

Batman's interrogation, because that's what it felt like, lasted for a few hours. He asked about my old life, about every detail of my current life in Central City, and everything I knew about my powers. He was particularly interested in what could be learned from the super soldier serum, and whether it could be copied from my blood. I explained that technically it could, but it required a special type of radiation exposure to be fully effective and safe. Further it's not a simple extraction, it would require tons of experimentation and trials, meaning you would need a constant source of my blood, namely me.

The questions continued after that, some even repeated a few times, though they shifted in the exact wording. I'm pretty sure he was attempting to catch me off guard and mess me up but my memory was so good from the serum I had no trouble keeping my story straight. Not that I needed to worry about that to begin with.

At some point the Flash zipped away for a while, returning about twenty minutes later, munching on a slice of pizza, passing me a paper plate with a slice. I accepted the plate before happily munching on the greasy goodness. The fact that I could enjoy a greek style pizza, which was my favorite style, without a foreign part of my mind wishing it was New York pizza was not lost on me.

"There was a car chase across town." He explained, already finished with his slice. Batman gave him a glare but gave me enough time to finish before starting again.

When Batman finally stood up, the interrogation finally over, he looked over at Flash and nodded, before looking back at me.

"We will be in touch." He said simply, before turning and leaving without another word.

"See? A big softy." Flash said, standing from his chair and stepping closer, reaching out his hand, which I shook. "I want to thank you again, and apologize. Me and Kid Flash should have done a better job at sweeping the area before we started messing around. That kind of behavior is not okay when civilians are in harm's way. If we had known..."

The Flash trailed off, a grimace on his face. He was clearly upset with himself.

"It was our fault that you needed to get involved at all. The league is covering your medical bills completely. All you have to do is walk out when the doctor says you're ready."

"Thank you Flash. I appreciate that, there is no way I could afford it. But you don't have to blame yourself. Captain Cold decided to wildy fire a dangerous weapon around, not you. I'm just glad I was there to stop him from hurting that kid."

"You said you have an apartment, right?" Flash asked, still standing next to my bed. "How do you afford that? Batman said you don't have any financial records or anything."

"I work a lot of odd jobs." I explained. "You missed it but I explained to Batman that back home... I was working under my dad as a mechanic. I wasn't amazing but I can check the basics, change the oil, rotate tires. I work at a mechanics shop here in town, getting paid under the table, and my landlord lets me pay under the table as long as I pay a little extra. Let's just say I've been really testing the limits of my enhanced stamina."

"Thats..."

"I know, it wasn't much but I was still figuring things out, all while struggling to hold on to myself." I explained, feeling a bit embarrassed about how little progress I had made. "I-"

"No kid, that's not what I meant." Flash corrected, his hand on my shoulder. "You got screwed over and you were doing your best."

A beep echoes from the Flash's head, and for a moment he touches his ear, nodding slowly before looking down at me again.

"I need to go, there is a fire not far from here that is threatening to spread." He informed me. "Batman wasn't joking, we will be in touch, and soon. Do yourself a favor and think about what you would like to do for the rest of your life. Your friend, Steve Rogers, was right. You have some real potential I think, and we might be able to give you a solid opportunity to do some good in this world."

All I could do was watch as Flash patted my shoulder and gave me a nod before zipping out of the room. He left the door open, a streak of red after image as he rushed out to save the day. Not long after Dr Tokim walked back in, closing the door behind himself.

"I take it they are done?" He asked, checking the machines and IV attached to me, smiling when I nodded. "Good. Let's get those final readings and get you on track to go home tonight."

It took a while before Dr.Tokim was satisfied, but a few hours later I was leaving the hospital and sitting in a cab that was thankfully paid for by the Justice League. I asked him to drop me off a few blocks from my house so that I could walk home. I quickly went through the motions of making myself some dinner before heading to bed, the Flash's advice drifting through my head.

----- The Next Morning -----

I slept in the next morning, the first time I managed to do so since I got dropped off in this reality. I slowly crawled out of bed and went through my morning routine. Normally I would go for a run, or at least do some sit ups and push ups, but all I could think about were the Flash's words. What did I want? It sounded like he was offering to help me become a hero... Was that something that I wanted? Now that I no longer had to worry about Steve's memories and

personality taking over or eroding my own I could actually do some good, even more so with my new abilities.

Still debating internally I headed out into the tiny kitchen area of my apartment, starting the coffee machine and clicking on the hotplate stove for a late breakfast. I whipped together a half dozen eggs, some toast and two apples. After I was finished I started cleaning up when there was a knock on the door.

I made my way to the door, peering through the peephole when I got there. Standing in the hall were two people, an older man with brown hair and a younger blonde woman, both of them dressed in simple casual clothes. The girl looked anxious, looking around and holding her elbow, while the man looked perfectly calm. The girl shifted and looked up, as if noticing I was looking at her through the peephole. Frowning, I unlocked the door, unhooked the chain and pulled it open.

“Hello, what can I do for you?” I asked, the door only opened by a foot.

“Hello, we were sent by mutual friends. You met them yesterday, right after you awoke.”

I raised an eyebrow. Looking from the young woman back to the older man, I studied their faces. After a moment I shrugged. When in doubt, verify.

“What was the name of the man I inherited my gift from?” I asked simply, my arm adjusting to get ready to slam the door shut. If I needed to, I could leave through the fire escape.

“Steve Rogers.” The man answered simply, the young woman looking at us a bit confused.

I stepped aside, gesturing for them to come in before getting out of the cramped entrance. I walked ahead, returning to the kitchen and pouring myself a coffee.

“Sorry it's not much, but make yourself comfortable.” I said, trying my best to act casual and calm, despite being anything but. “Either of you want a cup of coffee? It's not anything special unfortunately, I can't afford any of the good stuff.”

I come back to the run down living room to find them both still standing. The man exuded a certain... stern calmness while the young woman continued to awkwardly look around the room, chewing her lip.

“No thank you”

“No”

The two answer at the same time. I quirk an eyebrow before shaking my head.

“Alright... So what's this about?” I asked, putting my cup on the counter before looking between them. “I know our mutual friends said they would be in touch but I didn't expect it to be so quick.”

Instead of answering, the man started to morph, his form and colors shifting until a recognizable form stood in my living room. He had a large blue cape that covered his shoulders and some of his chest, green skin, and a pronounced brow. I had seen his picture before.

“Martian Manhunter.” I said, stepping forward and reaching out with my hand. “Nice to meet you. I appreciate the subtlety .”

“It's nice to meet you as well Mr. Reeves.” The martian replied, reaching out and shaking my hand firmly before gesturing to the young woman. “This is my niece, Miss Martian.”

The young woman started to shift as well, slowly changing into...a surprisingly human looking form. Her hair shifted to red, and her skin turned green, and her overall form shifted slightly, but she still looked like a green human. She even had freckles. I made a note, but ignored it for now.

“It's nice to meet you as well, Miss Martian.” I said, extending my hand to her.

“It's nice to meet you too.” She said, shaking my hand daintily.

“Batman wanted us to pick you up, as we could greet you in civilian clothing without drawing any more attention to you.” The manhunter explained. “He is already working to spread the idea you met at the hospital as a reward for your act of heroism.”

“I... appreciate that.” I said after digesting that information, pushing it to the side for the moment. “What am I being picked up for?”

“A team is being formed. A group of younger heroes who have begun to push at the boundaries of what current roles can do and wish to become more, but are not quite yet ready for fully unguided or unsupervised work.” Martian Manhunter explained. “The Flash petitioned to let you join, assuming you wish to, and the majority of League members agreed it would be a good place for you to learn.”

“Oh... He mentioned that I should think about what I wanted to do, but I havent really had enough time...”

The male martian raised a hand, holding off my response before he continued.

“You still have time to consider it, we don't require an answer today.” He assured me. “Instead, today will be more of an opportunity to experiment and show off your abilities. While we were discussing your potential membership it was discussed that we lack any context for your skill

level, which then called to attention that both my niece and another member of the team are relatively untested. The league would like to know the limitations and strength of your abilities.

“So... It's tryouts then?” I asked, getting a raised eyebrow from the martian manhunter, but a small smile from Miss Martian. I gave her a thumbs up in return.

“Yeah, that's basically it.” She agreed, slowly coming out of her shell. “At least that's what it sounds like.”

“Alright, that sounds fun, I haven't really gotten a chance to experiment with my powers quite yet.” I admitted. “It might be nice to cut loose a bit.”

“Very well. If you are ready, we should make our way to the testing site now.”

“Give me a minute to get changed.”

I rushed back into my room and threw on some more appropriate clothes, even packed a change of clothes just in case. I pulled on my shoes and grabbed a baseball cap on the way out the door. Martian Manhunter and Miss Martian morphed back into their previous forms before following me out. I locked up behind them, following them out of my apartment complex. The two of them headed for a large red SUV.

“So where are the tryouts?” I asked as we walked to the parked car. “I don't know how much our friends shared but... well I should be able to do some real groundbreaking stuff.”

“It is a short journey from here.” Martian Manhunter assured me while opening the driver's side door. Oddly enough Miss Martian walked around and climbed into the back seat.

“Should I... sit in the front then?”

“It does not matter.” Manhunter informed me, before climbing in. I rushed around and got in as well.

The second I sat down the seat belt buckled around me, the belts moving on their own. The door shut itself while I reached for the belts, giving it a tug. I looked around worriedly, still pulling.

“Woah! What - What's going on?” I asked as the car pulled away from the apartment building... despite the Martian Manhunter not even touching the steering wheel. “What- how are you doing that?!”

I looked behind me and saw that Miss Martian had her hands on two glowing globes, her eyes glowing a soft green as the SUV pulled into an alleyway. Suddenly the interior started to shift as we moved, slowly expanding and changing. As we slowed to a stop in the middle of the alley the SUV started to lift off the ground, getting another worried yelp from me.

“Oh! I’m sorry Mr. Reeves, this is my Bioship.” Miss Martian explained, finally smiling. “She is our ride to the tryouts!”

The SUV continued to change as we rose above the building, everything shifting until nothing was the same. What was once a normal looking car interior was now a much more sleek and futuristic spaceship cabin. It was a mix of biological and technological, with very few hard edges or flat surfaces. Instead everything swooped and curved, looking like a huge sculpture. It was impressive to look at, if not a little intense to be in a flying vehicle as it morphs like living clay. As we pulled high above the building I craned my neck, looking down at the city.

“Not very subtle any more unfortunately.” I mumbled, though not quiet enough.

“Do not worry.” Martian Manhunter explained stoically. “Miss Martian's ship has full stealth capabilities. We cloaked as we entered the alleyway.”

“Oh... Well that's good I guess?” I said, more than a little washed out. “Maybe next time you warn the clueless Earthling before you start flying around in your spaceship?”

Miss Martian blushed and mumbled an apology. It was honestly adorable, and I couldn't help but chuckle and relent.

“It's alright Miss Martian. I can only imagine it must be so normal to you that it's not worth mentioning. Just caught me a bit off guard, I'll be fine.” I assured her, giving her a big encouraging smile. “It's honestly pretty cool.”

“She is pretty amazing!” Miss Martian agreed, patting her arm rests affectionately. “I'd be lost without her.”

I nod, turning to look out the window again, watching as we left the city behind us.

“Um... Mr. Reeves?”

“Just Warren please, I can't imagine I'm that much older than you.” I said, turning back to look at Miss Martian, my seat rotating so that I didn't have to crane my neck. “I look much older than I am.”

“In that case, call me M'gann.” She responded with a small smile. “Even if we don't end up teammates, I don't mind you knowing my Martian name.”

“Thank you M'gann.” I said, returning her smile. “Did you want something?”

“Oh! Yeah, I was just curious about you.” She admitted, her nervousness showing again. “If you don't mind that is! I know that superheroes are really protective of their identities and...”

“Well my story is a bit complicated.” I said, cutting off another tsunami of words with a small smile. “But I don’t mind sharing. I guess you could say I am an alien to this planet as well, just in a very different way.”

“How so?” She asked, her full attention now on me. I hoped this ship had autopilot as she wasn’t paying much attention to flying anymore and had taken her hands off of the glowing white balls.

“Well I’m not exactly from here.” I explained. “I’m from Earth, just not this one.”