

[Kent Nelson POV] [Injustice]

[Moments after Canary's Death]

As I neared Dinah's body, the life gone from her eyes, I could feel two immeasurable energies clashing against one another beyond the reach of this world. Rage and fear, clashing against one another in a battle that threatened to consume everything.

Even from down here, their battle echoed untold destruction.

"That kid," I muttered as I stared into the sky. "He's going to destroy everything."

This rage... it wasn't normal. It went beyond anything I'd ever felt before; it was all-consuming, all-encompassing. It was suffocating to feel. No matter how much he felt he had lost, his rage shouldn't have been like this; something wasn't right.

I focused my senses on him and felt a faint shade of magic, something dark and corrupting, seeping into his soul.

"What is that?" I whispered, giving Dinah's body a look.

She had been the catalyst for this, her death had sent him over the edge, and now a dark, mysterious power was corrupting him, it felt old, very old, and it was incredibly powerful.

I had to find out what was corrupting him and how to stop it before it consumed him entirely. He was already teetering on the brink of insanity, and if this power took hold of him completely, there would be no coming back from it.

But first.

I had to save Dinah while I still had the time.

**-You will not!**- Nabu screamed inside my head.

I grit my teeth and pushed forward. "I have been a loyal follower of your cause since my wife died, but I'm afraid today I will defy fate, old friend."

***-You cannot defy fate! She was destined to die, and you can't alter that. We are order! And what you are about to do, is a desecration to the balance of life and death! is CHAOS!-***

"Don't mistake things, old friend, you are order. I'm just a human, and we are as chaotic as can be," I replied as I reached Dinah's body. There I sat before taking a deep breath, where I started drawing a few magic sigils in the air then, as I had completed the sigils, a powerful surge of energy coursed through my body before blasting Dinah's body, claiming back

her soul by setting her in golden flames of resurrection, the flames of life.

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[Rachel Roth - Raven - POV ]

[Young Justice]

No matter how much I researched in the Tower of Fate, how much I experimented by myself, no matter what I did, my goal would remain just out of reach.

I had read every book on transdimensional travel, I had tried every summoning spell I could find or make, but no matter what I did, the result would be the same, David would remain trapped in whatever dark corner of the cosmos he had been sent to.

At this point, it felt like I was just flailing in the dark, grasping at straws.

"Raven," Miss Martian entered the room.

I hadn't noticed her.

I guess I can't be bothered to feel other's emotions when my own are so heavy.

"What are you doing here?" I asked, not bothering to look at her.

"The others wanted me to check up on you," Miss Martian said hesitantly. "You've been in here for over a month."

"I'm fine; you can go," I replied, my voice cold.

"Raven, you're not," Miss Martian said as she came closer. "You need to eat; you need to sleep. You can't keep going like this."

"Do I need to remind you that I'm no longer a member of the team?" I replied, finally turning to look at her.

"It matters to us because we care about you; you're still our friend," Miss Martian said pleadingly. "Please, just come out and talk to us; we're worried about you."

"I have little time to waste as it is, and none of that time includes talking to any of you," I replied before turning back to my work.

"You're not the only one that misses him, you know?" Miss Martian said, hurt evident in her voice. "I'll be back in a week to check on you. We're not going to give up on you; Bolt wouldn't like that, would he?"

I stayed silent as Miss Martian left the room, her words bouncing around in my head.

I wasn't the only one that missed him?

I knew that.

But nobody missed him like I did.

We were each other's anchors; we were the only ones that truly understood each other. And now he was gone, taken from me by the very thing I had sworn to protect him from.

I failed him, and I would never forgive myself for it.

They only knew the version of him that he had learned to play; they only knew the mask, not the one behind it. But I knew him, all of him. I had seen him at his weakest, his darkest, just as he had seen me, the one beneath the facade.

"I'm sorry, David," I whispered into the empty room, a tear rolling down my cheek. "I'm sorry I couldn't save you when it

mattered, but just wait; I will get you out of there in no time, I promise."

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[Superboy POV]

[Young Justice POV]

I stared into the sky, waiting for M'gann to come back from her weekly visit to Raven. Hopefully, this time it would bear better results. It had been a while since Bolt had disappeared, and there hasn't been a day since where I don't think about him.

I missed him.

Perhaps M'gann was right, and he was my best friend.

I wouldn't know.

I wasn't the best with all that mushy stuff, but then again, I guess that was why we got along so well. He was always

straightforward with me, he understood me without me having to explain, he wasn't afraid of me, in fact, the bastard challenged me on my bullshit.

I miss our spars.

Taking a deep breath, I heard a set of footsteps approaching from behind.

I turned to see M'gann walking towards me, a sad look on her face.

"How did it go?" I asked, already knowing the answer.

"No better than last time," M'gann replied with a downcast expression. "She's still consumed with saving Bolt no matter the cost... She barely touched the food I brought her last week."

"What about water?" I asked, concerned.

"She drinks it, but not as much as she should," M'gann replied. "I'm worried about her."

"We all are," I said, running a hand through my hair in frustration. I hated this; I hated problems I couldn't punch away! "But what can we do? She's not going to listen to us."

"Bolt would know what to do," M'gann said quietly.

"He would," I replied as I walked with M'gann back to her ship.

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[Batman POV]

[Young Justice]

I stared at the file in front of me, and it was yet another dead end. I had been searching for any lead that could help me reach David's whereabouts, but magical or not, all leads led to the same dead end; it was as if he had vanished into thin air.

But I would not give up. I knew he was alive.

Giovanni had suggested more than once that he could very well be dead, as he had dealt with Klarion of all villains, one known for his extreme cruelty. However, I refused to humor such an option.



"Anything?" Dinah's voice snapped me back into the room

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Closing the file I had open on my PC, I turned to see her and Oliver walking toward me as Alfred closed the door behind them, both of them with hopeful expressions.

I shook my head in reply, their faces falling in disappointment.

"Constantine is working with a contact of his to bring David back," I said, trying to reassure them.

"He has been doing that for weeks!" Oliver exclaimed. "We can't just sit here and do nothing!"

"I know," I replied. "But unfortunately, we have to trust John; he knows what he's doing."

"Trust John?!" Oliver exclaimed. "Have you seen the guy!? He reeks of cheap booze and disappointment!"

"Constantine's contacts in the magical world are vast, immensely vast, and while at times he has been more than unreliable, he always delivers when it truly matters," I replied, a part of me wondering if I was saying this to them, or to convince myself Constantine would actually come through this time.

"Oliver, I know you miss him," Dinah said, placing a hand on his arm to calm him down. "And while I don't like it, Constantine is our best hope right now."

"I know," Oliver said, sighing in frustration as he ran a hand through his hair. "It's just... I feel so helpless."

"We all do," I said, understanding his frustration.

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## [John Constantine - POV]

### [Young Justice]

I stared at the lousy bartender as she wiped down the bar, trying to ignore the fact that my drink hadn't been served yet, or that Lucifer hadn't come as he had promised he would. For bloody sake, I had been waiting for hours, and so far, it had been a giant waste of time.

"Constantine, what a surprise," The cocky and unmistakable voice of Lucifer got my attention as he walked towards my table, a smirk on his face.

"Surprise? Are you daft?! You set this meeting!" I exclaimed, standing up from my chair. "Where the bloody hell have you been?!"

"Feisty as always," Lucifer said, holding his hands up in a placating manner. "I was busy entertaining two lovely twins."

I glared at him. "You promised to help a long time ago. Last time I checked, the devil's word was something you could trust, so what happened?"

Lucifer chuckled as the bartender brought him a drink. "I promised I would help and help I will. Or should I say I already did?"

I paused at this, staring at him. "What do you mean?"

Lucifer grinned, winking at me. "Well, you asked for help bringing him back. So, I set a few events that will ensure a certain goth lady brings him back, eventually."

"That wasn't the deal!" I replied, slamming my fist on my table.

Lucifer smiled at me. "You said, and I quote, help me bring him back. You never say how. Honestly, you should know by now I enjoy playing with you. Besides, the kid is fine, mostly... going through a rage stage, but who hasn't?"

"I know you don't like me," I sighed, my eyes growing tired.  
"But don't take it on the kid."

Lucifer's smirk softened a bit as he took a sip of his drink. "I don't know what impression of me you have, Constantine, but I don't torture innocents."

I stared at him for a long moment. "I know this sounds stupid, but is someone bigger than you pulling the strings?"

"You mean him? Ha! I wish! That would make this little deal of ours more enticing, but no," Lucifer snorted, putting his drink back on the table. "He can't be bothered to help anyone; it's all part of his big plan, mysterious ways my ass, blah blah."

"Alright then... then why the FUCK, don't you open a portal and bring the kid back here?" I nearly shouted.

"His destiny is bigger than you could possibly imagine, Constantine," Lucifer sighed, his fingers tapping on the table, one after the other. "I checked with Destiny just to be sure, and well, to make the story short, the kid is writing his own chapters. If I bring him back now, I would be doing what I hate the most, taking his free will, rewriting his chapters by my own hand. Instead, I decided to aid what was already destined to happen, to happen faster."

The Kid was doing FUCKING WHAT?!

"That's impossible, Lucifer," I replied, my mind still processing what he had said. "He's a mortal, only the Endless and..."

Lucifer interrupted me. "Only the Endless, to an extent, and primordial beings can alter their own destiny, I know. That's what makes this kid fascinating."

"Can you tell me at least what destiny awaits the kid?" I asked, trying to get more information.

"But friend! That would spoil the audience," Lucifer winked before taking another sip of his drink.