

His Final Question

By Evilevergreen

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*[WIP]How far would you go, what lies would you tell, what enemies would you make, to save a teammate's soul? That is the question, one person, who has everything to lose must now answer.
[Speedy & Bumblebee]*

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1 - His Final Lesson

His Final Question

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Summary: SHE was everything he had convinced himself he couldn't have and didn't want. HE was her distraction from a force she wasn't really sure she wanted to escape. Together they would question not only themselves, but each other. (Speedy & Bumblebee)

OoOoO

Chapter One: The Final Lesson

Bumblebee placed her hand on Speedy's shoulder as she smiled and spoke to him. Speedy turned his head slightly from the kitchen counter, where he had been fixing his dinner, and stared at her for a moment. As he did, Bumblebee couldn't quite understand his strange expression, so she removed her hand and took a step back to give him space as the smile fell from her face. "Dammit!" Speedy yelled all of sudden before slamming his plate on the counter and storming out the door.

Aqualad and Mas y Menos looked up from their dinner to a very confused looking Bumblebee. "What did you say to him this time, Bee?" Aqualad ask as he went back to his food, because the day wouldn't be complete if those two weren't at each other's throat about something or other.

"Nothing," she told him, as she picked up the plate Speedy had just fixed for himself. "I swear I don't understand that boy," she told her teammates as she joined them at the table. "I mean, all I did was tell him I was proud of him because of how he handled that situation at the jewelry store today," she explained. "But if I knew he was still going to act like his jerk of a self, I wouldn't have said anything."

Aqualad looked at the closed door that Speedy had just left out of. "I think maybe he has more issues than he allows us to know," he confessed.

"Please," Bumblebee began before taking a drink of her soda. "The only issues that boy has is what kind of shampoo he's going to use in the morning. Mango scented or Cucumber melon," she scoffed. "He's more of a girl than I am."

Aqualad then smiled at her knowingly. "You pay attention to what kind of shampoo he uses?"

Bumblebee looked at Aqualad with narrowed eyes. "Shut up and eat before I decide to shove it down your throat." She then heard Mas y Menos snickering about something and turned her head towards

them. "Just wait until I learn Spanish," she told them as she continued with her dinner.

As they ate, Bumblebee noticed how Menos ate all of his vegetables, but how Mas just kind of poked at his peas with his fork. "For crying out loud," she began as she picked up his spoon. Mas opened his mouth to ask what she was doing, but as he did all he got was spoonful of peas. "Now be a good boy and eat your vegetables. Because the last thing I need to hear is Speedy's mouth and how he slaved over a hot stove."

Aqualad had to cover his mouth with his hands, to stop himself from laughing out loud, but he couldn't control the shake of shoulders as he did so, because she had threaten him, but had done it to Mas.

"Si, mama," Mas had said quietly, but then gasped as he realized his words. Menos slightly chuckled as he watched his brother's blushing face as he turned towards Bumblebee.

Bumblebee just stared at him for a moment before shaking her head. "I'm not even going to go there."

OoOoO

Speedy sighed heavily as he sat on the built-in bench of his window seat. With one leg tucked under him he opened his windows wide as he tilted back his head and closed his eyes. The feeling of the autumn air felt cool against his exposed skin. He sat like that for along time before opening his eyes to watch the sun sink into the darkening sea. This room was one of the reasons he and Bumblebee had gotten off on the wrong foot to begin with.

Before the Tower was completed they all slept in sleeping bags in the common area as a way of getting to know each other. They had all decided that rooms wouldn't be assignment until the Tower was completed, but Speedy had worked on this room especially for himself, because he liked the view outside the window. Plus he wasn't exactly what you would call a morning person. The early morning light that came into the room Bumblebee now resided in would have drove him mad if anything.

But room placement was not the issue at this moment. What was, were the words she had told him a little while ago. He knew he shouldn't have gotten angry like that, but he honestly didn't know how else to react.

Speedy then brought his other leg up to the cushion of the window seat as he stretch out his legs as he leaned on the wall and crossed his arms over his chest. He then started to remember the last conversation he had with his mentor, Green Arrow before joining Titans East. It was a evening much like the one that he looked upon now.

They had settled on top of a hillside to watch the sunset. "I guess this will be the last lesson I'll teach you for awhile," Green Arrow stated sadly.

"Do you not want me to go?" Speedy asked as he looked at him guiltily.

"No, that's not what I mean," he told his teen-aged apprentice as he smiled at him. "After today, I have

probably taught you all that I can, everything else you will have to learn for yourself," he then said haughtily. "You have grown much in your time with me and I'm very proud of you." Green Arrow ruffled Speedy's hair.

"Hey! What are you doing?" Speedy frantically swatted away Green Arrow's hand. "You're messing up my do," he told him as he smoothed down his red hair with his hand.

The blonde headed man chuckle a bit as he laid down on the grass with his hands under his head. "There are more important things in life other than your appearance, Speedy."

"I know," Speedy confirmed as he pulled a comb out a nowhere. Green Arrow looked at him oddly as he wondered how he always did that, considering his outfit have no pockets and all. When Speedy was satisfied with his hair, he followed his mentor's lead and laid down looking up at the multi-colored sky. "So," he drawled before asking. "What's my final lesson?"

"Well, you are now coming of age, so I just wanted to give you a little lesson on women," he told him.

Speedy turned his head towards him as he stifled back a laugh. "I'm sixteen, if you want to talk to me about the birds and the bees, I'm sorry to tell you, you're a little too late."

"Yes, I'm sure I am," the man smiled as he resumed looking at the sky before he fell silent.

Speedy made a face as he debated something over in his head. "But you know, I wouldn't decline to listen anyway," he said when he finally spoke.

"Thought you would say as much. You were always one eager to learn," Green Arrow replied before beginning. "Speedy, tell me, what is it to be a teammate."

"What?" Speedy said in disbelief. "Is this some kind of pop quiz?" He looked at him for a response, but only got a face that told him to answer the question. He huffed slightly. "To be a teammate, is to be able to depend on someone as they depend on you. To be a teammate, is having the insight to do not what is best for yourself, but what is best for the whole. To be a teammate, is to take every member's weakness and turn it into your strength, for times when they can not," he stated in a annoyed monotone voice; he knew this stuff.

"Good." His mentor was satisfied with his answer. "Now here's a tougher question. Tell me what it is to love a woman."

Speedy thought a moment before sitting up and looking at Green Arrow. "Wouldn't it be the same thing as being a teammate?"

Green Arrow never took his eyes off the skies. "Yes, and so much more," he stated sadly.

"You sound as if you speak from experience," but Speedy's comment went unreplied. "So, how is it more?" he asked.

Green Arrow sat up and looked at the young man. "Well, I can't give you the answers. Those you have

to figure out yourself. What I can do is give you the questions."

"The questions?" Speedy said to himself as the wind picked up and he brought his legs to his chest and wrapped his arms around them. His attempt to straighten out his hair had been in vain as the wind whipped it around wildly. "Alright, what are the questions?" he asked the older man.

The sun had finally made its final descent and the dark sky masked the faces of both people as one began to speak. "They are simple to say the least, but unlike the definition of a teammate which can be taught, the questions I'm about to ask you will most likely be answered, when you're not looking for the answer at all."

"So what are they?" Speedy asked again before Green Arrow proceeded to answer him.

To Be Continued. . .



2 - Odd Man Out

Chapter Two: Odd Man Out

It was nearing noon as Speedy walked down the hall towards the common area of the Tower. He stretched his arms as he yawned and entered the doors of the upper deck. After reaching the railing he leaned down upon it and looked at his fellow teammates below. They were lounging on the couch in front of the television.

Mas y Menos played happily with their Game Station on one end of the large couch while Aqualad watched as they played. Speedy then watched as Bumblebee emerged from the kitchen area and walked over to the couch. She grabbed a magazine from the table and laid on the couch as she rested her head on Aqualad's lap, who didn't seem to mind at all.

The two of them had been friends for a long time and felt pretty comfortable with one another. If one had a problem or just needed to talk, they would simply go to the other. The same thing went for the twins, they had one another to confide in.

At that, Speedy sighed angrily, he hated being the odd man out. "We should be training!" he yelled loud enough for the rest of the team to hear. Because at least when they were training, he felt like he was apart of them.

A little startled, by the sudden outburst, the others were surprised to see Speedy. Bumblebee looked at the clock. "You want to be serious about training now? This coming from a boy who usually isn't up before noon?" she said annoyed as she looked up at him.

Aqualad then leaned into her and whispered something in her ear. "We should mark it on the calendar, this may be a once in a lifetime event." Bumblebee smiled and giggled at his joke.

Speedy didn't know what he had said to her, being so far away, but he knew it was about him; it was always about him. He hated being the butt of their jokes. He was usually a very serious person when it came down to their work, but she always had to make him feel like a fool. And when he did feel like a fool, he got angry, which usually just ended up with him looking like the jerk. "So are we going to train or what?" Speedy stood up straight and crossed his arms over his chest.

"For your information, Speedy," Aqualad began calmly. "We've already trained for the day." He then turned around as if the matter was settled. Mas y Menos, picking up on his cue, began their game again.

"Bee, aren't you suppose to be the leader or something? How come you didn't wake me up?" Speedy yelled as he called down to her. His hands had found the railing and he was squeezing it tightly in anger. *How dare they leave me out?* he thought.

"Hey!" Bumblebee yelled back up at him. "I am not your mother, Speedy! I'm not going to beg every time

I need you do something!" She was angry as well. "If you want to train with us then get your lazy, high-maintenance @\$\$ out of bed sometimes and train." Speedy's mouth fell open and the twins once again paused their game.

Aqualad turned to Bumblebee and put his hand on her arm. "Bee, you're being too harsh on him," he told her.

"I don't care." She swatted away his hand. "Because I will not!" She pointed at Speedy. "I repeat, *will not*, put up with your pompous attitude any longer. I'm tired of it, Speedy."

"What are you trying to say, Bumblebee?" Speedy asked her. "You don't want me a part of his team anymore?" His face was full of hurt and concern which his mask hid very well.

Bumblebee cast her head down and a took a deep breath. She then rose her head. "That's not what I meant. I want you apart of this team, Speedy, we all do," the others nodded their heads as they agreed. "But you need to learn how to be a teammate. You make it so hard to depend on you."

"I know what it is to be teammate," he spat.

"Then for the sake of us all," she began gently. "Start showing it." She then turned back around to sit on the couch properly. The others stared at Speedy for a moment before going back to what they were doing.

Speedy turned around and headed towards the doors. "dog."

"I heard that, Speedy!" she roared from the couch.

OoOoO

Speedy was underground in the training area of the Tower, honing in on his skills as he shot his arrows at the targets he had set up before he began. He hung upside-down from a pipe on the ceiling as he readied an arrow on his bow. He then released the hold his legs had on the pipe and started falling towards the ground head first. His body began to swirl around as he released his arrow quickly and grabbed another to shot at his targets.

When his last target had been marked, Speedy began to lift his head, changing his position before he reached the ground. He than landed with a thud in a squatted position with one hand on his thigh and the other bracing the ground for balance. "How long have you been watching me?" he asked, panting heavily as he slowly looked up to see the black girl with her hands on her hips.

"Long enough to figure out where all my pictures went," Bumblebee told him as she looked around at Speedy's targets which were pictures of her. Speedy then stood up to his full height as he looked down at his leader. He smirked at her. "You don't intimidate me, Speedy."

"Never said I was trying to," Speedy said. "So what do you want?" he asked as he turned around from

her to take down his targets. "I'm busy."

"I've come to train with you," she told him as she helped him take down his targets.

"Why?" He looked at her suspiciously.

"Because I figured if I want to be able to depend on you," she handed him back his arrows, "that you have to be able to depend on me too." She smiled. "So we'll get you an alarm clock so you can be up for morning training sessions."

Speedy shook his head. "They don't work," he explained. "After about a week, my ears learn to block out the sound."

"Hmm," Bumblebee thought it over. "Then I guess," she was a bit hesitant, "I just have to wake you up each morning."

"Stop right there." He shook his head. "Don't do me any favors, Bee." He began to walk away from her. "I know how much against your nature it goes."

"Where are you going?" she asked as she followed him. "Dammit, Speedy. I'm trying to be nice."

"Oh, yes," he rolled his eyes, "making yourself do something for me, that you really don't want to do, is exactly what I define as nice," he spoke as he grabbed a towel and draped it over his head before heading out the training area door and down the hall.

"Well, at least I'm trying to make an effort," she spoke intensely as her hands balled up into a fist and the sound of her high-heel boots echoed in the empty hall. "Unlike you, who starts ordering people around the moment they come into view, like they're your own personal service crew."

"Who are we talking about again?" Speedy asked. "Because that sounds a whole lot more like you than me," he spoke with his back to her as he continued to walk. "I don't know what Cyborg was thinking when he named you his successor." He then stopped in a doorway. "He should have given the job to me or at least Aqualad at that. You know, a man who could handle the job."

"Why you arrogant, conceited piece of-

"Are you taking a shower with me?" Speedy cut her off as he looked over his shoulder.

"What?" She looked absolutely outraged at the question.

"No?" He turned around to face her. "Then I suggest you stop following me now." That's when Bumblebee noticed that the doorway he had stopped at led into a bathroom. Speedy then took a step backwards before closing the door, but before it was fully closed he spoke. "Now why don't you be a good little girl, run off, and make me a ham sandwich or something."

"You're a pig!" She kicked the door in frustration.

"And you're bugging me," he cried from the other side of the door. "So buzz off!"

"Ahhh!" Bumblebee screamed as she stretched out her wings and flew down the hall towards the elevator.

OoOoO

It was a little past five thirty in the morning as Bumblebee opened her blinds to greet the rising sun. She hated to admit it, especially after the argument she had with Speedy about who would get what room, but she loved waking up to the view the sun rising over the city of Steel.

She hummed happily to herself as she continued getting dress for morning training which usually took place three times a week. The other days they trained were in the afternoon and on Sundays they didn't train at all. Bumblebee was in the middle of brushing the rest of her hair into her all too familiar pigtails, when there came one single knock at her door. She continued what she was doing as if she never heard it.

After finishing her hair, she opened her top dresser drawer where she kept her favorite snack which were little cracker goldfishes. She couldn't eat them in front of Aqualad, he would have a fit. Following her snack, Bumblebee walked over beside her bed where she had her Bee Stingers hung on the wall. She placed them both on their designated holsters located on her pants and headed towards the door.

She pressed the button on the wall and the door slid open. "Impatient much?" she asked as she saw Aqualad leaning on the opposite wall with his arms crossed over his chest and one foot against the wall.

Aqualad then pushed himself off of it. "No, but you're usually not one to be late," he told her as they started towards the elevator.

"Yeah, I know," she told him. "I got a little distracted this morning."

"Oh," Aqualad looked at her curiously. "About what?" he asked as he pressed the down button for the elevator and stepped inside when they opened.

"About how I'm stressed and how it's your fault," Bumblebee stated once inside.

"My fault?" He looked at her. "What did I do?" he asked and then pressed the button for the lowest level of the Tower.

"What did you do?" She looked at him as though the answer should have been clear. "Tell me if this sounds familiar. 'I've fought him once and he's good. I think he'll make a great addition if we're going to form our own team.' Remember that conversation, Water Boy?" she asked as the elevator doors closed and she pressed a button for one of the lower floors.

Aqualad shrugged. "Vaguely," he responded as he put his arm over her shoulders. "But your problem with Speedy, isn't what I would describe as stress, Bee."

"Oh?" She shifted her weight to one side as she put a hand on her hip.

"Yeah," he put his lips close to her ear and whispered as if it were a secret. "It's sexual tension."

Bumblebee rolled her eyes. "You know what? You play too much." She gently pushed him away as the elevator doors once again opened.

"Really?" Aqualad began as he held the door, so it wouldn't close too soon, and Bumblebee stepped out. "Then why are you getting out on the fourth floor?" he asked.

"I'm only going to wake him up. I told you about that yesterday."

"Yeah, you told me what you thought about him and how he didn't want you to wake him up for morning sessions."

"I don't care what that fool wants. He's going to wake up whether he likes it or not," she told him as she turned and started towards Speedy's room.

"Sometime I wish you would just listen to people," Aqualad commented as he stepped back inside.

"Yeah, when that happens, you'll know we're in the middle of 'Invasion on the Body Snatchers'," she told him right before the doors closed and he headed towards the basement.

Bumblebee then walked down the hall until she came to Speedy's door where she gently knocked on it. When she got no response she simply knocked a little louder. When she still got nothing, she grew impatient and after another moment she just started pounding on the door. She growled softly as she finally just opened the door herself and stepped inside.

With Speedy's room on the west end of the Tower it was still very dark as Bumblebee searched for the light switch on the wall. When she found it she flipped it on and a low light filled the room and she looked around. It was the first time since Speedy moved into it that she had stepped inside.

As she looked around, she observed how tidy his room was. Everything was in its proper place, right down to the neatly folded clothes he planned on wearing for the day. "Figures," Bumblebee said to herself while noticing how warm Speedy kept his room as she made her way over to his sleeping form.

As she came closer and stopped at the edge of the bed, she saw that he slept with his mask on. Bumblebee didn't know why, but she was a bit disappointed at the discovery. She then noticed how peaceful he looked as he slept and noted she liked him like this, quiet. She smiled at the thought as she reached out for his bare shoulder to nudge him awake. But before her fingers even touched his skin, she was grabbed roughly above the elbow and flipped on to the bed.

Speedy rolled on top of her quickly and then just as fast had his forearm tucked under her neck almost choking her. "Speedy!" she yelled out as her free hand came up to his arm.

"Bee?" He looked baffled as he loosened his hold on her. "The frack?" He still looked a little out of it. "What

are you doing? You scared the hell out of me."

"I came to wake you up for morning training," she told him.

"I thought I told you, you didn't have to do that." He propped himself up and looked down at her.

"I don't like being told what I can and can not do," she began, but then looked at him softly. "Look Speedy, I know you feel like the odd ball when it comes to rest of the team. I'm only-

"Shut up," he told her. "You don't know how I feel and I'll be damned if I let you sit here and analyze me."

Bumblebee shook her head. "Fine. Whatever. I'm sick of trying anyway, so just get off me," she explained in a dull voice.

"Huh?" Speedy said softly as he blinked a few times behind his mask. It was just way too early for his brain to be functioning properly. A slow smirk then started to appear on his face as he realized for the first time what kind of position they were in. "You know, I could kind of get used to this," he told her as he brushed the back of his hand along her cheek.

Bumblebee looked at him with deadpan eyes. "You have lost your ever-loving mind, haven't you?" she asked him before smacking him hard across the head. "Now off!"

"Ow!" he yelled angrily before he grabbed her arms and forced them down to her sides. "I'll put up with a lot of things from you, Bee," he began darkly. "But don't ever hit me. Understand?" Bumblebee then gave him a half concern half frighten look as she was about to answer him, but before she had a chance, she saw the smile that Speedy was trying to force back, but couldn't. "But then again, if you like it rough, I guess I can make an exception."

Bumblebee glared at him with venom in her eyes, but then her expression turned to complete horror as she felt Speedy's pelvis press into hers. "frack you!" she yelled and started struggling underneath him, but soon realized he was stronger than she once thought he was.

Speedy only laughed. "What an interesting choice of-" he was cut off as he felt something sharp on his side. Bumblebee hadn't been struggling for nothing; she had grabbed one of her Bee Stingers.

"Unlike you, Speedy," her voice was low. "When I make a threat, I mean it. So if you don't get off me in the next two seconds, I swear I'll blast a hole in your stomach so big, it'll take Mas y Menos a day to run around it."

The smile finally fell off Speedy's face. "I was only playing, Bee."

"Well, I don't play like that," she said as she stuck the Bee Stinger further into his side. She then sighed a bit as her voice calmed. "Why can't you just respect me?" she asked him.

Speedy looked a little taken back by the question. "But I do," he confirmed.

"And this is how you show it? By harassing me like this?"

Speedy then cast his eyes away from hers as it was followed by a moment of silence. "Dammit," he finally said to himself. "Fine. You win," he said before he untangled himself from the sheets and got out of bed. He stood with his bare back to his teammate. "Happy now? I'm up," he said as he grabbed a bottle of pills from his nightstand and popped a few of them.

Bumblebee said nothing as she replaced her Bee Stinger, rose out of bed, and started walking towards the exit. The door opened and she was about to step out when Speedy called her. She still had her back towards his naked form as he spoke. "Oh and Bee, just for future reference," his smile returned. "I like it when you scream my name."

Bumblebee merely shook her head before she responded with her own smile. "Just handle your business. I 'm sure, with a name like yours, it won't take you long." She then allowed the door to close behind her as she walked down the hall to the elevator, but before she even reached it, she put one hand to her stomach and the other to her mouth.

She then started to run down the hall, pass the elevator, and to the bathroom on that floor. She couldn't quite make it to the toilet and so she emptied the contents of her stomach into the nearby sink. "shoot," she said quietly to herself as she wiped her mouth with the back of her hand before running the water in the sink. She then looked at herself in the mirror, she was slightly trembling. She realized then that she had let Speedy get to her. "I can't work like this," she concluded.

A few minutes later, Bumblebee joined Aqualad and Mas y Menos in the training room. Speedy hadn't arrived yet. "Aqualad, we need to talk," Bumblebee called her second-in-command.

"What is it?" he asked as she pulled him into a corner. He could tell there was something off about her.

"I want him gone, Aqualad. Today."

To Be Continued. . .

3 - The Secrets We Hold

Chapter Three: The Secrets We Hold

She had gone to him willingly. It had always been willingly. He had trusted her and so she had been one of the few that he never had to control. She would have done anything for him. . . then. So she had become his prize student, his top student. Wanting to please him ever since they found each other when she was a mere child of eleven.

He was fascinated with her, she knew, in a way that was not proper for a grown man to be fascinated with a child. He would often invite her to have private study sessions with him. A little one-on-one tutoring, saying he wanted his top student to stay his top student, but there was never any studying done, not once. And she never said a word when she was with him, as she did what was expected of her.

She would undress herself in his presence and he would wait for her to join him as he sat comfortably in a large bath. But the bath was never filled with water, as one would expect, but with the essence of another's life. The crimson wet liquid would shine bright under the lights as she would let it engulf her small body, before bathing herself within it.

He had never touched her when she was younger as he had preferred to watch. . . then. It wasn't until she had turned fourteen that their routine started to change. It had started out just like any other night. She had gone to him, undressed, and had bathed as he watched. But then he did something that had completely taken her by surprise. As she had finished and was about to rise out of the bath, he had stopped her by lightly grabbing her forearm. He then pulled her to him, encasing her within his arms. She was frightened and confused as he told her she would not be returning to her quarters that night. He then asked her if that was okay, but he already knew the answer she would give him.

It was that night that she realized that he never had to physically warp her mind -like the other students- because with her, he had simply done it with his words. She was only a child when she had joined him; she was easy to influence, easy to manipulate. Within her time at the school, he had trained her body to be strong -- to be lethal, if necessary, but he had also trained her mind to obey him, and it had to end. She decided she would not be controlled anymore and that she would not let another man order her around or use her as if she were his property. So she had never been the spy the others had come to believe that she was, because she had been worst than that, she had been a traitor.

"shoot," Bumblebee said quietly to herself as she wiped her mouth with the back of her hand before running the water in the sink to clean up the mess she had made. She then looked at herself in the mirror, she was slightly trembling. She knew Speedy didn't mean to, but for a split second, he had made her feel as if she were that fourteen years old girl again, covered in blood under a man she had not the power to fight back. She didn't want that, she didn't want to feel as if someone had a control over her and in his own way, Speedy did. "I can't work like this," Bumblebee concluded.

OoOoO

Aqualad was in one of the many rooms within the training area. He had just gotten finished taking a quick dip in the pool which, unlike the one in the common area, lead straight out to the ocean that surrounded their Tower. He was in the middle of watching and laughing at the twins who were doing more playing than training as Menos was chasing after Mas trying to trip him with at fighting staff. He was amazed how slow they seemed when they weren't touching each other to run at a super high speed. He was in the middle of that thought as he heard Bumblebee call him. "Aqualad, we need to talk," she told him as she took him by the arm and pulled him into a corner.

Aqualad looked at her oddly as he realized there was something off about her since he spoke to her that morning. "What is it?" he asked.

Bumblebee looked at her most trusted friend and said firmly. "I want him gone, Aqualad. Today."

Needless to say, he knew exactly whom she meant and though the two had never gotten along well, she had never once said she wanted him gone. What had changed? "What do you mean, you want him gone?"

"Gone. As in not here -- not in the Tower -- not on the team," she told him. "I don't want to deal with him anymore."

Aqualad was confused; he didn't know where this was coming from. "Alright, Bee," he took her arms and looked at her seriously. "But I need you to talk to me. Why?"

Bumblebee couldn't look at him. Aqualad was her best friend, that went beyond doubt; she trusted him with her life, but not with her secrets. When they had met, back when they were thirteen years old, it was an instant bond of air and sea. They told each other everything, but she could never bring herself to tell him about the Brother Blood she knew behind close doors. She was ashamed of it, ashamed of herself. "Please, just second the decision." She looked back up at him. "Please."

"What?" Aqualad whispered astonished. He had never known Bumblebee to stoop down to, something she thought of as lowly, as begging. "You know I can't second a decision like that, not without an explanation and you have failed to give me one."

"Don't you trust me?" Her eyebrows drew together.

"That doesn't even need to be asked. But that has nothing to do with what you have asked of me."

"So you're taking his side?" She pulled herself away from him.

"I don't even know what we're talking about," Aqualad almost yelled.

"Well, well, well," Speedy strode into the room, a small frown on his face and a bow in his hand. "what do we have here? A lover's spat, maybe?"

"Mind your own business, Speedy. This doesn't concern you," Bumblebee stated.

"That's a straight up lie, because you tell your boyfriend here everything." Speedy looked from her to Aqualad and back to her. "Come on now, I apologized. I didn't mean to scare you upstairs." He smirked.

"I wasn't scared," she said defiantly, trying not to clench her teeth.

"What the hell happened upstairs?" Aqualad asked now growing upset as he looked at his fellow teammates stare each other down. "Bee?"

"Nothing," she stated a moment later. Forget this. I've gone through worst and I am not letting this boy get to me. I'll show him once and for all who has who and bring him down a peg or two in the process. Bumblebee smiled inwardly. "Just forget what I said earlier," she directed towards Aqualad. "Now, if you'll excuse me, I'll be in the boxing room. I really need to hit something."

As she was starting to walk out of the room she almost fell over Mas who was running pass her to get away from Menos. Then as Menos passed, Bumblebee yanked the staff from his hands. "Alto!" she yelled at the boy. She then turned to Aqualad. "That means stop, right?" And he nodded. "Good." She turned back Menos. "You wouldn't want him to chase you with a stick, would you?" Menos just smiled. "Don't give me that look. I know you understand me." She then handed the staff to Mas. "Here. Have a ball." She then shook her head as she watched Mas began to chase Menos. "Bad @\$\$ kids," she commented before leaving the room.

Aqualad turned towards Speedy, who was looking at Bumblebee as she left the room. Speedy looked at her curiously, she seemed quite vengeful, but he shrugged it off as he directed his attention to Aqualad. "Want to spar?" he asked as he pulled out an arrow. "I could do with a moving target."

"What did you do to Bee?" Aqualad got straight to the point.

"Like the lady said," he placed the arrow on the bow and got ready to shoot it, "nothing. So are you going to move, or would you rather I shoot you point blank? Though honestly, that doesn't help me none." Aqualad knew he wasn't going to get anything out of the archer anytime soon. He would have to try his luck later, because he knew Bumblebee's request was more than nothing.

OoOoO

"God, I hate my life," Speedy said to himself. It was later in the day and he was in this room cleaning off the guck that had explored near him earlier that day. It had been about midday when they had gotten the alert that some lunatic, named Pioneer, had equipped the bridge with explosives and was holding the city hostage until he got the amount of cash he wanted. He gave the city five hours to come up with it or they would have to kiss their bridge good-bye and soon following, their beloved Steel City.

As they had arrived, the last remaining people were running off the bridge towards the city, because Pioneer, a burly man dressed in brown and gold, had his minions blocking the other side of the bridge which prevented anyone from leaving. The minions, the Titans were able to defeat without much help from each other as they avoided the minions' weapons. The weapons were gun type devices that shot out a pinkish sticky goo. As the Titans fought they discovered that the minions were also made of the same goo.

Before long there stood only the five and their newest villain. "Now, now children," began the older man. "If you wanted to play," the pinkish goo swirled around his hands at a furious rate, "all you had to do was ask." He then swung both of his arms in front of his body, bring his wrist together. As they connected the pink goo broke off and from into thousands of solid sphere pieces before shooting out in all directions, heading towards each Titan.

"Titans move!" Bumblebee yelled and the team scattered.

Mas y Menos dodged each shot easily with their speed, but found that they couldn't get any closer to the enemy than he would allow them to. Aqualad was able to deflect all incoming shots by putting up a barricade of water, changing the current flow within it, and then shoot the pellets back out at Pioneer.

Pioneer not expecting his own weapon to be shot back at him was hit several times in surprise my them as he staggered back a few steps. After quickly regain his footing, he laughed. "I'm impressed," but he then frowned, "but now you've pissed me off," he stated as he sent out another arsenal of pink bullets.

Speedy jumped backwards onto an abandon vehicle as he began reaching for his unlimited supply of arrows at a remarkable velocity as he shot three- four of them at a time. Each arrow collided head-on with a corresponding pink bullets. Bumblebee had shrunk down to her smallest size as she zigged and zagged through an air maze of the blurring objects.

Being so small, Pioneer had been unable to see her at first, but his eyes had soon picked up the fluttering wings coming towards him. Now distracted by the heroine, Mas y Menos took the opportunity to get closer. Bumblebee, though small, could still pack a punch as though she were her original size. Her left hand balled into fist and she struck Pioneer's face with a fearsome blow. Mas y Menos seamlessly appeared out of nowhere and tripped Pioneer so they he fell on his back. As he tried to rise he was immediately doused with an onslaught of water, courtesy of the Atlantian. "Come on Speedy," Aqualad shouted over the rush of the water to the boy whom had taken a sit on the car he had been on. "We don't have all day."

"Just hold your sea horses!" Speedy shouted back to be heard as he loaded his bow with an arrow leisurely. He then saw Aqualad turn to Bumblebee and Mas y Menos saying something Speedy couldn't hear, but he saw the smiles on the other's faces. Speedy then lined up his shot pointing it towards Aqualad as he murmured to himself, "One of these days." He then aimed it towards Pioneer. "Now!" he shouted and Aqualad ceased his water attack as Speedy's arrow went zipping through the air. It glided gracefully towards its target before the end of the arrow opened up and released a net to capture Pioneer so that they could deliver him to the nearest jail cell.

But Pioneer had been quicker than they had imagined, for he was able to send out one last echo of an assault towards Speedy before the net tightly wrapped around his body, leaving his hands at his sides. "Speedy, watch out!" he heard Aqualad yell. With no time to reload his bow, Speedy quickly jumped out of the way, but he wasn't fast enough as several of the sphere bullets struck him with an unimaginable force while midair. It also didn't help none as he crashed back into the car before rolling off of it and landing on the ground.

He groaned slightly as he tried to pick himself up, but couldn't lift himself off his hands and knees. He

then heard the sound of footsteps coming in his direction. "Come on, we'll get you back to the Tower and check you out," Aqualad explained to him as he held him up while Menos picked up his bow which had fallen from Speedy's hand.

"Where's Bee?" Speedy asked groggily as he put an arm around Aqualad as he other hand came up to his head. "Damn, that hurt."

Aqualad then answered his question. "She's taking Pioneer to jail."

"She didn't wait to see if I was okay?"

Aqualad cocked an eyebrow. "You seem disappointed."

"Well, I'm not." Speedy looked at him with narrowed eyes. He then sighed. "Let's just get back to the Tower."

So now Speedy was his room, growing furious as he continued to try to scrub the guck off his favorite bow. "Get off!" he yelled at it, as though it would help. He then heard a knock at the door and his head snapped up at the sound. And so he placed his bow down on the bed and stood up as a small smile came across his lips. But his smile was soon replaced with a frown as a sharp pain struck him in the side. He was still quite sore from the day, but he tried not to let that bother him as he went over to the door. His smile returned as he started to open it and spoke. "So you finally came to check on me. Worried, are we?"

"No, not really." Aqualad smiled at him as Speedy's door fully opened.

Speedy's shoulders dropped. "What do you want, Fish Boy?" he asked him.

"I want to talk to you," he said as he barged into his teammate's room.

"About what?" Speedy asked a little agitated.

"About what happened with you and Bee this morning," he explained. "She won't talk to me and that's not like her."

Speedy felt like he was being interrogated and he didn't like it. "Look, I know that this is kind of hard for you to understand, but like I told you before, nothing happened." He then smirked. "And even if something did, it wouldn't be any of your business." He started to walk away from Aqualad, wanting to get back to cleaning his bow.

But Aqualad grabbed his arm as he passed. "No, you look," he began. "I am tired of all the bullshoot between you two. So we're going to talk about it, we're going to work it out, and we're going to end this."

"There's nothing to discuss," Speedy almost yelled as he pushed Aqualad's hand off of him.

"Then why did she want you off the team?"

Speedy looked at him in surprise. "You're playing with me."

"I don't play," Aqualad confirmed. "So talk. Now."

To Be Continued. . .