

When All Was Lost

By scribbled_image

Submitted: February 7, 2006

Updated: May 16, 2006

When Starfire is forced to leave Earth to go to war with Tamaran, Robin is heartbroken. Raven tries to comfort him, but her own emotions get in the way.

Contains some Robin x Starfire and Robin x Raven. Enjoy!

Provided by Fanart Central.

http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/scribbled_image/27855/When-All-Was-Lost

Chapter 1 - The Message	2
Chapter 2 - Flight	5
Chapter 3 - Contact	8
Chapter 4 - The Mirror	11
Chapter 5 - Wreckage	15
Chapter 6 - Battle Armor?	20
Chapter 7 - If Only You Knew	29

1 - The Message

Disclaimer: I do not own the Teen Titans, If I did, then this probably wouldn't have been my season finale.

This story is something I decided would be sorta fitting for the show. In a way. I liked it. Now...read!

It was cold, dreary weather the day the fateful message arrived. It was around 2:00 in the afternoon. The Titans were restless. There had been no crime in a week or so. Even Johnny Rancid couldn't take the boring, gray days that passed by so painfully slowly. Raven was boiling some water for her herbal tea. Cyborg and Beast Boy sat on the couch, playing their gamestation, and Starfire watched joyfully. Robin gazed thoughtfully towards the dark sea. A typical setting on a crime-free day.

Beast Boy violently pounded the small buttons on the game controller. Cyborg tapped a rather complex-looking pattern onto his joystick. The screen flashed. "You Win!!" it announced to Cyborg.

"Arghhh!" Beast Boy said, frustrated. "I demand a rematch!"

"Give it up, BB, that's at least the twentieth time today that you've lost," Cyborg teased.

"Succumb to the almighty Cyborg, king of all video games!" he yelled proudly, pounding his steel chest.

"Yes, friend Beast Boy, it must be clear to you now that you are defeated," Starfire giggled.

Raven looked over at them, looking a little annoyed.

"Why don't you guys do something a little more.... Oh, I don't know, meaningful?" she said sarcastically.

Beast Boy and Cyborg simply shook their heads.

"Cy said he would give me a rematch," Beast Boy said confidently, "This time, I'm sure I'll win."

"Oh, no I didn't," Cyborg said, "I'm gonna play 'The Grand Hovercar Races: Sewer Edition' now. I'm done playing with you."

“No way, man, I just KNOW I can beat you!” Beast Boy said, grabbing at the controller.

“Stoppit, BB!” Cyborg said angrily, pulling the controller away, “I want to beat level 84! I just got a Hovercar speed upgrade! I've gotta win this one!”

“Please, friends, do not fight! Let us all abandon the games of video for a while and have some glorg!” Starfire pleaded.

The two continued to fight over the gamestation. Raven covered her ears. Robin looked with dismay at the two. “Come on, you guys, just play something else, just please stop fi....”

Robin stopped. The screen suddenly flashed orange.

“Hey, what gives? I wanted to play more video games!” Beast Boy said with dismay.

A face flashed onto the screen. Starfire immediately recognized who it belonged to.

“Galfore!” she cried happily.

“Greetings, little Starfire,” Galfore replied lovingly, “And to your friends as well. I have brought grave news.”

“What's wrong?” asked Beast Boy. “Is everything alright?”

“I'm afraid not, child,” said Galfore sadly. “Tamaran is in great need. We go to war with Hertoron soon.”

Starfire gasped. “But why?”

“The government has asked us to surrender our planet. They intend on expanding their empire beyond their limits. They have become greedy.” Galfore responded with a hint of spite.

“We can help,” said Robin, looking determined. “We can come to Tamaran and help you fight back.”

“I am afraid you cannot, young warrior. Our wars are between Tamaranians and Hertorones only.”

Cyborg looked distraught. “There has to be something we can do...”

Everyone appeared to be deep in thought, and then Raven broke the silence.

“Why are you telling us this?”

Galfore looked regretfully at the Titans. “I have come to ask that Starfire lead an army to Hertoron.”

The five teens looked taken aback. Starfire's eyes widened.

“Me?” she asked in a small voice. “Why me?”

“You are one of the bravest warriors I know,” said Galfore. “We need you more than ever now. But, I must warn you, you may not be able to return to this planet.”

Robin dropped onto the couch. Cyborg and Beast Boy could only stare at her with a sorrowful look. Raven whispered, “Star, no....”

Starfire bowed her head. “For Tamaran, I will go.” A tear trickled down her cheek.

2 - Flight

Hey wow! If you're here, you must've read my first chapter! And maybe even enjoyed it! I'm flattered. Oh well, here goes another disclaimer. I DO NOT own the Teen Titans. Or cornflakes.

Er.... Enjoy!

Chapter 2- Flight

The Titans awoke at a little after sunrise. It had been a restless night for all of them, especially Robin. Many thoughts were running through his mind.

What of the Teen Titans now?

Will we ever be the same?

Will I ever be the same?

Starfire, why must you leave us?

Why must you leave me?

Breakfast was silent. The teens all sat apart, wallowing in their misery. The bright, sunny morning seemed dull. Even their cornflakes, chock-full of sugar, seemed tasteless.

They had arranged to meet Tamaran's representative at seven `o' clock. Minutes dragged by for what seemed like hours. The rooftop would've been comfortably sunny to anyone else, but not in the Titan's position. Raven shivered and wrapped her cloak around herself. Starfire stared off into the distance. She anticipated the arrival of the representative. She turned around. Everyone looked sullen, except for Robin. He was expressionless. He looked up at her, and stared at her blankly. *Poor Robin*, she thought sadly. She motioned towards him. He stepped forward, but suddenly moved back, surprised. A gust

wind blew in Starfire's hair. She turned around. The ship had arrived.

The vessel was orange (a typical Tamaranian color) with chrome ridges. It shone brightly in the crisp morning air. On any other day, it would have looked beautiful. But not today.

The team stood up. The ship slowly and gracefully landed, as if careful not to scratch its wonderfully crafted perfection. A man stepped out. He was tall and thin, with thick bands of muscle along his arms and legs, clearly visible through his tight uniform. His face was sharply shaped, with thick eyebrows and an unsympathetic frown. His long, reddish-brown hair was combed neatly back into a ponytail. His hands were clamped together behind his back. He obviously had no intention of staying there much longer.

"My lady," he said in a deep, musical voice, bowing stiffly. It was hard to believe this voice came from such an austere man.

Starfire stared at him. "Where is Galfore?" she asked.

"And you must be her friends. A pleasure." He said, ignoring her. He did not seem to take pleasure in meeting them at all.

Cyborg stepped forward. "Sir, can't we have a bit longer with Star? I mean, if this is really our last day, we should...."

The man cut him off. "That won't be necessary." He said shortly. "My name is Rentore. I have been ordered to return you to Tamaran for battle preparations."

Starfire stared at him in disbelief. She didn't want to leave. Not yet.

"Please, Rentore, can I not stay here for a little while longer?"

"No," he said quickly, "No, I have orders to bring you to Tamaran immediately. We really must be going now."

Starfire looked at him desperately. "Let me at least say goodbye," she pleaded.

Rentore sighed, annoyed. "Make it quick," he said.

Starfire turned to her friends with a teary glance. She hugged Cyborg, then Beast Boy. "Goodbye,

friends,” Starfire choked. She turned to Raven. “I can never forget you, friend Raven, my sister.” She hugged her fiercely. Raven hugged her back. “May the light of Azarath be with you always,” Raven said tearfully.

Starfire turned towards Robin. She erupted into great, heaving sobs. “Oh, Robin...” she sobbed. Robin took her into his arms. “I wish it didn't have to end like this.” He said, tears streaming from his hidden eyes.

Rentore tapped his foot impatiently, unmoved by the scene. “Come now, my lady, let's go,” he said.

Starfire looked at Robin for the last time with despair. She leaned towards him. Robin touched her cheek and kissed her.

“Star, I love you...”

Cyborg and Beast Boy stared open-mouthed. Raven looked away.

Starfire smiled painfully. “I love you too.” She said, hugging him once more. She turned away and followed Rentore into the star cruiser. The ship took off without any delay. Robin fell to his knees and cried. Beast Boy and Cyborg went to comfort him, but were also crying. Raven had disappeared.

3 - Contact

As soon as Raven saw it happen, she couldn't control her emotions any longer. She materialized through the floor of the roof, and flew to her room in a fit of rage and self-pity. *Why did he do that? It isn't fair!* She thought angrily to herself. All tears of sadness and regret for Starfire's leaving had turned to tears of hatred and jealousy. She threw herself onto her bed and sobbed quietly. Her emotions, Envy and Rage, were loose again. She sat up suddenly and began meditating. In a few minutes, she managed to soothe her stray emotions and bring herself back under control.

Despite the circumstances, this is no time for me to feel sorry for myself. She thought, breathing in deeply. *Robin needs me.... us, more than ever now.* She heard footsteps coming down the corridor, and a door slam. *Robin,* she thought. She opened her door, rubbing the tears from her reddened eyes. She was disgusted with herself. How could she be so naive? This is a tough time for all of us, and all she could think about was her problems and her strange, unidentified feelings for the masked boy next door. She levitated silently down the narrow hallway, but was interrupted by Beast Boy, much to her distaste. He gave her a pained grin.

"Where you going, Rae?" the green changeling asked her in a quiet, raspy voice. She could tell he had shed a few tears, too. She scowled, in spite of the pity she felt for him. *He was close to Star. We all were.* She thought.

"I'm... going to see Robin."

"Oh..." he mumbled. "Good idea. You're probably the only one he'll talk to right now."

Raven knocked on Robin's door. She waited. No answer. She knocked again. "Come in..." a voice came from inside, much unlike the normal, proud voice of Robin. It sounded tired, and cracked as he spoke. She materialized through the door. Robin sat on his bed, looking rather pale, and hunched over as if he had just run a few miles nonstop. He looked up and tried to straighten his back a little. "Raven..." he said in a rather depressed voice. "I wasn't expecting you. Where did you go? Are you..." He gave up on his sentence and resumed staring at the floor.

"I had to...think." She replied in her usual monotone. Robin nodded. His mask was wet with tears.

"May I?" she asked, motioning to his bed. He nodded again. She sat down next to him. He looked at her with such a sad, despairing expression that she had the urge to hug him tightly, and tell him everything will be all right. But she didn't. It was far from all right.

Raven scrunched up her eyebrows. "Do you want to talk about it?" she asked. Robin turned away and looked out the window.

"I miss her already," he said, and sighed deeply.

Raven had tried hard to keep her face straight and expressionless, but Robin's misery seemed to be contagious. She felt a tear run down her cheek. She quickly wiped it away.

"She is doing it for the best of her planet, Robin. You have to realize that she didn't want to go either. We will miss her, but there's always a chance that she'll return. We have to move on and try to be content with what we have right now." By this time, Raven noticed that a fresh stream of tears had sprung from Robin's masked eyes.

"We have to all be happy. You can manage that can't you? I can't, but being so cold all the time affects me in that way." She joked, though she didn't think it sounded very funny. A smile twitched at the corner of Robin's mouth, *I'll do anything for him to smile again.* She thought.

"Do you really think she'll return?" Robin said, with longing in his voice. A spark of hope caused his mask to widen slightly.

Raven stared at him. Should she really lie to him? *Of course she'll never return,* Spite seemed to want to say through her. *She's gone, so you have no choice but to return to me, like before that stupid Tamaranian girl showed up.* Raven pushed the thought out of her mind. Robin looked at her, patiently awaiting her answer, as if she knew everything. Why was he asking her? She can't predict the future! The fear and anxiety showed suddenly in Robin's face.

"She's not coming back, is she?"

Compassion and Love took over. These emotions had threatened to loose upon her mind, and she could hold it in no longer. She hugged Robin hard, and petted his glossy black hair. "It's going to be all right, Robin. I promise." Robin shook, sobbing silently in her arms. She noticed that she was crying too.

Raven couldn't remember how long they sat like that, their tears of misery mixing and staining the carpet below them. The next few days went by painfully slowly, hoping to god that Starfire would send them a message. Nothing came. Hours turned into days, and at last, Tamaran finally contacted them. Robin practically leapt for joy when he saw Star's face on the screen, glowing with happiness and love. There was another emotion portrayed on her face, which only Raven could identify. There was going to be bad news.

"FRIENDS!" She boomed through the microphone next to her.

"Starfire!" the four Titans shouted joyfully.

"How do you fare today, friends? Are you well?" she said, showing concern, especially for Robin's

ever-pale face.

“We miss you, Star!” Cyborg said sadly. “How are you?”

“We are preparing for war, friend Cyborg. It goes not how I have hoped. The armies seem unprepared. Many are young and inexperienced. They cannot even use a Kathorg yet!”

Cyborg nodded, though he pondered about this `Kathorg.'

Beast Boy spoke up. “Are you coming home soon, Star?”

Starfire slumped in her chair, tears filling her usually sparkling green eyes.

“I...I am afraid not, friend Beast Boy. I cannot return. Because Galfore has grown old... I must rule Tamaran once the war has ended.”

Robin put his head in his hands. He did not cry; he had seen this one coming. Raven had too.

“I must be going now,” she choked. “I must survey my armies.”

She turned away, reaching for the `End Transmission' button.

“I love you, Star.” Robin whispered. Raven coughed violently on the herbal tea she had begun drinking moments ago.

Starfire turned towards him. “I love you too, friend Robin. Goodbye...”

`END TRANSMISSION' the screen flashed.

I have a bad feeling these chapters are getting boring. It'll get better, I promise! ;-; To all RxR shippers, I'm really sorry this is going so slowly. Lucky for you, Star won't appear very much, or at all for the next five or so chapters. Hope you enjoy! Comments please?

4 - The Mirror

Cyborg stared at Robin. He couldn't believe it. He, BB, and Rae hadn't heard Robin say it the first time, so this was a bit of a shock. He always new Star and Robin had a thing for each other, sure! But he *loved* her? Poor Raven! He saw it in her eyes. She liked Robin too, and he suspected Beast Boy could also tell. Raven had finished coughing and was staring at Robin with an unreadable expression.

"Robin, that wasn't really the ideal thing to say at the moment." He scolded.

"What?" Robin said, not quite understanding the situation he just caused. He was preoccupied with watching the rainy sky, as if expecting to see Starfire coming between the clouds any second now. Alas, all there was to see was the steady flow of the rain.

Ignoring the fact that Raven was in the room, Cyborg said to Robin, "You can't just go telling Star that you love her in front of us, especially Raven. In case you haven't noticed, she likes you too."

Raven's head whipped around to glare at Cyborg, but not angrily. Her eyes were pleading Cyborg to stop. But he didn't.

"I mean, at least Raven doesn't chase you around like some mad dog after a cat. She really tries to have you pay attention to her, and yet you can't see what's in front of you, unless it's Star. And now you're telling her that you love her, in front of a girl who had really cared about you for five years. You blew it, man."

Robin stood up angrily. "What would *you* know about love! What you say is completely hypocritical! All you can look at is Jinx, and poor Bumblebee has tired every muscle in her body to stand in front of you and show you that *she* cares! I love Starfire, and there's nothing you can do about it, so get off my back!"

"You have no idea what you're saying!" Cyborg yelled. "You're just a stupid, bossy..."

"STOP!" Beast Boy shouted suddenly. "You've already done the damage!"

The two quarreling Titans turned around. Beast Boy pointed furiously to the seat that Raven has occupied. A cup of spilled tea was all that resided in that spot.

"Raven's gone!" Cyborg said, turning to Robin. "You probably broke her heart, you selfish jerk!"

Robin simply turned and looked out the window, where the rain hitting hard now. He listened to the drops pounding on windowsill for a moment, then turned to face his disgruntled friends. His face was one of pure sorrow.

"You're right, Cyborg. I've been a real jerk to her. I...I think I know where she's gone." He started to walk

towards the stairwell door. "Wait for me here, and call me if she comes back."

Robin stepped outside into the pouring rain. He knew where she'd gone. *Why am I such a horrible person?* He thought bitterly as he neared the other side of the roof. Sure enough, Raven sat on the other side of the small shed, sopping wet. She was meditating, not seeming to mind the fact that she was out in the freezing rain, soaked to the bone. She slowly chanted her mantra in a shaking voice. "Azarath, Metrion, Zinthos. Azarath, Metrion, Zinthos. Azarath, Metrion, Zinthos." Robin noticed, despite the rain, that she was crying.

"Raven?"

She started, and fell out of rhythm. She stood up without turning around. "Yes?"

"I...I'm really sorry, Rae. I didn't know, I should have...."

"Well, of *course* you didn't know!" she snapped, turning on him suddenly. "All these years I've *wasted* chasing after you, hoping for *once* you'd actually *notice* me! I was a fool! I was such...such a pathetic fool..." She began to cry again. "Oh Robin, forgive me, I...I'm so sorry, so sorry..."

Robin hugged her, this time petting her wet, silky, purplish hair. "It's alright, I understand. I was unfair, I should have paid attention to you."

Raven shivered. "It's cold," she whispered. Robin removed his cape and wrapped it around her. It was damp, but she ceased shivering.

"Thank you," she smiled, her lavender eyes glowing with gratitude.

She looks so beautiful when she smiles, Robin thought, And her eyes...

Robin walked her back inside. Cyborg and Beast Boy ran over and hugged them both.

"You guys look like you just spend a day in a refrigerator!" Beast Boy laughed.

"I'm making hot chocolate, then!" Cyborg announced. "And tea for Raven," he added quickly, grinning at her.

"Actually," Raven said, "Hot chocolate sounds...nice."

Cyborg grinned even wider. "BOOYAH!" he cried. "BB, can you get the whole milk out of the fridge?"

Beast Boy gasped, offended. "No way man, the only milk I'll even touch is soymilk." He opened the

refrigerator and reached for the soymilk.

The robot man made a face. “Ew, that stuff’s *horrible*. Rae, can you pass me the *real* milk?” he said, turning to Raven, who was wrapped in a blanket.

Raven nodded, and covered the object with her black aura, pushing Beast Boy gently aside and guiding it to Cyborg.

Robin, sitting next to Raven, suddenly sat up. “Excuse me for a moment.” He said, walking briskly out of the room. Raven looked worried, and glanced at Cyborg questioningly. He shrugged.

Raven got up and glided down the hall. She found Robin in his room, searching under his bed for something. “Robin?” He pulled out a box. “Yeah?”

“What is that?” she asked, pointing to the dusty box he now held in his hands, lifting it as if it were a fragile glass statue.

He motioned Raven to the floor. She sat down next to him and peered at the box. He lifted the lid, and Raven gasped in wonder.

Inside the box was a mirror, much like the one she had in her room. However, this was no portal to Nevermore. This mirror was not of any Azarathian descent. This mirror was made of a solid crystal, similar to diamond but even more lovely. The middle was sanded down and polished, so you can easily see your reflection in it. If you were to tilt this piece, many colors would flash on your walls. The mirror was studded with a red variation of this crystal. It had a ‘T’ carved on the top. This mirror was a masterpiece.

“It’s a mirror, Rae,” he whispered, equally entranced by its sheer beauty. “Of Tamaran. We can see, through this mirror, what’s happening in Tamaran. All I need to do is touch my hand to the center, and...”

Raven suddenly stopped him, taking his hand swiftly but tenderly away, pressing it to his chest. “I wouldn’t if I were you,” she said, “There might be chaos. Death. Please, don’t look.”

Robin’s eyes widened. “But Raven, if what you say is true, then it is our duty as teammates, as her friends, to go help her.”

Raven looked at him sadly. “Galfore stated we cannot interfere.”

Robin bowed his head. “Please Raven, I have to see if she’s alright. That’s all.” His plea filled Raven with pity.

She sighed. “Do as you like, Robin. But the outcome might be too hard for you to take.”

Robin reached forward once again. Hesitating slightly, he carefully picked up the mirror. He lightly tapped the shining center with his finger.

The mirror suddenly shone brightly. The abrupt brightness caused Raven and Robin to simultaneously shield their eyes. As their eyes began to refocus, they saw that a moving image had taken form on the mirror's glossy center.

This image was vibrantly displayed in color, so detailed was the picture that one might believe they could reach into the scene. The mirror showed, as they expected, the war raging. The scene was grotesque; bodies were strewn across the large plain, buildings and homes were engulfed in flames, and fire seemed to even be licking the edges of the warrior's feet. Nevertheless, the Tamaranians fought bravely; fighting off every Hertoronic soldier that threatened to stab with their long, menacing scythes. Alas, Tamaran was greatly outnumbered. The Hertorones had already taken the north and west wings of Tamaran. Their resistance would not last long.

A figure flew into the image. It was Starfire, dressed in warrior's attire, the same that she arrived at Earth with. She flung large masses of starbolts towards the enemy, but anyone could see she was exhausted. She has several cuts only her bare arms and legs. In spite of that, she threw herself into a score of Hertorones and blasted them many yards away. She wouldn't last for much longer.

"We *have* to help them, Raven," Robin finally stated, sounding determined.

"I know, I know," Raven whispered, tears rolling down her ashen gray cheeks. "But how? We...we can't. We can't interfere." She burst into great, heaving sobs. "Poor Star," she choked. "How can we help her? Tamaran is lost."

Robin hugged her, cradling her in his arms, still as determined as ever. "I have an idea. I think we can still save Tamaran."

Getting more interesting now, nai? (I hope so!) I think the next chapter is gonna be fun to write. Sorry for the holdup on this one! I've been lazy. Comments? I need a motivation! =o

5 - Wreckage

Sorry for the wait, people! I've been on vacation and caught up in a lot of homework, so I didn't have time to write this chapter until now. Thanks for following along with the story; I'm doing my best to make it interesting. Be patient with me, please, I'm not a great storyteller. =] Enjoy! (I hope!)

DISCLAIMER: I still don't own the Teen Titans or their jet plane. I wish I had that plane... I'd never be late for school again! =D

Read and Review, people!

Cyborg grunted with strain, heaving the last box of supplies onto the jet. Beast Boy climbed into his small cubicle on the right of the sleek plane.

It had been only two hours since Raven and Robin looked into the Tamaranian mirror and onto the raging war. As soon as the scene had finished, Robin had made his choice. The Titans were going to Tamaran.

Cyborg and Beast Boy were informed of the plan shortly after. The rush to leave had begun with a single phrase...

~~~~~

“GET THE PLANE READY!” Robin announced loudly, running into the main room, where Cyborg and Beast Boy had begun arguing over a car racing video game again. They turned around abruptly.

“What?” Cyborg asked uncertainly.

“Fire up the engines, we're going to Tamaran,” Robin said impatiently.

"But why?" Beast Boy said, surprised. "Star said we couldn't come. She said that we can't interfere with..."

"I don't care!" Robin interrupted, annoyed. "I just saw what was going on at Tamaran! They're losing the war! We *have* to help! Or Star...no, the whole planet, will fall!"

Cyborg and Beast Boy jumped up simultaneously.

"I'll get the supply boxes!" Cyborg called as he charged out of the room and down the hallway. He didn't feel the need to question how Robin found out about the war until later.

"I'll start up the jet!" Robin yelled, heading for the stairwell.

"But wait, what do I do?!?" Beast Boy cried after Robin.

"Go get Raven!" Robin shouted, already halfway down the stairs.

Beast Boy jumped up and raced towards Robin's open door, where Raven still sat. She stared blankly up at Beast Boy as he rushed in.

"Come on, Rae! Get whatever you need and come and help us prepare to leave for Tamaran!"

"Already?" Raven said, hopping to her feet. "Then why are you still here! Go, go, go!"

~~~~~

And so it began. For the next couple hours, the Titans darted around, grabbing their weapons and jackets and capes, and whatever other extraneous items they thought fit to bring at the moment.

At last, they were ready to depart. The teens climbed into the jet, fumbling with seatbelts and the several buttons and joysticks in front of their leathery seats. Robin clipped his microphone to his ear.

"Everyone ready?"

"Yep!" Beast Boy answered eagerly excited.

"Roger that," Cyborg said enthusiastically.

"Whatever," Raven said in her slightly sarcastic monotone. Robin smiled to himself. *She's back to her old self again*, he thought.

"Ready for liftoff?" Cyborg asked, breaking the rather awkward silence.

“Let's go already, Cy,” Beast Boy said, fidgeting in his seat.

“Alright, alright,” Cyborg said, “But let Robin explain his plan first.”

“I'll explain along the way,” Robin stated. “Time to take off.”

The engines rumbled, gaining power as Cyborg pushed his lever labeled “LIFT OFF” forward. The ceiling above the jet slid to the right, making an exit for the anxious Titans to take off. Blue flames shot out of the back, and the jet lurched into the dark night sky. They were on their way.

After the vessel steadied itself in the air, Robin spoke.

“So, this is how it's going to work. When we're near Tamaran, we'll fly towards the southern areas, which are less infested by the armies. We'll land the jet in a hidden area, surrounded by a barrier, like rocks or hills. There, we'll travel by foot towards the royal grounds. Once we get there, we'll get inside the castle. We can steal- I mean, borrow, a few Tamaranian soldiers' outfits there. We then can go out onto the battlefield undetected, and fight our way towards the front. Raven will create a barrier along the front lines to prevent any more Hertorones from coming in, while Cyborg takes out the Hertorones along the back portion of the area. I'll try to defeat the soldiers along the middle. Beast Boy will morph into a bird and fly to Starfire, and tell her we're here to help. Hertoron's army will have lessened enough by then to lose to Tamaran.”

The jet was silent for a moment. The Titans considered the outcome of the battle.

“This might work,” Raven finally said. “This is a good plan, Robin.” Robin smiled inwardly to himself, strangely happy with Raven's comment.

“But,” Beast Boy said suddenly, “How did you find out about the war?”

“He found a way,” Raven said briskly. Robin breathed a sigh of relief.

“What if she's hurt?” Cyborg said, sounding concerned. “Star, I mean. She might need help getting back to safety.”

“I'm sure Beast Boy can cover that,” Robin said confidently. Beast Boy grinned proudly.

Tamaran came into view about an hour later. The flight had been boring, so the Titans were glad to see a change in the atmosphere. Beast Boy cheered happily.

“This is no time for cheering,” Robin said sharply, silencing the excited changeling, “We still have to land, and go over our plan again.”

The jet began its descent to the rocky plains below them. The teens awaited in a stiffened quiet for what seemed like an eternity before the jet softly and gently touched the bumpy terrain. The Titans jumped out of their cubicles and filed swiftly in front of Robin. He deeply inhaled the strange, foreign air and began reciting the plan again.

After a good five minutes into the lecture, Beast Boy leaned sideways towards Raven.

“Do you think he really believes we'll remember all of this? Or does he just like to hear himself talk?”

Raven knitted her eyebrows. “He's just trying to make the plan clear, Beast Boy. It's a good plan if you actually listen.”

“I hope it's gonna be over soon,” he sighed.

“Don't hold your breath,” she smirked.

Robin turned towards the two, looking slightly annoyed.

“Listen well, BB. It's important that you pay attention,” he said sternly. The boy wonder turned for a moment.

“And stop bothering Raven,” he added, looking back.

“Hey, I'm not the one who talks for hours just to hear my own voice,” Beast Boy snapped.

Robin crossed his arms angrily. “I don't think your quite grasping the concept of the situation we're in right now. Don't you realize this is a life or death situation we're facing here?”

“I'd be able to actually consider our `situation' if you'd shut your yap!” Beast Boy shot back.

“Since when have you *ever* considered *anything*?”

“You shouldn't be talking! When's the last time that you considered anyone but yourself?” Beast Boy said, raising his voice.

Robin lifted his finger, but then stepped back, remembering Raven. He had been...unfair. Heartless, even. Suddenly filled with remorse, he turned to glance at Raven. Her shoulders sagged a little. She looked at him for a moment, as if trying to tell him something with her eyes, but cast them downward after a rather awkward second. Robin looked back at Beast Boy, who was conversing quietly with Cyborg. The green teenager cast him an irritated glance and looked away. Raven spoke up.

“Can we just get going already? I don't think we're helping anyone by staying here.”

The boys nodded. Robin opened his mouth to begin their trek to the battlegrounds, but was interrupted by an ear-piercing *boom*. In a state of panic, the Titans rushed forward towards the top of a nearby hill to see what had happened. Raven was the first to reach the top. Her eyes widened. Taken aback, she stumbled and fell onto the approaching Robin. He helped her up, and looked towards the battlefield.

Smoking shards of buildings were scattered all over the place. The flaming pieces of foliage and waste lay next to the soldiers, who had already succumbed to the ashes.

“Something must have exploded!” Cyborg moaned, placing his head in his hands.

“But what type of bomb would cause...all of this?” Beast Boy said, motioning to the wreckage.

“An atomic-type bomb?” Raven inquired.

Cyborg lifted his head up, his face twisted with horror.

“A detonator!” he whispered, “an atomic detonator... I should have known! We have to get over there! Fast!”

Robin looked confused. “Why so quickly?”

“When one goes off, the rest are triggered soon after,” he said softly, staring towards the ashes. “There's more detonators. And then the big one will go off. And then.... *boom*. It's all downhill from there.”

The whole group seemed to hold their breath.

I can't have anyone get hurt. Raven thought darkly. *Not BB or Cyborg. Not Robin.*

Wordlessly, she lunged off the edge of the plateau they stood on and flew off. The boys watched her go. They knew what had to be done. It was time to carry out the plan.

“Let's finish this,” Robin said finally. With that, he began trudging down the steep hill to his final war.

Sorry people, I have trouble making things interesting, so I left you with a cliffhanger. Muhaha.

6 - Battle Armor?

```
<!DOCTYPE HTML PUBLIC "-//W3C//DTD HTML 4.0 Transitional//EN"
"http://www.w3.org/TR/REC-html40/loose.dtd">
<html>
<head>
<META HTTP-EQUIV="Content-Type" CONTENT="text/html; charset=iso-8859-15">
<META NAME="GENERATOR" CONTENT="wvWare/wvWare version 1.2.1">
<title>
DISCLAIMER: Alright, they aren't mine
</title>
</head>
<body bgcolor="#FFFFFF" text="#000000" link="#0000ee" vlink="#551a8b">

<!--Section Begins--><br>

<p><div name="Normal" align="left" style=" padding: 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm; ">

<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color:
White; ">
<b>DISCLAIMER: Alright, they aren't mine. Sheesh. </b>
</p></div>

<p><div name="Normal" align="left" style=" padding: 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm; ">

<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color:
White; ">
<b>Another chapter! Woo! A big hug to all of my reviewers. -squeezes-</b>
</p></div>

<p><div name="Normal" align="left" style="
border: thin none Black;
padding: 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.35mm 0.00mm; ">

<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color:
White; ">
<b>Here goes....</b>
```

</p></div>

<p><div name="Normal" align="left" style=" padding: 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm; ">

<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">

</p></div>

<p><div name="Normal" align="left" style=" padding: 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm; ">

<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">

Raven hurled yet another aura of black magic at the endless stream of enemy soldiers. Her arms ached from exhaustion. She had long forgotten not to use her powers in the battle. Raven couldn't care less about being noticed anymore. She and the Titans had entered the battle an hour of two ago... or was it three? She fought ruthlessly now, killing whatever was in front of her, even a few Tamaranians by accident.

</p></div>

<p><div name="Normal" align="left" style=" padding: 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm; ">

<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">

Her battle was suddenly interrupted by another huge explosion behind her. Crouching down, she shielded herself with her low supply of black magic and shut her eyes. *I can't keep doing this,* she thought meekly. *It's over.*

</p></div>

<p><div name="Normal" align="left" style=" padding: 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm; ">

<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">

</p></div>

<p><div name="Heading 1" align="left" style=" padding: 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm; ">

<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
<i>Two hours ago...</i>
</p></div>

<p><div name="Normal" align="left" style=" padding: 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm; ">

<p style="text-indent: 12.50mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
As soon as the Titans had begun descending the steep hill, the soldiers had already gotten up. In minutes, the war was once again raging, but this time full-force. It appeared as if the Hertorones had the upper hand. Tamaran couldn't retreat. Fire covered their homes. There was nowhere to turn.
</p></div>

<p><div name="Normal" align="left" style=" padding: 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm; ">

<p style="text-indent: 12.50mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
Robin had signaled the Titans to follow. They pushed past the Tamaranian army. Surprisingly, the soldiers took no notice of the strange newcomers. They were no longer fighting for Tamaran. They were fighting for their lives.
</p></div>

<p><div name="Normal" align="left" style=" padding: 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm; ">

<p style="text-indent: 12.50mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
Covering the group with a black aura, Raven and the Titans entered the flaming castle, or whatever was left of it. Beast Boy morphed wordlessly into a pterodactyl and flapped his wings furiously at the fire blocking the hallway.
</p></div>

<p><div name="Normal" align="left" style=" padding: 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm; ">

<p style="text-indent: 12.50mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
"Water! Find water!" Robin commanded.
</p></div>

<p><div name="Normal" align="left" style=" padding: 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm; ">

<p style="text-indent: 12.50mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">

Cyborg broke down a large door nearby. He cried out triumphantly. Moments later, he came out of the room, hoisting three large barrels. He tossed them effortlessly towards the fire. They cracked open, and water spewed out. The flames died down, leaving room for the teens to run through into the weaponry. Robin jumped past the rest of the Titans, breaking open the door with one swift kick. The teens rushed in. Cyborg tore open boxes and cabinets, retrieving armor and weapons from inside.

</p></div>

<p><div name="Normal" align="left" style=" padding: 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm; ">

<p style="text-indent: 12.50mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">

"I don't think Galfore would mind too much if we borrowed these for a little while," Cyborg said with an impish grin, handing each Titan a full suit of Tamaranian battle armor. Beast Boy nodded, and slipped the huge suit of armor with a loud <i>clank </i>over his green head. The others did the same.

</p></div>

<p><div name="Normal" align="left" style=" padding: 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm; ">

<p style="text-indent: 12.50mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">

"I don't think this is going to work," Raven said, looking down at her oversized armor. She dragged her weighted feet over to another armor cabinet.

</p></div>

<p><div name="Normal" align="left" style=" padding: 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm; ">

<p style="text-indent: 12.50mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">

"There's gotta be some girl's armor in here somewhere," she mumbled, rummaging through the cabinet.

</p></div>

<p><div name="Normal" align="left" style=" padding: 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm; ">

<p style="text-indent: 12.50mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">

“Here's some,” Cyborg said, pulling out a smaller set of tight-fitting armor. Raven nodded her thanks, and exchanged her men's armor for the one held in Cyborg's outstretched hand. The boys walked out of the weaponry to give her a moment to change.

</p></div>

<p><div name="Normal" align="left" style=" padding: 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm; ">

<p style="text-indent: 12.50mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">

A minute later, Raven appeared from the room with a frown, her old blue cape wrapped around her body like a blanket.

</p></div>

<p><div name="Normal" align="left" style=" padding: 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm; ">

<p style="text-indent: 12.50mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">

“Um, Raven?” Beast Boy said uncertainly, raising an eyebrow, “I don't think you should wear your cape outside. They might... *notice* you.”

</p></div>

<p><div name="Normal" align="left" style=" padding: 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm; ">

<p style="text-indent: 12.50mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">

Raven's frown deepened. She bowed her head.

</p></div>

<p><div name="Normal" align="left" style=" padding: 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm; ">

<p style="text-indent: 12.50mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">

“I look like an idiot,” she grumbled.

</p></div>

<p><div name="Normal" align="left" style=" padding: 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm; ">

<p style="text-indent: 12.50mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">

“It couldn't be all that bad,” Cyborg encouraged, “We won't laugh. We promise.”

</p></div>

<p><div name="Normal" align="left" style=" padding: 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm; ">

<p style="text-indent: 12.50mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">

Raven sighed and let her cape drop to the floor. Beast Boy's eyes widened. Cyborg whistled.

</p></div>

<p><div name="Normal" align="left" style=" padding: 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm; ">

<p style="text-indent: 12.50mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">

Raven's armor looked much like her normal uniform back at Jump City. But there were a few differences. A shiny golden helmet covered her short purple hair, letting only a few strands loose. The front part of the armor only covered her chest, leaving her stomach and shoulders exposed. The black pants were tight and had metal plates on her knees and thighs. Long boots covered most of her lower legs.

</p></div>

<p><div name="Normal" align="left" style=" padding: 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm; ">

<p style="text-indent: 12.50mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">

“The top part looks like a damned metal bikini,” Raven hissed. “Who the hell designed this stupid armor?”

</p></div>

<p><div name="Normal" align="left" style=" padding: 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm; ">

<p style="text-indent: 12.50mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">

“Come on, it's not that bad,” Robin said quietly, his cheeks burning red.

</p></div>

<p><div name="Normal" align="left" style=" padding: 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm; ">

<p style="text-indent: 12.50mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">

“Yeah,” Beast Boy said, weakly grinning.

</p></div>

<p><div name="Normal" align="left" style=" padding: 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm; ">

<p style="text-indent: 12.50mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">

<i>Actually, you look far from bad. Way far. </i>Robin added to himself.

</p></div>

<p><div name="Normal" align="left" style=" padding: 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm; ">

<p style="text-indent: 12.50mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">

Raven looked at her feet, blushing. “Okay. Let's just go.”

</p></div>

<p><div name="Normal" align="left" style=" padding: 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm; ">

<p style="text-indent: 12.50mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">

</p></div>

<p><div name="Normal" align="left" style=" padding: 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm; ">

<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">

“Augh!”

</p></div>

<p><div name="Normal" align="left" style=" padding: 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm; ">

<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">

Another soldier dropped to the ground, dead. Robin held two swords in his hands, daring anyone to come within ten feet of him. <i>No one gets past me alive. </i>Beast Boy stood near his area, morphing into any animal he could manage. Cyborg shot endless amounts of sonic beams, clearing a generous amount of soldiers away from trying to advance further.

</p></div>

<p><div name="Normal" align="left" style=" padding: 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm; ">

<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">

Raven closed her eyes. "Azarath, Metrion, Zinthos!" she cried, sending a black torrent of magic towards a section of the army. Suddenly, she was blown back full-force by a gust of greenish smog, accompanied by a deafening <i>boom</i>. Raven's eyes began to water. This explosion was different than the others. "Azarath, Metrion, Zinthos!" she called out again desperately, but to no prevail. She let out a sharp cough. Shaking, she fell to her knees, coughing harder. She grew dizzy, the scene in front of her spinning as if she were looking into a kaleidoscope. Letting out a raspy cough, she felt herself begin to collapse into unconsciousness. Her helmet slipped off, exposing her to a sudden flash of green light. Before she blacked out, she felt two strong arms grab her by the wrists and hoist her into the air.

</p></div>

<p><div name="Normal" align="left" style=" padding: 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm; ">

<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">

</p></div>

<p><div name="Normal" align="left" style=" padding: 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm; ">

<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">

Hahahaa. Another cliffhanger. How I love to torture you all.

</p></div>

<!--Section Ends-->

```
<!--  
<hr>  
<address>  
<a href="http://wware.sourceforge.net/"></a>  
<a href="http://validator.w3.org/check/referer"></a>  
Document created with <a href="http://wware.sourceforge.net/">wvWare/wvWare version  
1.2.1</a><br>  
</address>  
-->  
</body>  
</html>
```

7 - If Only You Knew

Yes, finally. By demands and threats (hahaha. Seriously.), I have written another chapter. Enjoy. Or ELSE!

;DDD"Auuughhh..." Robin groaned weakly, squinting in the bright light looming above him. Where am I? He pondered, aimlessly lifting his head off of the pillow set under him. He tried to recall what had happened. *Fighting, that fog, falling, green...* he felt lighter than he had an hour or so ago. His armor was off. Once again, he tried recalling what had happened. *I hit those two men with my staff, a fog came, I fell, green...* Green! Oh, god, she had found him. She found the team. *The team!* He shot up from his resting place, causing a sharp pain in his stomach. Gritting his teeth, he limped out of bed. *Where are they? Where did they go?* He appeared to be in a small, curtained stall, only containing the bed. Pushing back the blue curtain in front of him, he looked around. He appeared to be in a small infirmary. *Cyborg? BB? Raven?* Much to his bewilderment, he was the only one in the room. Robin winced. His abdomen was throbbing profusely now. Lifting his ripped shirt slightly, he beheld a bandaged wound that covered most of his right hip and lower waist. The bandage was bloodied heavily. Robin sighed. This wouldn't be a fun one to heal. He started suddenly when the door to his left opened. Quickly covering his bandages, he looked towards the incoming visitor. "S-S-Starfire?" he choked out. Starfire smiled feebly. "Hello, friend Robin," she said softly, "Are you feeling better?" gesturing at his wounded side. Robin nodded slowly, still contemplating Starfire's expression. She looked at him as if he were a child, her eyes filled with sympathy. It looked to Robin as if Starfire were older and mature, as if she had aged two years since he last saw her. She, too, was bandaged, only in several parts of her body, mainly her arms. She was wearing a tunic of some sort, completely unflattering on her slim figure. Her hair was tied carelessly up in a ponytail. Her shoulders sagged slightly, as if she was carrying a weight on her back. She looked sad as well. "Star, I can explain. We—" "As you might have guessed," she said, cutting him off abruptly, "we lost our war. Many were injured and all the more killed. This has been a major blow to our society." She paused for impact. "We knew the war would not last much longer when we lost half of our best armies. What we did not know, dear friend," she stared at Robin now, an unreadable look in her eyes, "is that we'd have... visitors." Robin bowed his head at this. He did not anticipate being chastised by one of his own teammates. "What makes you think you can come here uninvited and join are battle?" she snapped. "I asked you not to come! You knew you weren't supposed to come! I didn't want you or the team hurt! And now friend Raven is—" she stopped. Tears welled up in her eyes. Robin's eyes widened in shock. "What, Starfire? What about Raven?" Starfire shook her head, backing up and sitting on a wooden stool behind her. She placed her head in her hands. "Starfire? What happened? Where is she?" "Robin, I—" "*Where is she?*" Starfire slumped and stared up at Robin with pleading eyes. "Raven is hurt. Bad." Robin felt a little relieved. At least she is living. That's what matters. But suddenly realizing the reality of the situation, he stepped forward and placed his hands on Starfire's shoulders. "Star. You need to tell me what happened. Now." He demanded in a low tone. "I need to know." Starfire wiped her eyes and sniffed. "She... she was... she fell. Just like the rest of you. When one of our soldiers saw you and the team fighting, they knew what they needed to do." She looked at Robin guiltily. "They had to... get rid of you. They didn't know you were friends. So they threw the gas bombs and you all fell down, unconscious. A few soldiers called me over, and I saw you. I pulled you away from the battle and brought you here." She began to cry, her shoulders shaking under Robin's hands. "I tried to find the rest of the team. I found that Cyborg and Beast Boy were safely in the castle already, taken in by Galfore and some soldiers. I saw Raven on the battlefield. But one of the Hertorones was already pulling her away. She was unconscious. I shot starbolts at him, but he wouldn't stop. He... he stabbed her, Robin." She heaved a sob. "I'm so sorry. I tried to stop him, but I wasn't fast enough. I finally retrieved her from that man and brought her to Galfore. I didn't know what to do. Galfore said... he said..." she collapsed into sobs. Robin just stared at her blankly. *Stabbed. She was stabbed.* His chest felt like it was filling up with an unseen rage, consuming him. *How could they let this happen to her?* Starfire calmed down a little, her sobs quieting. She wiped at her wet face; her cheeks flushed from tears. "Galfore said she might not make it." She said quietly. Robin's eyes widened. A moan of despair escaped his throat. *No. "No!"* Robin cried suddenly, tearing away from Starfire towards the door. He flung it open and ran blindly down the candlelit hallways of the close to wrecked Tamaranian castle. "Robin!" Starfire called desperately after him. "Come back! They will see you! They—" her call stopped. Robin felt a powerful hand grab him by the wrist and throw him to the ground. Starfire cried out behind him. "Ero, let go of him!" Robin's captor released him, turning towards the approaching Starfire. "Who is this?" the man said in a deep, gruff voice. "This is one of my friends from the Earth planet, Ero. Please, do not harm him." Starfire replied warily, her gaze shifting from Ero to Robin. "Is this one of the group that joined our army without a permit? The ones who stole our armor and weapons?" he asked, casting an angry glance at Robin. "Yes. He wishes to speak with his friends." Starfire said, pressing her hands at her sides nervously. "Which one?" "The girl." Ero's face softened, shaking his head with pity. "She has not awoken. She appears to be in a sort of floating trance." Robin felt a wave of panic. Raven had not entered her self-healing state since Beast Boy had morphed into a savage beast and hurt

her. She barely got out of that alive. Robin summoned his courage and looked up at Ero. He was a tall, muscular Tamaranian man, with reddish hair that reached the middle of his back. He looked no more than 25. "Can I see her?" Robin asked politely, crossing and uncrossing his arms apprehensively. Ero nodded his approval, motioning for Robin to follow him. Robin got up and followed him down a dark corridor that seemed to have been untouched by the fire. Starfire trailed closely behind. They came to a large wooden door with a small window positioned on the top. Ero took out a key from his left pocket and opened the door. The room was very much alike to the infirmary Robin had been in, only it had no curtained stalls. There were beds lined up along the wall to the right. There were small shelves next to each one, stocked with boxes of bandages, medicines, and herbs. There were two windows at the end of the room, a dull light shining through the white panes. However, Robin paid no attention to the room. He stared straight ahead. Raven floated a few inches above her bed. She was still asleep, breathing softly. Her body was rigid and did not move. A bandage was wrapped around her waist and covered with blood, and another bandage around her forehead. "She must have hit her head when she fell." Starfire said subtly, staring sadly at Raven. Robin's eyes filled with tears. *This is all my fault. I shouldn't of let her go out there. What have I done?* Robin took a step towards the bed. Starfire put her hand on his shoulder, stopping him. "Let her rest, friend Robin. There's still hope for her." Robin turned and nodded. She was right. She always had a way of making things just a little bit better. He smiled sadly. "It's good to see you, Star." Starfire smiled back, her eyes holding a strange expression. "I wish I could say the same, but..." she looked towards Raven. "I know. This is my fault. I'm sorry." "No." Starfire said suddenly, grabbing Robin's wrist. "Don't say that. If anyone is to be sorry, it would be me. I have done wrong." Robin looked confused. "How? This wouldn't have happened if I had listened to you and stayed at the Tower with the team." Starfire turned to face the window, gazing outside. A tear trickled down her cheek. "If only you knew."