

[David Lance POV]

The worst part of covering for Oliver wasn't having to deal with his villains or having to patrol too much no.... the worst part of covering for him had a name, and that name was Speedy, aka Roy motherfucking Harper.

He was an edgy and short-tempered guy. That detested losing at anything, following instructions, or being called a sidekick, snapping at me every time I crossed one of the three above.

He was so into himself, so... blinded by his edgy bullshit that felt that came out of an OC from the myspace era that he wouldn't consider I was doing what I was doing because Oliver had fucking asked.

I mean, why in the fuck would I work with him otherwise?

But noooo, instead of that, the little entitled shit was so engulfed in his own non-existent hype that he thought I was simply here to steal his thunder.

He would also be very vocal about how insulted he was at the fact most of the media already considered Raven and I, part of the League.

More than once, I seriously considered tasing his ass, but... I cared about Oliver, and for some reason that to this day eludes me, he cares about him, so here I was, dealing with his bullshit.

~Speedy, I need you at the docks tonight during patrol,~ I said, giving Speedy a look.

“How many times do I have to repeat myself? I don’t follow your orders,” Speedy spat, crossing his arms.

Then... why... why did you fucking come to the summon I sent you arrow using bitch? To say you won’t help. That’s like going to the mall only to shout; I won’t fucking go to the mall!

I’m getting an aneurysm out of sheer edgy stupidity.

“I wholeheartedly pity the poor trees that made the oxygen you are currently breathing and wasting with each breath you take,” Raven said calmly, without even giving Speedy a look. Needless to say, even Rae Rae was tired of his shit.

I grinned at her comment, mentally high fiving her for voicing my thoughts, even though she hadn’t read them.

“I’m sorry... Did you say something? Cun-” Before he could finish that sentence, I stood up, my right hand blurring out of

sight as it shot forward, delivering a soft hit to his throat, effectively sending him into a choking frenzy.

“You should’ve let him finish,” Raven smiled.

~And explain to his mentor why he’s in a wheelchair after? No, thanks... As hilarious as that would’ve been, I would rather keep things simple....~ I replied with an amused expression.

“You fucking bastard!” Speedy said, finally recovering from my earlier tap. Angry and edgier than never, he jumped back, bow and arrow ready to take shot.

“Does two thousand miles sound good for you?” Raven asked me, ignoring Speedy.

~Two thousand miles? Not bad, but without his equipment,~ I nodded, catching the arrow speedy shot with nothing but my peripheral vision.

“Ok,” Raven nodded, quickly grabbing Speedy with her magic before he could react, before hurling him into a portal. “I sent his stuff to the Quiver but allowed him to keep his bow and arrow in case he has to defend himself.”

~How long do you reckon it will take him to get back?~ I asked, with a mischievous grin hiding under my mask.

Raven hummed at the thought before answering. “A few days, maybe less if he knows where the Zeta tubes are in his area, which I doubt.”

~Perfect, now let’s get back to our patrol planning,~ I said, turning back to the computer.

“How mad do you think Oliver will be?” Raven asked, floating to my side.

I mused at her question. ~Somewhat? I mean, I’m sure he will laugh about it in private but will try to scold us and stuff. Be that is may, I don’t regret it at all...~

“Agreed,” Raven nodded. “I honestly admire Oliver for having the mental fortitude to deal with him. It takes a lot of willpower not to physically harm him every time he speaks.”

~I will attribute that feat to his mustache,~ I replied with a thoughtful nod.

[A few weeks later...]

Yawning, I came back to my senses, groggily stretching up as I sat on my bed. Outside, from the open window of my room, I could see the clouds were gently floating by, as well I could hear the birds chirping in the distance.

Today was the fourth of July, meaning that today I would stuff myself with burgers and hotdogs and would confirm if this world, this iteration of the DC universe, was the one I had my suspicions on.

Taking a deep breath, I jumped out of the bed and got dressed before running out of the run, texting Rachel along the way to meet me at the library.

The past few weeks had been pretty uneventful; besides my visits to Harley and Ivy, where Harley would try to seduce me in a vast array of ways, things remained calm.

Oliver and Dinah were back in business, so things had slowed down for Raven and I, in general.

Talking about Oliver, the subject of his sidekick comes to life, and let's say he wasn't exactly happy that I had hurled his sidekick six times out of the city through a portal.

Yes.... Raven and I, had decided that was the best way to deal with him when he was annoying us too much and didn't want to leave because he was the big deal, blah blah blah.

But quickly enough, I reminded Oliver of how exasperating the little shit of a sidekick he had was, with multiple video proofs of his interactions with us, letting Oliver know he was lucky I hadn't hurled Roy into the open ocean with how aggravating he was with everything.

Oliver's response after watching the videos?

"Hmm, fair enough."

My sister, on the other hand, well, she scolded me in front of Oliver like a responsible adult but giggled in impish delight at my harmless way of dealing with Roy once Oliver was out of the room.

I really loved my crazy sister.