends Laurel into a fit of pleasure.

Nyssa gives both of them pleasure, but her body heats up on it's own. She wants to have both sisters with their hands and mouths worshipping her body. She wishes for a third hand also to pleasure herself.

It would be an interesting conversation point. Regardless, Nyssa speeds up, burying her fingers into both of the lovely ladies. Sara and Laurel shift up, getting closer and closer to the edge.

The screams come from both of them. Their boxes ooze heavenly juices all over Nyssa's fingers. She rides out their climaxes and soaks their fingers a little bit more.

The sweet taste of Laurel and the slightly more spicy taste of Sara enter's Nyssa's mouth at the same time. The two sisters watch her devour their releases as if it's the last meal.

"Come here, you."

Sara grabs Nyssa and pulls her onto the bed. The lust Sara feels towards her beloved wife hits a huge peak. She shoves her tongue into Nyssa's mouth and kisses her with vigor.

Laurel contributes to the fun by kissing all over Nyssa as well. The talented hands of these two sisters stroke Nyssa's flesh and makes her feel so good. They hit all of the pleasure points and then push her about several steps beyond.

Another shift sends Sara over to suck Nyssa's right nipple and for Laurel to go to work on her left nipple. Nyssa rewards these two beautiful sisters for their behavior by caressing all over their bodies.
"That's amazing. That's so good. That feels so….perfect...you're both so perfect!"

There's no question about it, Sara appreciates this amount of praise coming from Nyssa. She cannot engage her thanks to the nipple firmly pressing into her mouth. Still the thought is most certainly there.

She bites down on Nyssa's stiff nipple and causes a moan to explode through her body. Nyssa brushes her hair and encourages her to keep going forward.

Laurel and Sara break free and allow Nyssa to drop down onto the bed. Sara quickly moves over.

"It's not really fair Laurel got her pussy eaten, but yet your own wife didn't."

Nyssa's not going to argue with this fact. Her mouth waters and hands move over. Sara sits on her face. The only way Nyssa can breath is to open her mouth and launch a full out erotic attack on Sara's walls.

The naughty little tongue of Nyssa al Ghul swirls around Sara's wet pussy and makes her hornier than hell. The only thing which will make her better is to watch her sister fuck her wife while Sara gets her pussy eaten out.

Laurel already on the same wavelength as Sara.

"Spread those legs because I'm going to make you sore. You're going to be thinking of me for a very long time."

Laurel decides to stand up and feed her strap on cock to Sara. The younger sister takes her older sister's addition and sucks on it while also grinding on Nyssa's face. She gets the dildo nice and wet.

Temptation hits Laurel and she cannot resist face-fucking Sara's sweet little mouth just a little bit. The tightness of her warm oral hole guides Sara in. A little bit closer, and a bit deeper as she pumps her mouth full. Sara puts a hand on Laurel's thighs and rubs them vigorously.

A tension already spreads between Laurel's legs. She indulges in the pleasures of Sara's mouth for a little bit longer. Milking it perhaps a bit longer than she should.

Sara pulls away and runs a hand over Laurel's cock. It's damp with Sara's salvia.

"I think that it's wet."

A squeeze on the cock makes Laurel shudder. The nerve center stimulation on this, interface to her body, is almost too good at times.

Laurel crouches down between Nyssa's spread legs. Her dark curls, damp with arousal, causes Laurel to move it.

"Go ahead and fuck her pussy."

No second invitation is needed. Nyssa's inviting slit calls for Laurel. Laurel accepts the charges by grabbing onto Nyssa and slamming down into her warm hole.

The tightness of Nyssa wrapping around her warm pussy makes Laurel groan. She can run her fingers over Nyssa's lovely body forever as she rides her. Laurel pulls back almost all the way and slaps her full force down onto Nyssa. Their hips grind together in a very lovely sensation.

"Sis...that's so hot!"
Sara is not going to lie. Watching Laurel work Nyssa's tight box is making hers overflow with honey. Nyssa's right with them both, slurping the juices from Sara. Sara stretches as much as possible. Nyssa puts a hand on her lower back and it slides right into position to cup Sara's ass.

The ass play and pussy eating in combination makes Sara hornier than a cat in heat. Adding in the very enticing and erotic scene of both her sister and wife going at it, and well, the energy flares between both of them. Sara holds her position.

Nyssa doubles down the oral play on Sara and also heats up with the ass play. A naughty finger slides into Sara's back passage and gets the desired reaction she wants. Sara's back passage opens up for further fun later.

Speaking of fun, Laurel goes full force on fucking Nyssa. She wants to feel all of Laurel inside of her. Their bodies become one. Nyssa tightens her grip around Laurel's soft legs. Every contour of her sexy flesh brushes against Nyssa. Her mind goes completely down with arousal.

The deeper and deeper Laurel goes, the more Nyssa is about to lose it. Nyssa runs her leg down Laurel's back and only makes her go in deeper.

"I love your legs. I love your everything."

Laurel loves this nice tight pussy with black hair sticking up over her pussy in arousal. She grabs onto Nyssa's hips and spears deeper. The warmth in their bodies get closer and closer. Laurel cannot help and do anything other than take Nyssa.

The two soak each other with Sara soaking Nyssa's face with her juicing pussy. The combined orgasmic sounds fill the air.

"Damn, Laurel! I'm so hot I want to get fucked now."

"Good, because I would like to fuck your ass."

That spicy request causes Sara to once again let it go over Nyssa's face. She slides back and allows a deep and pleasurable breath to come over her.

Laurel leans in deeper and kisses Nyssa. Like a cat, Laurel uses her tongue to lick Sara's honey from Nyssa's beautiful and sweaty face. The two women make out with each other with the kiss and the thrusting deepening.

Meanwhile, Sara pops a finger into her mouth and gets it nice and wet. She makes sure Laurel's eyes firmly lock onto her. Sara spins around on her hands and knees, ass presented firmly. She pushes her hands down and then sinks the moist finger into her hole getting it nice and wet.

"You know you want all of this."

Does Laurel ever. She finds herself coming unglued just at the thought. Nyssa's squirming body reacting to her touch helps things out as well Laurel peaks and spills juices all over Nyssa's grinding plevis.

A finger grips Nyssa's nipple and twists it. Nyssa lets out a soft moan and knows what happens next now.

Sara wiggles her ass and Laurel pulls away from Nyssa. The older sister moves in to the younger sister. Laurel puts her hands on Sara's back and rubs them against her.
"You're so sexy. I can't wait to have you."

"You can have me. But the question is can you keep me?"

Laurel just grins and kisses down Sara's back. She feels up every single inch of Sara's body. She moves in and kisses her ass cheeks. Laurel slips her tongue in between Sara's cheeks and into her puckered hole.

Nyssa watches at the sight before her. Watching her beloved take a tongue, never mind her own sisters, never fails to turn Nyssa on.

The next movement puts Laurel's soaking wet cock against Sara's ready and willing back entrance. She wraps her arms around Sara.

"Laurel."

"You like that? You like my cock grinding against your sweet little hole. You want me to fuck your ass. You want to get anal from your own sister you naughty girl?"

"You know something, I'm a naughty girl. And a horny bitch."

Another tease sends both of them closer. Laurel lines herself up with Sara's warm back entrance before sliding deep inside of her.

She fucks her sister's beautiful ass. It's perfect, built to be fucked and built to be pleasured. Laurel puts her hands on it and keeps rocking back and forth. She moves to other parts of Sara's body and gets her sister moaning. The pleasure Sara shows makes Laurel only hotter and hornier than before.

Laurel places her hands on Sara's sexy body and keeps rocking her way in. The depths she moves into Sara is stunning and very sensational. She cannot help and go to town on Sara, stretching out her tight asshole for everything that she's worth.

"It's almost like you're going to cum already."

A finger drives between Sara's thighs and feels her gushing hot pussy. Laurel shifts back and smacks into her ass. A slap onto Sara's ass causes her to moan and thrash. Laurel starts going to town on her.

Sara's nerves scream for pleasure which Laurel intends to give her. A hand brushes on the underside of Sara's breast and squeezes it. Sara holds her head back and lets out more soft, sensual sounds.

"You feel so good. Do you like cumming when your big sister fucks your ass?"

"Yes...do you like being a slut for your little sister's ass?"

Laurel grins and pushes her hands down Sara's body. She licks Sara's neck and tastes the sweet sweat oozing out of her body. Laurel rocks herself a bit closer and then pulls out.

"You know how much I like it. And I know how much I love giving it to you. Right in your ass. That's the perfect spot, Sara. You deserve to be pounded like this. And I deserve to pound you."

Off to the side, Nyssa watches the erotic show with hunger just building through her body. She wants to join in. It's just a matter of picking the right moment.

For now, Nyssa enjoys the show. The sinful display of pleasures of the flesh with a hint of incest makes Nyssa's breathing only escalate. She cannot help and let out a pleasurable moan.
"I need…"

"We'll get back to you in a minute."

Laurel works herself into Sara's back passage. She positions Sara just so her legs open up.

A grin indicates how Laurel intends to have her fun. She plants deeper and deeper into Sara. Sara impales her thick rear down onto her sister's addition.

Nyssa joins them, eating Sara's oozing pussy out. The familiar taste of her beloved sends a pleasure through her body. Nyssa slurps the flow of juices out.

The combination of Nyssa's tongue and Laurel's thrusting just builds up Sara to a heaveningly peak. Tonight's going to be a memory she's going to hold on for a long time.

"Love you both."

"We do as well…Nyssa would say so if she didn't have her mouth full."

Sara knows and understands. The tingles comes down her body and she reaches a near fever pitch. Laurel rides her ass out all the way to the end.

Laurel's muscles grew a bit more tired from hammering Sara hard. After going to town on her young sister's ass, Laurel's finally reaching the end of her road. She leans in and pushes a bit further into Sara. Her own orgasm bubbles over right before Laurel just pops in Sara's ass.

The orgasm on Laurel's part in Sara's ass triggers one for Sara. Nyssa laps up the full bounty. She finishes Sara off with her tongue and pulls back.

The three warriors wait to see who will make the next move. Barring any interruptions, they still have plenty of time to indulge in each other and plenty of ways to indulge in each other.

End.
Thea, clad in a pair of tight black spandex shorts and a sports bra, starts hammering away at a punching bag. Her aggression over the past few weeks, after all of the mess involving Artemis, HIVE, and the current roaring trade of drugs in Starling City causes Thea to pound the bag.

She's relentless, hitting each punch. Thea knows that taking out her aggression on the asshole drug dealers will likely get the anti-vigilante crowd more fuel to the fire than needed. Sampson pushed all of the wrong buttons and Thea needs an outlet to make sure she does not have those buttons pushed yet again.

Thea slams her fist into the bag and makes it rock a couple more times. She barely hears the sound of someone coming up from the elevator. In an instant, Thea turns herself around and comes face to face with the one and only Barbara Gordon who comes up with a smile. She wears a pair of blue jeans and a black tank top which looks pretty good on her. And not just because the adrenaline is pumping through Thea's body.

"Hey, Babs. Can I do something for you?"

"Just wanting to see if Laurel and Sara are around."

"Out dealing with something."

"You look tense."

Thea nods and sighs.

"I do more than look it. It's just after everything that's happened over the past year or so…."

Barbara moves over and puts her hand on Thea's shoulder.

"I understand. But, you know we're all here for you if you want an outlet for your aggression."

Thea understands the invitation and decides to accept it, kissing Barbara on the lips instantly. Barbara opens her mouth to allow Thea's aggressive tongue to go deep inside. Cupping the back of Thea's head allows Barbara to control the kiss somewhat, although Thea remains frantic and aggressive.

Their lips keep smashing together with Barbara only trying to push her tongue in. Thea pulls back and nibbles Barbara's lips. Without warning, Thea leaps into Barbara's arms and wraps her legs against the waist of the beautiful woman. The two keep kissing each other, mouths molding together, tongues dueling for an aggression.

Barbara drops onto one of the chairs in the Clocktower gym. It bends back slightly, with Thea reaching down and slipping Barbara's shirt off of her Barbara. Thea gazes upon Barbara's chest with a smile.

"I can't wait to play with these."
"Why wait? Help yourself."

Thea deftly undoes Barbara's bra and brings her two round breasts out into the open. A hand cups the underside of them and a squeeze sends Barbara's desire shooting up another wave or two. Thea slips a finger down the front of Barbara's jeans as well and undoes it.

The next thing Barbara knows, Thea has her in nothing other than a pair of thong panties after slipping her jeans down. Thea rises up, grabs Barbara's face, and aggressively kisses away at her. Thea strokes the back of Barbara's neck and Barbara returns the fire by kissing Thea.

Thea moves down Barbara's body and worships every last inch of her until reaching the line of her panties. Thea kisses her panties and tastes Barbara's arousal the sound she soaks it through.

"I'm hungry."

"Time for you to feed then."

A quick hand by the billionaire heiress makes Barbara's panties come down. A small strip of red hair, wet with arousal, entices Thea a little bit. Thea presses her finger down onto the edge of Barbara's slit and edges it inside of her. She leans in and kisses her all over.

The taste of Barbara's juices make this a very enticing appetizer for Thea. She goes between Barbara's thighs and starts eating her out with intensity. Barbara puts a hand on the back of Thea's head and guides her in.

The younger woman shows just how much energy she has by going down on Barbara and hitting all of the key points in her body. Sexual energy just spills from Barbara as quickly as her juices down. Barbara swirls her hips back and continues the guiding of Thea down her warm hole.

"Good girl. That's the spot."

Thea shows Barbara just how good of a girl she is and how good of a pussy eater she is. She goes down repeatedly on Barbara and sends waves of pleasure over her. Barbara cups her chest and releases her breasts in a constant amount of intense squeezing. She peers down lovingly into Thea's eyes.

Thea keeps that super-charged emotion, the raw emotion which gets her off, going by continuing her intense devouring of Barbara Gordon's womanhood. The older, sexy, redhead squirts into Thea's mouth. Thea holds on tight and worms her tongue around her slit prior to pulling all the way out.

A finger drives deep inside of Barbara's warm gushing pussy, then a second finger goes inside of her. A third finger is inside of her and Thea's working Barbara to a feverish explosion. The rush of her loins continue right before Thea pulls back and then dives right in.

Thea's munching away at her and sending Barbara through multiple orgasms one right after another. Back to back, Barbara puts a hand on her head and guides her pussy onto Thea's mouth.

The second Barbara comes is when Thea sucks down the juices. She pulls back and the grin is not coming off of her face any time soon.

Thea undoes her sports bra, pulls down her shorts, and removes her thong. A very sweaty and very horny Thea Queen moves closer to Barbara.

"I'm going to take you right now."
"You can try."

The chair leans back and forms into a makeshift bed. Thea gets on top of Barbara and straddles her. Several hungry kisses follow with Thea commencing with the worship of every inch of Barbara's sexy frame. She wants this body and wants to devour it in the worst possible way. Thea cups Barbara's chest and releases her breasts from her very hands on and very skilled approach.

"Mmm...mmm..."

Thea mounts the older woman and starts attacking her. The second their pussies stick together, is the second they feel really good. Barbara holds her legs around the back of Thea's thighs and pulls her in.

"I want to eat your pussy too."

"Oh, you do, don't you?"

Thea actually wants to see if she can get the great Barbara Gordon to beg for the right to eat her pussy out. This is how sexually frustrated she is. She ramps up her assault on Barbara's chest and makes sure sexual frustration is the power.

"I want it...more than anything. I bet you taste sweet."

"I know I taste sweet. Maybe if you're lucky...maybe if you make me cum again....I'll let you put your sweet little lips on my pussy."

Thea leans into her, laying on top of Barbara. She presses chest to chest with the stunning redhead.

"Would you like that? Would you like your sweet lips on mine? Would you like to poke that dirty little tongue in my hole and eat me out? I bet you would like that."

The aggressive humping of Barbara continues on Thea's part. Barbara holds onto her and starts panting. The sweat coating her body is amazing. Thea grips Barbara's nipples in her fingers and pulls on them. A tug just shows how tall those nipples stand right before Thea releases them.

"Yes! Please! Let me eat your pussy."

Barbara's legs wrap around Thea and the two grind at each other. How to hit the right nerve endings is something both of them know all too much about. Thea presses up against Barbara and allows their juices to flow.

With a smile, Thea rises up from Barbara and rubs her moist lips. Thea stands in front of Barbara's mouth and grabs her hair.

"You know what to do."

Barbara does indeed know what to do. She moves between Thea's toned thighs and starts eating up the sexy brunette. Barbara cannot resist grabbing of Thea's tight ass and clenching it hard.

Admittedly so, Thea does nothing to correct her behavior. So, Barbara goes down on Thea and devours her. Getting her pussy nice and wet for Barbara to taste and to enjoy.

Thea's enjoying it as well.

"Laurel and Sara....they are right to say you're good. You're one of the best."
Felicity knew how to eat a good pussy as well, and Thea had the woman trained to be at her beck and call. The brainy girls, always knew how to please, all they needed is the right amount of motivation. Thea swings her hips at Barbara and makes sure to shove the woman's face.

Barbara makes her skin burn with arousal. Thea's flushed face, perky nipples, and dripping pussy tells the story. She knows Barbara will make sure she feels good in every single way possible. Her tongue keeps dancing and shoving deep into her warm and waiting hole.

Then, Thea breaks and cums all over Barbara's face. She pulls away and leans down to kiss the spunky redhead on the lips, tasting her own juices.

"That's just part one. We're going to have even more fun now since you're here to help relieve my...frustration."

Barbara nods with a smile and Thea pinches her clit hard. In a blink of an eye, Thea moves over to retrieve a strap on from a filing cabinet on the other side. The next thing she knows, Barbara stares face to face with Thea positioning the cock in one hand and applying a fair amount of oil to the palm of her hand with the other.

The visual of Thea jerking her cock with an oily hand makes Barbara want to spread her legs.

"Good, you already know my game. I'm going to fuck your brains out. And given how you're one of the most brilliant women I know, we're in for the long hall."

Thea mounts Barbara one more time and kisses her madly. Barbara returns to the kiss, both of the women losing themselves in what's happened. Nails brush down the skin, digging into all parts of the body. Thea grinds her slick prick against Barbara's accommodating open and makes her open up wide for her. Thea rises up and slams down into Barbara, stuffing her womanhood full.

The younger Queen sibling fucking Barbara makes her mind go completely wil. Thea dives into her chest and devours Barbara's round breasts. Thea rubs her chest and then kisses on it while also burying her face in between Barbara. Thea's hands move in to cup Barbara's ass as it rises up in the chair. This gives Thea a fair amount of leverage to fuck the girl even more.

The sensors in the strap on make Thea enjoy Barbara's snug tightness as much as humanly possible. She feels her arousal building up. She keeps touching Barbara in all of the spots which she begins to think drives Barbara completely and fully over the edge.

The sensual sounds push Thea on to pounding Barbara relentlessly. She keeps rising up and driving down into Barbara. Over and over again Thea works Barbara's body until the exact point where she cannot hold on anymore.

"Cum for me, you sexy bitch."

Barbara obeys her words and Thea rewards her compliance. She keeps slamming deep into Barbara and making her breath heavily. Thea rolls her hands all over Barbara's chest and squeezes her breasts before releasing them out of her hands. Thea is back into Barbara and making her moan out in endless delight.

"And again."

The pleasure building through Barbara leading to a more powerful orgasm prompts Thea to ride this one out all of the way. Thea cups every inch of Barbara's body she can grab. The fact she receives such an amazing release makes Barbara glad Thea has this aggression to reveal.
Thea comes alongside Barbara the next time around. She pulls away from Barbara and rams herself inside of her. A constant wave of pleasure hits both of them.

"That was amazing."

Thea pulls away from Barbara and kisses her lips. A wicked smile spreads over her face.

"Oh, the fun is just beginning."

Turning Barbara slightly allows Thea to put her hands on Barbara's backside and squeezes it. A hand slips into Barbara's tight asshole and causes her to squeal. Thea just grins and kisses the side of Barbara's neck. She moves all over her body, covering Barbara with a constant barrage of kisses.

A few more pushes on Barbara's warm cheeks causes Thea to get closer. She's almost between Barbara's asshole and the nuzzles against it. Thea slurps Barbara's taboo back hole and causes a tingle to come down her body. She fingers Barbara's vagina and licks her asshole at the same time.

Thea rolls Barbara over so she presses face down on the chair. She leans into Barbara and cups her cheeks to squeeze them. A firm slap causes Barbara's ass to jiggle. Barbara closes her eyes.

"It's time. I'm going to take that ass. I have a lot of aggression to work out.

The slick dildo moves at the edge of Barbara's hole. Thea opens her up and guides her cock inside. Barbara howls in a combination of pleasure and pain. Thea pulls out and applies a bit more moisture to Barbara's tight back hole before easing her way back inside of her ass.

Thea swats Barbara's ass and causes her to moan. The young brunette fucks the older redhead in earnest. Thea's plowing away at Barbara's ass and taking her anally.

"Beg me to fuck you harder."

"Please! Fuck me harder! You're perfect."

A buzz comes over her. Thea keeps repeatedly and endlessly pounding away at her. She puts in some time into working Barbara's asshole and causing her to scream out in pleasure.

Thea enjoys the feeling of Barbara's back passage squeezing her. She enjoys fucking Barbara's greedy little hole. Watching her cock disappear into Barbara's tight back hole, almost slurping her up. Thea licks her lips and continues to hammer her in the ass.

Taking another woman anally is something which gets Thea off. Thea gets very grabby on Barbara's body and gropes every inch of her. She switches to spanking her.

"You look so sexy. Sorry, but I can't control myself."

Not really sorry enough for Thea to quit pounding Barbara's asshole. She keeps hammering away and working Barbara over on a constant basis. She goes in all the way and pulls Barbara's ponytail before driving into it.

"You like that. You like getting your hair pulled when I fuck you up the ass. I'm going to fuck your ass until it's raw."

She slams faster and deeper into Barbara. Thea's hands push all over Barbara's chest and milks her round tits while edging herself in Barbara's ass.

"Shit. I'm getting close."
Thea drives into Barbara and makes sure to feel her up. She fingers Barbara while fucking her ass. Barbara's entire body flares up the deeper that Thea hammers her. The two are about ready to break together.

Barbara breaks first and Thea rides her out all the way. Her gingers dig into Barbara and enjoys the gushing of Barbara's pussy around her fingers. Thea hammers repeatedly and drives deeper and deeper into Barbara, riding her out until she cums as well of her.

She collapses onto Barbara, arms wrapping around her. Thea breaths heavily, enjoying the feel of Barbara's ass pressing against her groin. The strap on is firmly in place.

"Let's see what other fun we can get up to tonight...unless you're not up to it."

Barbara's breathing increases a few seconds later before she responds.

"Just give me a minute."

Some things are worth the wait.

End.

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