

M'gann and I came back from our lunch and shopping trip a few hours later. After that, rest of the day was quiet, with M'gann putting off baking for another day. I gave her some space, though we remained psychically connected. She would occasionally mentally bump against me, and I would respond with a smile and a mental bump in return. Still, she had a lot going on in her head and wanted some time to think everything through, including what she was going to tell the team. I insisted that she didn't need to worry about that, relating it to personal medical history, or what someone looked like naked. What her "True" form was was up to her, and nobody else's business.

When the next day came around, she explained she had plans to talk with her uncle, taking Bioshop out sometime after breakfast. I made honey and cinnamon oatmeal for everyone before seeing her off from the hanger. We shared a long hug before she left, Bioship pulling out of the hanger and zipping away, cloaking before she was fully out of the mountains shadow.

The rest of the morning was spent down in the grotto, working on my forms and my endurance. I managed to make a pretty spherical ball, before keeping it in the air for a full ten seconds with my open palm. I was making serious progress.

After I was done with my practice I headed back up to my room for a shower, before heading to the common area just in time to meet Superboy. He was walking to the main chamber, a book in his hand and a slightly apprehensive look on his face.

"Hey, what's up?" I asked as he turned to me, stopping in the hallway.

"I have an appointment at Star Labs." He said simply.

"Star Labs? What for?"

"They are going to give me a medical exam." Superboy explained. "I haven't had one before, at least not that I can remember. Star Labs is the only place that has real experience with kryptonian biology. Would you-"

"Recognized. Black Canary. One three." The Zeta-Tube announced, a flash of light barely visible from the hallway they were standing in.

Superboy gestured with his head before continuing to the main chamber and I followed behind him, letting out a mental sigh. I found myself almost instinctively reaching out to communicate mentally with M'gann.

"Superboy, Skarn, good to see you both." Canary said as we met halfway, focusing on Superboy with a frown. "Superboy, before we leave for Star Labs, the Justice League owes you an apology."

"What for?" Superboy asked, raising an eyebrow.

“While your creation wasn't something we knew about, as adults we had an obligation to you, as a minor, to make sure you got the support you needed. Unfortunately the fact that you don't have an official legal guardian, or the fact that we never gave you a full medical check up got lost in the cracks.”

“I don't need a guardian.” He said with teenage confidence. “I can take care of myself.”

“Thats-”

“Superboy, at our age having a guardian isn't about making sure you remember to feed yourself or remember to take a shower.” I said, cutting Black Canary off before she tried to force him into it. “It's more about having someone with another point of view, someone who can support your ideas, help you figure out what you want.”

For a moment he looked like he was going to respond negatively, only to look down at his book. I didn't recognize the blue and white hardcover, though it did look vaguely familiar. After a moment he looked back up at me and nodded, turning back to Black Canary.

“Who would it be?” He asked.

“We have a few people, a couple and a family who volunteered.” She explained. “You can meet one, maybe two of them after we get you to Star Labs, and the rest tomorrow.”

“Will I have to live with them?”

“All of the volunteers are flexible and understand that your situation isn't exactly normal.”

“You need to do what's good for you, Superboy.” I stepped up behind Superboy and patted his shoulder. “The team will be here either way.”

He looked at me for a moment, before nodding and smiling before

“Yeah, would it be alright if Warren came with us to Star Labs at least?” Superboy asked, giving me a look. “If he isn't busy?”

“He is welcome to.” Black Canary said with a smile. “I think that he wanted to talk to me anyway.”

“Yeah, I do.” I said simply before patting Superboy on the shoulder again, taking my hand off his shoulder afterwards. “Sure Superboy, I'll come with you. Let me leave a note for M'gann and grab my jacket.”

I quickly headed through the base to my room, threw on my new leather jacket and wrote out a note. I pull on my baseball cap and run out to the hanger at a jog, attaching the note to the hangar controls to make sure it was impossible to miss.

“Alright, I’m all set.”

The three of us head to the Zeta-Tube, pausing while Black Canary types in a few things to the computer. We stepped through the Zeta-Tube and were zapped to a clean white room, two armed security guards posted at the security door opposite of the Zeta-Tube machine. A third person stood on the other side of the doors, smiling when they saw us. After a quick check by the security guards we were allowed through the thick doors.

“Hello Black Canary. This must be Superboy?” The lab coat dressed woman asked, reaching out to shake our hands.

The woman was on the shorter side, with short black hair that just brushed against her shoulders. She had a personable smile as she shook everyone’s hands.

“Yes, and this is Skarn. Superboy asked him to accompany us.”

“That’s not a problem, we shouldn’t be going into any restricted areas today anyway.” She said, shaking my hand before stepping back. “My name is Dr. Stullner, I am one of Star Laboratories biologists that focus on xenobiology, specifically kryptonian.”

“Thank you for seeing us on such short notice.” Black Canary said, Superboy nodding in agreement.

“Of course, we are happy to help the Justice League.” She said with a smile, turning and walking to the nearest doorway. “If you’ll just follow me, we have an examination room set aside for you.”

The doctor led us through the facility, ending in a large room. Everything was white, sterile and extremely high tech. To one side of the room was some sort of examination table, with various arms, scanners and readouts hung from the ceiling above it as well as locked to the floor around it. The other side of the room were a few chairs, a small table and some large cabinets. It looked like a doctor’s office from a science fiction movie. I couldn’t help but shake my head as we walked in. I noticed a thick window off to the side, some sort of examination room.

“First I’d like to ask some questions. Some of these might be considered invasive so I’d ask Skarn and Black Canary to step into the observation room. The connecting sound system is off, so you won’t be able to hear anything.”

Black Canary and I nodded before heading out, taking a seat in the smaller room. It was built to survive a blast, the windows were around five inches thick and they were reinforced by solid metal supports. We could both easily see the doctor and Superboy, though we could not hear them.

"I suppose now is a good time to talk about what you wanted to discuss." Black Canary said after a moment.

She was smiling amicably, which I couldn't help but find annoying. It had taken almost five days for this conversation to happen and she didn't look very apologetic about it.

"I just had some questions about our training schedule, what your plans were, what sort of things you would be teaching."

"Well, I planned to introduce some Judo throws to those of you who don't have real martial arts training." She explained. "It is relatively easy to learn in small pieces and is perfect for fighting larger, more powerful opponents."

"That makes sense. What else?"

"Well, we would meet at least once or twice a week for the team to spar and learn more."

I waited for a moment, expecting her to continue, turning back to her when she didn't. She looked at me, slowly realizing that that hadn't been what I was looking for.

"That's it?" I asked. "Some basic Judo once or twice a week?"

"What else would you have in mind?"

In my head I went over what I could say. The group was planning on meeting in the next few days to make the final vote for the team plan, which meant pushing for anything right now was pointless.

"I'm not exactly sure to be honest." I said with a shrug, turning back to look into the exam room.

After a moment I pulled out my phone and sent a text to Wally, Kaldur and Robin, complaining that Canary's idea of training was ridiculously small. It was slightly manipulative to hit the "they aren't taking us seriously" button like this, especially when I knew how sore that particular subject was already. The only reason that I felt alright doing it was that it was the truth, it really did seem like Black Canary wasn't taking our training seriously. A few minutes of texting later and Dr. Stuller waved us back in.

As we walked back into the room Superboy was pulling off his shirt and making his way to the examination table. He climbed on and laid back, several machines spinning down from the ceiling.

“First we will be taking a blood sample.” Dr Stuller explained, taking a small box from a table and carrying it to the examination table, standing beside a now laying down Superboy. “I won’t sugar coat this Superboy, this won’t be fun. In order to get through your skin we will have to use a Kryptonite tipped syringe. This particular one is part of a medical kit we designed to specifically treat Superman should he ever need surgery.”

“He’s never needed it before?” I asked as the doctor

“He has, though not at this location.” Dr. Stuller answered. “In truth Superman treats most of his injuries at an unknown location. Treatment at a Star Labs would be a last resort.”

As the doctor began the process of drawing blood, Superboy grunted as the kryptonite needle pierced his arm, drew three vials of blood and was removed. The needle was quickly placed back into the box, and the three vials placed in a small transport container and taken away by another worker.

From there the doctor ran through a dozen or so scans, various machines coming down from the ceiling or pushed out from the wall to examine Superboy’s body. In total they spent an hour running what seemed like dozens of scans. They took a cheek swab when the scans were done, all the while Superboy remained perfectly stoic. When everything was done, he climbed off the examination table and put his shirt back on.

“Alright. We didn’t find any immediate issues, not that we expected to find any. We will process the scans and analyze the samples you gave us. With any luck we will find out why your powers aren’t as powerful as they should be.”

“Are you going to ask Superman?” Superboy asked.

“Superman... doesn’t usually answer questions about kryptonian genetics or technology” Dr Stuller admitted. “He has shared a few pieces of technology, including some of the scanners we just used to examine you. I believe you would have better luck asking him than we would.”

I winced as she said that, watching Superboy scowl for a moment. The doctor missed it however, and began to lead us back to the Zeta Tube teleporter.

“We will be in touch with the League in the next few days to share our findings.” The doctor said as we walked.

“Why?” I asked, frowning now. “This was a doctor’s appointment, doesn’t this fall under doctor patient confidentiality?”

Dr. Stuller looked shocked for a moment before it shifted to concern, looking to Black Canary, who also looked worried.

"You're absolutely correct, I apologize." She responded with a nod. "Who would we send the result to then?"

"With any luck Superboy will have a proper guardian in the next few days." Black Canary said. "He can return with them or the League will help transfer the data over. Confidentially."

"Thank you." Superboy said with a small smile, giving me a nod.

"Of course." The doctor responded with her own smile. "Have a good afternoon."

-----

I returned to the cave alone not long after that, Superboy and Black Canary heading off to meet Superboy's first potential guardian. I was still shocked that they hadn't thought of that, and that this was Superboy's first medical examination. Shaking my head I made my way to the kitchen to make myself a late lunch.

Most of the way through my sandwich I felt M'gann's, mind reaching out to mine, connecting as she got close enough to the mountain.

*"Welcome back."* I thought to her, smiling at her mental hug.

*"Hey Warren."* She thought back, her mental presence happier than it had been before she left. She felt more upbeat, though still a bit anxious underneath. *"I'm just landing, I'll be in in a minute."*

*"Alright. Ignore the note on the hangar control panel."*

A few minutes later M'gann walked into the kitchen area, just as I was cleaning my plate. I turned to look at her with a small smile.

*"How do you feel?"* I asked, leaning back on the counter.

*"I feel... okay. I'm still anxious about other people finding out but..."* She said after a pause, her arm crossed in front of herself to hold her other arm. *"Uncle J'onk helped me run through some meditation and we talked about my feelings about my true form. He agreed with you by the way, that I don't owe it to anyone to reveal what my Martian form looks like."*

*"It's your body."* I said with a nod. *"And I'm glad you're feeling better."*

M'gann smiled at me before looking around, her eyes glowing for a moment.

*"Where is Superboy?"*

*"He is with Black Canary."* I said, my annoyance bubbling for a moment, plenty long enough for M'gann to notice, not that I was trying to keep it to myself.

*"What's wrong?"* She asked, her head quirked to the side a bit.

*"The Justice League is really dropping the ball when it comes to Superboy."* I said, shaking my head. *"They hadn't even started the process of finding him a guardian, and they hadn't gotten him a proper medical examination. Do you know he has super speed, like Superman, but it hurts when he uses it? Apparently not a small amount either."*

*"That's... Why not?"*

*"Canary said he just fell through the cracks. We went to Star Labs for an examination, while you were gone. They are meeting potential legal guardians now, about a week late."* I explained, my frustration clear. *"Canary's training is going to be a joke by the way. She plans on meeting once or twice a week to teach a little Judo and spar."*

*"I'm not familiar with Judo but... once or twice a week seems a little low. Especially compared to what you were talking about."*

*"Yeah. We need to get the team together and do our final vote because there is no way this team is going to achieve anything impressive like that."*

I could feel my annoyance starting to rise, slowly shifting into actual anger. I took a deep breath, closing my eyes for a moment and rubbing my face.

*"Sorry, Superboy's situation is just getting on my nerves."* I admitted, rubbing the back of my head. *"I'm glad they are finally taking the right steps but it took me asking a simple question for them to realize something was wrong. Not exactly inspiring confidence."*

M'gann nodded and stepped closer, leaning back on the kitchen island, right across from me.

*"They are only human."* M'gann pointed out, only to giggle. *"Well, some of them are anyway."*

I smiled, chuckling as I nodded before checking the time.

*“Hey, I was going to start doing some research online, looking for people who might be a good fit to join the team. You want to help?”*

*“Yeah, sure!”*

*“Alright, let's grab a snack and go to the library. There are a few computers there we can use.”*

M'gann nodded and floated a bag of potato chips from the cabinet while I grabbed two soda's before we both headed down to the library. Once there we found a spot along the main table, which was set up with a few projected computers. We sat down next to each other and I pulled up the Justice League database, finding the section of unaffiliated vigilantes and heroes.

*“We should start with what the League knows, and if we don't find enough candidates we can start looking through news reports.”*

*“Is there an age range we are sticking to?”* She asked, scrolling through the list to get a feel for its size.

*“Anyone around our age or the equivalent.”* I said with a shrug.

M'gann nodded, turning to her projection with a smile, while I focused on mine. We worked through the League files, making our own third list of potential candidates on a notepad.