

# Beware the Mary Sue

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## Kapitel 1: Prologue

The mission itself hadn't sounded too hard. Superman, who was off-planet along with half of the League members, had given the team a short mission briefing back in the base. Some villain had appeared in some of the major cities, not causing any serious harm, but quite a lot of confusion and mischief. The Man of Steel's bets were on his old enemy Mr. Myxztik, an imp and prankster from the Fifth Dimension. He wasn't all too dangerous, he had said, but still, the team decided to be careful. After all, their supposed enemy wasn't bound to the laws of this world - And that could be dangerous.

Luckily, Happy Harbor was the town the trickster had chosen to play in when Superman's call came. In a matter of mere minutes, the team was there. And finally, they could see what kind of "havoc" the imp was creating.

"Wait... what?" Kid Flash came to stop on a roof along with the team, watching the small town drown in... chaos? No, that wasn't the right word. In fact, not many people were even panicking. It didn't look like a threat at all.

Artemis, who hadn't realized that she had been ready to shoot an arrow ever since they arrived, relaxed a little, putting it back into her quiver, looking around with questioning eyes. It really seemed like everything was alright. But then she picked up a faint blue glow and pulled at Robin's cape.

"Hey, did you guys see that?" She looked at the others, and Aqualad and Robin nodded as they watched the glow disappear and reappear.

"We should follow the glow." Their leader said, causing the others to agree. Aqualad took a few leaps to jump off the roof, followed by Artemis, Miss Martian and Superboy. Robin and Kid Flash were the last to follow, and the first to arrive at the glow, which suddenly reappeared right in front of them.

"Remember, you have to make him say his name backwards." Came Aqualad's voice through the mental link as Robin reached out, trying to touch the blue orb, his other hand holding a birdarang. Before he could do anything, the light encased his arm, forming a ring around his body. And with a small, ringing sound and a short flash of white light, it was gone again, reappearing in front of the others in a matter of seconds.

"What happened?" Robin asked, voice sounding a little unsure, not as even as he intended it to be. He didn't feel different.

"I don't know." It was Kid Flash who replied as the light formed a ring around him as well. The same flash of white light. And that happened to all of them, leaving them confused but not harmed.

All of the sudden, the glow was gone. It only took a few seconds for someone to scream though, and the teenagers quickly got to their senses, running to the source of the scream. It was a young woman with a pale face, shaking and tearing up. In front of her were a man and a kid - with turkey heads, making gobbling noises as walking around with their heads bobbing. And behind the woman, there was the blue glow again, a faint sound of laughter in the air.

Miss Martian slightly tensed as she suddenly picked up a voice in her head - as if it was

an open mental link.

But instead of a high male voice, the one she had given Mr. Myxzptlk judging from the description Superman had given them, it was a female one. A very immature sounding, amused female voice.

"Okay, that one wasn't that good. Nah, it actually sucked. Fuck, I'm getting' all rusty... Never gonna find a good plot like that!"

As soon as she had heard the last word, the two turkey heads were replaced by normal, albeit massively confused, ones, and the woman gasped before she threw herself at both the man and the child, breaking into tears.

And the Martian heard the voice again.

"Maybe I'm gonna make the kids make out or something... Gawwwd, I hate those writer's blocks! Probably should scan them again..."

Again, the glow disappeared.

"I don't think it's the imp Superman told us about," Miss Martian finally said, earning a surprised look from the others.

"What makes you say that?" Aqualad seemed like he wanted to comfort the woman and her family, but stayed with the group for the sake of everyone's safety.

"I... I heard it's voice in my head. I don't think it's able to control it's thoughts, or maybe it... Maybe it wants me to hear it?" That spiked Robin's interest. The boy crossed his arms for just a moment, as if he didn't know what to do with them.

"What did it say?"

The green-skinned girl was floating a little, a light blush on her cheeks.

"Well... It seemed like it's trying to overcome a... It said it's trying to find a plot. And that... That it wants to make us make out..." Her blush got a little deeper. "And that it wants to scan us. Again. I think that was what it was doing with the light."

That alarmed them. Their unnamed enemy scanned them? That meant that it probably knew their secret identities.

This fact made everything far more serious.

Another scream managed to break their conversation, as they had to look what happened again. It seemed like it was going to be a long day.

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It was a goose chase through the town. The mysterious glow managed to cause a few more weird situation, such as a fountain spewing maple syrup instead of water, or a giant inflatable (and bright pink) actually eating people, spitting them out mostly unharmed.

The sun was already setting when the team - tired and unnerved – managed to corner the glow. It had given Miss Martian a few more insights throughout the day, and actually had dropped a hint how to stop it back at the fountain.

"If it comes in contact with anything sticky, it will show it's true form." She reminded

them through the mental link as they circled around the floating, twitching orb of blue light. This time, she couldn't pick up anything other than muttered swearing as the glow seemed to think.

Until Robin threw a small grenade spewing glue right beneath it. A squeal, a blinding light – and all of the sudden, a small, furry creature, more than a foot shorter than the Boy Wonder, was in it's place.

And boy, did it look pissed.

"We finally got you." Artemis said as she looked down at it. Even with it's rather large, rounded ears it barely reached her chest. It's grey fur was covered in pale yellow glue, and it's small and thin tail were sticking to the ground.

"Well, fuck, look like ya did!" The creature was growling, but there was nothing remotely intimidating about a four foot tall - was it a bipedal dog? A cat? - wearing an oversized hoodie that was covered in glue. As it was swearing and trying to get free, Kid Flash and Aqualad tried to calm the people gathering around them down, managing to do so quite well. The other heroes were left with the little trickster that had caused all that mischief.

It was Superboy who stepped a little closer first, crouching down to be face to face with the creature. The glue had hardened by now, making it impossible for it to free itself.

"What'cha lookin' at, ya bloody-" It was cut off by Artemis, who gripped the mop of black hair on the seemingly female furball's head, causing it to squeal in distaste.

"Quit whining. Who are you, and what are you doing?" The blonde archer asked, obviously sick and tired of their enemy, after chasing them for a few hours. She'd rather fight a real villain, instead of having a game of hide and seek with... whatever that thing was. Especially because now it started swearing at her, growling and showing off it's actually pretty sharp looking teeth.

"Weeeell, I don't see any reason why I should tell you!" The thin tail twitching, it tried to rip itself free from the hardened glue, only managing to rip out a few hairs. It was hopelessly trapped.

"

"Tell us!" Superboy demanded, grabbing the creature's collar, yanking it a little. There was an ugly ripping sound, like velcro, and the captured foe gasped in pain as it's leg was freed. However, ever kick it tried to deliver to the Boy of Steel's shin simply bounced off.

"But I don't wanna! I-"

All of the sudden, it stopped kicking, struggling and complaining, an ugly grin coming over it's features, showing off way too many, way too sharp teeth. A short, cackling laugh followed and the creature raised it's sticky hands, putting them on Superboy's cheeks.

"Plotbunny!"

With that, it yanked it's hoodie up, exposing a pouch on it's stomach. As it had been covered, it wasn't covered in glue, so she – by now, everyone was sure that it was a girl – pulled out a large jar of glitter and a gallon jug with a label that had a skull on it,

breaking both on the ground before anyone could react.

When Aqualad and Kid Flash had cleared the obnoxious cloud of glitter, the furry creature was gone, leaving nothing but a bunch of glass shards, with traces of a fuming green liquid, an absurd amount of glitter and a crudely drawn smiley face in the dissolving glue.

The faint trace of a blue glow was still there, and so was a voice in Miss Martian's head.

"Beware the Mary Sue. The Author will be back."

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As the weird foe had escaped and they didn't know what to do, Young Justice had returned to Mt. Justice, to wash off the glitter, analyze the liquid and discuss what to do next.

Well, that was what they had planned, at least. As they all gathered around the kitchen counter, freshly showered, ready to talk about strange, furry monsters and the meaning of "Mary Sue", they heard footsteps behind them. Grabbing their weapons, they turned around, just to look into the face of an obscenely pretty girl in an obscenely tiny outfit, smiling brightly at them.

"Hello, my name is Black Wolf and I'll be your new team member. Nice to meet you!"

## Kapitel 2: Sue in a Wolf's Clothing

"Hello, my name is Black Wolf and I'll be your new team member. Nice to meet you!"

For a moment, the team stared at the smiling girl in shock. Why the hell was she in their base? And why the hell did she have black wolf ears on top of her head? And what was going on with that fluffy tail?

And again, what the hell did she do in their base?

Kaldur, now out of costume, stepped towards her, his eyes narrowed dangerously, his body a little tense. Though the girl looked friendly, they couldn't let their guard down. That could mean death, after all.

"How did you get in here?" He asked her, ready to dodge an attack. But the girl just cocked her head and looked at him out of beautiful, large, sapphire-blue eyes. That had an obscene amount of sparkling light in them. It almost looked like someone poured glitter into her eyes. And even though the main light sources of the room were above her, all of it seemed to reflect in her sapphire-like eyes.

Frankly, it almost was a little creepy.

"Red Tornado showed me how to access the Zeta Beam and registered me in your computer, after Wonder Woman saw me defeating her enemy Cheetah. She then put me in the team."

The girl smiled again, her ears twitching a little.

"So now I'll fight with you guys! I promise, I won't disappoint you!"

The Atlantean looked back at his friends. Everyone had relaxed a small bit, and Robin was accessing Mt. Justice's computer data with his own little computer on his wrist. And there it was.

"She's saying the truth!" He exclaimed with a hint of surprise in his voice, causing Kaldur to look back at the strange girl.

"Of course I'm saying the truth! Do you think I'd lie?" With that, her creepily blue eyes teared up a little, but she wiped them with the back of her hand. "I wouldn't do that..."

An air of uncertainty was around Kaldur as he approached her again, putting a hand on her shoulder and sighing.

"I am deeply sorry for our reaction. Welcome to the team. Please take a seat."

He gestured towards the counter and the chairs around it, and she smiled again, sitting down elegantly, with her tail wagging a little. The team sat down, still a little careful, while Miss Martian went behind the counter, opening up the mental link.

"We shouldn't talk about our fight while she is here." Kaldur shot the others a quit look, getting a few curt nods in response.

"Yeah. I'll ask Batman out as soon as he's back." It was Robin – He still hid his identity –, who grabbed a stray fork, his knuckles white as he gripped it.

"He's been off-planet. Why would he know about this all?" Artemis grabbed a tangerine, her eyes narrowed as she looked at the blissfully unaware girl, peeling the fruit with slightly tensed hands.

"He's Batman." Robin put the fork back on the counter with a small noise. "He'll know."

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They had Black Wolf talk about herself as soon as the mental link broke, and the girl was eager to do it.

"Well, as I told you, my alias is Black Wolf, but my real name is Ookami Kuroi! I'm sixteen years old and I have amnesia, so I don't know where I am from. I love wolves and my hobbies are swimming, music, watching anime and singing! I'm also a really good cook and I speak nine languages fluently. And I play the violin perfectly. I have powers, but instead of telling you, I'll be showing you next mission!" She smiled again, seemingly the only thing she ever did, aside from her eyes sparkling way too much. Young Justice – minus her – was a little dumbfounded at her words, and how she had just told them everything like that. And how proud she seemed to be about her amnesia. And at everything else she had said.

And that her alias was her name translated, Robin noted. But well, he didn't think too long about it and instead gave her a good look.

Ookami was beautiful – ridiculously so -, with fair, smooth skin without a single flaw; chestnut brown, straight hair that went to her mid back and covered her forehead with cute bangs; a rather curvy body with rather large breasts and a tight stomach and long legs and her big, sapphire-blue eyes. Even for superheroine standards, she was dressed rather skimpily. Her chest and arms were covered by a red and black blouse with long sleeves, that was held in sort of a kimono-style. Her midriff was naked, and low on her hips sat a pair of black panties with a slit on each side, a red loin cloth hanging down in the front. On her feet, there was a pair of red ballet flats. And on her neck and ankles, there were black straps with little bells on them.

All in all, she was simply gorgeous. But for some reason, she had seemed creepy to all of them. Not even Wally was hitting on her and actually scooted a little closer to Conner, who was frowning. The clone cleared his throat though, before looking away, a strange little blush on his cheeks. He didn't even know why he was blushing. Yes, the girl was beautiful – in a creepy way or not, but he didn't even feel attracted to her. But for some reason, something just... forced him to. As if a being above them just wanted him to. As if he was guided by something.

Conner however, tried not to think of it, and rather blamed his hormones for it. The other day, Black Canary had given him the talk. He had been taught human reproduction back in Cadmus, of course, but only now he had been informed on things like attraction. It sounded far more plausible to him that he simply thought that she was hot than to blame it on some divine being.

That was just too absurd.

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Everyone still a little uncomfortable, they spent the evening talking, until Artemis, Robin and Wally had to go home. As Ookami didn't have a home, she stayed at Mt. Justice with M'Gann, Conner and Kaldur, who had decided to stay as well, just to be sure that Ookami wasn't deceiving them. He still didn't fully trust her. As they were all getting ready for bed, Ookami was chatting with him and Conner, almost forcefully trying to ignore M'Gann. It was as if the wolf girl tried to cut the Martian off, so she was the center of attention. Not too trained in human interaction, it worked on Conner, who was confused, but also stayed with Ookami. Kaldur however, soon managed to "escape", stopping M'Gann as the girl wanted to go to her room, clearly a little sad.

"M'Gann." Kaldur said mentally, touching her shoulder and looking at her with a stern expression on his face. "You have to know what we all like you. This girl... She seems to want to be the only one to get attention. Please don't blame Conner. He doesn't know any better. I'll talk to him tomorrow."

That made her smile a little, though she still seemed a little uncertain. She hugged Kaldur and sighed.

"Thanks... I just... I mean, I don't want to be mean or anything, but I don't trust her. I'm still thinking about what that creature said today. I mean, we fight a dimension-bending enemy that can manipulate our world, and suddenly a new team member shows up. I just... I.. I don't really trust her."

"Me neither."

Kaldur pulled back a little, clapping her on the shoulder gently, opening his mouth to speak.

"We will find out what is wrong. Goodnight for now, M'Gann. Sleep well."

He watched her get into her bedroom and then sighed as well, walking towards his own room. Out of the corner of his eyes, he saw Ookami get into her own room – alone, thankfully, as Superboy wasn't inside of it and not by her side either.

The team leader shook his head and got inside his own room, sitting down on his bed. M'Gann was right. A seemingly omnipotent trickster with the ability to change anything she liked had gotten away, and a creepily perfect girl showed up.

There was no way, that this wasn't a scheme by said omnipotent trickster.



## Kapitel 3: We never should've gone drinking

The sun had set in Central City as well, and the lively, vibrant city – though always on the run – was slowing down. The moon and a few stars were showing, only slightly covered by dark gray clouds. It wasn't cold, but it was a little cool for the season. Overall, it was just a normal night.

That was what Digger Harkness, also called Captain Boomerang, thought as he entered his favorite pub, smirking as the smell of cigarette smoke and alcohol hit him. "The Black Grizzly" was a shady little place, hidden in the less vibrant part of the city. Other than a few depressed business men and some prostitutes trying to find clients, it usually was filled with criminals, 2-bit ones and villains like his fellow Rogues alike. He took off his coat when he entered, curtly nodding at the barkeeper – a tall, large man with graying hair named Jim – and smirking at the young waitress named Peaches (Digger swore she was a stripper) who was wiping a table clean, not looking at him. Right now, the pub was rather empty. Other than himself, the barkeeper and the waitress, there were three drunk men and two girls that seemed to be prostitutes in a booth, the men sort of arguing, while the girls seemed to be bored as they sipped their beers. Nothing out of the ordinary.

Throwing his coat on the table of a free both, he took off his hat as well, stroking back his red curls and sitting down with an audible snort, before grabbing his coat and putting it down on the bench right next to him. Digger knew that the other Rogues would come in a while – he never had to drink alone.

So, while he waited, he ordered himself a beer, an ugly grin on his face as he watched the waitress get it for him. It was placed in front of him a minute later, and he took a gulp, looking at the door in case any of his friends were to come.

And indeed, as he set the glass down, the door opened. In came Captain Cold, his parka opened and the hood down but still wearing the glasses; Mirror Master without his cowl and the Pied Piper, his hood down as well, a rat sitting on his shoulder.

His fellow Captain gave Digger one of his rare smiles, letting Mirror Master and Piper sit down before doing the same, sitting down on the far end of the bench.

"Mick, James and Mark should come in a few minutes as well." Captain Cold spoke after ordering himself a beer, fully shrugging off his heavy parka, wearing a black t-shirt underneath. He watched the rat running down Piper's sleeve, looking for any crumbs to eat.

"Alright, mate..." Digger took another gulp of his beer, soon indulging in a conversation with his Rogues, which just got more lively when the others finally joined...

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Digger was already pretty buzzed when he got up to use the bathroom, having to climb over Pied Piper's and Trickster's lap, before Heat Wave helped him out with a friendly shove, almost making him stumble a little bit, causing the others to snicker.

The Australian did snicker as well, but slightly whacked the back of Mick's head before going to the bathroom.

By then, the pub was pretty crowded, and Digger, although only slightly drunk, did have some trouble with getting back to the booth. As he stepped out of the surprisingly clean bathroom, his hands still dripping with water after he had washed his hands, he looked around, his mind blank for a moment as he had forgotten where his Rogues were sitting, the alcohol getting to his head finally. Shaking it, he snorted and ignored the tingling feeling in his fingertips as he wiped his hands on his pants and finally got on the way back, until...

Until he saw her.

When he stopped, it was in shock, almost. While "The Black Grizzly" wasn't that strict when it came to underage people – plenty of High School seniors and College Freshmen came here with badly faked IDs, but they never really caused any problems. The cops were wise enough not to raid a bar filled with Rogues. But that girl that was standing at the counter wasn't even seventeen yet. If he was to guess, he'd say she was sixteen, maybe even younger.

And while nobody would call Digger Harkness a prude, he just wanted to put this girl in a sweater. A girl her age was far too young to dress in an outfit like that. She was basically dressed in a leather bikini, with extremely tiny shorts that covered pretty much nothing, over-knee boots with heels that Digger swore were at least four inches high, a neck-holder top with a – was that a boob window?? and suspenders-like straps that seemed to hold the top and the shorts together. At least her arms were half covered by black sleeves that were held up by belts on her upper arms, he thought. Just like her boots were.

It was no outfit for a young girl. Hell, Digger reckoned that not even Peaches the waitress would wear that while stripping.

For a moment, he watched the girl sipping her drink - seemed to be a very girly cocktail -, until their eyes met. And he felt his stomach turn uncomfortably. The girl was beautiful - in every sense of the word, but he felt weird looking at her like that. With porcelain skin the shade of ivory and extremely long, flowing, snow white hair, she seemed to be an albino. And when he noticed that her eyes were ruby-red, he felt pretty positive of that.

He'd always thought, that human albinos weren't that... white-haired and didn't have eyes so red they literally looked like fresh blood. And didn't have such perfect skin either.

Maybe his eyes were playing tricks on him, Digger thought. He had had some beers, maybe a few too many. Yeah, that made sense. Ignoring the scarily beautiful girl and her way too skimpy outfit, he went back to his booth, sitting down and ordering another beer.

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In the early morning hours, the bar had emptied a little. Jim the Barkeeper was playing Johnny Cash quietly, the old TV was playing a rerun of a football game. The

Rogues' conversation had died down a bit, Hartley was petting his rat, Mick was playing with matches and Len was watching the game, his blunt nails scratching his empty glass while waiting for the waitress to bring them a new round of drinks. Between James and Sam, Digger still sometimes looked up. The strange girl was still at the counter. For some reason, none of the quite drunk men had been hitting on her the whole night. Well, maybe, like him, they weren't into little girls. The fact, that she didn't get too much attention however, seemed to piss her off. While there wasn't a frown on her face, she was pouting as she ordered another drink. Jim put the glass down in front of her, looking a little helpless. As if he was forced to do it. Their eyes met, and he shrugged at Digger, before getting back to polishing some glasses.

The waitress brought their drinks, and after grunting, Digger cleared his throat.

"That girl is creepin' the hell out of me." He said, getting his fellow Rogues' attention.

"Way too young to be in here. Look at her."

The men looked at her, and when she noticed that, her scarily red eyes lit up a little and she smiled seductively. Len wrinkled up his nose in disgust.

"What the hell... Girl's a fuckin' little kid. Someone buy her a jacket. And pants." The ice-villain said, his tired, bloodshot eyes still on her, shaking his head. On the other side of the table, Mick nodded quickly.

"You think her parents know that she's here?" The bald man asked, holding his glass to his lips with a look of disbelief in his eyes. Next to him, James was stretching his neck to get a look too. At just nineteen years old, he was the youngest of the Rogues, but even he seemed to be slightly set back at how skimpy that girl was dressed.

Hartley looked up from his rat. From where he was sitting, he couldn't see the girl his partners were talking about.

"Let's not be mean, guys." He said, ever the good guy, but as he leaned forwards, propping himself on his hands to see her with his own eyes, he understood what the other were saying.

"Oh dear..." The young villain felt a blush on his cheeks. Being gay, he of course wasn't attracted to her in any sense of the word, but her outfit was so skimpy that it made even him blush. And when she gave him a wink and licked her lips, he shuddered and sat down again, rubbing his cheeks for a moment.

"Okay, I get what you're saying. But... Ah, you're not even mean anyways..." The others were surprised to hear that from him, but did continue still.

"Let me ask Jim." Sam said and started to climb out of the booth, a little shaky considering the amount of alcohol he had consumed over the past few hours. Mark, who was sitting on a chair, looked after him, before turning to the white haired girl.

"Geez... You guys think she's a cape or something?" He suddenly asked, causing the others to flinch. And they considered it, for a few seconds at least. But to be honest, it sounded a little absurd. Central City belonged to the Speedsters, and by some extend to the Elongated Man. None of the Rogues knew who this girl was, though. She also didn't remind any of them of any hero they've seen or heard of. Maybe a sidekick? No, who would let a little girl fight in an outfit like that?

So, maybe she was a fellow villain. They hadn't heard of a villain like that either, but it wasn't too far fetched. James had been a little younger than her when he started to call himself the Trickster and commit crimes, so a villainess her age wasn't impossible. Maybe she was from Gotham. That place did have some crazy people, after all. The Rogues quietly argued about the possibility of her being a criminal, until Sam returned and shrugged, sitting down again and looking a little dumbfounded.

"So, apparently Jim doesn't know why she's in here, or why he's even giving her booze. She doesn't even have a fake ID." He told them, looking down into his beer. "He says he feels forced."

"Huh..." Len looked back at the girl, who smiled seductively again, which honestly just felt wrong. At least the smile wasn't directed at him, but, as it seemed, at Mark or maybe James or Hartley. As he turned his head again, she got up, her heels meeting the wooden floor with a clicking sound. Her hair flowed in the non-existing wind until she came to a halt in front of the booth, smirking a little. Two piercings were on her lower lip, slightly sparkling in the weak light of the pub.

"Hey there!"

She crossed her arms, cocking her head and hips in a playful way. Len gave her a questioning look and emptied his beer.

"What do you want?" He asked.

The girl looked at him out of her big, blood-red eyes – she honestly looked like some sort of creepy doll to him - and then chuckled.

"I overheard you guys talking about a heist earlier. And I can help you with that." She put her hands on the table, her nails perfectly manicured and painted black. Captain Cold slightly leaned forwards, glaring at her.

"And why would we need your help?" He asked in a raspy but even voice, but flinched the slightest bit when his shadow suddenly gripped him, holding him in place.

"The Flash won't be able to catch you if the darkness has captured him until you're away." She spoke, the shadow dissolving her again. With a triumphant smile, she watched the Rogues looking at each other.

"Also, I just arrived I Central. I need a place to stay. So in exchange for a roof over my head, I'll offer you my powers."

As he wanted to raise I protest, Len felt something... Tugging his mind. He tensed up slightly.

"Okay." Wait, that wasn't what he wanted to say. Fuck, he wanted to tell her to fuck off! At least the others didn't look to shocked. Perhaps because, just for a few seconds, they looked just as torn as he had felt right now.

"Mh, yeah. Why not." Said Mick, shaking his head in confusion right afterwards.

"Sounds good." Said Sam, looking startled by his own words.

"Wait, what?" Digger cocked his head, being the only one that didn't look like he'd just seen a ghost.

They looked around again in utter confusion, shocked by their own words. The scantily dressed girl however giggled, sitting down on the bit of the bench next to Mick that was free, obviously not too happy that she didn't sit next to Mark, James or Hartley, though.

"Awesome!" She exclaimed, flipping her hair back. "By the way, my name is Lilith Sombra Soul Yami, but I go by Soul Shadow!"

The Rogues exchanged a heavy sigh, downing their drinks and ordering a round of scotch.

They just knew that this wouldn't end well.

