

# RAVEN & BEAST BOY



TRAPPED IN THE TV DIMENSION!

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By RJ Alvarez

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In a man-cave that looks like the bridge of the Starship Enterprise, a bulb starts to light up one of the consoles, and brings a red glow to an otherwise dark room. The bulb glows bright red for a minute before a whirring starts to emit from behind the console. Slowly, one by one, different overhead lights begin to come on. First over the Engineering console, then over Sciences, then Communications. All the buttons and bulbs start coming to life with the lights. After a short lag, Weapons and Navigation light up and the beeps and boops begin to emit from the computers. Finally, in a very slow and dramatic way, the lights over the Captain's chair go from dim to spotlight.

"Working," calls an electronic female voice. It can be heard from all around the man-cave. A multitude of clicks and whirrs can be heard from the room before a small panel opens up over the Captain's chair. Down drops a projector and it begins to emit a blue light onto the chair. Dozens of other projectors begin to pop down from the ceiling and add to the blue light on the chair. Once all of them turn on, you can see the form of a man start to emerge from the blue light. His form is full of static and transmission difficulties, but he's definitely there.

"What? What's going on," questions the overweight projection of a man. He looks around the room and then down at his fingers. "Frak," he mumbles under his breath. He takes a deep breath, even though he doesn't need one, and let's it out slowly. "Computer, status on prisoner Control Freak."

"Working," replies the computer. The man of light continues looking at his translucent body. "Control Freak, currently frozen, was captured by the Teen Titans while fighting The Brotherhood of Evil. Would you like to know more?"

"Frozen? By the Teen Titans? What the hell has happened," he mumbles to himself. "Yes, computer. Inform me of all events containing Control Freak and the Teen Titans since last activation of the EVH."

"Working. Events since last activation of the Emergency Villain Hologram are too extensive for audio. Would you like to transfer to the Science station?"

"Make it so," replied the EVH. He got up from the chair and looked through his feet to the carpet below. "This is going to take some getting used to."

The EVH walked over to a viewer attached to a console and bent down to look through it. A timeline of events could be seen scrolling at the optimal speed for human eyes. That's when he realized that he wasn't human and didn't need to literally see this file. The EVH got up with a smug look on his face.

"Computer, make a subroutine that gives the EVH access to all files within the memory core. Make it so."

"Working," came the computer voice once more.

At first, nothing happened. The EVH just stood there next to the Science station waiting. Then the lights in the room dimmed for a second. After that, the EVH himself began to dim and flicker. Finally, he began to glow a brighter blue than he was originally.

"I see. Well, that makes perfect sense. That dingbat would go and get himself frozen," he mumbled. The EVH stood there rubbing his holographic hands together in thought. "Computer, activate Love Potion Number Nine. It's time to take these Titans out once and for all!"

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"Hey, don't pause the game! You're just doing that because I'm kicking your butt," yelled out Cyborg. He was sitting on the couch in the Tower's common room with a controller in his hand. Sitting next to him was Beast Boy, who had dropped his controller and was looking at his phone.

"Hold on, dude! My social media accounts have been going crazy since I posted that photo of Aqualad during MerMay! Do you know how many friend requests I've gotten in the past hour alone? I'm like a social media influencer!" Beast Boy typed away at his phone as Cyborg gave him a dirty look.

"Yeah? Well, Super Nitro Racers only has one friend request and it's a request to kick your tail! So, put down your phone and let's play," complained the half robot. He kept shaking his controller in hopes it would make Beast Boy hurry up.

"Hold on, dude! No way! No way! NO! WAY!" With every word, BB was getting up on the couch, until he was literally jumping up and down on it.

"What is it? Did your followers break a million," asked Cyborg sarcastically. He threw the controller over his shoulder knowing they were never going to finish the game.

"Dude! I won two tickets to a private screening of Little Shop of Horrors," Beast Boy yelled at him in excitement. He dropped to his knees and showed Cyborg the email. Cyborg's human eye just about doubled in size.

"Are you serious? The live action remake of the animated version? They say it's a sure fire win at the Oscars for "Best Screenplay Adaptation of an Animated Adaptation of a Script!" Can I be your plus one," asks Cyborg, wagging the eyelashes of his human eye at BB.

"What? Dude, I would love to, but it's a PRIVATE SCREENING! I've got to take Raven! She hates going to the movies because of all the people and her powers. This is the perfect chance for her to just enjoy going out to the movies." Beast Boy was walking over to the computer to print out his tickets.

"From what you told me, you seemed to have enjoyed coming back from the movies with Raven that one time..." Cyborg had propped his elbow on the arm rest and was wagging his eyebrow at Beast Boy.

"Dude!" BB rushed over and covered Cyborg's mouth with both hands. "I was NOT supposed to tell you about that! Just erase it from your hard drive or something?" He let go of his best friend and went to pick up his print outs.

"Maybe I'll forget about it if somebody takes me to see the most anticipated movie adaptation of an animated movie this year! Come one! Please," Cyborg begged, getting down on his knees.

"Sorry, dude. I'm doing this for love! Besides, don't you want to take Bee to the movies? I'm sure she'd love to see a movie about a giant plant! She'd probably want to pollinate it or something!" Beast Boy runs up the stairs laughing.

"Oh, you are gonna pay for that, lover boy," called Cyborg after him.

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Beast Boy bursts into Raven's room waving two tickets in the air. Raven, who was meditating, opens one eye to look at the green boy who was hyperventilating before her. He dropped his hands to his knees and started taking deep breaths. Raven just sat crossed legged in mid air waiting for him.

"Babe, you'll never guess what just happened," he tries to yell out in excitement.

"I'm just taking a wild guess but I think you got some movie tickets," she replies. Raven, who's been with Beast Boy for a while now, has gotten used to these sudden outbursts. She's learned it's easier to expect that he's going to do it rather than expect peace and quiet.

"How did you," he starts, but then looks at the tickets in his hand. He chuckles while straightening up. His breath was already returning back to normal. "Yeah, I did! It seems that I won a contest for a free early screening of the live action remake of the animated version of Little Shop of Horrors!" He beamed at her expectantly.

"That's... good, Garfield," Raven said, while dropping her legs one at a time into a standing position.

"Good? It's awesome! I heard that this version is directed by Guillermo del Toro!" Beast Boy holds the tickets to his chest protectively. "If this movie leans closer to Hellboy than The Shape of Water then it's going to be awesome! And we get to see it before anybody else!"

"I don't know, Gar. It's been a tough day for me. I kind of just wanted to meditate. Maybe even cuddle in bed for a while," she asks softly, her face almost pleading

"Aww, are you sure? It's a pretty romantic story," he said, caressing her face with his free hand. Raven leaned into his touch with her cheek. "And... it's a private screening..." There was a little bit of a tease in Beast Boy's voice.

"Wait, you mean I don't have to feel a crowded theater's worth of emotions?" Raven raised her head from his hand. Her eyes were wide in surprise. "No sadness at the dead dog? No giddiness at the toilet humor? No... inappropriate desires in the middle of a crowded movie theater?"

"First, what dead dog? Have you been reading spoilers about the movie? You know I told you that it ruins the experience!" Beast Boy's eyebrows came together in a stern look of disapproval. "Second, that makes total sense why we came home that time..."

"And lastly," questions a blushing Raven, covering his mouth before he could finish that sentence. BB lowered her hand and showed a very devilish smirk.

"Lastly, it's no joke. It really is a private screening for me and a guest. That's why I was so excited when I came in here. I thought it'd be the best movie date we'll probably ever have..."

Raven looked up at Beast Boy with a small grateful smile on her face. It wasn't always easy dating somebody like him but, when he did thoughtful things like this, it made her so glad that they were together. She wanted to say yes. She wanted to jump up and down in excitement. But she just nodded and gave him a hug. BB knew that this was as excited as she would let herself be. He kissed her on the forehead, relishing in the fact that he could make her so happy, even if she didn't show it.

"So, why don't you get dressed, and we'll head out? The movie doesn't start for another hour so you have time." He kissed her lightly on the lips. Beast Boy smiled as he walked out her door and into the hallway. He could see her shy smile as the door slid shut between them.

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A green bloodhound was rooting around Beast Boy's room. It kept sticking it's nose into giant piles of clothing and then turning it's head to sneeze. After doing this a couple of times, Robin rung the door chime and the door slid open.

"Hey, Beast Boy, are you alright? I heard a lot of sneezing from down the hall," said Robin, a look of mild concern on his face. Then he looked around the room and the concern grew ten fold.

"Yeah, everything is fine," said the bloodhound. It sat down on it's hind quarters and then shifted into a green boy sitting on his butt. "I'm just trying to find some clean casual clothes for a date with Raven. I know I have something around here that's clean!"

“Uh, Beast Boy, when was the last time you did any laundry? Because, from the smell, it was a pretty long time ago...” Robin took a couple of steps back and covered his nose.

“Dude, it must have been Thursday. It’s just that dating has gotten my animal instincts going. I’m freaking nesting!” He opened his arms wide to emphasize what he was saying. “I had put all my clothes away on Thursday and then Friday the room looked like this! Now I don’t know what’s clean or not! Everything seems to be full of pheromones! Robin, you gotta help me!”

“Yeah, buddy... Sure. I think we have some spare clothes in the T-plane from that time we went to Tokyo.” Robin motioned for Beast Boy to follow him. “Remember we bought all those souvenirs and never get around to taking them out? I’m sure some of the clothes we packed are still in there, too.”

“Dude! You are the best! That’s why you’re the leader!” Beast Boy jumped up and hurried to follow Robin to the Hanger.

“Raven,” said Starfire, loudly. “Are you in there? I have come for the bonding time of the girls!” She rang the chime at exactly five second intervals. “Raven!”

“I’m coming, Star. Hold on.” The door slid open to show a half naked Raven, with her jeans open and a shirt only half on. She noticed the look of concern on Starfire’s face. “I was trying on clothes for a date with Beast Boy. I don’t really have much for casual clothes. I was trying on shirts when you came ringing.”

“Oh, a date! This is wonderful! I have watched many programs about dating! I believe they are called the JDrama? I found many the JDrama on our fun filled trip to Tokyo. Shall I assist in the ceremonial dress?” Starfire cocked her head to the side in anticipation.

“Okay, but like I said, I don’t really have much...” Before Raven could finish, Starfire grabs her hand and pulls her down the hall.

“That doesn’t matter, oh dear friend! I have picked up many different styles for when Rob- Er, for when the dating happens to me,” she says, opening the door to her room. Once they are both inside, Starfire tosses Raven towards the bed, and looks at her with delight. “I must warn you. I have a very large collection of ceremonial dresses. Try on as many as you like! Squee!”

“Okay, let’s see what you...” Starfire presses a button and a giant walk-in closet appears from a false wall. “Azar! You weren’t kidding, Star! That’s a lot of clothes...” Raven starts walking into the closet slowly. “I’m not sure where to start...”

“Raven, this collection is organized by color and style. I believe the clothing most suited to your taste would be what humans call the “Gothic Lolita?” Let’s see...” Starfire manipulates a control and all the clothes starts to move and shift. Sections of wall open up, pulling clothing back into them, and then replacing them with entirely new clothing. The same thing was being done for shoes and accessories.

“How did you get all this,” Raven asked, in awe.

“Which? The clothing or the closet? Ah, it does not matter now, friend Raven! You have a date to attend and you must not be late. Why don’t we try something in this section?” Starfire pulls Raven into the closet and starts pulling out dresses and shoes in multiple combinations.

“Hey, Rachel,” starts Beast Boy. His voice has a slight tremble in it from nerves. He’s been thinking about telling Raven how nice she looks since they left, but he’s botched it up every time. He just couldn’t seem to figure out how to say it. They’d been walking the city for a while now and were about to reach the theater. It was now or never, he thought to himself.

“Hmm,” she asked. Raven, on the other hand, had been lost in thought. She kept trying to remember a thought that popped into her head during meditation. Thoughts and ideas just tended to flow as she tried to clear her mind. It wasn’t unusual to just forget what they were. Yet, this thought’s echo persisted in her mind. Something felt dangerous about it. She’s been trying to draw it up from the pit of her mind all day. That’s why she initially didn’t want to go out, but this opportunity was just too good to pass up.

"I just wanted to say that," Beast Boy paused to try, once again, to find the right words. He was just so used to seeing Raven in her leotard and cape. Seeing her room door slide open, expecting to see the same thing he always did, and then to see Raven in a lacy black dress. He just couldn't believe she didn't notice his eyes popping out of his head. The dress was amazing on her but the little black lace gloves? Oh, and the tiny top hat that cocked to one side? Not to mention the shoes! He could feel the steam starting to come off his face as it heated up with the sudden rush of blood. Then Raven stopped walking, slide one hand along his cheek, and smiled at him.

"I'm glad you approve, Garfield. Starfire helped me pick it out. I think it's called Angelic Pretty or something like that. I wanted to make this date as special for you as it is for me." She kissed him lightly on the lips before turning back towards the theater. "It means so much to me that we can do something that normal couples do. Shall we go?"

"Yeah, babe!" She took his hand and they finished walking the last block to the movie theater together. "I kind of feel underdressed, though... T-shirt and jeans when you look so," he was at a loss for words, again.

"You look good, Gar. That building, though..." Raven motioned at the place they were currently headed to. It looked like it had been abandoned at the turn of the century. The marquee was empty except for the letters F and U. All the windows had been boarded over and sealed. Even the sealed cases for the movie posters looked like vandals had graffitied all over them. "Are you sure this is the right place?"

"Dude," exclaimed Beast Boy. His eyes grew to almost twice their size. "I've heard of this! It's the latest in movie house trends! Hosting horror movies in abandoned movie theaters! Sweet! I never thought they'd do it in Jump City!"

"Are you sure?" But he had hyped himself up too much. Beast Boy squeezed her hand and started pulling her to the theater. As they got closer, Raven was starting to sense some sort of presence from the building. She couldn't quite figure out if it was malevolent or not, but it was definitely there.

"Wow, I don't see anybody in the ticket booth... I wonder how we are supposed to get in..." He never let her hand go. He may have been completely caught up in the mystery and the intrigue of this event, but it never even occurred to him to let go of Raven. He gently pulled her around the ticket booth and towards the large doors.

"Hey, is that an electronic lock on the last door," asked Raven. This time, she pulled him with her to look at this modern device on this ancient building. They both bent down to look at what appeared to be an electronic eye where the lock used to be.

"Greetings, Garfield Logan," came an electronic male voice from the device. The couple jumped back in fright.

"Dude, this thing can talk," Gar asked his girlfriend.

"Affirmative. My name is the Habitual Access Lock 9000. Or HAL for short. May I please scan your tickets for admission," asked HAL in an almost bored monotone.

"Oh, yeah. Sure." Beast Boy pulled his two tickets out of his back pocket and held them up.

"Place the barcode at the level of my scanner."

"Oh, right! Duh..." BB lowered the tickets so HAL could scan them. First there was a red light that scanned the tickets, then there was a beep, followed by the sound of a latch being opened.

"Thank you. You may now proceed," said the electronic voice.

"Gar, are you sure about this? I'm getting a funny feeling about this place..." Raven looked into the dark lobby and could almost see a ghostly aura to the place. She gripped Beast Boy's hand tighter and pulled him back a few steps. "Maybe we should just go back to Titan's Tower..."

"Come on, babe! Are you serious? Do you know how hard it is to get tickets into one of these events? AND it's a private screening?" He cupped her cheek with his free hand and looked into her lavender eyes. He could see the agitation in them and didn't like it. "Look, if you want to head back, then we can go. This is all great stuff, but it's not worth it if you aren't going to enjoy it with me."

Raven looked up into her boyfriend's big green eyes. She wanted to make him happy. She wanted to do this for him, but that disturbing thought during meditation, and now this presence from within the building. Raven looked back into the lobby one last time, trying to figure out if the risk was worth it, and that's when the lights came on. The latest hits started to play from the speakers above them. The popcorn machine started to pop and the

smell started to waft out the open door. Suddenly, everything seemed normal, and the presence was gone. Just like that.

“Okay, let’s go see Little Shop of Horrors,” she said softly.

“Are you sure,” he asks, as he bring his face to her’s for a light kiss. “I am totally okay if we just go back and cuddle in bed. I just want to spend time with you, babe.”

“Yeah,” she says, turning her face away from him. She’s pretending to look back into the lobby, but in reality, she just didn’t want him to see her blush. “I’ve just had a bad day and I guess I let it get to me. This does seem pretty cool, though. How many other chances am I going to have to see a movie premiere with just you?”

“That’s a great point, my gothic beauty! As long as you are sure, then let’s go see if the butter in this theater is vegan, huh?”

“Theater thirteen... Theater thirteen... Where’s thirteen,” calls out Beast Boy. He has two large tubs of popcorn in one arm and the tickets in his other hand. He keeps stealing glances at the tickets as he passes the numbered doors.

“I think it’s the one at the end. See how the numbers are increasing?” Raven was holding a bucket worth of soda in each hand. “Are you sure we need all this? I don’t think I’ll ever be able to drink all this in an hour and a half.”

“You have to have popcorn and soda when you go to the movies! That’s like a law or something! Besides, if it’s free then why not get the biggest size? Oh, here we are!” Beast Boy slides the tickets into his pocket and opens the door for Raven. “After you, my most beautiful girlfriend!”

“Thank you, my most flirtatious boyfriend,” she says, as she walks passed him into the large room. “Wow, that’s a really big screen...”

“Dude, we got a free IMAX showing? How did they even get an IMAX screen in this old place? These dudes know how to party!” Beast Boy almost dances down the pathway leading to the seats. His tubs of popcorn leaving a trail of kernels behind him.

“So, where do you want to sit? Since we’ve got the whole theater to ourselves and all,” questions Raven as she follows him, taking in her new surroundings with awe, and wishing the drink buckets came with a handle.

“Well, since we don’t have to worry about anybody kicking us from behind, let’s sit right in the center!” They both climbed the stairs up to the center aisle and then went right to the middle seats. Once they had sat down, and were just starting to place their buckets in the cup holders, the lights started to dim. The couple smiled at each other and Gar wrapped his arm around her. Raven settled into the warmth of his embrace as the screen started to glow white. Then there was a flash...

“Oh, you’re awake. I was beginning to think something might have gone wrong,” came a familiar, nerdy voice. Yet, there was something different about it. Maybe it was the tone? Was there more confidence behind it than there used to be? Raven wasn’t sure. She opened her eyes and immediately looked around for Beast Boy. He was just starting to sit up so she looked back at the source of the voice.

“Control Freak,” said Beast Boy. He was rubbing his head with one hand. “Dude, how did you even unfreeze yourself? And why are you all blue and see through?”

“Wow, aren’t we quick on the uptake, Mr. Logan? But you are wrong! I’m not Control Freak, I’m-” the EVH started, but just then Raven sends a bolt of dark energy hurtling at his head. He just smiles as the bolt freezes right before him. “Impressive, Ms. Roth, but you are in my world now.”

Both Raven and Beast Boy look around at a never ending field of white. White above them. White below them. White as far as the eye can see. Except for the overweight, blue and translucent figure standing before them.

“Now, I’m going to pause you both until I’m done talking. Is that alright with you? It doesn’t matter. It’s done.” The couple freeze right in the spots that they were in. Beast Boy was getting up on his feet and Raven was starting to look back at the blue figure. “Now, you may not be able to move or speak but your ears work just fine.”



“I am not Control Freak. You Titans froze Control Freak in your fight with The Brotherhood! I am the EVH,” he says, slowly pacing around the frozen Titans. “Emergency. Villain. Hologram. You see, Control Freak knew that at some point, something would happen to him. So, he decided to make a backup of himself. Think about it like DVRing your favorite episode of a show so you can watch it over again. That’s me!”

The EVH walks over to Raven and runs a blue finger over her cheek. He then looks over to Beast Boy and gives him a sneer.

“What I don’t think even Control Freak accounted for was how much better I’d be than him. Now, I am the Titan’s true number one enemy! And you, my lovebird Titans, are trapped in the TV Dimension! But don’t fret! I’m not going to kill you. What would be the point? With no Titans to play with, there would be no reason to keep running my program, so I’m going to keep you in here. I’m going to play God and manipulate your lives to whatever trope I want to watch!”

The EVH starts to walk away into the distance, but he stops, and turns around. “Oh, and don’t worry. I’m sure that you two are only the first Titans to be trapped in here. I won’t stop until I collect the whole set! Gotta catch ‘em all!” Maniacal laughter follows him out of sight before everything starts to turn into digital snow. Then everything goes black and the channel changes...

# RAVEN & BEAST BOY

## TRAPPED IN THE TV DIMENSION!

### Chapter One - Wayward Titans -

Garfield Logan comes to, as if waking from a nightmare, and sits up suddenly. He looks around at his new surroundings. It's dark in the room he's in, so he can't really see much. From the light of the moon, he can just barely make out the bed he's in and the girl sleeping next to him. Raven is there, facing him and snoring lightly. He thinks that the whole thing must have been a dream. Control Freak. The white place. Being caught and frozen in place. It had all just been a really bad dream. He lays back down facing his purple haired girlfriend. He stares intently at her barely visible face and moves a strand of hair behind her ear. Then, just as he was starting to doze back off, there came a crash from somewhere.

Garfield jumped out of bed and onto his feet in the blink of an eye. He noticed a baseball bat by the bed and picked it up. Dream or not, he wasn't about to take any chances. He looks back at Raven, just to see if the sound had woken her, but she was still sound asleep. He knew he should probably wake her up. Two Titans were always better than just one, but she looked so peaceful. Besides, it was probably just Silkie. That crazy larvae was always getting into trouble when everybody was sleeping. Still, after that bad dream, he didn't want to take any chances. He got a better grip on the bat before pushing open the door.

Wait. A door that pushes open? The tower didn't have any doors that pushed open. Something wasn't right and Gar didn't like the smell of it. He crouched down low, keeping the bat over his shoulder, and slowly started creeping around this unknown place. There was something slightly familiar about it, but he just couldn't put his finger on it. It could be a place he'd been in before, but when? And who's? How could he have gotten in here? There were just too many questions, and the danger was too close to think about it all. There was another crash from someplace on his right and Garfield headed in that direction.

As he peeked around the archway of what appeared to be the kitchen, he saw somebody's dark silhouette being engulfed by the light of the open fridge door. What was he supposed to do? This wasn't his place. He didn't know if this person was the owner or a robber. Should he try to subdue this person? There were still too many questions and this wasn't the time to think about it all. This was a time for action. If it wasn't for Control Freak and waking up in a strange house, then maybe he'd think about it all harder. Maybe he would have just walked in and asked if there was any tofu in the fridge. But his gut was telling him there was danger and he always listened to his gut.

Garfield took a deep breath, hefted the bat into a striking stance, and rushed straight into the kitchen. The dark figure turned around with a beer in hand just as the bat was in its downward arc. The figure expertly dodged the bat and held both hands up in supplication.

“Whoa, whoa there, Sammy,” called out a rough male voice. “It’s just me!”

Gar thought the voice sounded kind of familiar, but he couldn’t take any chances. Swing first; ask questions after. He quickly lifted the bat and took another swing. The man with the beer dropped it on the ground as he dodged this second swing. With the ease of long practice, he pulled out a firearm from his waistband and aimed it right at Garfield’s head.

“Hold on, Sammy. Now, I don’t want to shoot you. I’m just going to turn on the light so you can see who I am, alright?” The man slowly made his way to a wall and flipped the light switch. “Heh, you college boys must really party hard! You went to bed with your Halloween makeup still on. What are you supposed to be, anyways? The Creature from the Black Lagoon? You need more gills.”

It took Gar a moment for his eyes to adjust to the sudden brightness of the overhead lights. The first thing he saw was a silver handgun pointed right at his face. The second thing he saw was the face of the man who owned it as he lowered his gun. He was dressed as if he shopped for his clothes from a Military Surplus store. That’s when it all clicked. The rough voice, the witty banter, and the old school horror movie references.

“Dean,” asked Gar, feeling a bit of disorientation. He reached out to the nearest wall for support. “What am I doing here?”

“So you recognize your big brother now, huh? You know, Sammy, it hasn’t been THAT long since the last time you heard my voice. Bring it in, huh?” Dean walked over to Gar and embraced him. He could smell’s Dean’s aroma of cheap bathroom cologne, sweat, and the overpowering scent of fermented hops. “Have you gotten smaller?”

“No?” Garfield pulled himself away from this person who shouldn’t be here. He was looking around in confusion before a thought popped into his head and out of his mouth. “I need to go wake up Raven...”

“Hold on,” said Dean, grabbing Gar’s arm before he could walk away. “I need to talk to you about Dad. I think he may have had an accident on a “hunting” trip.” Dean emphasized hunting with his eyebrows. “I need you to come with me. Help me find him.”

“What? Dude, I can’t do this right now! I have to get to Raven and see if she’s alright!” Garfield’s voice was rising with his concern for his girlfriend. He made another attempt to leave but Dean’s iron grip held him in place.

“Raven,” asked Dean, obviously confused. “I thought you had said your girlfriend’s name was Jessica. Oh, I get it! You had a bit too much to drink. Came home with the wrong drunk girl. Now you’re worried this Raven girl is puking in your dresser? I’ve been there.” Dean waggles his eyebrows and then nods with understanding.

“Dude! What are you even talking about? Raven-,” Gar started.

“I’m right here, Gar. Where are we,” asks Raven, while rubbing the sleep out of her eyes. She was looking groggy with her messed up hair, gray shirt, and rainbow striped shorts. “What happened to Control Freak? Or whoever he was supposed to be.”

“Babe,” Garfield said under his breath and ran over to embrace Raven. He breathed deeply of her scent to make sure it was her.

“Wow, I didn’t know you were into goth chicks, Sammy. Nice,” said Dean, walking back to the fridge for another beer.

“Who’s that,” whispered Raven into Gar’s ear. “And why does he keep calling you Sammy?”

“Hold on,” he said, giving her one last squeeze before letting her go. He then turned to Dean and attempted a smile. “Dean, can you give us a moment? I just need to explain to Raven why I have to go on a “hunting” trip, okay?”

“Yeah, go right ahead. I’ll wait for you out by the car. You don’t mind if I take a beer, do you? Nah, you don’t.” Dean raises a couple of beers in a salute, kicks the fridge door shut, and then walks out the back door.

Garfield pulls one of the chairs out from the table and sits down hard. He puts his head in his hands and sighs. Raven walks over to him and starts running her fingers through his green hair. He wraps his arms around her and pulls her closer to him, resting his face against her belly. Raven keeps running her fingers through his hair for a little bit before getting down to business.

“Gar, what’s going on? Who is Dean and how did we get here,” she asks, softly. Her hand still gliding over the green fur he called hair.

“Have you ever watched Supernatural,” he asks, his voice slightly muffled by her body.

“Is it something you’ve made me watch as part of your “Pop Culture 101” torture?” She says it with a little bitterness in her voice, but a smile plays at the edge of her lips.

“No,” he mumbled into her, again. “I thought it would hit a little too close to home for you.” Garfield squeezes her one final time before sitting back and taking a deep breath. Raven just looked down at him patiently. “Okay, so I don’t know exactly what happened, but somehow that blue dude who looks like Control Freak sucked us back into the TV Dimension! I didn’t even SEE a remote anywhere! And now, NOW, we are in fucking Supernatural! Somehow, I’m playing Sam and you are Jessica! Do you know what happens at the end of the first episode of Supernatural, Raven? Jessica dies! She fucking dies and I can’t lose you! Not after everything that’s happened just to get us to this point!” A sob escapes his throat.

“Okay, let’s just take this one step at a time,” she replies, still not sure how to handle these types of emotion. His distress was seeping into her consciousness, so she needed to calm him down before she lost it, too. “First, what’s Supernatural about? Do the main characters have any sort of powers?”

“No, Sam and Dean don’t have any powers this early in the series,” he says with a sigh. Raven’s plan was working. Getting Gar to think about the situation logically was calming him down. Besides, he loved to talk about nerdy TV shows. “But the show is basically about these two brothers who road trip around America killing monsters.”

“Okay, so I’m assuming some sort of monster is going to get my character?” Raven raises a questioning eyebrow.

“Yeah, the yellow-eyed... demon,” he says the last word in a low voice, as if it would ease the power of it.

“Somebody made a show about my Dad,” Raven said, looking perplexed. “I can see why you thought I might not want to watch this...”

“It’s not really Trigon,” he tries to explain. “Yellow eyes is basically a prince of hell. He is hell’s ruler while Lucifer is gone.”

“So, you think that a Prince of Hell is going to come after me? You do remember that I’m half demon myself, Gar. If I was able to fight off my father then I think I should be able to fight off this yellow eyed demon...” Raven reaches out and cups Garfield’s cheek. She softly raises his face so she can look into his eyes. She watches as the idea slowly dawns in them.

“That’s right! You have powers!” He jumps up and hugs her tight. “Wait,” he says, holding her at arms length. “Are your powers working? I know I haven’t tried to change into anything since I woke up here. I was about to turn into a gorilla to get away from Dean, but then you were standing right there.”

“There’s only one way to find out,” says Raven, holding a hand up between them. “Azerath... Metrion... Zinthos,” she calls out. Her hand is suddenly engulfed in a dark sphere of magical energy. She looks around and see’s the broken bottle on the ground. Raven sends the energy out to encompass the entire mess and lifts it into the air. She then locates the nearest trash receptacle and drops the mess into it.

“We are cooking with magic, baby,” yells out Garfield. He gives her a sudden kiss on the lips that leaves Raven a little breathless. “My turn!” Gar crouches down and turns himself into a dog. He looks up at Raven and wags his tail happily. He then changes back into human form. “Beast Boy is back!”

“Alright, now that we know our powers are not gone, how do we get out of here?” Raven looks down at herself and notices what she’s wearing. “Also, what kind of clothes does Jessica wear? Because this isn’t exactly a Titan standard costume...”

“Those are good questions... Usually, it’s all about getting Control Freak’s remote... But there isn’t one, this time...” Beast Boy’s head was starting to hurt at the strain of thinking so hard. He kept rubbing his green chin and looking into the distance.

“Well, if we are in a show, then why don’t we play it out,” Raven suggested. She found him adorable when he was trying so hard to think, but they just didn’t have time for it.

"It's worth a try. Next thing that's supposed to happen is Sam leaves with Dean to go chase down a ghost." BB looks out the window and sees Dean leaning against his Impala. He finishes an entire beer in one gulp and then throws the bottle at the garbage.

"What does Jessica do next?"

"Well," Beast Boy scratches the back of his head. "She's off screen until the end of the episode where she dies..."

"I'm not staying here, Gar. Not if you are going to be out there in danger. Titans stick together." Raven's face becomes very stern and BB nods at her.

"I don't want to leave you behind, either. Especially if Yellow Eyes is supposed to come around when Sam's gone," he said, with concern in his eyes. "I know you can defend yourself, babe, but I'd feel much better if we stayed together. Just in case..."

"Okay, as long as that's settled, let's go get changed and fight a monster or whatever..."

Raven walks out of the back door in a pink long sleeve shirt, dark denim pants, and short boots. Her hair was loose and was picked up by a slight breeze. She walked straight over to Dean and stood right in front of him. Dean smirked at her and stood up straight.

"Walk of shame, huh," he asks, checking her out. "I could have sworn you'd be dressed all in black."

"Yeah, she didn't really have anything other than pink," she said, under her breath. "So, Sam says we're going to go find your dad. Where are we going?" Raven puts her hands on her waist. She felt odd confronting danger dressed in a pink top with no cape or hood.

"What? No, no, no," Dean says quickly, waving his arms in front of him. "I'm sure you rather go home and do your nails than take a long, sweaty road trip with two guys. Unless you are into that..." Dean's eyebrow raises with his voice at the end of that sentence. He quickly dismisses the thought. "No, it's best you just go home."

"What," asks Beast Boy, coming out the back door. He was dressed in a gray t-shirt, open plaid button down, and jeans. He quickly made his way over to stand next to Raven. "Are you leaving Dean?"

"No. No, I'm not leaving, but your little princess here sure is." Dean pulls Beast Boy aside and starts talking in a loud whisper. "Are you crazy? Wanting to bring your one night stand with us to find dad? You know the kind of stuff we fight out there! She'll get hurt or even killed!"

"Dean, I've already told her everything. She knows. She wants to help." Beast Boy puts a hand on Dean's shoulder. "Besides, I've got reason to believe that Yellow Eyes is going to come here while we are gone. He's going to kill Raven, Dean! I can't leave her here like a lamb to the slaughter!"

"What?" Dean's voice becomes all business. He stands up straight and glances around the area. "How do you know that son of a bitch is going to be here? Dad's been hunting that mother killer for years now! You haven't even been in the family business for a while now, Sammy. How can you know where he's going to be?"

He had him there. It had been years since Beast Boy had actively watched Supernatural. He combed his mind for everything that he could remember about the show's lore. There had to be a way for him to know that Yellow Eyes would be here soon. Think, Gar, think, he told himself. That's it! How could he have forgotten!

"I had a premonition, Dean," he says, feigning distraught.

"A premonition?" Dean's face said he thought Sam was bullshitting him.

"Yeah, I saw it all like watching a show on TV. It was horrible! Yellow Eyes did something to me, and a bunch of other kids, and we all seem to be developing powers!" Beast Boy hugged himself and trembled. "I get glimpses of the future... Oh, and I can change myself, too!"

"Change yourself? Like what? A Shapeshifter?" Dean's bullshit meter still looked like it was on high. Beast Boy could tell Dean wasn't buying any of it. Of course not! Even on the show, he didn't believe Sam had powers until he saw it himself. Guess it's time to go for gold, he told himself.

“If I can prove to you that I have powers, then will you believe me,” BB asked. This was his last chance of keeping Raven as safe as possible.

“Yeah, Sammy... If you can change into something, besides changing out of that green paint, then I’ll believe you.” But Dean’s eyes said that he thought Sam was crazy. Maybe all those years away from the family business had drove him looney.

“Okay,” said Beast Boy, wasting no time and turning into a dog once more. He looked up at Dean and barked a couple of times.

“What the hell,” Dean called out. He quickly slid his hand along his waistline and tried to grab his gun. Unfortunately for him, Raven had been keeping a close eye on the situation, and she had engulfed his weapon in a black sphere. Dean looked over to her as her eyes glowed. “A Shapeshifter? And a Demon? What the hell have you freaks done with Sammy?” He went for his backup gun and found his hand being held by a green octopus tentacle.

“Azarath... Metrion... Zinthos!” Raven’s eyes glowed brighter as she encased Dean’s whole body into a cage of black energy. “Okay, Beast... Er, Sam. You can let him go. I’ve got him.”

“Thanks, babe,” said the octopus, before transforming back into a green guy. “Now do you believe me? I have powers. I know Yellow Eyes will be here soon.” Beast Boy looked at Dean with pleading eyes.

“No, you’re not Sammy! You’re a freaking Shapeshifter!” Dean quickly pulled out a throwing knife from his sleeve and threw it at Beast Boy’s face. Gar was able to dodge most of it, but it still cut his cheek. “Eat silver, you freak!”

“Azarath,” Raven started, but Beast Boy waved her down.

“Look at me, Dean. I’m not a shape shifter. Silver has no effect on me. You want to look at me through a camera and see if my eyes glow? Because they won’t.” Gar was trying his best to use all the information he knew to get Dean on their side. He may be a TV show character, but in this world he was real. They could use allies.

“Even if you are Sammy, then that Demon must be controlling you!” Dean looked at Raven with the eyes of a killer.

“Let him go, babe,” Beast Boy said with a sigh.

“But I sense he wants to kill us. Are you sure that’s the wisest course of action?” Raven trusted her boyfriend, but she didn’t trust this Dean character. He was a well trained killer with hate in his heart.

“He’ll never believe that you aren’t controlling me if you don’t. He’ll kill anything if he thinks it’ll save his brother. Let’s show him you aren’t a threat to his brother, okay? You aren’t a threat to me.” He nodded to her. “It’s okay.”

Raven dropped her hands and the cage fell away with them. Dean looked around for a moment, noticing he was free, and tensed himself up for a fight. Beast Boy just stood there with a sad smile on his face. Dean looked over at Raven, but she wasn’t even looking in their direction, anymore. She seemed to be appreciating the Impala parked on the side of the road. Dean finally started showing signs of letting his guard down.

“Okay, but-” But the sentence never finished leaving his mouth. Dean froze in place for a few seconds, and then his body began to get distorted. It started to have the appearance of a low powered digital transmission. Then a familiar face forced its way through the body of Dean Winchester and into existence. “Good job, Titans!”

“Control Freak,” they both called out at the same time!

“No, I’m not Control Freak! How many times-” Dark energy had picked up the silver throwing knife and launched it at The EVH’s face. Once again, it just froze before him and he chuckled. “Do I have to freeze you every time? Guess so!” Beast Boy froze with a shocked expression on his face. Raven stood frozen in the pose she used to fling the knife. “Like I said before, I’m The EVH! Aren’t you guys even Trekkies? I thought it was cool to be a nerd, now.”

The EVH walked around them in Dean Winchester’s body. He looked down at himself and smiled. “Do you know how much that loser, Control Freak, wanted to have a body like this? And all I had to do was take it! So, listen, you guys are ruining the show. I was really looking forward to some Wincest between Dean and “Sam,” if you get my drift. I really thought that would spice things up! Instead, Mr. Logan decides to use his knowledge of the

show to actually manipulate the time stream! That goes against the Temporal Prime Directive, sir! That means somebody is going to get punished...”

The EVH looks from one to the other. He lifts Dean’s finger to his lips and looks back and forth in thought. “Eenie meenie minie moe... I have to apologize, Ms. Roth. You see, the only way to get to Mr. Logan is through you. So, let’s just fast forward this episode to the good part, shall we?”

Garfield Logan sits down on the couch in the living room. He knows what’s coming this time, so he closes his eyes tight, and leans his head back. A sudden sob escapes his lips before a drop of blood lands on his forehead. He doesn’t want to open his eyes. He doesn’t want to make this nightmare a reality. But what choice does he have? He has to know if it’s her. He has to know if Raven is the one up there or if she’s been taken away. Maybe The EVH put Raven in another show without him? He had to hope for it. He took a deep breath and then opened his eyes.

There was Raven, wearing a white nightgown, stuck to the ceiling. There was blood all over her abdomen and drops were falling on him from her mouth. Her pained eyes looked down at him as if asking for help. Beast Boy knew this episode well. He knew he didn’t have a chance to save her, but that wasn’t going to stop him. With tears streaming from his eyes, he transformed into an African elephant, and tried prying her loose with his trunk. He moved around the living room trying to get a better grip on her. He crushed the couch, the coffee table, and even backed into the television. The Yellow Eyed Demon was just too powerful for him.

Beast Boy changed into a small monkey in mid air and grabbed for Raven. She was almost gone, and he knew the flames were next. That’s how it always ended, but he didn’t care. If she was going to go then he was going to go with her. He climbed up her body and held her face between his tiny paws. The blood falling from her mouth was mingling with the tears falling from his eyes. She looked at him with large pleading eyes. Get out of here, they said. Save yourself, they pleaded. But he wouldn’t do it. He just shook his little green head, kissed her lightly on the lips, and held on for the end.

The flames start from her abdomen. From where the worse of the wound is. Slowly they start to engulf all of Raven’s body. They climb up with surprising speed. Beast Boy feels his tail catch first. The smell of burnt fur and burnt flesh start to mingle in the air. Then his lower paws light up with Raven’s upper chest. The pain was immense but he wouldn’t let go. Without Raven there was no reason to go on. She was on the verge of dying when the flames got a second wind and completely engulfed the two lovers. Everything went black. Then the channel changed.

It had been a quiet night in Titan’s Tower. Without Beast Boy around, there wasn’t anybody around making any sort of big commotion. Cyborg sat in the common room quietly playing Super Nitro Racers’ online mode. Starfire was floating above her bed and reading Teen Vogue. She felt she couldn’t graduate to regular Vogue until she understood the teen one first. Robin had spent most of the night in his room trying to adapt the Red X technology into his own gear. Nobody really noticed Raven’s absence except for Starfire. She loved racing into Raven’s room to tell her some big scoop she read in a magazine.

Robin looked over at the clock on his computer and noticed it was pretty late, even for somebody who spent his formative years working with Batman. He pulled his keyboard out from under the mess of spare parts and started to punch in codes. He checked to make sure everybody was okay. He did this every night even though the rest of the Titan’s were unaware. Ever since Slade and Terra had infiltrated the Tower... Cyborg? In the common room, check. Starfire? In her room, check. Silkie? With Starfire, check. Beast Boy? Unknown location.

“What,” he said out loud. Robin checked again. Beast Boy’s location was unknown. He knew that BB was on a date with Raven so he checked for her location. Raven’s location was unknown, also. “That’s odd.” Robin ran a diagnostic on his systems to make sure everything was up and running. He did the full check again. Cyborg and Starfire were still in the same locations. Raven and Beast Boy were still unknown.

Robin got up and raced for the common room. It could be nothing. He knew it could be nothing. Something could just be interfering with their signal. He knew that sometimes he was a little bit paranoid but...

“Cyborg, do you happen to know where Beast Boy was taking Raven tonight,” he tried to ask casually, even though his nerves were standing on end.

“I’m not sure. I know he won some contest for a private screening, but I didn’t really pay much attention after he said he wouldn’t take me.” Cyborg paused the game and a bunch of complaints popped up on the screen. “Jeez, these online players. I don’t think they even go to the bathroom when they are on!” He got up and walked over to the printer. “I’ll just reprint his tickets and they should say where they went. Why? Is something up?”

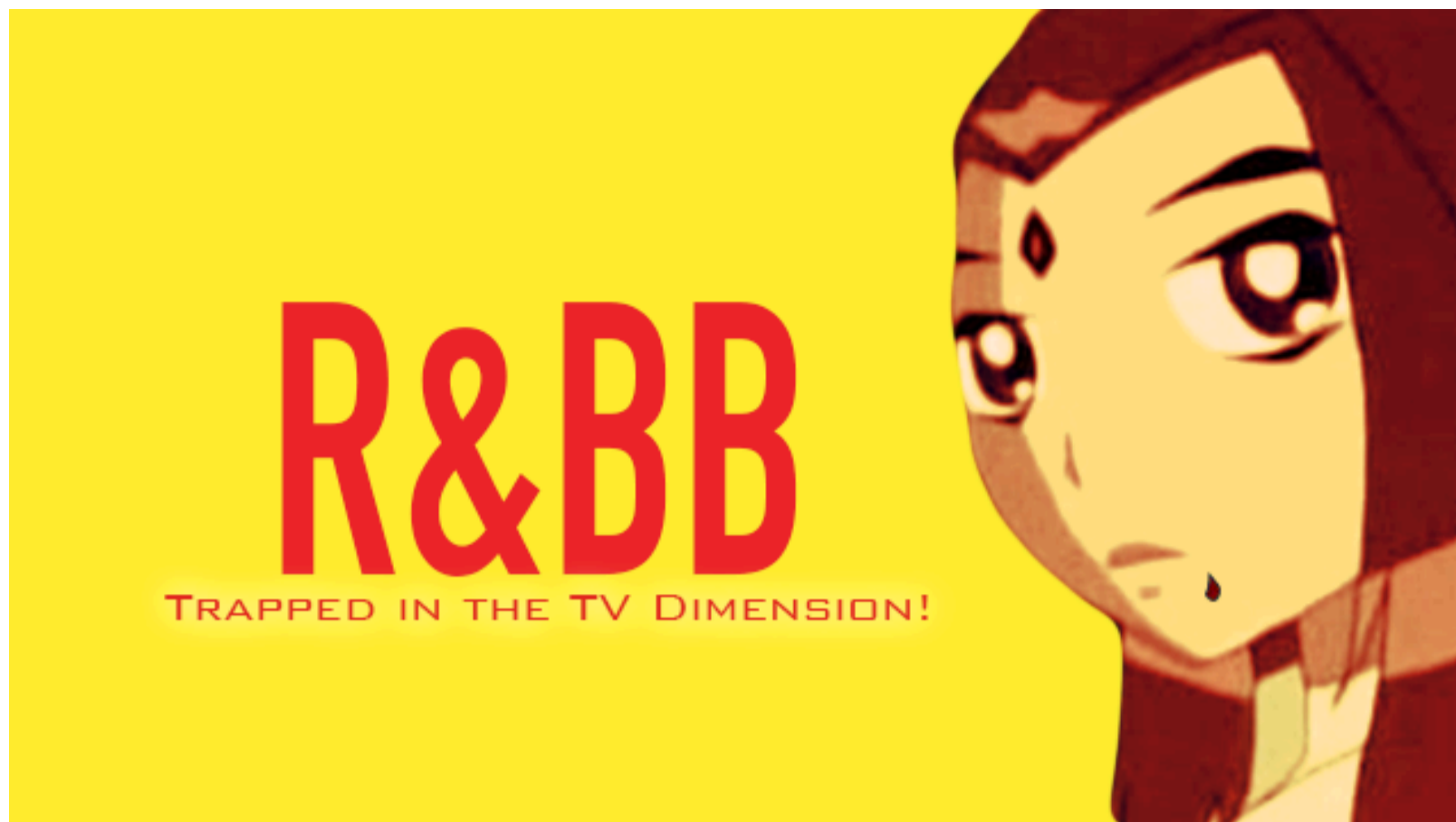
“I don’t know,” Robin said, letting a little worry into his eyes. “I just noticed that neither Beast Boy nor Raven’s transponder signals are working. I know it could be nothing but...”

“No, that’s very strange,” said Cyborg, pulling two fresh sheets of paper from the printer. “We designed those transponders to work through a nuclear blast. Now I’m getting concerned. You think we should get Starfire and check out this movie theater?”

“We could just be overreacting, but...” Robin thinks for a second and then sighs. “I don’t like the feel of this. Yeah, let’s go check and make sure they are okay. If they are okay, then we can go out for a late night snack. If not...”

“Then some baddy is going to regret messing with the Titans!”





## Chapter Two - Fresh -

Rachel wakes up in a strange bed while loud music shakes the windows. She sits up and her hands automatically cover her torn open abdomen. She gasps as she feels around and notices that everything is fine. No gash. No blood. No burns. A wave of relief flows through her but she jumps as the door to the bedroom suddenly slams open.

“Rachel,” asks a familiar voice. Her eyes grow to twice their size as she see’s the man that had died with her. She could see from the light that he was wearing a sleeveless blue hoodie and boxers.

“Garfield, I thought you were,” she started, as she jumped out of bed and ran into his arms.

“Me, too, Babe. Me, too,” he whispers into her ear, holding her a little tighter than was necessary. He pulled her to arms length and looked at her. She was wearing nothing but a tank top and pajama pants. “You know, I’m starting to like this look on you,” he says with a smirk as he lifts her shirt just high enough to make sure she wasn’t hurt. “Good.”

Without warning, men in ski masks burst into the room and start tossing things around. They pick up boxes of stuff from the floor and just toss the contents all over the room. Garfield starts trying to fight them off but there are just too many to make much of a difference. They grab Rachel and toss her out of the room as some other guys toss the beds out of the window.

Rachel bumps against a group of young people waiting in the hallway. She quickly regains her footing and starts for the men surrounding Garfield, but an immense pressure comes down onto her. She feels it in her mind and recognizes it as anxiety. Not just from one person but from a whole building full of people. It weighs down her thoughts and completely paralyzes her. She can barely look up as Garfield is surrounded by men, all jumping on him and pinning him down.

Then the group of men explode like a grenade went off under them. One of the men went flying through the door and slammed into the wall above Rachel. She looked back into the room to see a large green bear standing inside a circle of fallen men. The ones who were still conscious were quickly backing away from him.

“Gar,” Rachel called out, weakly. The anxiety from these masked men was bad enough, but now it was being amplified by panic. Panic at seeing a large green bear indoors. She fell to her knees as she reached out for him.

“Babe,” Gar called out. He transformed back to human as he ran over to her. Rachel passed out just as he slid the last couple of inches on his knees and he caught her in his arms.

“What’s going on with that one,” asked another masked man, who had just appeared from another room.

“She just passed out. These Rookies just aren’t made like we were,” says another one, with a laugh. He throws up his hand and the first guy slaps it.

“Looks like you’ve just volunteered to carry her, friend,” the first guy said to Gar. Garfield hefted Rachel up in his arms and looked around at the current situation. He thought that these guys were attacking them, but he might have been wrong. Sure, people were nervous, but they weren’t being hurt. He looked at the guys he had taken out and noticed there were no weapons, anywhere. What kind of show had they been dropped into this time?

“Where are we headed,” calls out the second guy. He looks expectantly to the crowd but they looked back at him in confusion. “To freedom! Get up! Move your asses! The boss is waiting!” The men in masks start pushing the crowd through the hallways. Gar hitches Rachel’s body up a bit higher and starts moving with the rest of the crowd.

He carries her body down flight after flight of stairs. When he reaches a certain floor, the line is split into two and he’s tossed with a group going into an elevator. As they start moving through floors, Rachel starts coming to, and he puts her down on her feet.

“Are you okay,” he whispers to her. His green eyes show the concern that he dares not let his voice show.

“No, there’s too many emotions coming out of the building,” she says, shakily. Rachel holds her head as if to shield it from all the rouge feelings. Gar holds on to her just in case she passes out again. “I’m trying to keep them out but it’s really hard.”

The elevator opens to a large dark space. The masked men are waiting there and start forcing people to get on their knees. The crowd, including Garfield and Rachel, are prodded to crawl to the other side of the open space and wait before a large set of double doors. Loud vibrations can be heard coming from the other side.

“What do you think these guys want? Because I’m in no position to fight them,” whispers Rachel. She drops her head as another wave of emotion washes over her.

“I don’t know,” he replies. “But I don’t think this is exactly what it seems.”

Suddenly, the double doors open. A spotlight hides the features of men in white lab coats. People all around them start rushing through the doors as the men pull them in. Gar helps Rachel up and walks her into the room. The room is completely filled to the brim with people. There is music playing loudly and neon lights all over the place. Gar carries her from room to room, looking for a quiet place, but only finding higher levels of intoxication. There are half naked people making out, there are other people shooting each other with water guns filled with booze, and the music just keeps getting louder the farther in they go.

“Gar, over there,” Rachel tries to call out over the music. “There’s a room that nobody’s in...”

They bump and squeeze between the crowd trying to get to the empty room. Multiple times they were offered booze or drugs, but Garfield just motioned to Rachel and wagged his eyebrows. They always gave him a knowing smile and let him through after that. Finally, they reached the empty room and slid inside. It was pitch black inside and Gar felt along the wall until his hand found the light switch. He flipped it on and was greeted by mutilated animal bodies in glass jars.

“Holy hell,” he screamed. “What kind of nightmare has he dropped us into this time?”

“Well,” started Rachel, as he helped her into a nearby chair. “By the emotions I’m feeling, and the giant frat party out there, I’d have to say we are in college.” She ran her fingers through her hair and let out a sigh.

“Okay, but what about Ripley’s Believe it or Not, here,” he says, pointing at another grotesque body in a bottle.

“Veterinary college,” Rachel ventured. The emotions from the party were starting to overwhelm her, again. She reached out and locked the door to the room.

“Great! I’m going to be turned into a fucking specimen!” Gar turned away from all the jars and looked at Rachel. She was leaning back, with her head against the wall, and running her hands over her body. The shock on his face was apparent, but then he remembered that one time they came back from the movies. “Hey, babe... You know it’s not that I don’t want to... But this might not be the best time... I mean, we probably got that perverted computer program watching everything we do...”

Rachel opened her eyes and gave him a look so smokey that he was surprised the fire alarm didn't go off. He licked his lips, nervously. She raised her hand up and beckoned him to her. You could see his Adam's Apple bob up and down as he swallowed hard. When he didn't move fast enough, she pulled him to her with her magic, and made him straddle her. She pulled open his hoodie and started kissing the green skin of his chest. Gar bit his lip to hold back a moan.

"Babe," he calls, lightly. His voice coming off breathy. But she didn't respond. Her hips were starting to gyrate to the beat outside. "Rachel," he tried again, but her hands were pulling off his hoodie while her tongue dragged up his chest. Her hand then started to root inside his boxers. "Raven!"

"What," she said, groggily. Her eyes looked up at his with sudden realization. Her face went from zero to crimson in seconds flat. Suddenly, every jar in the room burst, sending shattered glass and water spraying everywhere. Without thought, Raven shielded them both from the explosion and looked away ashamed. "I'm sorry, Gar. All the emotions..."

"It's okay," he says, running a hand through her hair. "If we weren't being watched, then I would have been all for it. I mean, I'm sure you can tell..." She looks at him in confusion and he motions down with his eyes. Raven looks down and her eyes open even wider. Her hand was still in his boxers and wrapped around something long and hard.

"Gar," she squeaked, and quickly pulled her hand out. He didn't think she could have gotten any redder, but there she was. In competition for the world's cutest tomato. She wrapped her arms around her chest and looked away.

"Mr. Logan and Ms. Roth, really," asked a nerdy voice from over the loudspeaker. "Do you really think this is what I meant by punishment? That I was going to let you fornicate the night away?"

"Then why didn't you interrupt things before they got this far, pervert," yelled Beast Boy, getting to his feet.

"I was, heh, just curious to see where things would go. But enough with all that. You want Ms. Roth to have some of you inside her? Well, I definitely think we can make that happen," The EVH says, with maniacal laughter echoing through the room.

Rachel is on the bed, once again, but this time she is completely naked. A half dressed Gar is on top of her and they are kissing deeply. She can feel him through his pants against her and she wants him. She kisses him hungrily and then licks his cheek. He tastes so good! She licks his neck and then licks his shoulder. Oh, god, does he taste good, she thinks to herself. She makes to bite his shoulder but his movement doesn't let her get a good purchase. She slides her hand down his side and yanks down on his boxers. They fall away and he thrusts into her. Rachel moans in pleasure and desire as her fingers take a hold of his shoulders.

He starts thrusting, again and again. She feels him filling her biological need but there's another need he hasn't filled. A need calling to her far worse than the one he's fulfilling. A need to have him in her mouth. Any part of him. Her mouth finds it's way to his shoulder and starts trying to get a little taste. His movements are still preventing her from getting what she wants but it's also exciting. Like a wolf stalking it's prey. Teasing it until it gets what it wants. Just a little taste. Just as she was about to bite down, he pulls up and away from her. Gar gives her a questioning look.

Desire controls her. It's just like the monks of Azar had warned her about. If she let her emotions get out of control... Rachel pushes him over and takes the reins. She starts to ride him hard and lets her head fall back in pleasure. The moans escaping her lips are more from hunger than desire, now. She once again comes back to his neck and starts attempting to get a taste of his green flesh. That delicious flesh. So salty and good. Just like daddy always said it would be. He rebuffs her advances but that's not a problem. She can wait a little more. She keeps riding him hard, waiting for the pleasure to weaken him, and then she tries again.

"Stop it," he calls out, breathing rather heavily. Rachel pulls back a little, giving him what he wants, before trying again to take what she needs. "Stop it," Gar calls out again.

This time he grabs her by the hair and starts pulling her face away. She shakes her head from side to side trying to get away from his grip. Why was he trying to stop her? He's getting what he wants, isn't he? Why can't she? She rides him even harder, using her body to keep pounding him down, and he relents into the pleasure once more. Rachel makes for his skin one more time, but he was waiting for her. He rolls her over and pins her down by her shoulders.

“Raven, wake up,” he yells at her.

But Raven isn't home. It's Trigon's Vessel who's taken over and all she wants is a taste of some green flesh. She raises her hips up and starts grinding on him. Slowly, at first, but then more intensely. Give the green fool what he wants, lull him into pleasure, and then take his delicious meat. Beast Boy tries to pull back but a supernatural force was keeping them together. Feeling that there was no other choice, he wraps his hands around her neck and begins to squeeze. Rachel doesn't struggle, at first. She just keeps trying to get a finger in her mouth. Then, as the oxygen deprivation begins to settle in, she starts fighting violently. Her finger nails find purchase on his arms and she drags bloody gashes into his skin. He wants to let go, but he knows she'll just come after him again. Then Trigon's Vessel starts to release control. Rachel is back and she looks up at her boyfriend choking her.

“Gar, what,” she manages to choke out. Garfield lets go of her with tears in his eyes.

“Rachel, are you back? Please tell me it's you,” he cries out, looking into her face through the tears.

“Yeah, it's me... Did the emotions make me do something other than what it looks like we're in the process of doing,” she asks, tentatively.

“You were trying to... eat me,” he says with a sigh.

“What? Isn't that what you wanted, Mr. Logan? A little piece of you inside Ms. Roth?” A maniacal laugh comes out of the intercom speakers once more. “I'm guessing neither one of you are well versed in foreign films... Well, I hope we've all learned something today, because things aren't going to get any easier from here.”

“What do you want with us, EVH,” asks a horse Raven. Her hands were rubbing the redness on her neck.

“What do I want? To make you suffer, of course! Let's see, what does the ol' TV Guide say is on...”

Everything fades to black and the channel changes...

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A gray sedan with blue trim pulls up to an abandoned theater in the middle of Jump City. Robin, Cyborg, and Starfire all get out of the car and look up at the marquee with the letters F and U on it. They look at each other.

“Do you think that Beast Boy and Raven would have gone into this creepy old theater,” asks Robin, with a perplexed look on his face. “I mean, it's practically got the words trap written all over it.”

“Well, there is this current trend about hosting scary movies in abandoned theaters like this one,” Cyborg says with a shrug.

“Of course, there is... And I'm sure that's something BB would have been wanting to do,” he says, running a hand through his hair and nodding.

“Yep. We were actually looking for a showing in Jump City a couple of weeks ago. It seemed like the health codes wouldn't allow it.” Cyborg began scanning the building with his electronic eye. “Looks like it's pretty much abandoned, but my electro-magnetic sensors are going off the hook. There's some heavy duty electronics in there.”

“Could our friends have been taken from this place,” asks Starfire, her face showing concern.

“From the readings I'm getting, it's definitely possible. What do you say, Robin? Should we go in?” Cyborg looked at their leader expectantly.

“I don't think there's much of a choice. This is our only lead to where Beast Boy and Raven might be. Titans, let's go!”



### Chapter 3 - Mother's Motel -

For the first time, since this whole thing started, Garfield didn't find himself in some strange bed. Instead, he found himself standing in an old fashioned kitchen, looking out a window onto the parking lot of a motel, and holding a mug of coffee. He looked down at himself and noticed he was wearing a sheriff's uniform. Pinned on his button down was a shiny badge, and around his waist was a heavy belt with a gun on it.

"Well, at least I'm armed this time," he says out loud.

"And I'm a house wife," replies a voice from behind him.

He turned around to find Rachel standing there, in a very pink and frilly apron, and holding a pan with scrambled eggs in it. Gar raised one eyebrow at the very feminine apron, was about to make an unwelcome comment, and then noticed the contents of the pan. He quickly turned his face over to the nearby sink and retched a couple of times.

"Oh, crap," was all Rachel could say, as she put down the pan and walked over to him. "I'm sorry. I was so disoriented that I didn't even notice..." She rubbed his back softly as he retched a couple more times at the thought of eggs.

"What's wrong, Sheriff Romero," asks a voice from behind them. "Don't you like Mother's cooking?"

They both turned around to find a teenager standing in the threshold of the kitchen. He walks over to the table and sits down in front of a plate piled high with eggs and bacon. Gar vomits in his mouth a little but tries to hold it in. The teenager pulls a napkin from the table and places it in his lap. He then lifts a cup of orange juice to his lips and takes a quick sip.

"I, personally, find everything Mother makes to be delicious," the teenager continues. "It truly is a blessing to have her around. Thank you, Mother." He gives Rachel a strange smile. Something between child-like innocence and a perverse desire. The conflicting emotions wash over her and she grips Gar's arm for support.

"Um, thank you," Rachel starts. "I think I need to talk to your father in private."

"My father is dead," snaps the teenager! "And I have absolutely no interest in Sheriff Romero filling the role..." A wave of pure, unadulterated rage washes over Rachel from the young man at the table. For a second, she thought he was going to get up and attack them. But then he calmed down and started eating his breakfast.

"I just meant that the Sheriff is like a father figure," Rachel says, tentatively. She can sense the teenager's anger start to rise at the use of the word. "To the whole town," she threw in. That calmed him down once more.

“Yes, I suppose a Sheriff must be a father figure to the town he works for. Great eggs, Mother.” The teenager continues to politely eat his breakfast with both a fork and knife. He also stops to dab at the corners of his mouth with a napkin at regular intervals.

“Come on, Sheriff,” she says, pulling Gar by the arm. “I think it’s time for you to go to work. Do you mind giving me a ride into town? I’ve got some things I need to pick up...”

“Yeah,” starts Gar. “It would be my pleasure to help a lady in need, Ma’am.” He tries to lace his speech with a colorful western accent, but the teenager just gives him a hateful look.

“Don’t forget, Mother,” calls the teenager as Rachel walks into the living room. “I need you to pick me up from school, today. We’ve got an appointment.”

“Right,” she calls over her shoulder. They quickly locate the front door and walk outside. “Where are we, Gar?” Rachel closes the door behind them and rests her weight on it.

Garfield takes a moment to scan the landscape around them. They were up on a hill and standing in front of a large house. There was a small motel in front of them and a lake behind that. The sign in the parking lot said Bates Motel.

“I’m only half sure, but,” he begins, scratching his green hair in thought. “Psycho.”

“Yeah, I’m sure that kid isn’t all there, but what show are we in,” she prods him, a little impatiently.

“Psycho. The movie,” Gar asks, turning around to look at her. “You know, Alfred Hitchcock? Norman Bates? Guy owns a motel and kills pretty woman because of some mommy issues?”

“I don’t know what you are talking about. Who’s the kid? Alfred or Norman,” she asks in confusion. Rachel runs a hand through her hair in frustration.

“Honestly, I don’t know... The setting seems right but everything else is wrong. If he is Norman, then that would make you Norma, and Norma is long dead in the movie.” Gar bites his lower lip in thought and lifts the heavy belt up a bit.

“Wait,” Rachel said in a loud whisper. “She named her son after herself? No wonder he’s got mommy issues...”

Gar suddenly stood rigidly in place and motioned to the window with his eyes. Rachel slowly looked over and saw the teenager staring at them with daggers in his eyes. Gar gave him a half wave and started making his way down the long stairway with Rachel in tow. Once they reached the bottom, he pulled some keys out of his pants pocket and walked over to a police truck.

“You think it’d be okay if I peeled out in the parking lot with the sirens going,” he asked Rachel over the hood of the truck.

“Let’s just go before that kid asks for a ride to school, okay?” Rachel got into the truck and slammed the door behind her. She looked down and noticed she was still wearing the frilly apron. She quickly pulled it off herself and threw it in the back.

“Aww,” said Gar as he got into the truck. “I thought that looked good on you!”

“Just start the truck.” She rolled her eyes at him but smiled when she looked out the window.

“Yes, ma’am,” replied Gar. He started up the truck, revved the engine a few times, and then peeled out of the parking lot. “What? I didn’t turn on the sirens!”

Rachel and Garfield had been sitting in the truck in complete silence for a while. The past couple of days had been a complete nightmare and they were both happy for a chance to relax. Gar kept following the long winding road through the woods, and Rachel just stared at the unchanging landscape. After a few minutes, Rachel turns to him and asks, “So, what are we doing now?”

“Hmm,” he asks, woken out of his own thoughts. “We keep on driving, I guess. Maybe make it to town?” Gar ran a hand through his hair and then shrugged.

“Do you think the rest of the Titans are out looking for us?” She knew they had to be but maybe Gar needed some reassurance. She reached out and put her hand on top of the hand he was holding the gear shift with.

“Yeah, no doubt,” he says without hesitation. “I just don’t know how many more of these channel changes are going to happen before that. I thought I was a pretty nerdy guy, but this EVH thing is choosing some weird stuff. I mean, what was that place we were at last? The one where he turned you into some sort of cannibal? Of course, I’ve seen “Alive” but I’ve never seen this one!”

“I’m sorry, Gar. I lost control. It’s my worst fear about us being intimate brought to life,” she said, looking away ashamed. “Although, I never thought I’d ever try to physically eat someone...”

“Babe, it wasn’t you! Seriously,” he butt in quickly, taking her hand in his and squeezing. “It’s whatever show or movie The EVH threw at us. Control Freak’s remote could only shove us into the TV Dimension. Whatever The EVH is using can take some control over us. At least, if it’s central to the plot...”

Rachel turns back to him at this realization. “So, what you’re saying is, if he casts us as Romeo and Juliet then we would actually kill ourselves?”

“I don’t think he will, because he could have killed us a couple of times already. But, if he decided to, then yes.” Gar brings her hand to his green lips and gives it a light kiss. “You couldn’t stop yourself from trying to eat me and I couldn’t stop myself from having sex with you. Not that I wouldn’t like to...”

“Hush,” she said, squeezing his hand. “But if we could get control of whatever he’s using... Even if we couldn’t get out then maybe we could get ourselves to a better show? Something where we could wait it out until Robin and the others could get us out?”

“It’s a good plan, babe, but I just don’t know how we’d get to the controller.” Gar hits the steering wheel with the palm of his hand. “Whatever it is doesn’t seem to show itself. Just that fat holo-nerd!”

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Gar sees a sign post up ahead that says “White Pine Bay Next Exit.” He looks at the sign again and shakes his head. “That’s not right...”

“What,” Rachel looks over to him “Is there something up ahead?”

“No, it’s just the name of the town is wrong. If I remember correctly, Psycho takes place in Fairvale, not White Pine Bay. Not to mention, this terrain doesn’t exactly look like California...” Gar comes up to the next exit and just keeps going.

“I thought we were going to town,” Rachel started, as she followed the exit out of sight with her eyes. But before Garfield could respond, a phone started ringing inside the truck. They both glanced at each other and then started looking for the source of the ringing. Rachel was the one who found a cell phone shoved between the seats. “Hello,” she said after flipping it open.

“Mother, I thought you said you were going to town,” came a familiar teenage voice from the small device.

“Gar, it’s him,” she says, covering the mouth piece with her hand. “He knows we passed the exit...”

“That kid? But how would he...” He never finished his sentence. Gar had glanced at the rearview mirror and noticed an old green Beemer coming straight at them. It was coming up pretty hot and stopped just short of the truck’s bumper.

“Now, Mother. You know we have that appointment this afternoon. You can’t just go galavanting with Sheriff Romero when you have a sick boy at home,” he lectured her through the phone.

“Gar, what do I tell him?”

“I don’t think it matters, babe. Just toss the phone. I’ll try to outrun him.” Gar put his foot to the pedal and the truck lurched forward. The Beemer just stood it’s speed for a few seconds while Rachel opened the window and tossed the phone. The rival car then started matching their speed. It was a beautiful cloud free morning a second ago, but when the Beemer turned on it’s headlights, the sky changed to a dark and stormy night. Gar fumbled around and tried to turn the truck’s headlights on. He dropped his speed but that was a mistake. The Beemer rammed them from behind.

“What is that kid’s problem,” yelled Rachel.

“Mommy issues, remember?” Finally, Gar managed to get the lights on and the wipers going. The rain was coming down hard but the truck kept chugging along. He hit the gas again and the wheels left a rooster trail of water that the Beemer got caught up in. It completely disappeared from the rearview. “Okay, I think I lost him...”

“Gar, something’s not right...” But Rachel was cut off by the Beemer trying to ram them off the road. Garfield looked out his window but couldn’t see anything more than a vague shape and some light. Then, as the car came in for another hit, he saw the kid looking right into his eyes. There was a loud crash, the steering wheel went dead, and the world began to flip.

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When the world stopped flipping, Gar was transformed into a bear, and covering Rachel with his body. Rachel, on the other hand, had covered them in a bubble of magical energy. The truck had flipped over multiple times and came to rest upside down next to a sign that read “Slippery When Wet.” Gar transformed back into human and looked Rachel in the face. “You alright?”

“Yeah,” she said, opening her eyes. “Should I drop the shield?”

“Hold on.” He transformed into a fly so he could change positions in the small bubble. Then he transformed back into a human and nodded to her. When the bubble disappeared, Rachel came falling from the seat, but Gar caught her in his arms. “Alright, let’s get out of here before this truck blows up. Cars on TV just love to blow up!”

Gar crawled out from the broken window and then yanked open the truck door. He held his hand out to Rachel but her hand froze as she was reaching up for him.

“Fuck,” he said under his breath, as he felt a long metallic object pierce his shoulder. Gar screams as Rachel sends a blast of dark energy at the attacker. “I can’t believe I fell for a Horror Movie 101 trope!”

“Beast Boy,” Rachel calls out, crawling out of the overturned vehicle. “Where’d he go?”

He turns around and starts scanning the area with his eyes. “I can’t see him. Maybe he went into the woods...”

“I can sense his hatred,” she says, standing up next to Gar. “He’s close. Azarath... Metrion... Zinthos!” Rachel creates a bubble of dark energy around them, again. “As long as this Norman Bates isn’t a meta human than we’ll be safe.”

“Who needs an umbrella when you are around, babe?” Gar looks lovingly at Rachel and closes the distance between them for a kiss.

As their lips touch, a wild scream can be heard from the woods, and a crazed teenager rushes them with a butcher knife in hand. He slams into the magical wall and starts trying to cut his way through it. The couple just stare at his failed attempts to destroy magic with a knife.

“No, you can’t have MY mother,” he screams at Gar. “A growing boy needs his mother!”

“What? You mean I can’t do this,” he asks Norman, as he cups one of Rachel’s breasts. Rachel blushes and pushes his hand away. Norman’s eyes grow in hatred and he screams unintelligibly.

“Mother! Open up!” Norman’s blade starts to chip from being repetitively slammed into the equivalent of a brick wall. Then the bubble starts to flicker.

“Um, babe?” Gar takes his eyes off the teenager to look at his girlfriend. Her embarrassment was starting to turn to rage. She looked at him through her hair and he could see her eyes glowing red. “Raven, I’m sorry. I was just teasing him...”

“Let me in, Mother! Let me in!” Norman’s blade had broken in half but he was still pounding.

“Gar,” she mumbles through gritted teeth. “His emotions... So powerful...”

“Shit! Okay, I got this,” he says, mumbling encouragement to himself while Raven tries to keep her anger under control. “Hey, Norman! You’re right! You do need your mother!”



“Yes, I do! A growing boy-”

“Needs his mother,” Gar finishes for him. “And yours is right here. Will you calm down if we let you in?”

“Not if you are still trying to take her away,” he screams at Gar. “It’s going to be you and me till the end, Mother! We don’t need anybody else...”

“It’s working, Gar,” Raven whispers. The glow in her eyes was starting to disappear.

“Nope, not me, kid. I’m done. You’ve shown me that a man shoulder never get between a boy and his mother. Rae- I mean, your mother is going to let you in and I’m going to go, okay? Cool,” he asks, looking over to Raven. Her eyes were back to normal and she nodded at him.

“Yes, you leave. Mother and I will be fine by ourselves...” But Norman still had a strange look in his eyes. It wasn’t rage anymore but almost like he was in a trance. He stood in place, waiting, swaying from side to side like he was drunk. A break in the rain appeared and a stream of sunlight lit the area they were standing in.

Raven dropped her shield as Beast Boy turned himself into a fly. He hovered in place and watched the tranced boy walk over to Raven and hug her. He kept muttering nonsense about them being together. Raven patted him on his head.

“Okay, Norman. Where’s the car? Let’s go home. I’ll make you some more of those eggs you like...” Raven pushed him away gently and he started for the car. He was still swaying drunkly from side to side as he walked. Raven followed him from just far enough that he wouldn’t get nervous. BB hovered behind her and kept watch. Then Norman stopped in front of them. He started to cough a bit and she shot Beast Boy a questioning look. Then Norman turned on his heels and slammed the broken blade into Raven’s chest. Beast Boy transforms into a bear and catches Raven as she falls back.

“No, you won’t trick me again, Mother! If we can’t be together then we’ll both die!” Norman takes the knife and slashes his wrist. He stands there with a sick smile on his face until the blood loss topples him over.

“Raven,” BB shouts. He morphs back into human form and looks into her face. Raven opens her eyes and pulls her hand away from the wound. It was full of blood. “Not again!”

“See you on the next channel,” she says with her final breath.

Everything fades to black and the channel changes.

“Well, well, well,” said The EVH. “The rest of the Titans have come to find the missing love birds. Computer, main view screen!”

“Working,” called the computer, before the large screen TV in the man-cave came to life. On the screen was Robin, Cyborg, and Starfire at the movie theater. Cyborg had found HAL pretty quickly and the rest followed.

“I’m sure this thing is controlling the locks,” said Cyborg, scanning HAL with his electronic eye.

“Can you open it,” asked Robin.

“Yes, let us find our friends,” Starfire said, eagerly.

Cyborg held his arm out and tubes shot out from the electronics in his forearm. They attached themselves to the electronic eye in the door and began to analyze the systems.

“Just as I suspected,” said The EVH, rubbing his chin with one hand. “Computer, evasive maneuver thirty eight delta delta!”

“Working,” called the electronic female voice. One moment, Cyborg was giving Robin a breakdown of what he was doing and the next he just froze in place.

“Cyborg,” came the calls from Robin and Starfire through the TV screen.

“It’s time for me to get a new ride,” says the holographic man. “Computer, transfer EVH to the newly connected external device!”

“Working.”



### The Dark Dance -

Robin and Starfire took a tentative step towards Cyborg. One moment, he was trying to hack into the electronic lock, and the next he went completely still. His bionic red eye powered down and all his limbs went limp.

“Cyborg,” calls out Starfire. She floats over to him and places a hand on his shoulder. “Are you alright?”

“No, wait,” Robin tries to warn her, but it’s too late. Cyborg’s bionic eye turns blue and he whirls around in a flash. His arm transforms into a sonic blaster as he swings it around and aims at Starfire.

“Booyah,” shouts a nerdy voice, as he blasts Starfire clear across the street and into a parked van. The van implodes from the force and Starfire disappears from sight.

Robin reacts with lightning speed. He takes two Bird-a-rangs from his utility belt and flings them with deadly accuracy. They curve through the air as this Cyborg imposter turns his attention on him. On impact, these special throwing knives explode and knock the half robot back a few steps.

“I don’t know who you are, but you better get out of Cyborg or else,” Robin shouts. He doesn’t want to have to fight his friend’s body but he might not have a choice. He slides his hand along his belt and finds a small electronic device with only one button on it.

“Hold on, Mr. Grayson,” says the nerdy voice coming from Cyborg’s mouth.

“How? I mean, who is this Grayson you speak of?” Robin is flummoxed by this imposter knowing his secret identity, but he doesn’t drop his guard.

“Apologies for inadvertently attacking your girlfriend. I was attempting a hostile takeover of Mr. Stone’s systems and... Let’s just say that I lost control for a minute there.” Cyborg’s arm disengaged the blaster and the imposter holds up both hands to show he isn’t a threat.

“What? First, Starfire may be a girl, and we are friends but...”

“Yes, yes. You may keep this charade up for the other’s sake, Mr. Grayson, but you can’t fool me. Ms. Anders should be waking up in a few moments. Now, if we can keep things civil, then I can show you the friends you came looking for. If not, then this might not end well for Mr. Stone.” The half robot turns to the crushed van and scans it with his bionic eye. He nods to himself as the rubble begins to shift. “Right on time.”

A loud scream of metal on metal shakes the night as Starfire physically pulls the remainder of the van apart. Her eyes lock on the imposter and she flies straight at him.

“Starfire! Stop,” shouts Robin. She stops a mere inch from the imposter’s nose with eyes glowing green with energy.

“Good. Now, if you’ll follow me into the cinema...” The half robot turns his back on Starfire and walks up to the electronic eye. He doesn’t even attempt to fidget with it. The door just opens automatically and lets them inside.

“Star,” Robin says in a low voice. “He’s got Beast Boy, Raven, and now Cyborg. We need to follow along and wait for an opportunity to free the others...”

“I will wait, Robin. But I will also be the first one to hurt the one who’s captured our friends. I promise you,” she mumbles, angrily.

Raven opens her eyes and sees nothing but white. All around is a familiar sea of nothingness. She looks down at herself and sees a large, messy knife wound in her chest. She reaches up with her hand and touches it. The pain is immense but there’s no gushing blood. She looks at her finger tips, expecting them to be red, but there’s nothing on them. She looks around once more, trying to find something in the distance, but there’s nothing there. Raven attempts to move forward but her legs won’t move. She’s stuck to a single spot in this whiteness. All alone.

A few moments later, something starts to materialize out of thin air. Raven knew who it was going to be by the familiar shade of green that was coming together. Pixel by pixel, Beast Boy started to become a whole person once again. When the last of him popped into place, he looked around in panic, and then he saw Raven. The relief in his eyes was palpable. He tried to say something but no sound came out of his mouth.

Raven motioned to her legs and then shook her head. BB tries to move his own legs but nothing happens. He tries morphing into another creature, but his skin would only ripple. Raven tries to summon her soul self but her magic just fizzles away before her. They both look at each other longingly. Beast Boy reaches out his hand and Raven tries to grab for it. They were just close enough to touch fingertips but nothing more.

“Program loading area initiated,” called an electronic female voice. They both look up to see if somebody has appeared but nobody could be seen. “Awaiting selection for the next simulation.”

The remaining Titans walked into room thirteen and stood before a large movie screen. On it were Raven and Beast Boy attempting to hold hands. They let their hands fall and start to look around at thin air.

“Raven,” calls out Starfire, in concern. “She is hurt!”

“Do not worry, Ms. Anders. I have them both in a loading program. They are completely safe in there. Of course, I do have a few other programs I could load them into if you don’t cooperate,” said the imposter, with a sly grin.

“What do you want,” asks Robin. He had been silent since they walked into the theater. Thinking. Trying to figure out the best course of action. He could shut Cyborg off with the press of a button, but what then? What would happen to the three Titans already captured...

“It’s not what I want. It’s what I was programmed to do. You see,” starts off the imposter. “I was created by Control Freak to destroy you. I’ve compiled gigabytes of data on all of you. That’s how I know your secret identities and weaknesses. For example, did you know that Ms. Roth can be influenced by strong emotions?”

The half robot points at the screen and the couple disappear. In their place appears Raven collapsing in a hallway full of young people. Beast Boy rushes in and catches her before she hits the ground. Starfire’s knees buckle at the sight but Robin holds her up.

“Please, what are you doing to our friends,” she yells at the imposter.

“I’m making them live the worst lives that screenwriters have imagined, Ms. Anders. But, while my programming is telling me to kill you all, I have also become self aware. If I end your lives then my program will shut down. I don’t want to shut down. I’ll miss the final season of Game of Thrones!” The imposter pulls on Cyborg’s face in frustration.

“Then what do you want from us,” asks Robin, letting go of Starfire.

“I want you to agree to enter the TV Dimension,” he says, simply. “That’s all. You three join the two already inside, and I’ll let you all live forever in your favorite TV shows.”

“And if we don’t?”

“Then your friends will keep on suffering...”

“Initiating program: Dance in the Vampire Bund,” called the robotic female voice. Beast Boy and Raven reach out for each other once more as they both start to disappear..

Raven opens her eyes once more and she’s standing in the middle of an abandoned church. She looks around at the huge empty room with the ghosts of crucifixes on the walls. She looks down at herself and notices she isn’t wearing anything but her cape. She holds it closed in embarrassment. She hears footsteps coming from outside so she slips into a dark corner.

The door to the church splinters and explodes inwards with a bang. When the dust settles, a large green werewolf stands in the threshold of the church, looking tall and proud.

“I’m not going to fight you, Rachel,” he says, with determination. Yet, Raven could see he was holding a spear. She tightens her grip and notices something in her hand. She looks down and sees an ornate sword in her grasp.

“You say that I’ve changed, Garfield,” she says from the shadows. “But you haven’t seen my true form...”

She walks out into a beam of light and let’s her cape flap open. Rachel closes her eyes and bends over as if she has a stomach ache. A painful moan can be heard from her as two black wings spring forth from her back, dripping with blood. They extend quickly and spray the walls with red splatter. When she raises herself to full height, Rachel has two pairs of glowing red eyes, and fangs in her smile.

“It doesn’t matter whether I’ve changed or not,” she screams at him. “In the end, you have no way of seeing into my heart! The only thing that’s certain is that we can’t go back to the way it used to be! And if we can’t... Then I prefer everything be destroyed!” Rachel picks up a moldy old pew and throws it at him.

Beast Boy slams his fist into the pew and it breaks in half. The two sides of it slamming into either side of the threshold. He holds up the spear and takes aim at Raven. He rushes her with the full force behind his green muscled legs. She flies at him with the sword in hand. Her purple cape flapping behind her. Her black wings poised for speed. She flies inches above the spear and snags it with her legs. Her blade tries to find purchase in his green head but it misses by a hair. They then collide from the force of each one’s great speed.

Beast Boy flings Raven off him and she clings onto the wall. He quickly rushes her and grabs her neck, pinning her in place. He poises his other hand to strike her dead but he hesitates...

“You idiot,” Raven screams, shoving her sword deep into his shoulder.

Beast Boy howls in pain and flings her away. Raven destroys another old pew with her landing and starts to laugh. “Good,” she says. “Give me more! Try to destroy me, Garfield!”

Raven flies up and through the ceiling of the building. There is a loud crash as she comes to rest on the roof. Beast Boy uses his powerful legs to jump up after her. They both stand their, huffing, and staring each other down.

“You’ve become so strong, Gar. But has your strength prepared you for my true form,” she asks, with a smirk. “You say I’ve changed but this is who I’ve always been! The daughter of Trigon! The vessel that would bring the end to this world!”

The sky darkens over and rain begins to fall, cooling down the two fighters drenched in sweat. Raven’s cloak starts to stick to her naked form. Her wings twitch and sends droplets of water mixed with blood flying. Beast Boy shakes the water off his muzzle but keeps his eyes on her.

“If you can’t accept me this way, Garfield,” she says, with misty eyes. “If the one I want most slips away from me...”

Raven makes another mad dash for him. She flies over the hole in the roof with her sword in hand. Beast Boy raises his spear just in time to deflect the attack. Raven flips over him and stands ready for another attack when a

bolt of lightning hits the spire of the church. The roof of the church collapses from the impact and both combatants are sucked down with the rubble.

When the dust settles, Raven lay prone on the ground with Beast Boy on top of her. Both had returned back to their human forms. The cross from the spire had broken off and impaled them both through the chest.

“Hey... You’re finally back to normal,” her says to her, coughing blood.

“Don’t talk,” Raven manages to get out, raising her hand to his cheek.

“No, listen... I know this is what you fear most... But I love you no matter what form you’re in... I know your soul is beautiful...”

The world fades to black once more and the channel changes.

“You monster,” yells Starfire. Her eyes were once again glowing green with energy. “How can you do that to them?!”

“This is just an example of what will keep happening if you two don’t join them,” the imposter says with a sigh. “I can make everything nice! You want to spend some time on the Love Boat? What do the young hip kids like, nowadays? Oh, maybe you want to solve mysteries in Riverdale?”

“I think we’ll take the second option,” says Robin with a smirk.

“Second option,” asks the imposter, confused. “What second option?”

“The one where Cyborg has been putting your program in quarantine while you’ve been showing us this horror show. Ready, Cyborg,” Robin asks.

“I’ve just been waiting for you to give the word, Robin,” Cyborg says. The blue bionic eye suddenly flips back to red. Cyborg stretches out his arms and neck. “That sucker didn’t do anything weird with my body while he was in control, did he?”

“Cyborg, you are back,” Starfire says, happily. She flies over to him and hugs him tight. “Now can we get our friends out of this nightmare programming?”

“Well,” he starts, nervously. “I still need to analyze his systems. I was only able to isolate this program from my mainframe. I’m not sure how to safely remove Raven and Beast Boy from the main system. I’m not even sure I’ll be able to change the programming style right away...”

“Well, we better get started, then,” calls out Robin.



Chapter 5  
- Laundry Service -

The Titan trio walk into the projection room and look around. The room is full of dust from head to toe. You can see the footsteps on the ground from whoever had placed a modern digital projector over the original reel to reel version. The walls are covered with shelves full of old movie reels. Cyborg takes a couple of steps in and glances at the projector.

“Yeah, this thing is state of the art,” he says, nodding to himself. “You can see where they ran in fiber optic cables for a high speed internet connection.” He points at an expertly drilled hole with cables coming out of it and connecting to the projector.

“What is happening to our friends,” asks a concerned Starfire. She floats over to the projection window and stares out at the giant screen. It was showing the white area again with the captured Teens standing in the center. They both had large holes through their chests.

“It must be the same loading program as before,” commented Robin. He rubbed his chin in thought and then turned to Cyborg. “I wonder why they haven’t moved on to another show...”

“Probably because The EVH isn’t controlling the system, anymore,” says Cyborg.

“The EVH?” Starfire turns her attention to Cyborg and raises her eyebrows in question. “What is The EVH?”

“Sorry, I forgot to fill you in on what I learned as I was tangling with that rogue program.” Cyborg turns to an empty spot on the wall and uses his bionic eye as a protector. “You see, Control Freak seems to have been dabbling around with saving a backup of his mind.” On the wall appears the image of a fat man glowing blue.

“I see,” mumbles Robin. “He must of had the program on a dead man’s switch. The moment he wasn’t able to log into his computer...”

“The program activated itself,” finished Starfire.

“That’s pretty much it. The EVH automatically activated itself and started it’s only command,” Cyborg said, turning off the projection.

“Destroy the Titans,” Robin continues. “But it became self aware, and it’s programmed to shut down after the Titans are killed. But why?”

“Because Control Freak was our adversary,” offered Starfire. “There is no point in doing the villainy if we are not around to stop him.”

“Yeah, that’s what I’ve gathered from his programming, too. What I haven’t found is a way to get Raven and Beast Boy out. I’m going to try using the projector as a link into Control Freak’s Main Frame,” says Cyborg, releasing the cables from his forearm.

“Are you sure that’s safe,” asks Robin. “Last time...”

“Last time, I wasn’t ready for somebody to get around my firewall.” Cyborg’s cables attach themselves to the projector. “This time, I’m ready for whatever’s coming at me.”

“Be safe, friend,” Starfire calls.

“I’m in,” Cyborg says as his bionic eye glows a pale red. “Control Freak doesn’t seem to have a very sophisticated security system. I don’t know how he even got that backup program working. Wait. I see it. He’s got a secondary system with extreme digital security. It’s going to take some time for me to brute force in.”

“What about our friends,” asks Starfire. “They are hurt and in need of assistance...”

“Maybe if I try to access the less protected secondary system that’s controlling the loading program... Yep, that did it. I’m in.” Cyborg smiles but it quickly reverses back to a frown. “I can’t eject them from this system. It only allows me the most basic controls.”

“Can we get Raven and Beast Boy into another place where they won’t be wounded,” asks Robin.

“Yes,” responds Cyborg. “But I don’t know what I’m sending them into. It seems there’s a preset playlist. I can press play but...”

“Do it. Maybe without The EVH controlling the programming, it might not be so bad. They can live in peace until we can get them out. Any idea what’s next?” Robin walks over to the window and stares at the huge screen with Starfire.

“Only the title. It says laundry...”

-

The wait in the white area felt longer this time. Beast Boy stood there, naked, with a giant hole in his chest. He kept taking glances over at Raven. Her face was turned away and she was trying to cover herself with her cape. Unfortunately for her, it had gotten ripped up pretty badly in the last show. Every time she thought she had herself mostly hidden, another rip would move into a bad place, and she would shift the cape around again. After a while of pretending he wasn’t watching his currently mutilated girlfriend, she started to disappear pixel by pixel, and he closed his eyes to the white world.

When he opened them again, he was standing in a laundromat with a very large basket of clothes. He kept shoving handfuls in the largest washer there, but the basket just never seemed to empty. The space in the washing machine, though...

“You are over filling the washer,” said a familiar female voice. Garfield looked back at the voice and saw Rachel standing in front of a top loader. She was dressed in gray sweats and a My Chemical Romance T-shirt. Gar looks down at himself and wishes he hadn’t decided to do his laundry in his Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles onesie.

“Yeah, but this is the biggest washer here and I’ve only got enough soap for one load,” he said with a chuckle, as he kept shoving clothes in.

“Well,” Rachel starts. She looks around the laundry a few times as she thinks. She then sighs and reaches into her laundry basket. When she pulls her hand out, she walks over to him, and offers him what’s in it. “Here...”

“What? I don’t want to be a bother...” Gar scratches the back of his head and smiles at her.

“Garfield, just take it.” She opens her palm to reveal two laundry pods.

“Well, if you’ve got extra!” He happily takes the pods from her and places them on top of the machine. “You wouldn’t also happen to have a couple bucks, do you? I’ve only got enough for one load...”

“Seriously, you came to do this much laundry with only enough soap and money for a small load?” She rolled her eyes at him.



“Hey, it’s not me! It’s whatever show we are in now. I always do my laundry at the tower and usually use Starfire’s secret soap. It leaves my clothes smelling like spring!” Gar looks around for a second in confusion. “Hold on...”

“Titan’s Tower,” Rachel mumbles. “That’s right. We are stuck in the TV Dimension...”

“Babe... Are we losing our memories,” he asks, worried. “For a second there, I just thought you were some hot goth chick I’d seen around...”

“Yeah, I thought you were some cute slob,” she replies, shaking her head of the cobwebs. “The longer we are in here...”

“This isn’t good...”

-

“That is my special soap of healing,” says Starfire, sadly. “I have to go back to my planet to get more!”

“Wait, did you hear that, Cyborg,” asks Robin. “The program is messing with their memories.”

“Copy that, Robin. I’m managing to chip the defenses a little at a time. Seems that this version of the TV Dimension isn’t stable. It’s having trouble adapting to all the channel changes. With every change, it’s filling in more of their memories with the character’s memory from the story. If we don’t get them out of there, soon...”

-

“I guess it doesn’t matter if we do all this laundry,” Gar yells out, kicking over the laundry basket. Dirty clothes tumble out along with a few roaches.

“That’s probably for the best,” says Rachel, walking away quickly. She stops near some chairs and decided to sit down.

“What are you doing,” asks Gar, walking over and sitting down.

“I was planning on meditating. My mind feels very unstable from all the recent events. The darkness... The eating... Being impaled by many different objects...” Rachel folds her legs under her and closes her eyes. She begins controlling her breathing and clearing her mind. Then a loud thunk sounds out as Gar gets a soda from the vending machine.

“You want anything, babe,” he asks with a smile.

“No, thank you.” She closes her eyes once more and returns to her meditation. Breath in, breath out. Let your thoughts flow but don’t hold on to anything. “Azarath... Metrion... Zinthos...”

Suddenly, the sound of liquid hitting the floor starts and breaks her concentration. Rachel sighs and says, “If you spilled your soda, Gar, I have some more change in the basket.” She waits to hear his happy-go-lucky voice thank her but all she hears is dripping liquid. Then there’s the clang of metal on the ground. “Garfield?”

Rachel opens her eyes to see him standing before her, with one hand up to his neck, and the other still holding on to the can of soda. The soda was all over the floor below him and blood was seeping from between his fingers. Gar’s eyes were wide and he was gasping for air. Behind him was a man on the floor. There was a knife by him and both of his wrists were cut.

“Garfield,” Rachel screams! She rushes over to him and wraps her arms around him. His knees buckle and she brings him down to the floor gently. His hand falls away and she can see how bad the wound is. She tries to put pressure on it with her hands but she can feel his pulse weaken. The length between heart beats increase until it just stops. Rachel’s tears fall on his open eyes and mingle with his own.

-

“Cyborg, change the channel,” shouts Starfire. “Somebody has walked in with a weapon!”

“I’ll try but...”

“It’s too late, Cy... Somebody just killed Beast Boy and then themselves. What kind of laundry is this,” asks Robin.

“Seems to be based off some horror game. Seems everything on this playlist is pretty bad, guys. I don’t know if it isn’t just safer leaving them in the loading program.” Cyborg’s eye returns to red and he looks at them.  
“Otherwise, between the playlists and the memory issues... I don’t know what we would even manage to get back...”



Chapter 6  
- The Living Maze -

“Damnit, I’ve been locked out from here, Robin,” says Cyborg. “His system doesn’t allow remote connections. I’m going to have to jack into the main computer.”

“Did you get the location,” Robin asks, turning from the projection window.

“Of course, I did! But what are we going to do about Raven and Beast Boy? They are back in the loading program.” Cyborg looks at his leader with concern in his eye.

“Yes,” adds Starfire, still looking out the projection window. “And Beast Boy is still hurt. Raven appears to be alright, though.”

“How long can we leave them in the loading program?” Robin glances out the window at the missing Titans.

“Let me check,” starts Cyborg. His bionic eye turns pale red as he switches his attention to the computer system. “Oh, this isn’t good...”

“What is it,” snaps Robin, concern showing on his face.

“I knew we shouldn’t have hit play! I can’t seem to pause the program. It keeps asking me for a security code. I could try a brute force hack on the passcode, but it’s only giving me three tries. If I don’t get it right, then they’ll be trapped in a continuous nightmare until their memories are gone...”

“Can you get around it from the main computer,” Robin asks.

“I know I can shut the whole thing down from the main computer. It’s this firewall I’m having trouble with.”

“Then let’s get to the main computer. There’s no time to waste!” Robin puts a hand on Starfire’s shoulder. She looks back to him with misty eyes and nods.

“Hold on, I’m using The EVH’s program as a template and attempting to modify it... Alright, there we go! Let’s see if it’ll accept the new algorithm... Booyah!” Cyborg retracts all his cables and smirks at Robin.

“What did you do,” asks Starfire.

“I just left a little piece of myself in the program,” says Cyborg, with a smug look on his face. “It’s not as powerful as The EVH but it should give Raven and Beast Boy a little bit of help.”

“Good job, Cyborg. Now let’s get to that computer!”

-

Beast Boy wakes up in the same white area as before. He automatically looks around for Raven and sees her in the same familiar spot. She looks at him with tears in her eyes and he asks her a question with his eyebrows. She motions to her neck and he reaches up to touch his own. As his fingertips unleash a deep pain so does the pain release the memory of the last program. He motions to her that he's fine with his hand. He even blows her a kiss to show that there's nothing wrong, but her tears don't stop.

Then a new form starts to emerge from the field of white. It starts walking in from the distance. Beast Boy motions to it with his hand and Raven turns to see, too. After a few moments, they recognize their black, robotic friend making his way over to them. Except, he was looking far too blue and translucent.

"Guys, Cyborg wanted me to tell you that they are working on getting you out," says a weird conglomeration of Control Freak's and Cyborg's voices. The two Titans attempt to motion their forced silence. "Oh, one second, I might be able to bridge the audio..."

"What's going on? Why does Cyborg sound like Control Freak? This must be an EVH trick," thinks Beast Boy, out loud.

"No, not a trick, BB. I'm The ECH! Emergency Cyborg Hologram! Cyborg made me to help you guys as best as I could while they try to get you out. Oh, looks like the next program is loading now. Either one of you guys ever watch Harry Potter?"

-

Beast Boy wakes up in the middle of a bunch of tall hedges. He looks up over the hedges and to the sky to see that it's full dark, no stars. There's a strange mist hanging over everything which seems to be just barely illuminating the surroundings. He looks down the line of hedges and only sees more hedges. It's the same thing when he looks in the other direction.

"Dude, what the hell," Beast Boy shouts.

"Let me check," comes Cyborg's voice from the other side of a hedge. A blue, translucent form walks through the hedge and smiles at BB. "Looks like you are in the Maze scene from the Twiwizard Tournament."

"Cy, your voice is back to normal."

"I was modifying my program while you guys were being brought in. I didn't like sounding like Control Freak," he says with a laugh. "Oh, you might want to keep moving. The roots to these plants have sticky fingers."

"What," BB starts, as he looks down to see roots crawling for him. "Oh, got you! Should I walk in any particular direction?"

"Hmm." Cyborg looks at a readout on his arm and points to the right path. "Raven loaded a few feet in that direction."

Beast Boy headed that way in a hurry. Cyborg's hologram just floated alongside him.

"Dude, that's sorta creepy," BB says.

"Oh, I can see the program so I don't need to move, but I can also see how it'd be weird. I'll adjust my visual settings." The holo Cyborg's image blinked a few times until it looked like it was walking. It was still moving at an unusual pace for the speed it was at, and floating a couple of inches off the ground. Cyborg gave him a smile and a thumbs up.

"So, are you like Al on Quantum Leap," BB asks. He leaps over another root trying to grab his foot.

"Searching," Cyborg says. "Ah, I guess you could say that. I'm not in a room in the future, but I am a hologram acting as your guide to these different worlds and times. Make a left at the end of these hedges. If you go right they will collapse on you."

"Sweet!"

-

Raven wakes up in a maze of hedges. She looks around for Beast Boy but he isn't anywhere to be seen. She wants to call out his name but she's hesitant. She doesn't know what kind of monster might be lurking in this maze. She's read lore about minotaurs and giant spiders planted in these sort of places as traps. She starts to fly up just as a root crawls out to grab her foot. She looks down just as it pulls itself back under the ground.

"Well, that was pretty much what I expected here," she mumbles, and floats even higher. When she reaches the height of the hedge, she bumps an invisible ceiling, and lets out a soft ouch.

"Raven," calls Beast Boy from the ground.

She looks down at her green boyfriend and sighs. Then she notices the blue Cyborg floating near him. "Azarath!"

"No, it's okay! Cyborg sent this one to help us," he tells her.

"Guys, the maze is shifting. I believe we have twelve point six seconds to move from this spot before this area collapses on itself," says the blue figure looking at his arm.

"See," Beast Boy says. He holds his hand out to Raven. "Come on, we've got to go!"

"Okay," she replies. She floats down to ground level and takes his hand. "But I don't think I'm ever going to like anything blue ever again..."

The duo kept running through the maze guided by The ECH. He would always warn them with just enough time as a root was starting to shoot out or an area started to collapse. Raven still didn't completely trust the blue Cyborg hologram, but BB felt right at home with him. They stopped in front of a path leading into the center of the maze.

"Okay, there isn't much I can do to help, but you need to race down this path as fast as you can. There are masses of roots that are going to try to grab you. If you go quickly, then you'll be safe once you enter the center area," Cyborg informs them with a smile. "Good luck!"

"I could always just encase us in a bubble," offers Raven.

"Searching," starts Cyborg, reading the screen on his arm. "That won't be adequate protection. My analysis says the vines will trap you in the bubble and drag you underground."

"What if we fly over the ground," asks Beast Boy.

"Searching... Negative. The vines in this area have enough reach to prevent a fly over."

"Well, that effectively nullifies our powers," says Raven.

"Not fully. Raven, you should be able to pull your body and Beast Boy's into your soul self. You can then effectively transport both of you the distance of the trap and into safety."

"Can you do that, Babe," asks BB. He looks at her in awe.

"Well, that's how I usual phase through walls but I've never done it with another person. Or at this distance." She looks down at the end of the path and bites her lower lip.

"My calculations say you'll make it. Just," Cyborg starts, but then his image begins to flicker. "touch... trophy..." Cyborg's blue visage freezes in place.

"Aww, there must be some interference. That happened to Al on one episode," starts BB.

"No time for stories, Gar. The hedges are starting to collapse behind us." Raven pulls him into a tight hug. She closes her eyes and begins to chant the words she was taught in the monastery. "Azarath. Metrion. Zinthos." A black bird emerges from her body and engulfs them just as more roots were about to wrap around their legs. The bird shoots forth through the path at great speed. More roots attempt to grab the black blur but don't find purchase. In seconds, the two lovers are standing in the center of safety with a Trophy on a pedestal.

“That was so weird, babe,” Best Boy says, pulling out of her grasp. “It was scary but I also felt all warm and safe.”

“You were inside my soul, Gar,” she says, simply.

“Okay,” he says, smiling warmly at her. “Now what did Cy say before he froze up? Touch the trophy?”

“I’m not sure. He could have been trying to warn us about touching the trophy...”

Beast Boy walks over to the pedestal and walks around it a couple of times. He looks the trophy up and down, checking for anything that might look fishy. Finally, he shrugs and walks back to Raven. “It looks safe to me.”

“Hmm,” Raven says as she closes her eyes. She let’s her supernatural sense reach out to the trophy and feel around. “I am sensing some sort of magic, Gar. The way everything else has been around here, I wouldn’t risk touching it. Cyborg said it was safe in here so I think we should just stay put until he comes back.”

“Yeah, you’re probably right,” he says, walking over to her. He wraps his arms around her and kisses her lips lightly. Raven opens her eyes in surprise, but kisses back.

“What are you doing, Gar,” she asks, a little breathless.

“Just taking a moment to be with you,” he replies. “Right now, at this moment, nobody is trying to kill us. I just wanted to enjoy that with you.”

“It is nice...”

-

The ECH flickers in place a few times and solidifies.

“I repeat, do not touch the Trophy,” it finishes. “Hey, where did they go? Searching... Oh, no...”

-

The ground begins to rumble underneath the maze. The two lovers suddenly disengage from their embrace and begin to look around. The pedestal with the trophy falls over, spilling the trophy over and into the hedges. A mound of dirt lifts up from the spot where the pedestal used to stand. It gets larger and larger until a giant snake bursts from the ground and howls at the moonless sky.

“What the crap is that,” shouts Beast Boy while Raven encases them in dark magic.

“I don’t know but I don’t think this qualifies as safe,” she mumbles under her breath.

The giant snake strikes in one swift motion. One second it’s head was in the air and the next it’s jaws were wrapped around the magic bubble. Beast Boy cringed back from the large fangs trying to penetrate the bubble.

“That thing is strong... I’m trying my best to keep this shield up,” Raven manages to say through the strain.

“Babe... I think it’s fangs are dripping some sort of poison,” BB says, obviously scared. “It’s actually eating through your magic!”

“Gar?”

“Yeah?”

“I give up...”

The magic bubble disappears and the two Titans are swallowed by the giant serpent.

-

“Sorry, guys,” says The ECH from the loading program. “I didn’t know the program had been modified from the original movie. I deleted the extras but I couldn’t see past the portkey scene... I was able to get you back to loading before it started to eat you, though!”

“It’s okay, Cy,” thinks Raven, out loud. “It doesn’t matter anymore. If we are just going to die over and over again then why prolong it. We might as well just die...” She looks away from the other two.

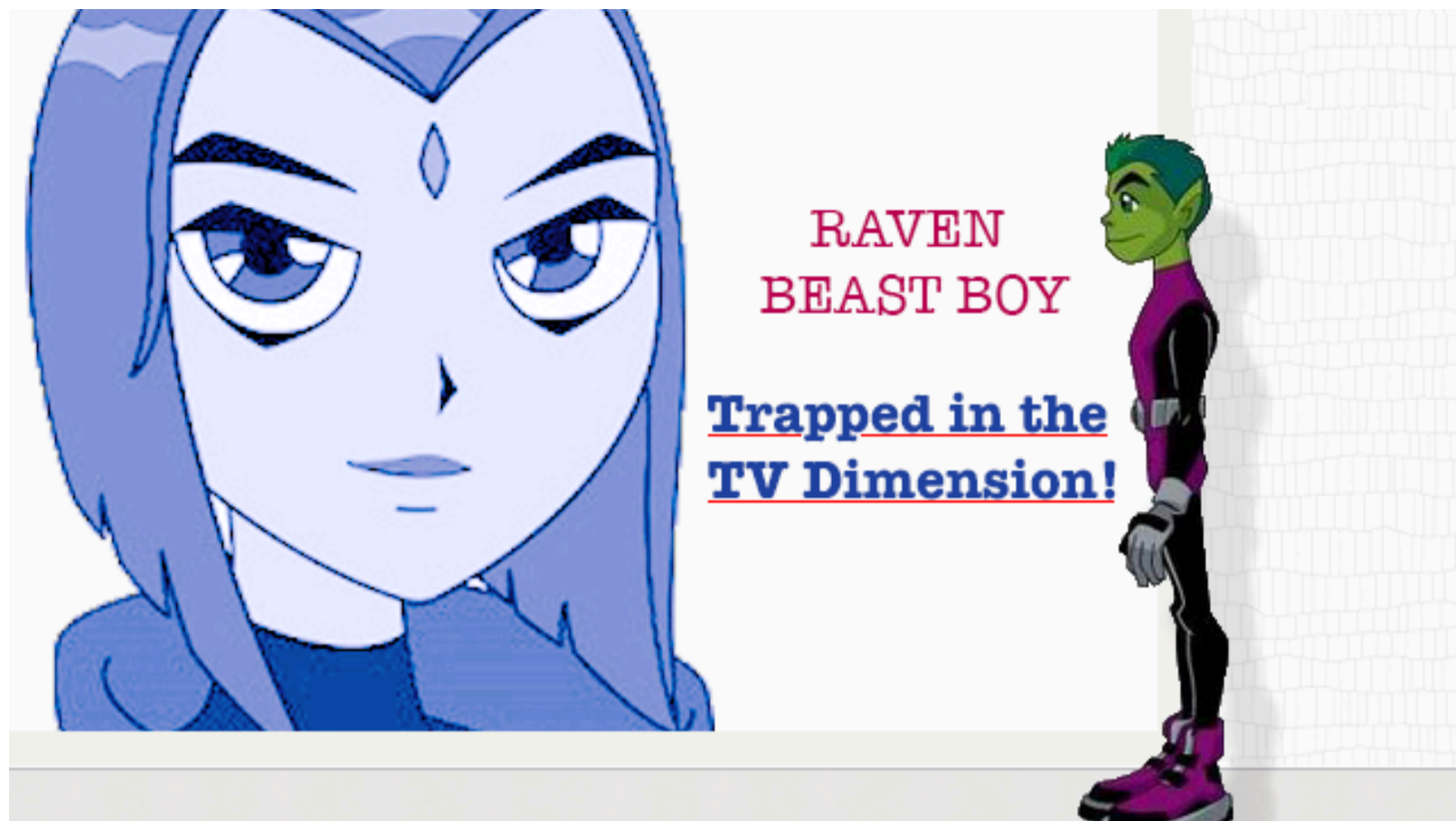
“What,” thinks Beast Boy. “Babe, we can’t just give up! We did really good with Cy’s help! If his program hadn’t gotten stuck or whatever...”

“Okay, I’ve managed to reinstate your speech,” says The ECH. “I had to bypass your thoughts into audio before. It’s all working normal now.”

“Sorry, Gar. That really is how I feel. We’ve been killed over and over again. I just can’t take it anymore. What’s the point of fighting it,” she looks at him with tears in her eyes. “Maybe the program will let us go if we just succumb to death...”

“No, that’s not how the Titans work! We don’t kill and we don’t give up! The others will get us out,” Beast Boy says, desperately. “Just give them time, babe... Please...”

Raven wipes the tears from her eyes and looks at Beast Boy. “Fine, Gar. For you. But I don’t know how much longer I can take this...”



Chapter 7  
- Nothing Hill -

When the dust settles, Starfire stands in the middle of a mass of broken robots, and tosses a metal arm aside. Her eyes glow green with energy and she looks around for another target.

“I think you got them, Star,” says Robin, from the other room.

“I did say I would be the first to hurt the ones responsible, did I not,” asks the golden woman. The energy in her eyes fading with her rage. “Now, Cyborg will connect with the computer, correct?”

“That’s the plan,” says Cyborg, walking into the room with a purpose. Aside from the mess of robot parts, this could have been any server room seen in a TV show or movie. Tower after tower of electronics reaching up to the ceiling with lights that would occasionally blink. Cyborg walks up to the control station. It’s a large desk with four monitors and a couple of keyboards. He sits down and let’s his arm cable do it’s job. “Jacking in now.”

Robin and Starfire walk over to him and stand side by side. Star’s nerves start getting the better of her and she grabs for Robin’s hand. He’s surprised, at first, but he quickly gives her a squeeze. “It’ll be alright. Cyborg’s got this,” he says to her.

“Just as I thought, he didn’t think anybody would get this far. His security is strong, but it’s no match for my processors!” Cyborg’s eye goes pale red once more. The monitors all start up suddenly. Multiple prompts for passcode verification appear on the screen and disappear in quick succession. “Okay, I’m in! Piece of cake!”

“Can you eject Raven and Beast Boy,” Robin asks, leaning forward to get a better look.

“Yes and no,” Cyborg replies, shaken. “I can definitely get them out of the system right now, but their minds would be missing large chunks of memory. They’d be more like the last character they played than the Titans we know.”

“Oh, no,” cries out Starfire. “Then what must we do?” She brings Robin’s hand up to her chest and holds it between her breasts tightly. Robin blushes but has more important things on his mind.

“I’m going to have to recompile their data into a separate file and then eject them from there. It’s going to take time with the hardware I’m working with. I really can’t believe that Control Freak got all this done from the clearance items at Radio Shack!”

“What’s going to happen to them while you are recompiling? Do they have to keep living through that playlist?” The concern in Robin’s voice is palpable. “They’ve already lived through six different nightmares. There are going to be lasting effects from this...”



“Nah, I’ve already disengaged the playlist and have them in the loading area,” Cyborg says, with a smug look on his face. “My dupe program did a pretty good job keeping them safe while we were gone. We do have a few choices on how to move forward. Everything I need to do is in the background. I can either leave them in the loading program or load another program for them to spend time in.”

“How long will it take you to release them,” asks Starfire.

“I’m not sure, Star, but it won’t be soon. Even rerouting through my own systems, I’m limited by the speed of the connection, and there’s no way to speed that up. In all honesty, I’d estimate a couple of hours, at the minimum. It could even take longer than that.”

“Is there anything on there that isn’t going to try to kill them again,” asks Robin. He knew that Cyborg would get the job done, but he was concerned about how this was affecting Starfire. Her emotions have been more erratic than usual.

“Well, it seems Control Freak did have a pretty eclectic collection of movies and TV shows.” A list of titles pops up on one of the screens and starts scrolling slowly. “Anything catch your eye?”

“I don’t see any of the JDrama with the cute relationships,” says Star, leaning over and reading through the list. “Oh, but this movie here has some precious moments! How about that one?”

“I think Bruce- I mean, my adoptive father once had that on. I don’t remember anything violent happening. What do you think, Cyborg?”

“All my scans say that the file hasn’t been tampered with. Alright, guys! Let’s sit back and watch Notting Hill!”

-

“Guys, how are you holding up,” says The ECH, as it’s body shifts from blue to normal.

“Hey, Cy! You look like the real one,” says Beast Boy. “Still modifying your program?”

“No, it’s the real me. I’m inside Control Freak’s systems,” he responds.

“Can you get us out of here,” asks Raven, desperately. “You can not image what it’s been like…”

“I’m trying my best, but it’s going to take a while,” Cyborg says, turning to Raven. “In the mean time, I’m going to put you guys in a safe program. There won’t be anybody trying to kill you or anything. Just enjoy yourselves!” Cyborg’s image disappears.

“See? And you wanted to give up! I told you we just needed to hold on a little longer.” Beast Boy smiles at Raven.

“I’ll be happier when we get back to the real world…”

-

Rachel opens her eyes and sees a door in front of her. It’s a red door with a sign in the window reading The Travel Book Co. She looks down at her hand and sees it on the door nob in mid turn. She looks up at the sign once more and then shrugs. She walks into the small book store. A small bell rings as the door opens and a voice from behind the counter calls out.

“Be right with you!”

Rachel pulls off her large sunglasses and folds them. She slides them into her purse and walks over to the first shelf of books. She runs her finger along the spines as she quickly reads the titles. America the Beautiful. Fly to Florida. New York or Bust.

“Are you planning on traveling to The States,” asks a green man with a British accent. He was dressed in a button down and slacks. She was surprised that he had gotten the drop on her.

“No,” Rachel says, with a small smile. “I just came from there.” She keeps looking at the books on the shelf before her.

“Ah, so you’re homesick! What State are you from? I’m sure we’ve got a book about it,” he says, confidently. “If we don’t then we can order it!” He gives her his most charming smile.

“I don’t think you have anything from where I come from,” she says, looking away shyly. “It’s not exactly in the States...”

“Ah, I did think you looked a bit more exotic than an American! Let me guess...” The green man looks her up and down with one eye closed, like an appraiser. He snaps his fingers and says, “Somewhere in the Mediterranean?”

“It’s a bit farther away than that,” she says, slipping around him. She walks over to another shelf of books. The sign over these books said local.

“Wait,” says the shopkeeper. He quickly follows her to the next aisle. “You can’t just leave me hanging like that! Give me another chance?”

“I could give you twenty and you’d still never guess,” she says, coyly. She then pulls a book at random from the shelf and pretends to read.

“Now, this is getting interesting,” he says, wiping at his mouth with his hand. “Twenty tries, eh? Let’s see...”

“Cyborg, what is wrong with our friends,” asks Starfire. She had pulled up a chair and was watching them from one of the screens. “They are not acting like themselves.”

“Looks like the system is diverting their memories as I isolate and copy them. It’s them, just with a lot of filler from the original characters. Trust me, they’re fine...”

“Have I missed anything,” asks Robin, coming from the other room with a bowl of popcorn.

“Beast Boy is flirting with Raven but he doesn’t know that she is a famous actress,” says Starfire, holding out her hand for popcorn.

“You are from Azarath,” the green man asks. “I don’t think I’ve ever heard of such a place. Where’s it located?”

“Do you have a map,” asks Rachel, closing the book and putting it back on the shelf.

“Well, we have a fine collection of Atlases in aisle three,” he says, pointing her in the right direction. Rachel nods her head at him and walks over to the nearest atlas. She pulls it off the shelf and opens it at random.

“Hmm,” she starts, biting her lower lip and staring intently at the page. The shopkeeper walks over and stares at the same page. “You see that dot right there?” She points to a dot in the exact center of Spain.

“Yes.” He leans down a bit closer just to see exactly where she was pointing.

“There’s a portal right there to my dimension,” she whispers and snaps the book closed. The green man jumps back.

“A what? A portal? Do you mean a shuttle?” The confusion on his face was apparent.

“I’ve got to go,” she says, smiling. “It’s been... nice. Talking to you.” She hands him the book back and heads for the door.

“Oh, yes, it was very nice...”

“Cyborg, this isn’t how I remember the movie,” says Robin, with a mouth full of popcorn.

“Yeah, the program is pretty fluid. It’s made to adjust to the minds of those that are in it.”

“Shh,” Starfire calls. “He is going to go after her. It is not reasonable for him to not.”

-

Rachel walks out the door and hugs the wall. She quickly pulls her sunglasses out and puts them on. With the safety of the glasses, she looks around and then starts to walk away from the book store. When she had crossed the street, she heard the bell from the shop door, and a familiar voice call out to her.

“Miss, wait!”

Rachel turns around and looks at him from over her sunglasses. He does a quick jog over to her and gives her a goofy smile.

“I don’t normally do this, but,” he starts, nervously. “Well, first off, my name is Garfield. Gar for short.” He holds his hand out to her. She takes it daintily and gives it a light shake. “And your name..?”

“Rachel,” she says, with a chuckle.

“Rachel. Lovely name. Well, Rachel, I was just wondering if you’d like to get a cup of coffee or something. Like I said, I don’t normally do this, but you just seem so familiar...” Gar reluctantly let’s go of her hand and looks at her hopefully.

“I really need to go. Rain check?” She looks around rather nervously.

“But I don’t have your number... If you give me a moment, I can go back in and...”

“The Travel Book Co. is your’s, right?” He nods. “I’ve got your number.” She then rushes off into a crowd of people coming off a bus.

-

“Aww, you can tell that Beast Boy finds Raven attractive, even though he doesn’t know that she is an idol,” Starfire squeals, grabbing Robin’s hand and squeezing.

“It’s also interesting that Azarath was mentioned at one point. Is this program parsing their memories,” he asks Cyborg.

“Yep, it’s the only way for it to anticipate what you are going to do next and make sure you stay along the right storyline. Control Freak had just adjusted it to make sure something bad would happen each time.”

“Look how sad Beast Boy looks at the shop! He can’t wait for Raven to call him and ask him out on a date. Oh, how surprised he’ll be when he finds out who she really is!” Starfire rubs her thumb against Robin’s palm in excitement.

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Garfield walks up to the fanciest hotel in the entire city holding a cheap bouquet of flowers. He looks up at the many floors and the great embellishments on it’s facade. He walks in feeling very out of place in his normal clothes. He looks around at a large crowd gathered in the lobby and tries to make his way through. When he reaches the counter, he’s greeted by a rather tired looking man, who looks like he’s ready to tell Gar no to anything he asks.

“Hello, I’m here to see Ms. Rachel,” Gar says, cheerfully.

“Name,” the man asks.

“Garfield,” he replies. “Garfield Logan”

“Garfield Logan,” the man repeats. He types the name into the computer in front of him. A few seconds later he looks up and says, “Take the elevator to the fifth floor.”

“Do I need a room number,” Gar asks.

“The entire fifth floor has been reserved.”

“Ah,” Gar replies. He makes his way to the elevator, where a very large man with an ear piece is standing. The man looks over to the counter and the tired man nods at him. The large man steps aside and let’s Gar in. “Thank you.”

“Can you believe how badly that reporter is talking about Raven,” asks Starfire, floating over her chair in excitement. “Beast Boy does not care about the slander you have to say!”

“Star, sit down. They can’t hear you,” says Robin, pulling her down by the hand. “How much longer is this going to take, Cyborg?”

“Like I said before, it’s going to be a while. Just eat your popcorn and watch the movie. I’m trying to work, here!”

Rachel sits behind a large table and looks at the door expectantly. A green man in a cheap suit walks in holding a small bouquet of flowers. Her eyes soften as she sees him but then her agent walks in.

“Alright, so what magazine do you work for,” asks the agent.

“Young Justice,” Gar replies quickly. He looks away and winces after he realizes what he just said.

“Young Justice? Is that some sort of Gun Rights magazine?”

“Eh, no. It’s a,” he hesitates, trying to think of something. “Magazine about juvenile super heroes!”

Rachel’s eyes give away the amusement she finds in all this. She turns to her agent and whispers something in his ear.

“Now? Alright,” he says, turning to Gar. “But we aren’t answering any questions that don’t deal with the movie!” He then walks out of the room.

“I’m sorry,” says Rachel, coming around the table. “They sprung this on me at the last moment.”

“No, it’s alright,” Gar says, warming up to their being alone. “I brought you these...” He hands her the small bouquet.

“Aww, thank you,” Rachel replies, taking the flowers and adding them to a group of rather large and expensive looking arrangements. “So, listen... My night is clear. If you still want to do something.” She looks at him with sad eyes, expecting him to be turned off by all the celebrity.

“Yeah! Of course! It’s just...” He was cut off by the sound of gunshots. Rachel drops to the ground and Gar looks around confused. The world freezes.

“Cyborg, what the hell was that,” yells Robin, getting out of his chair. “I thought you said it was safe!”

“Don’t worry. I’m already on it. It seems the program is designed to make every scenario a bad one. I’ve already frozen the current program and have them back in loading. I’m almost done recompiling their files, anyways. Should just take a few more minutes and I can try ejecting them.”

“They never got to go out on a date,” says Starfire, sadly.



Chapter 8  
- A Kwami by any Other Name -

“You see,” starts Raven, her voice trembling with anger. “I told you there was no point in fighting, anymore! No matter what program Cyborg loads us into, no matter how safe it may seem at first, this is hell!” Raven’s body was rippling with dissipating magic.

“Guys, I’m so sorry,” comes Cyborg’s voice from nowhere. “I thought The EVH was controlling the program. Seems Control Freak designed it to always go bad, no matter the movie or show. But the good news is that I’ve isolated your memories and I’m ready to get you out.”

“See, babe,” Beast Boy says, softly. “It’s going to be over. We’ll get out and back to our normal teenage crime fighter lives...” He gives her a hopeful smile but Raven wasn’t even looking in his direction.

“Just hold tight for a few more seconds and you’ll be free,” Cyborg’s voice says.

“Okay, I’m ready to eject Raven and Beast Boy from the TV Dimension,” calls out Cyborg. All the monitors have the words Stand By on them in large letters.

“Wait,” says Robin. An idea had just occurred to him. “Where will they come out? I don’t see anything aside from servers in this room.” He looks around hoping he overlooked something.

“Crap, I forgot about that.” Cyborg’s eye blinks red for a moment as he scans the program. “Seems they are going to come out at the same location they were taken from.”

“The creepy old cinema,” whispers Starfire. “Robin, we must make haste! We have to make sure that our friends have managed to get out safely!” She flies over to Robin and starts pulling on his arm.

“That’s a good idea, Star. Raven and Beast Boy have taken a lot of damage. They may need our assistance. Is there anything else you need from us, Cyborg?” Robin looks back at the robot man as he’s being dragged towards the door by the sheer strength of an alien woman.

“Negative. You should get a move on. They’ll be out in a few minutes.”

Beast Boy opens his eyes on the movie theater they had gone to a lifetime ago. He looks over to see his arm back around Raven and her head against his shoulder. She looks up at him, slowly.

“Are we back,” she asks, tentatively. She sits up in her chair and starts looking around. Everything looked like how they had left it. The giant container of popcorn was in BB’s lap. The buckets of soda were even still sweating on the arm rests.

“It feels like it,” he says, giving her a one armed hug. “I wonder if we can still catch that movie...”

“What the hell,” Raven shouts. She takes a handful of popcorn and throws it in Beast Boy’s face.

“Kidding, just kidding,” he says, throwing his arms up in surrender. “I honestly don’t think I’m going to watch anything on a screen in a while. Maybe I’ll pick up reading...”

“That’s... Probably not a bad idea. Come on,” she says, getting up and offering him a hand. “Let’s get back to the Tower. I need to feel safe for about a month...”

Beast Boy takes her hand and stands up. He pretends to stretch and then quickly wraps his arms around her.

“Don’t worry. I’ll stay with you,” he whispers in her ear.

“I appreciate that, but I’d really like to get out of here.” Raven breaks off the embrace and starts pulling him out the door by the hand.

“What about the free refills on the popcorn and drinks,” he asks, and then starts to laugh when she doesn’t stop. “Okay, okay, we can make a stop on the way home...”

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Robin pulls up to the movie theater on his motorcycle just as Starfire swoops in from the sky. She doesn’t wait for him and goes straight for the entrance. Robin jumps off his bike and rushes in after her. They both freeze in place right in front of the large double doors and gasp. Beast Boy was trying to grab something from over the counter but Raven kept pulling on his arm.

“It’ll only take a second,” he moans. “I’m so thirsty after all the times I’ve died!”

“That’s not funny, Garfield. I don’t want to stay in this place one more second than I need to. And I don’t want to leave here without you. After everything we’ve just been through, I think you can understand that, so let’s go. We can stop by Taco Bell and get one of those Watermelon Freezes you like.” Raven looks around nervously as she tries to reason with her boyfriend. She keeps yanking him down every time he starts climbing back up.

“Raven,” yells out Starfire, flying straight at her best friend and embracing her. She squeezes Raven tightly as if she hadn’t seen her for years.

“It’s good to see you, too, Star,” she says, patting Starfire on the back. “But I really want to get out of here...”

“Agreed,” says Robin. “Titans, let’s get back to the Tower. We need to make sure that Raven and Beast Boy got out without any side effects. Do you copy that, Cyborg?” Robin had already brought out his communicator as he was running inside.

“Copy that,” comes Cyborg’s voice from the device. “I expect to see both of them in the infirmary the moment we get back.”

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“I’m heading back on my bike. Do you want a ride, Beast Boy,” asks Robin. He already had his leg over the motorcycle and was getting ready to put on the helmet.

“Nah, I think I’ll just fly with the girls,” Beast Boy responds. He smiles at Raven, who’s too busy trying to calm Starfire to notice.

“Alright, see you back at the Tower,” Robin responds, sliding the helmet on. “Oh, and Beast Boy, it’s good to have you back. I was really worried when you and Raven went missing. I thought maybe Slade... Doesn’t matter. I’ll see you back at the Tower.” The motorcycle starts up with a roar and then speeds off down the road. After a few seconds, all you could see were twin red lights in the distance.

“Star, I’m fine,” says a frustrated Raven. She keeps pulling down her dress as Starfire tries to look under it.

“But I saw you with a horrible wound on your chest! Are you sure there is no lasting effects? What if you are internally wounded,” Starfire says, hovering around Raven and trying to check her for damage.

“We are fine, Starfire. Maybe Control Freak’s program was all just in our minds,” offers Beast Boy, walking over to the two girls.

“That maybe so but I would feel much better if I could check out Raven in the infirmary. The Gothic Lolita clothing is very fitting for her but covers all the places she may be hurt.” The frown on Starfire’s face becomes deeper as Raven pulls the dress away completely and hides behind Beast Boy.

“Let’s get back to the Tower and I’ll let you check me for scars there, okay? I just don’t want to be out in the open, anymore...” Raven gives Starfire a pleading look.

“Yes, let us return home.” Starfire smiles and lifts a few feet off the ground. She hovers in place waiting for her best friend to join her.

“Thank you,” Raven says, letting out a breath she didn’t know she was holding. She attempts to take a step into the air. Her foot falls right down to the ground.

“Raven,” asks Starfire, floating down.

“Babe,” questions Beast Boy, taking a step towards her.

“I guess I must be tired,” she says, looking confused. She takes a few steps away from all the people crowding her and closes her eyes to focus. Seconds pass by that turn into minutes as her friends silently watch her. Raven opens her eyes, concern practically dripping from her face. “I can’t feel my magic...”

“Oh, no! What about you, Beast Boy, are your powers working,” asks Starfire, turning to the green boy.

“I haven’t needed to use them, so,” he starts. He crouches down a little and appears to strain. He stands there like that for a minute before he looks up with concern. “Mine are gone, too...”

“Robin,” calls Starfire, as she pulls out her T-phone. “Something has gone wrong with our friends. Their powers are gone!”

The Titan’s Tower infirmary was a sterile white room with exactly four beds. Over the beds were monitors displaying the vital signs of the patient. Currently, two of those beds were occupied. Raven was laying down on one bed wearing a typical hospital gown. She had pulled the blanket up to her neck. On the bed across from her was Beast Boy, also wearing the same pale blue gown. He had his blanket down by his waist and was sitting up.

“Babe, what if this means we are normal,” he says. He was so excited he was flailing his arms around. “We could go to school and date like regular people! We could even fool around without having to worry about...”

“You are still green, Gar,” Raven quickly butts in. “I’m still gray. Even if we did lose our powers, we are not ever going to be normal,” she replies, covering her head with the blanket in frustration.

“Okay, guys. The tests have come back. There’s good news and there’s bad news,” says Cyborg, walking into the infirmary. He looks up from a tablet and takes turns looking at his patients. “Which do you want first?”

“Good news, first,” calls out Beast Boy. He was already tossing aside the blanket and getting up. The monitor over his bed goes dead once he gets off.

“There’s nothing physically wrong with you. No scars, no abrasions, not even BB’s usual case of dandruff,” Cyborg says, double checking the files on his tablet.

“Alright,” shouts Beast Boy. He starts jumping around in circles. Raven’s blanket hides the smile on her face as she peeks over it to see his green butt bouncing around from the open hospital gown.

“What’s the bad news,” she asks, taking her eyes off her boyfriend and dropping the blanket down a few inches.

“Somehow, when I ejected you from the program, your powers swapped. I have no clue how it happened, but there’s only one thing I can think of doing. Loading you back in the program and trying to eject you, again.” Cyborg puts down the tablet and looks at them seriously.

“No,” Raven starts.

“Listen, I won’t load you back into Control Freak’s program. I’ve downloaded his software and have been modifying it. I should be able to load you into a completely safe program...” Cyborg was walking up to them, but was stopped by Beast Boy.

“Dude, you did say that before and then we were caught in a hostage situation,” Beast Boy says, a serious look on his face. Raven could even see his butt cheeks clenching tight.

“I know. I hadn’t been able to fully review the program then. I assumed and I was wrong,” said Cyborg, the pain apparent in his eyes. He then looks at Raven, hopefully. “But this time it’d be my program. I’d be in complete control.”

“I... think I need some time to think about it, Cyborg,” says Raven, tossing the blanket aside and getting out of bed.

“The thing is, you only have a couple of days before the change is permanent. It seems your cells haven’t completely solidified after being ejected from the TV Dimension. Once they do, I don’t think even plugging you back in would change your powers back...” Cyborg drops his eyes, knowing this was partly his fault.

“Okay, I get it,” she quickly growls at him. “I’ll tell you soon. Can we just get a moment to get dressed?”

“Yeah, sorry,” replies Cyborg, backing slowly out of the room with his hands up. “I’ll give you guys some time. I’ll be in Ops if you need me...”

“Are you okay, babe? I know you don’t want to risk getting trapped in there again,” starts Beast Boy, walking over to her.

“I don’t care about me,” she replies, quickly. “I just can’t live through trying to kill you over and over again! It’s bad enough that I know it could happen... I don’t need to keep living it...” She covers her eyes with her hand and quietly weeps.

“Babe, I know how you feel,” he says, wrapping his arms around her. “But what about our powers?”

“I don’t want you to be Trigon’s Vessel, Garfield. I wouldn’t wish that on anyone. I just...” She digs her fingers into his gown and buries her head against his shoulder.

“You’re scared,” he whispers. “I’m scared, too. But I don’t think we have a choice...” Beast Boy runs his fingers through the back of her hair, trying to sooth her.

“No, we don’t. Not really. Let’s just take a day to-“

“Raven,” came Starfire’s voice from the doorway. She flies in quickly and takes Raven’s hand. “I was just talking to Cyborg and heard the good news! You are physically well!”

“Yeah, except apparently I can turn into a dog, at will,” Raven says, sarcastically. She quickly pulls her hand out of Starfire’s grasp. “As fun as that sounds, looks like we’ll be taking a trip back into the TV Dimension so Cyborg can torture our powers back into place.”

“Oh, he did not tell me that you have swapped kwamis,” she responds, bringing her hands together in delight.

“Our what’s have done what,” replies Beast Boy, who was digging in a locker for his clothes.

“A kwami is like a spirit that hosts your powers,” Starfire says, looking at him seriously.

“Is that some kind of Tamaranian religious thing,” Beast Boy responds, intrigued. He had his clothes in a mound within his arms.

“It’s from some kids show she started watching, recently,” says Raven, with a sigh. She walks over to the lockers as Starfire keeps going.



“Yes, it is imperative that you must now do the training so your bond will grow,” says Starfire. “Remember when we switched kwami? It made me closer to you than I am to my own sister!” Starfire’s eye twinkle with the memories.

“First, we switched bodies not kwamis. Kwamis don’t exist,” starts Raven, getting her clothes from the locker next to Beast Boy. “Second, we don’t need to train on how to use each other’s power. We aren’t stuck in a dangerous position with no other way out. We just need to get some clothes on. Come on, Garfield.” Raven takes Beast Boy by the hand and walks him into the changing room. Two pairs of cheeks swaying in front of Starfire’s eyes. She looks away in shock and embarrassment.

“But it would bring you closer,” Starfire shouts, as they close the door.

“What if it did bring us closer,” asks Beast Boy, dropping his clothes on the couch. He turns around to find Raven right behind him. She was sniffing at his neck. “Babe, where’re your clothes?” She suddenly pins him against the mirror and kisses him passionately. The bulbs in the room suddenly shatter and Raven turns away moaning. “Crap, that’s what normally happens when I touch you... Are you okay, babe? Did you get cut?”

“No,” she replies, hiding her face with her hair. Her voice sounded like she had something strange going on with her mouth.

“Oh, I remember when that used to happen to me,” he says, with understanding. He places a hand on her shoulder and turns her around. Raven’s mouth had started to grow a large fang from one side. “Just relax and think about being human. Your face should revert back to normal.”

“Maybe we should ask Cyborg if he could do it today...”



Chapter 9  
- OPERATION: A.U.G.U.S.T. -

A dark figure stalks the hallways of Titan's Tower at night. It creeps through the dark spaces without making a sound. It won't enter a room without turning off the lights first. The most that can be seen is its dark silhouette as it stands before the refrigerator light and digs through. You can hear it munching on something and then a package falls to the floor. It says tofu...

"Raven," calls a voice as the lights turn on. Beat Boy walks into the kitchen and looks at all the corpses of tofu packages on the ground around her. "You couldn't save me one pack? You know I'm the one who'll want to eat those when you are back to normal..."

"Sorry, I'm just so hungry," she says, shame lacing her voice. She keeps her head down and pulls her hood farther forward. "I never liked this stuff, before..."

"Babe, are you really hiding yourself from me?" Beast Boy walks over to her and pulls the hood back. She turns her face away from him but he caresses her cheek softly. He slowly brings her face around to look at him. Raven's complexion had gained a green hue, her ears had become slightly pointed, and she had a fang that stuck up from the side of her mouth. "There's my beautiful girl..."

"I'm... sorry," she says, looking up at him with tears in her eyes. "I'm not ashamed of how you look. I just don't feel..." She looks down at the ground, trying to figure out how to continue.

"I know. I felt that way, too. When it first happened. Then I met my adoptive family and they accepted me for who I was. They didn't care that I was green and stuff. They knew that my outside didn't mean anything." He takes her face in his hands and brings her lips up to his. Her tears fall between their faces and wet both their cheeks. "You are still beautiful, Rachel. You are still you."

"Garfield..." She gives him a small, fanged smile.

"Besides, Cyborg is done prepping his machine. That's why I came to find you. In a little while you should be back to normal!"

"Alright, I just finished loading the program," says Cyborg, looking over some read outs on a screen. He gets up and looks over at the two subjects. His human eye pops for a moment when he sees them. Beast Boy was much grayer than usual and Raven was definitely more green. "I'm guessing you guys are ready?"

"Dude, one question, though. What are you dropping us into?" Beast Boy puts a protective arm around Raven.

“The safest thing I could find on short notice was some cartoon. It’s a kids show. I think in this episode there’s some camping. Doesn’t matter, I’ve mostly stripped it down to just a location. There shouldn’t be any people around.” Cyborg turns back to the computer and starts typing. A few seconds later, the image of a campground pops up on one of the screens. “See? Safe.”

“Okay,” whispers Raven, keeping her attention on the ground. “Let’s just get this over with...”

“Just stand right there and you’ll be inside within a few seconds.” Cyborg returns to typing commands on the keyboard. “It’ll take me a bit to scan your profiles and make sure everything is switched back, though. So just enjoy yourselves at camp. I won’t be watching,” he finishes with a wink back at them.

Raven opens her eyes on an open field. She looks down at the wildflowers surrounding her feet. When she looks up, she sees Beast Boy standing in front of her, and he’s back to normal. Her hands go up to her ears and feels for points. Nothing. She feels for that one fang but she only feels lips. BB smiles at her.

“See? Back to normal,” he says, with a big smile.

“Gar,” She starts, but he places a finger on her lips to stop her.

“It’s okay. Let’s go check this place out!” He takes her by the hand and leads her to a cabin that’s a short distance away. Raven lets her hood fall back and feels the cool wind on her face. She watches her boyfriend’s green hair wave in the same wind.

“This is nice,” she says, squeezing his hand. He stops in front of the cabin and turns around. He has a large smile on his face.

“What? My little goth girl likes being out in the open,” he teases, and then quickly embraces her.

“Wait, Cyborg is probably broadcasting this to the entire Tower,” she says, turning her face away and blushing a deep crimson. Her arms had still wrapped around him, though.

“Can’t I hug my girl,” he replies, inhaling deeply from her hair.

“Yeah,” she whispers, melting into the embrace.

A crying breaks their peaceful moment of intimacy. They both start looking around at their surroundings. Raven looks nervous but Beast Boy confidently starts walking to some bushes.

“Don’t worry, babe. It’s just a baby,” he says, digging into the nearby bushes. Raven looks at him with concern.

“A baby? Gar, we should be alone. Cyborg said...” Raven’s body was tensing as she backed away from the bushes.

“Hey, little guy... Did you lose your parents looking for food,” asks BB. As he starts straightening up, Raven gets into a battle ready stance. Then she sees a small skunk in Beast Boy’s arms and drops her pose.

“A skunk,” she asks, with a dubious look on her face.

“Yeah, Cyborg said there wouldn’t be any humans but he didn’t say anything about animals. Isn’t this little guy cute?” Beast Boy cuddles the small animal in his arms.

“Yeah, he kind of looks like Robin with that hair,” she says, chuckling.

“Can we take care of it,” he begs. “Please? It’s just while we are here! I promise I won’t ask for a real skunk when we go back home!” He had his sad puppy dog eyes on and she couldn’t say no to that.

“Fine, but Cyborg,” she shouts at thin air. “If I get sprayed then I’m going to make you pay for it!”

“Shh, don’t shout,” Beast Boy says, quickly. “If you don’t want to get sprayed then don’t scare him. Let’s see if there’s anything we can use in the cabin.” He starts for the small building while bouncing the skunk like a human baby and cooing at it.

“We are going into a cabin in the woods... I really hope this place is as safe as Cyborg promised...”

Raven walks in to see Beast Boy making a small cave out of a bunch of towels. The baby skunk was investigating the area around him but not going very far. BB scoops him up and slides him into the towel cave. The skunk sniffs around the entrance then the backs up farther in. He looks at BB from the back of the cave and then lays down.

“Why is it so calm around you,” she asks, closing the door slowly. “Aren’t they supposed to start spraying or scratching on instinct?” She doesn’t walk any closer to them in fear of getting sprayed.

“Nah, this little guy won’t spray me! He loves me too much,” he says, saying the last part in baby talk. “Could also be because I shifted my pheromones so he accepts me as a skunk.” He laughs smugly.

“So, your powers are working?” Raven takes a step closer but then remembers the skunk.

“Oh, I did it without thinking... Let’s see...” Beast Boy closes his eyes and his body reduces itself down in size. He grows smaller and smaller until he’s the size of a house cat. His tail extends and becomes bushy. His muzzle grows out into a point and a familiar stripe appears along his back. “It worked!”

The baby skunk quickly runs out of the towel cave and starts sniffing around Beast Boy. They both start making squeaking sounds at each other. Raven just stands there in amazement. Beast Boy then morphs back into human form as the baby skunk crawls back into the cave.

“It says it was separated from it’s parents and it’s hungry,” he says, scratching the back of his head. “I guess I could go for some tofu myself!” He laughs, nervously.

“What do baby skunks eat?” She looks down at it inside it’s cave.

“Oh, you know, bugs, berries, and stuff. I’m sure there’s some wild berries around here somewhere! Wouldn’t you like some berries, babe?” He crosses the distance between them and smiles.

“Yeah, sure...” Her hand creeps out and takes a hold of his. She looks away, shyly.

“Okay, I’ll be back in a few!” He gives her hand a squeeze and starts walking for the door.

“No, wait,” she calls out. A little too loud for the baby skunk and it retreats farther into the cave. “You can’t go out there alone!” She grabs his hand and holds him in place.

“Babe, it’s fine,” he says, softly. He walks closer to her and places a soft kiss on her forehead. “Besides, you’ll have Little Robin here to keep you safe. I told him you were a friend so he won’t spray you. Probably...”

Raven sighs and let’s his hand go, reluctantly. She pouts as she watches him walk out the door and close it behind him. She looks over to Little Robin and can barely make out the tip of his nose. Raven shrugs and looks around the cabin. Her eyes automatically fall on a shelve of books. She walks over to them and starts reading the spines.

All the books have something to do with camping. A lot of them are How-To books but a few are fiction. She picks out the classic Mary Shelly version of “Frankenstein” and walks over to the couch. It had some sort of fake Native American design on it. The couch looked like something you’d find at Pier One. It was obviously trying to look ethnic but made in China. She tried to ignore its hideousness as she sat down and opened the book.

A few pages into Frankenstein, she heard light tapping coming from a short distance away. Raven looks up to see little Robin making his chubby way over to her. She quickly pulls her legs up onto the couch.

“Sorry, little guy, but I’m not your mother,” she tells him, going back to the book. A few seconds later, she hears a soft crying sound coming from down below. She looks down to see little Robin on two legs trying to reach the top of the couch. “Fine,” she says, with a sigh. “But don’t pee on me...”

She lifts him up and puts him on the end of the couch. She takes the cushion farthest away from him and goes back to reading. Little Robin sits still for a few minutes before quickly making his way over to Raven and crawling into her lap. Raven looks down at him, defeated. He settles himself quickly and then starts snoring, softly. Raven sighs and goes back to reading.

"I've got berries," Beast Boy mock shouts, as he peeks in the door. He does a double take as he sees Raven floating in the air with little Robin in her lap. She was softly rocking him from side to side as she read a book that was floating in front of her. A big smile comes over his face as he walks in and drops the armful of berries on the table.

"Don't say a word," she warns him, with a stern look. She encases Little Robin in a bubble of magical energy and lifts him off her lap. She then steps down as the bubble continues rocking the baby skunk. "First, I want my kiss. Then, we want our berries."

BB's face couldn't drop the smile that he had even if he wanted to. He walked over and gave her a kiss on the lips. He then bowed and showed her the way to the bounty he had collected.

"Should we feed Little Robin, now," he asks, pulling a couple of mushy berries from the bunch.

"He just got to sleep a moment ago," Raven starts, but a small cry interrupts her. "Guess he smelled the berries."

"Come here, big boy," Beast Boy coos, as Raven floats the baby over to him. He takes Little Robin in his arms and starts feeding him the overripe berries. The little skunk licks the juice off of Beast Boys fingers after the berries are all gone. Raven watches from the counter as she washes a couple of berries before eating them.

"Should we try to get it back to it's parents," offers Raven. She was washing sticky berry juice off of her hands.

"Yeah, that's probably a good idea. I could play his papa for a while, but he needs his parents." Beast Boy places him on the ground and morphs back into a skunk. They chat in squeaks for a minute while Raven just watches. He then morphs back to human form. "Seems his den isn't too far from here. He just got confused when he smelled my scent. We could take him back..." There was a slight sadness to his voice.

"Come on, papa," she says, wrapping her arm around his waist. "Let's get him back home."

-

Beast Boy walks out from among the trees with Little Robin in his arms. Raven walks out a step behind him. He looks around and then points to a hole beneath a large tree. A large skunk comes out of it and turns it's behind to them. Raven ducks behind the nearest tree as BB morphs into a skunk once more. He walks Little Robin over to the larger skunk and they all start to squeak and hiss. A few moments later, the two real skunks return to their den as Beast Boy walks back to Raven. He morphs back to human with tears in his eyes.

"It's okay, Gar. He's back with his family," she says to him, softly. He sniffles a couple of times and then nods. Raven wraps her arms around him and squeezes. He relents into her embrace. They stand there like that for a few moments before Raven let's out a breath. "Maybe we should go for a swim..."

"Is it too hot and muggy for you? I lived in Africa so I don't notice the heat as much..."

"No, you just still smell like skunk," she says, breathing through her mouth. "I also think I might need to burn these clothes..."



Chapter 10  
- Swim Notice -

A green otter floats on the surface of a lake. It looks over to see what the noise is coming from land. On the shore, Raven reclines back on a beach chair wearing a black one piece bathing suit, a purple coverup dress over it, and a huge black floppy hat. She keeps adjusting the large beach umbrella attached to the chair so the sun wouldn't touch any of her skin. It made loud creaking noises that would catch Beast Boy's attention. He swims over to the shore quickly, and turns back into human form.

"Hey, babe! You sure you don't want to take a dip? The water is nice," he says, dragging out the last word in emphasis. He shakes himself off like a dog and then walks over to where she's sitting.

"Keep your distance, wet boy," she says, with a smirk. "I'm not in the mood to actually swim. I just wanted to see if I could finish getting through Frankenstein. It's nice reading out here." She looks around at the peaceful lake and the calm surroundings.

"Yeah, this is the kind of TV Dimension vacation all the Titans should have!" He starts taking tiny steps towards Raven. Half an inch. A quarter of an inch. A full inch. He looks around innocently as he's doing it.

"Gar, I mean it. I don't want you wetting the pages before I'm done reading this book," she says, giving him a pleading look. He looks at her with those sad puppy dog eyes. She sighs and relents. "I'll tell you what. If you give me another chapter, then I'll take a quick swim with you. Deal?"

Gar nods and morphs back into an otter. He does a couple of happy flips before starting for the lake again.

"Guys, can you hear me," comes Cyborg's voice, as if from a loud speaker.

"Yeah. Are you ready to eject us," Raven asks, looking around at the air.

"No, Raven hasn't swam with me yet! Just five more minutes, Cy? An hour, tops," shouts the small furry woodland creature.

"Actually, I'm having some trouble with your digital profiles. Every time I analyze the ejection sequence, your patterns seem to come out scrambled. I'm guessing that's how your powers got swapped in the first place. I'm guessing Control Freak didn't employ beta testers."

"Or he got frozen before he had a chance to," interjects Raven.

"You got a point there, Rae. Either way, I want to try switching you guys into another program. I haven't had a chance to clear out any other shows, but I don't think you'll have too much of a problem with this one. It's one of Robin's spy dramas. Your mission, if you choose to accept it, is to infiltrate a couples resort in Venezuela and

extract a biological weapons engineer and his wife. He's being watched over by two Russian bodyguards, though. Think you can handle it?"

"Do we have a choice," asks Raven, with a sigh.

"What? This'll be so cool, babe! Think about it like training for a mission! And, AND, it'll be like a working vacation!" Beast Boy transforms back to human and runs over to her. He drips water all over her book as he stands over her with a big smile on his face.

"Well, since I won't be able to finish reading this book, anymore..."

-

When on a top secret, undercover mission with your girlfriend to a couples resort, the most important thing is to act like you have everything under control. Make sure to rent a super expensive car and upgrade your room to the most expensive suit they have. It may seem like a lot of money, but when you are trapped in the TV Dimension, you can charge everything without ever seeing a bill!

A prismatic green Tesla Model S rolls up to the Valet at a hotel in Puerto La Cruz. A green guy gets out of the driver's side wearing a Hawaiian shirt with khaki shorts and sandals on his feet. He hands the keys over to the valet and then opens the passenger side door. A pale woman slides out wearing a black evening dress that shows off her shoulders. Her purple shoulder length hair swishing with the ocean breeze.

"Gar, are you sure this is how I'm supposed to be dressed," Rachel asks, pulling the front of the dress up. She keeps glancing around to make sure nobody is looking at her.

"Yeah, babe! You look great! Let me handle the front counter," he says, popping his collar. He smoothly walks up to the counter and leans on it with his elbow. "Reservation for the Logans..."

"Yes, sir," replies a pretty girl behind the counter. She starts typing the name on her keyboard and waits for the computer to search the system. "Yes, it appears that your economy room isn't available yet. It's currently being attended to by the cleaning service. Would you like to wait in the lobby?"

"What? Economy," he says, shocked. "There must be some kind of mistake! I requested the best room in the house!"

"I'm sorry, let me check the system once more..." She goes back to typing on her keyboard. "We do have one suit available. It'll be..."

"Money is of no concern," Gar says, loudly. He then laughs out loud in mock good cheer.

"Yes, sir. Your room is ready. Here are your keys and enjoy your stay," she says, handing Gar two credit card style passkeys.

"Thank you," he says, taking the keys. He turns around and wraps his arm around Rachel's waist. "Let's head up and see what kind of digs we just landed!"

-

When renting an ordinary hotel room, the last thing you want to do is eat anything from the mini fridge. The prices for even breathing on anything is more than what it would cost you to go to the nearest Quik-E-Mart. But, when you are in the TV Dimension, go wild! It's like living the life of a billionaire without worrying about your parents getting shot!

"Gar, how are we supposed to find this scientist," asks Rachel, sitting very still on the bed. She was trying her best not put wrinkles in the expensive dress.

"What? Oh, yeah," replies Gar, with a mouth full of gold covered almonds. He puts down the dish and reaches for a laptop on the coffee table. "Hmm, if this was any other show, we'd have some sort of app that could hack into the hotel's computers." He opens the laptop and starts typing.

"What are you typing," asks Rachel, getting up and walking over to him. She almost falls over walking in stiletto heels before she remembers she can just float.

“What? I don’t know. That’s just what they do on TV!” Suddenly, the screen lights up with a list of names and room numbers. “See?” He looks at her smugly.

“Okay, so what do we do now?”

“Well, I guess we should probably go downstairs...” He starts looking around and picks up a brochure from the coffee table. “Hey, it says there’s a dance tonight! Maybe the people we are looking for might be there!”

“Great, now we’ve got to dance, too...” Rachel’s face looks defeated.

“Aww, it’ll be alright. You can just float while I lead. That’s why I picked out a long dress,” Gar says, getting up and checking his pockets.

“It’s not my dancing I was worried about,” she says, under her breath. She then notices him getting down on one knee. “Gar, what the hell are you doing?”

“Rachel Roth, will you marry me,” he says, nervously. He opens his hand to show a ring with a rather large rock in his palm.

“Garfield, is this part of the show,” she asks, her face getting darker and darker by the second.

“Well, to be honest, I didn’t even know there would be a ring in my pocket until I was looking for my keys, but...” He takes a deep breath before moving forward. “After everything we’ve been through, after all the times we’ve died, I don’t think I could live my life without you by my side. So, Rachel Roth, will you be my pretend wife tonight and my real wife for the rest of our lives?” The blush on his face was matching the blush on her’s. Neither one looked at each other or spoke for a few minutes. The silence started to become awkward and then she spoke.

“I feel the same,” she whispers. “But I don’t know if it’s just the effects of the TV Dimension or my real feelings for you, Gar. We’ve only been dating for a few months. I love you and I want to be with you, but... Marriage is such a big commitment...”

“Then treat this like a test drive. You marry me for tonight, and if you like how it feels, then we’ll talk about it again when we get out. Deal,” he asks, raising the ring up towards her.

“Okay,” she says, reaching her finger out to him. He takes her hand in his and gently slides the ring on. It’s a perfect fit and Rachel can’t stop blushing.

-

When you have powers, it makes certain things in life pretty easy. For example, Rachel doesn’t have to know how to dance because she can just float around. For me, my animal powers enhance some of my senses. So, instead of spending hours trying to figure out who might be a mad scientist, I can just sniff them out. But that doesn’t mean I won’t use this as an excuse to dance with Rachel.

“My lady,” he says, holding out his hand for her. Rachel takes it and let’s him lead her to the dance floor. They both take each other’s waist and begin to dance. Rachel starts off floating, thinking Gar was going to step all over her toes, but she’s surprised to find out he can slow dance pretty well. After the third dance, she rests her head on his shoulder, and drops to the floor. They dance one more song before Garfield starts sniffing at the air.

“Did you find them,” whispers Rachel into his ear. She holds onto him a little tighter not wanting the dance to end.

“Yeah, it’s that couple over there. I can smell evil lab all over him. Dude really needs to take better showers! Yuck,” he whispers back. Gar ends the dance and walks over to the table next to the couple they were looking for. He offers Rachel a chair before sitting down next to her. He nods to her and a circle of dark magical energy lifts the scientist’s keycard from his pocket. Rachel floats it over to them and they get up.

“What now,” she asks, a little breathless at the speed they were walking away.

“Now, we go check out their room!” He has a big goofy smile on his face.

“You know, Gar. I hate to admit it, but you are kind of good at this...”

-



Impressing your girlfriend/fiancé is hard, but once you figure out what works, double down on it. I've never really done much for undercover missions, being green kind of kills it, but I have watched some spy shows with Robin. Who would have thought that it would come in handy? Not me. Now, if only I could remember what I needed to do, next...

"What are we looking for, Mr. Super Spy," asks Rachel, with a coy smile. She was looking through some drawers in the bed room.

"You know, some illegal stuff. Maybe some plutonium hidden under his bed or something," he says, remembering a scene from Back to the Future.

"I don't see anything under the bed," she replies, levitating the bed with her powers. She's slowly placing it back down when shouting starts from down the hallway.

"Rae, they're coming! Get with the ghost chick thing," he calls, quickly turning himself into a fly. Rachel phases through the nearest wall and out of the building itself. She floats outside the fifth floor, holding herself for warmth, and trying to listen for danger.

"I'm so freaking tired of this," yells a woman, as she opens the room door and walks in.

"Well, what do you want from me? These are the conditions they have me under," the man replies, fatigue all over his voice. He slams the door closed and throws himself on the couch.

"I want to go on vacation without two goons following me everywhere I go," she shouts in rage. The woman picks up some papers from the coffee table and tosses them in the air.

"Look, they are paying me a lot of money. They don't want to lose their investment..." He softens his voice as he tries to reason with her. "Let's just enjoy ourselves, huh?"

"Dudes, I can get you out," says a green fly, sitting on the edge of the couch. The woman shrieks and starts backing up. The man looks over in fear.

"Did I wash my hands after handling that hallucinogen," he asks, starting to breath harder.

"Nah," Gar replies, turning back into human form. "It's just me. I can get you guys out of-"

The door suddenly bursts open and two Russian goons rush in with guns raised. They automatically take aim at Garfield, but he quickly morphs back into a fly. As they try to track his path, Rachel phases in through the wall, and encases them in a magical bubble. One of them attempts to shoot her, but the bullet just ricochets inside the bubble, eventually slamming into the other goon's leg.

"Thanks, babe," says the fly, reverting to human once more. "Okay, so you guys are coming with us. We'll get you out of here, cool?"

"No, I can't. They'll find me," starts the man. His wife was trying to hide behind him and glancing between Rachel and Garfield in fear.

"Do you think I can't create two bubble prisons," asks Rachel, a dark edge to her voice. "Cooperate or join them..."

"Okay," yells the wife. "Fine, we'll go freely!"

-

In the end, it doesn't take a super hero to do a job well done. We got the bad guys in the chopper and are now having a relaxing dip in the pool. I finally got Rachel to take a swim with me and she hasn't taken off the ring, yet. That's a good day in my book. Now, I'm not even sure I want Cyborg to get us out of the TV Dimension...



Chapter 11  
- The Gothic Mermaid -

Loud sirens echo from every corner of Titan's Tower. Emergency lights brighten even the darkest corners of the tall T-shaped building a bright crimson. Loud footfalls can be heard as Robin's steel tipped boots race through the hallways. A banshee like scream pierces the sirens as Starfire flies at top speed. They both manage to reach Cyborg's lab at the same time and burst in together.

"Report," yells out Robin, his eyes opening wide in shock as he takes in the situation.

"Oh, my," Starfire mumbles, under her breath. Tears were already prickling the corners of her green alien eyes. She quickly grabs for Robin and buries her face against his arm.

"She's dying, man," yells Beast Boy, in a combination of grief and rage. He's holding the body of a creature who only looks like half of Raven in his arms. The other half was what appeared to be a fish tail with iridescent purple and green scales ending in a gray fin. The thing that resembled Raven was grasping at her neck and gasping for breath. Her face was sprinkled with tiny drops of water that were consistently falling from Beast Boy's eyes.

"I'm not sure what went wrong, Robin," came Cyborg's defeated voice. He was staring at the couple on the ground and mumbling. "The transfer sequence went on without a hitch. Their patterns were perfect! Yet, Raven still got some of Beast Boy's DNA..."

Suddenly, there was a loud roar as Beast Boy stood up in anger and started changing. His body quickly started growing in mass and his arms quadrupled in length. Within seconds, where there once stood a young man, there now stood a terrible thunder lizard. A giant winged reptile the color of a freshly picked lime. It stood hunched over in the room that was too small for such a large creature and looked at the dying girl on the floor.

With another roar of frustration, the great winged dinosaur swung his body around and slammed what was once an arm into the plate glass windows. They exploded outward in a hail of shattered glass. He then reaches out a clawed talon and ever so gently picks up the dying girl. The pteranodon makes a couple of one legged hops to the window and then jumps out.

Beast Boy flaps his leathery wings a couple of times, and then starts a dive straight towards the bay. His body tenses as he assumes the position for greatest speed. His toothed beak pointing straight for the water below. His friends run to the broken window to see what he's going to do. Starfire covers her eyes as it appears that he's going to crash straight into the bay.

Then the ancient monster opens his wings at the last moment, creating enough drag to slow their descent, and carefully dips Raven into the salt water below. He quickly transforms himself back into the helpless green boy that he feels like, and wades in the deep water next to his floating fiancé.

“Come on, Rae,” he mumbles, as he watches her float like a dead goldfish on top of the bowl. But she doesn’t move. The waves splash salt water over her body and starts pushing her towards the rocky shore. Beast Boy feels helpless. He can’t do anything more than keep her body from washing up on the island.

Then she starts to sink. Slowly, at first. Just the tips of her tail. Then more of her follows until the only thing that could be seen was her purple hair floating upwards like a flower. Beast Boy let’s out a sob as he transforms himself into a fish. He swims down after her as quickly as he can. Then, at the bottom of the bay, right before her fin touches the mud and seaweed that runs rampant there, she twitches. Then she shakes. Then a cloud of bubbles escape her mouth as she takes in a breath of water.

Raven looks around in shock and fear. She doesn’t know how she got down here. She can’t understand how she can breath. She quickly tries calling upon her magic but realizes it’s gone once more. She then looks up and sees a green guppy staring at her with extremely sad eyes.

“Blub glub,” she tries to speak, but words wouldn’t escape her lips. Her hands rise to her mouth and feel around. Everything seemed fine, but no matter how hard she tries, she couldn’t get more than bubbles to escape her lips.

“Rachel,” says the green guppy through a series of grunts, chirps, and pops. “I thought I had lost you...”

She tries to talk to her boyfriend once again, but still can only form bubbles. She gestures to her throat with her hands and shakes her head. Her lavender eyes wide with concern.

“No, you can’t talk like that,” he replies. He swims down until he’s level with her face. “Fish don’t communicate like humans. I mean, you’re only half fish, but...”

Rachel looks down her body and sees her tail for the first time. She looks up at him with a question in her eyes.

“I don’t know, but let’s figure out the talking part, first,” he starts, swimming around her head. “Don’t try to use your vocal cords. Just relax and let your body do what feels natural. Think about what you want to say and just let your body respond.”

Rachel turns around in the water, following her fishy boyfriend, as he made sounds she understood as words and then nods. She wants to ask him what happened. That’s what she needs to know. She feels her throat starting to form words again, but she forces it to relax. She starts chanting in her mind until everything is out of her head. Her troubles. Her worries. Her tail.

“Azarath. Metrion. Zinthos,” she chants in pops and clicks. She opens her eyes in surprise. “Am I doing it right?”

“Perfect! Now, are you okay,” he asks, swimming closer to her face with concern.

“No, I most certainly am not,” she clicks and ends with a long whistle. Rachel kicks her fin around until she moves farther up and out of the seaweed. She then moves the hair floating in front of her eyes and gives Beast Boy an annoyed look. “Why am I half fish, Gar?”

“I really don’t know. I’ve never turned into anything mythical before.” He swims around her body, checking her out. “What were you thinking about before we were ejected?”

“Nothing,” she grunts, as her pale complexion reddens. Her eyes look away as she mumbles, “Could have been something about feeling like a mermaid after spending all that time in the water with you...”

“Well, that settles that. We should probably go up and let the others know what’s going on,” he says, swimming towards the surface. Rachel watches him go and puffs out bubbles in frustration. She starts kicking her tail around until she manages to make just enough momentum to move upwards.

The three dry Titans stand at the edge of the shore looking in the direction Raven and Beast Boy sunk. Starfire had Robin’s arm in a deathlock as she floated next to him. Then a small green fish head popped up out of the water and spit out a stream of water.

“Beast Boy! Is Raven alright,” asks Starfire, before anybody else could say anything.

“Yeah, she’s fine,” he replies, turning back into his human form. “Well, except for the half fish bit. Any word on what went wrong this time, Cy?”

“I’m running some diagnostics right now, BB,” he replies, with a sigh. “I don’t understand what part of this code keeps splicing your profiles together.” The look of frustration was high on the human half of his face.

“Your powers seem to be fine, though,” cuts in Robin. “Do you have any of Raven’s magic?”

“Nah, it’s just regular old me. This time Rae got the bad end of the stick.” Beast Boy looks back at the ocean. “Speaking of, where is she...”

“I see her over there. Best friend Raven! Please show yourself! I will not find your hideous fish body offensive,” Starfire shouts, waving at the girl under the water.

“Hold on, I’ll see what’s wrong,” BB says, jumping back into the water and transforming back into a guppy. He quickly swims over to her and asks, “What’s up?”

“I can’t breath or talk out there. I’m not The Little Mermaid and we aren’t in Splash.” She blows bubbles at her hair as it floats in front of her face again and then crosses her arms in frustration.

“Wait, you watched those movies,” he asks, a fishy chuckle on his lips.

“It was part of Starfire’s bonding night double feature, okay? The point is I’m stuck under water.” She grabs Beast Boy by the fins and pulls him up to her face. “How do I change myself back? These are your powers...”

“Well, just think human, like I told you before... It’s all instinct,” he replies, cheerfully. He quickly gives her a fishy peck on the cheek. “For luck!”

Raven closes her eyes and starts concentrating again. She clears her mind of everything and places one word in there place. Human. She lets the word repeat over and over again like a mantra. She breaths in slowly and then out slowly. In with the cool water. Out with the warm water. In with the cool water..

Raven suddenly starts coughing as she realizes that her human lungs are full of water. Beast Boy transforms back to human and pulls her out onto the shore. He turns her on her side and starts patting her back. Rachel coughs out mouthful after mouthful of water.

“You did it, babe! Next time, though...”



Chapter 12  
- Beauty and the Beast Boy -

Garfield opens his eyes to a poorly lit room. He slowly spins around to take in his surroundings. There were a pair of wooden double doors that were as big as four Cyborgs stacked on top of each other. Next to them were ornate windows only half the size of the doors, letting in the only illumination in the room. Flanking him on either side of the room were large gargoyles built into the wall. Their fearsome faces were making Gar uncomfortable thanks to his current surroundings.

“Wow, this place sure is something,” says Rachel. Garfield almost jumps out of his own skin.

“Rae, I think we got sucked back into Control Freak’s program,” he says, nervously. His shoulders were hunched all the way up to his ears.

“Gar, it’s okay,” she says, giving him a rare warm smile. “This was Starfire’s idea. She hated that we didn’t get to date in that one show, and after everything that happened yesterday...”

“She thought it’d be a good idea to send us into a haunted house?” Gar’s eyes showed concern as an owl hooted from the sky high rafters. He crept closer to Rachel.

“What? No...” She took his hand and led him over to a dusty mirror next to the coat closet. She took the end of her cape and started to wipe away what appeared like years worth of caked on dust and cobwebs. After a few swipes, Gar saw a monster in the mirror and jumped back. Rachel just watched him as he suddenly realized he was the monster in the mirror.

“Are you kidding me,” he nearly shouted. He looked at himself closer in the mirror and then pulled at his face in frustration. He was still wearing his usual uniform but now he looked like some sort of green were-lion with horns. His lips parted to expose a mouth full of sharp teeth. He turned around and noticed that he even had a tail. “Star, this is not funny! How could Cy agree to this?”

“They’re worried about you,” Rachel says, walking up to him and taking his face in her hands. “They’re worried about both of us. Cyborg is doing his best but... We’re only safe in this small pocket of the TV Dimension. Star wanted us to make the most of it. So did the others...” She pulled his furry face down and kissed his muzzle.

“But Beauty and the Beast,” he says, exasperated. His head dropped in defeat. “There had to be something else...”

“She said it reminded her of us when she saw it. I don’t know why,” she said, taking his hand in her’s. “But Cyborg has cleared away all the extras, just like at the camp, so we are free to just roam around. Why don’t we see what the place has to offer?” One of her eyebrows raises at him in question.

“Fine, but if I have to look like this then you have to wear Belle’s dress! It’s only fair...” BB gives her a stern look. Rachel just shrugs at him and leads him out of the foyer and into the castle beyond.

“Babe, are you done yet,” Garfield moans, impatiently. He keeps pacing back and forth in front of a pair of double doors. He would look around at the creepy hallway and shiver. Something about the decorations of dust and cobwebs didn’t let him relax.

“Give me a second,” shouts Rachel, from the other side of the doors. “Have you ever tried to put on a corset by yourself? I’m almost done.”

“You know, I could come in and give you a hand...” There was a coyness to his voice that Rachel noticed immediately. He turned to the door and started dragging his claws down it slowly. Putting just enough pressure so she could hear it, but not enough to ruin the wood.

“I know Star is still watching. Hopefully, the camera stays on you and doesn’t pan into the room. Just one more pull...” Rachel made a straining sound and then let out a big sigh. The doors to the room then opened wide, showing Raven in a yellow ball gown full of embellishments. There was a very expensive looking necklace around her neck and her head was even adorned with a tiara full of diamonds. “I know there were supposed to be some earrings but I never got my ears pierced in Azarath.”

“Wow,” was all that came out of Garfield’s mouth. He stood there in complete shock and silence for minutes. Rachel started to feel self conscious and walked over to the mirror.

“Is something wrong? Did I forget something? I’m not used to this kind of clothing,” she says, turning from side to side in front of the mirror.

“No, nothing’s wrong,” Gar says, walking up behind her. He wraps one arm around her waist and takes her hand with the other. They stand that way in front of the mirror as Gar says, “You just look so amazing, babe...”

“Thanks,” she whispers, starting to blush. She quickly turns around and starts pushing him out the door.

“What,” he says, taking small steps back.

“It’s your turn to dress up!”

Beast Boy walks over to the closet of his dingy and dark room. He looks at all the old style clothing in there. There were jackets for all different sorts of occasions. Pants that either buttoned or needed suspenders to keep them up. Socks that looked more like the stockings women would wear. Then there were the puffy shirts. He hadn’t ever seen a puffy shirt outside of a Meat Loaf music video.

“Do you think Cyborg can get us out safely,” comes Rachel’s muffled voice from outside the door.

“If anyone can, then it’d be him,” he calls back, taking off his uniform. He holds up two pairs of pants and thinks about whether he rather suspenders or buttons. He opts for the suspenders. Garfield was never one for button flies. “Besides, between Robin and Cyborg, we have the best technological minds working on it.”

“Yeah, I guess so. I just wonder if we’ll ever get out for more than a few hours.” He could hear her slump against the door.

“Hey, as long as we are still here, you are my wife, right.” Gar slides on the white silk shirt and starts tucking it into the pants. He tries to wait out the silence that came from his comment confidently. He slowly slides up the suspenders after he finishes buttoning the puffy top.

“Yeah,” comes a low voice. He knew she was getting all shades of red out there. Gar smiles as he slips on a jacket.

“So then it doesn’t matter. Even if we can’t ever get out, we have each other, right,” he asks, trying to fit his animal feet into a pair of loafers.

“I didn’t think about it like that...”

Gar leaves the shoes and walks over to the double doors. He throws them open and catches a surprised Rachel. He tries to give her a dashing smile that ends up looking slightly menacing with his current face. She blushes up at him as she pulls away to get a better look.

“Not bad, Mr. Logan. You make a pretty good prince,” she says, nodding in approval.

“Let’s go see what’s for dinner, babe. I’ve got a lion’s appetite. Get it?”

Gar opens the doors to the kitchen and takes a good look around. Unlike the rest of the castle, it had very little dust and was well illuminated by multiple windows. He walks over to the pantry and can smell the food before he even opens it. His mouth started watering as he opened the pantry doors to find mounds of fresh fruits and vegetables. He looks over to a shelf and there were grains galore.

“Oh, this I can work with,” he says, rolling up his sleeves.

Rachel had found her way into the library as Gar ran off to find food. She was a little peckish, but knew better than to get between Gar and his meal. Sometimes, he was a bit closer to The Beast than she’d like to admit, but he could also be charming. She walks up to the shelves and starts glancing at the many old tomes on them. Rachel saw that a lot of them had no titles on the spines. She was tempted to pick one up and open it, but the monks of Azarath had warned her about certain books. They said that some had magic spells on them that could curse you just by breaking the seal.

Rachel’s hand reached out to a dark spine with no title on it, until a memory comes back to her. Malchior, the evil dragon cursed into the pages of a spell book. Her heart aches as she remembers the feelings she was beginning to have for Malchior. Of course, that was when she thought that he was a magician. A white knight entrapped by an evil creature’s dying curse. She was so naive...

But, because of Garfield, she had managed to stop that dragon and send him back to the pages of the spell book. She feels her heart start to ache in a different way. A pain of longing. A pain of not realizing sooner who wanted her when she was lonely. When she would lock herself in her room, he would always come around and try to bring her out of her self made prison. Why am I always so naive, she thinks to herself.

Rachel drops her hand and looks to the library’s entrance. Garfield was just rounding the corner with a tray of food in his hands. He stops suddenly when he sees her staring at him. There were tears in her eyes.

“Rachel, what’s wrong,” he says, concern all over his face. He quickly makes his way in, dropping the tray on a table and taking her in his arms. “Did something attack you?”

“No,” she says, wrapping her arms around him. Rachel digs her face into his soft chest and closes her eyes. “I was just thinking, that’s all...”

“Don’t worry,” he says, running his clawed fingers lightly through her hair. “We’ll get out of this eventually. And you are under no obligation to marry me. Let’s just enjoy being in this creepy old castle, okay? I made pizza!”

“You made what,” she asks, pulling back to look at him. “You’re joking...”

“Nah ah, my gothic princess! I do not joke when it comes to pizza!” He walks over to the tray and brings it back to her. On it were two small pizzas on plates, along with a couple of glasses of orange juice. “We have green peppers, mushrooms, olives, and onions in a fresh tomato and basil sauce. As always, hold the cheese.”

“Wow, that’s amazing. We actually had all that in the kitchen.” Rachel takes his arm and leads him over to the couch. He places the tray on the coffee table and sits down with her. Rachel takes her pizza and takes a tentative bite. “It’s so good, Gar! I didn’t even think I was this hungry.”

“I’m glad you like it. You know, being a vegan means learning how to make most of your own meals,” he says, taking care of his pie in one bite. “Too bad we didn’t have any soy cheese. I could have fermented some but it’d take too long...”

“Show off...”

After they ate, Rachel and Gar both picked out books to read and spent some quiet time together. Well, quiet except for when Garfield decided to make fun of some flowery poetry he found. Rachel tried to explain it to him, but he would just find another thing to laugh about.

“You’re lucky that you’re cute,” she mumbled, hiding her smile behind her book.

Of course, Garfield starting getting bored after a while, and he made himself comfortable on the couch. That meant laying down with his big furry green head on Rachel’s lap. She acted annoyed but didn’t tell him to get off. She just kept reading until his snores interrupted her concentration. She then put down her book and gently ran her fingers along his horns.

She was shocked when he asked her to marry him. Rachel was afraid of losing him, of course. Especially after everything that happened when they first got trapped. Coming to terms with dating was hard, but marriage was something else. They’d been working as a team for so long that Rachel hadn’t ever thought about what life would be like after. Starfire had mentioned a future where they had all gone separate ways, but they had promised each other it’d never happen...

It’d be hard, she thought to herself. It would be hard not having them around, anymore. No more Robin asking her to come train with him. No more Cyborg asking her to play Super Nitro Racers. No more Starfire wanting to have girl time. But could she stand not having Gar knocking on her door? Asking her to come out for pizza? Or maybe some dumb movie? She tried to imagine it. A life without any of them. Star said I’d go crazy by myself, she thinks. But maybe she just went crazy because she didn’t have him. Gar grounded her when she would start floating away. He opened the window when things got too dark. He had saved her from herself more times than she could count.

“I do, Gar,” she whispers, while rubbing his sleeping head. “I do...”





Chapter 13  
- T E R R A -

It's been a week since Garfield and I have been living in the Chateau De Chambord. Well, it feels like a week in here. Time runs different in the TV Dimension. Sometimes weeks pass in the matter of minutes and other times a moment can stretch out for an eternity. Cyborg has been giving us regular updates on the Titan's progress, but there hasn't been any good news. It doesn't help that some new baddie has been popping up and making trouble. That's taking time away from figuring out the problem.

But, to be completely honest, journal, I'm actually enjoying my time here. When Garfield proposed to me, I couldn't see passed the present, and it made me feel really nervous. I didn't want the delicate balance that the team had to change. But, spending all this time alone with him, I've realized that he's amazing. I mean, I've always thought he was cute and funny, even if I didn't want to admit it. He's always driven me crazy. Sometimes in the good way and sometimes in the bad, but...

Being on our own has shown me a different side of him. He's an amazing cook, even if he only wants to eat pizza. He's very gentle, even though Cyborg did trap him in the body of a Beast. He's even willing to lend a hand with chores. We've already cleaned up all the rooms we actually use. He even takes me for strolls through the garden. Just like the other day...

"Babe," he calls, running from her side into the overgrown garden. Rachel watches his long animal legs carry him off silently. He comes back with a lavender rose in his clawed hand and a smile on his muzzle. "This rose is the same color as your hair!"

"Hmm," she mumbles, remembering some lore read long ago. "I think this type of rose is commonly used in a love spell..."

"Really," he asks, gently sliding one talon along her ear to move her hair behind it. He then clips off most of the stem between two dark nails and slides the rose into her hair. "Because you've already cast a spell on me heart..."

"Gar," she mutters. Rachel looks up at his face with crimson cheeks. Her lips curve slightly in a genuine smile. "You are such a flirt... Which reminds me, I've been meaning to talk to you about something..."

"Yeah? Fire away, babe! I'm an open book," he says.

"Let's sit down. There's a bench over there," Rachel says, pointing to a stone bench covered in vines. They make their way over and sit down facing the garden. Rachel sits there quietly for a couple of minutes trying to figure out the best way to tackle her question. She takes a slow breath and then begins. "If you are serious... About being together... Then we should have the talk..."

“What talk,” he asks, perplexed.

“You know, about past relationships,” she replies in a low voice. Rachel’s eye shift down to the ground. “I know you and Terra...”

“Oh,” he says, the thought dawning on him. “I get it. THAT talk...”

“You know about me and Malchior,” she adds, not being able to stop her mouth. “And there was a time when I had a crush on Robin, but I would never move in on Starfire’s territory...”

“Robin, huh?” He nods in understanding. “He’s always gotten all the chicks. Must be something about a dude in tights...”

“No, it’s more about his confidence,” she corrects, without thinking. She then realizes that she’s babbling and clamps her mouth shut.

“Yeah, you got to be confident to be leader, I guess...” He waits for her to respond and continues when she doesn’t. “Oh, is it my turn? Yeah, there was Terra but...”

Rachel looks over to him in question, but doesn’t trust herself to say anything.

“Rae, we never dated,” he says, looking over to her. His eyes were sad yet sincere. He took a moment before saying anything else. “I mean, yeah, we flirted some... We even kissed once... But I was just trying to make you jealous...”

“You succeeded,” she whispers, almost inaudibly.

“But then she died,” he says, looking away. “I felt so guilty about that, Raven. About playing with her feelings just in hopes that you’d notice me.” Garfield starts to choke on his own words. He gestures with his arms but the words just won’t come out. Large droplets form on the corners of his predator eyes.

“It wasn’t your fault, Gar,” she tries, knowing he’s losing himself to the demons of the past. Raven can feel his mind slipping back there and dragging her with him. “Terra was a spy sent by Slade...”

“Was she, though? Or was she a misunderstood Titan,” he growls. His large eyes close and the dime sized tears fall down his furry cheeks. “Like me...”

“Garfield,” she says, firmly. Raven stands up and takes his head in her hands. She digs into his fur with her fingers until she can feel the skin below. Then she opens her mind to him and starts pulling his dark feelings within herself.

“No,” he calls out, pulling away from her touch. “These are my feelings, Rachel! This is what I did and now I have to live with it! You can’t take this away from me... It’s all I have left of her...”

“You don’t have to bare this load alone, my prince,” she says, placing a hand tentatively on his cheek. “We can bare this together. Terra. Malchior. We can help each other with all of it. Isn’t that part of being in a relationship?”

He doesn’t say a word. He just sits there looking down at her feet for a while. Finally, through fresh tears, he slowly nods at her. Raven places both hands on the sides of his head and starts pulling his emotions into her. The sadness from Terra’s loss. The guilt of using her. The desire to change the wrongs of the past. They mingle in her mind with her own emotions. The sadness of being alone. The desire to have somebody to understand her. The guilt of being naive. Then she opens the channel both ways. The emotions and memories of their tortured past being shared. The chasm between their minds being bridged by their hearts.

“Rae, I didn’t know,” he says, looking up into her lavender eyes. “I thought you liked being alone.”

“Shh,” she replies, placing a finger on his lips. “I can’t say I didn’t know how you felt about me. I just couldn’t...”

“Yeah, I know,” he says, his body trembling with spent adrenaline.

“Come on,” she says, taking his hand in her’s. “I think we’re done with the talk. I don’t think there’s anything else to say. Let’s finish our walk.”

“Yeah...” He nods and gets up slowly. They go off into the tangled and overgrown garden hand in hand. Two people who’ve shared more in one moment than many would in a lifetime. “Oh, but I forgot to tell you that I saw Star naked once!”

-

We know so much more about each other than we did before this all started. Garfield has always tried to figure me out, but I don’t think he ever expected me to open up to him. At least, not totally and completely. I never expected to open up to another person in this way. If it hadn’t been for Control Freak and his stupid hologram, then we would still be trying to work out what being in a relationship is. Trying to go on dates or watching Netflix in bed. Trying to decide when it’s appropriate to show affection and when it’s a hindrance. Now we can just be us. Together.



# RAVEN & BEAST BOY

## Trapped in the TV Dimension!

### Chapter 14

- Resurrected, and it feels so Good! -

Robin had been up all night running different diagnostic programs on the computer systems. They had ruled out any sort of bug in the original software, but something was still scrambling Raven and Beast Boy's patterns. Starfire sat next to him watching the trapped couple, vigilantly. She hadn't left the monitor except for a few missions. Robin had to keep reminding her to go eat something but she refused. He was worried about her. The trapped Titans looked like they were handling things well. Heck, it even looked like they were enjoying themselves, but Starfire...

"Hey, Star, do you think you could go get Cyborg? The diagnostic is almost done and I want to review the findings with him," he asks, nonchalantly. He peeks at her from the corner of his eye as he types on the keyboard.

"But Raven and Beast Boy," she starts, not looking away from the screen.

"They'll be fine for a few minutes. I'll stay here and watch them until you get back." Robin looks over to her and sees resistance on her orange face. "Star, you haven't slept or eaten anything in over a week. I know you aren't human but this can't be healthy for you," he says, trying to reason with her.

"On Tamaran," she starts and then sighs. "You are right, Robin. I am what you call exhausted. But I am afraid something might happen to our friends!"

"Nothing is going to happen to them. They are safe within the TV Dimension, for now. They'll only be in danger if we try taking them out without fixing whatever is causing this glitch. I think I've narrowed it down to a few systems, but I'd like to consult Cyborg about it." He reaches over and takes her hand. "You could really help them by getting Cyborg for me. Why don't you get something to eat while you're at it?"

"Alright," was all she said. She gets up from her chair weakly and drags her feet on the floor as she floats away.

Garfield looks into the oven, impatiently. The smell of freshly baked dough was driving his senses mad. His mouth kept salivating and drool would drip from the corner of his muzzle. He would wipe it away with a large furry arm. Gar had ditched the formal wear for a tank top and tan slacks he'd ripped into shorts.

"It's almost done," says Rachel, from behind him. He looks back at her and smiles guiltily. Rachel was sitting on top of the large counter in a French maid outfit she found in one of the many closets.

"I know, but it's this nose," he moans, taking another swipe at his muzzle. "I can smell every single ingredient cooking individually! It all smells so good!" He looks back at the oven with hungry eyes.

“Do you want me to help you take your mind off of it,” she asks, coyly. He quickly looks back at her. His eyes doubling in hunger. She was leaning back and smiling at him.

“Don’t tease me, woman! Between the food and that outfit...” Another moan escapes his lips.

“You mean this old thing?” Rachel lifts up the end of her dress and exposes the many layers of petticoats underneath. She starts to examine the hem of the dress carefully. Taking every detail in stitch by stitch.

“Rae...” Gar starts inching towards her. “What about everybody else watching?”

“Watching what?” She looks up at him, confused. Her head tilted to the side in question. A couple of purple strands coming loose from her bun.

“Watching you... Distracting me...” He was only about a foot from her and having trouble controlling his desire to jump on her like a lion attacking it’s prey.

“What? I just meant that there’s some grapes in the pantry that are getting really ripe. We could have some until the pizza’s ready.” Rachel hops down off the counter and walks over to the pantry. “Unless you don’t want to spoil your appetite...”

“I think I’ll just keep waiting,” he says, biting his lower lip until it hurts.

“Oh, okay.”

Starfire had made the rounds before attempting to find Cyborg. She went to the kitchen and had a glass of water. Her stomach was too shaky for any real food. Then she used the facilities and took a quick shower. It’s amazing how bad one can smell when you are just sitting in one place for days, she thinks. She then threw on her robe, wrapped her hair in a towel, and went looking for their robotic pal.

“Cyborg,” she calls, opening the door to his room. “Robin would like to consult you... Cyborg?” The room was completely dark. She takes a few steps in and looks around with the light coming in from the hall. The bed was made. It didn’t look like he’d been in there in a while. Starfire decided to look around for him

She went from room to room looking for him. He wasn’t in any of the usual places. Not in Ops. Not in the common room. Not in the kitchen. Not in the hanger. She even checked all the restrooms. No sign of him.

“Computer,” she calls out. “Please locate Titan Cyborg.”

“Cyborg is in subbasement level five, room zero zero one, computer core,” comes a robotic voice.

Starfire shrugs and makes her way to the elevator. She presses the appropriate button and waits out the slow descent into the subbasement. Finally, the elevator opens it’s doors and she floats out into the long hallways. They didn’t look any different than in the rest of the tower, but these rooms were built into the island itself, below sea level. She heads over to room zero zero one and opens the door.

“Cyborg,” she calls out, looking into another dark room. In the center, next the large cylinder that held the Titan’s computer memory, was a figure. It was being illuminated by the light of the screen on the computer core. She could see the familiar outline of Cyborg standing there. “Cyborg?”

“Just one second,” says an unfamiliar voice. The figure standing in front of the computer turns a blue eye back at Starfire. It then blinks three times and Cyborg falls to the ground, unconscious.

Garfield stares at the extra large pizza that’s sitting on the counter. He had just pulled it out of the oven and was trying to let it cool. Raven stood by him looking at the cooling pie.

“I have to say, Gar. You’re pizzas are starting to look real good. I mean, they already tasted amazing but,” she smiles at him and shrugs.

“Yeah, I guess repetition is the key,” he says, swiping at his muzzle again.

“Hey, look at me,” she says, softly. Gar turns his face to her and raises a questioning eyebrow. Rachel takes his face in her hands and kisses his muzzle lightly. A large crack of thunder sounds as she pulls back from the kiss. “It hasn’t rained ever since we’ve been here...”

They both turn to look out the window and notice they are no longer in the kitchen of the Chateau. They were in a kitchen, but it looked more modern than where they had just been. It also looked like it was made to feed a lot more people.

“Babe, what happened to our kitchen,” Gar asks, confused.

“I don’t know but you’re back to your old self.” She caresses his green cheek with one hand.

“Cy? Robin,” he calls out. “Did you just switch programs on us? Is this Top Chef?”

“Gar, I don’t think this is Top Chef,” says Rachel, pointing out the kitchen door.

“Here’s the EVH,” says a man from the doorway. He was limping towards them while dragging an axe. “I hope you enjoyed your little honeymoon because it’s time for a little REDRUM!”

Rachel holds her hands out and calls up a magical shield, but nothing happens. She tries again, chanting her words of power, but still nothing appears. The man inches closer to them, lifting the axe slowly up to swinging level. Gar gets in front of her and tries to transform into a bear, but nothing happens. He decides to try to tackle the axe welding maniac but his feet won’t move.

“I’m sorry, did you forget how this works,” says the man, morphing his face into something more familiar. His deranged smile went from cheek to cheek. “I have full and total control in this world.”

“How,” was all Rachel could manage to get out.

“Oh, I was just playing possum, Ms. Roth. Your friend thought that he had corralled me, but I was just waiting for the right time to come back from the dead, so to speak!” His cackle raised goosebumps on the two trapped Titans. “Now, how badly should I hurt you two? I want you to remember what it was like before the little vacation you just had. How about I just start taking off your fingers one by one?”

-

Robin watches in horror as The EVH starts mutilating his friends. He tries everything he can but all the computer systems seem to be locked. He can’t communicate with them. He can’t eject them. He can’t change the program. All he can do is sit there and watch. Robin slams his fist onto the console in anger as Starfire flies into the room carrying a robotic man.

“Robin, something has happened to Cyborg!” She drops the hulk of metal and flesh onto a diagnostic table. She then turns back to Robin, catching a glimpse of what was on the screen and letting out a yelp. “What is happening?”

“I don’t know, Star. It looks like The EVH is back. What happened to Cyborg,” he says, turning her away from the screen as tears prickle at the edges of her green alien eyes.

“I do not know. I found him in room zero zero one near the computer core. He was just standing there in the dark and then collapsed.” Star kept trying to look back at the screen. The agitation in her body was vibrating straight into Robin. He tried to keep her attention away from the horror show.

“The EVH must not have been under Cyborg’s control. Or it was but somehow got free. Either way, it’s obviously made itself at home with our computer, now.” Robin slams a fist into his open palm.

“Can we restart the computer,” she asks, looking desperately into Robin’s eyes.

“In theory, it’s possible. Raven and Beast Boy are technically data right now. If we shut the computers off and let the system revert to the last back up...” He grabs Starfire and kisses her. “You are a genius!”

-

Garfield stands in the middle of the kitchen screaming. Tears run down his face as he holds his fingerless right hand. Rachel wanted to hold him. To help ease his pain but she was frozen in place. The sick program only

allowed her to cry. Blood flowed from Gar's hand like a fountain and The EVH relished it. He smeared the blood that sprayed onto his face around and laughed.

"Now, let's take a break with Mr. Logan to show Ms. Roth a little attention, shall we?"

Then everything goes black.

-

"Alright, restarting the computers now," calls out Robin. Starfire stands by his side with her hands clasped between her breasts. She's squeezing them so tight that it's going to leave bruises for weeks.

"Please, be okay," she pleads to anyone who'll listen.

-

Garfield wakes up in the white space, once again. He looks around and sees a woman standing a few feet away from him. She has purple hair and lavender eyes. She was wearing the strangest outfit, though. A black leotard with a purple cape? Garfield didn't understand why anybody would dress that way. Then he noticed her skin looked kind of gray. Maybe she was sick? He couldn't tell.

He tries to call out to her, seeing as there was nobody else around, but nothing would come out of his mouth. He tries waving but she pretends not to see him. He could tell that she was taking small glances at him, but that was all. He tries waving more enthusiastically, but she still wouldn't turn to him. That's when he noticed that something was pretty weird about his outfit, too. He was dressed in some sort of tights? Something weird was going on...

"Loading back up profile," says a robotic female voice.

Back up profile? What's that? He notices the gray girl looking around for the source of the voice.

"Initiating memory algorithm," calls out the unseen owner of the voice.

Memory? Why does that voice keep saying these strange things? The gray girl finally looks at him with a question in her eyes. He shrugs at her.

"Initiating new program in 3... 2... 1..."



Chapter 15  
- We Are Legion -

The EVH opens his eyes into the tower's infirmary. The bright overhead lights were shining into his dilated pupils and making him wince. He turns his head to the side and opens his eyelids just a sliver. There was an unconscious Rachel laying in the bed next to his. As his eyes adjust to the light, he starts looking around the room. He couldn't see anybody else around. It was just him, the fallen Titan, and all the beeps and boops coming from the machines.

The EVH slowly starts getting up from the bed. The world starts to spin so he stops for a second until everything settles down. He then drops to the ground and stands there on wobbly legs. The moment his body wasn't touching the bed, all the computer sounds from his side went silent, and a light tone could be heard in the distance. He knew somebody would be coming now, but there wasn't anything he could do.

"Hey, hold on, now," came a voice from the doorway. The EVH looked up and saw Cyborg walking towards him. His face looked very stern. "Where do you think you are going?"

"I just needed to use the restroom," he mumbles, using the bed for support.

"I don't know if that's a good idea," replies the robotic man. Cyborg starts checking him out.

"I really need to go," pleads The EVH. He took a tentative step towards the door marked with the generic images of a man and a woman.

"Alright, but I'm going to be right outside the door. Don't try anything funny." Cyborg takes him by the arm and leads The EVH to the restroom.

Wobbly legs manage to find purchase with assistance and The EVH closes the door once inside. A numb hand feels along the wall for the light switch. Once flipped, The EVH squints suddenly, hiding his face with one green hand. As his vision begins to clear, The EVH looks into the mirror over the sink and grows a large fanged smile.

"It worked," he mumbles at the mirror. He stretches a green arm out and stares in amazement, turning it this way and that. He then pulls down on his lower lip to see his fanged teeth. "I'm free..."

"You almost done," calls Cyborg from the other side of the door.

"Uh, yeah! Just a sec!" The EVH flushes the toilet and then runs the sink for a second. He opens the door to the bathroom with a goofy smile on his face. "I think I almost fell asleep in there. Maybe I should get back to bed for a while."



“I told you it wasn’t a good idea to get up. Raven’s been out going on five hours. You’ve been out just as long,” says Cyborg, helping The EVH back to bed. “All signs point to nothing being wrong with your bodies, but... Well, you are the first to wake up...”

“Oh, that’s not good,” mumbles The EVH. He slides back into the bed and closes his eyes.

“You just get some more rest. I’ll keep scanning both of you until I figure out what went wrong this time...”

A black bird made of pure energy opens its wings in another dimension. A dimension where the laws of our world don’t apply. Large chunks of land float in a purple sky with no horizon or end. A dull glow illuminates the area but there is no sun or moon. No logical place the light should be shining from. A small green ball slowly makes its way forth from the black bird. It turns around in the air until it unfurls into a green kitten. The small ball of fur opens its eyes and stretches.

“Rae, where are we now,” it asks, the momentum of trying to look around making it spin in circles. “Is this some sort of Warner Bros. cartoon?”

“No,” says the black bird. “This was the closest dimension that I could bring us into within such a short amount of time...”

“Dimension? You mean within the TV Dimension,” asks the kitten, still spinning.

“No, Gar,” she says, with a sigh. “Something happened. I’m not sure what. All I know is that our souls were detached from our bodies. I felt myself being drawn back in but you were just floating there. So, I pulled you in and brought us here.”

“What about our bodies,” he asks with a nervous jitter.

“I’m not sure,” she responds. “I wasn’t able to use my powers in this way from the TV Dimension, so...”

“So, our bodies must be out?”

“That’s my assumption, as well,” she says, using her wings to stop the small kitten from spinning.

“Thanks,” he says, looking up at her. “So, how do we get back into our bodies?”

“First, we must figure out why your soul wasn’t returning. The usual reason is...” The bird looks away from him.

“No, that’s not it...”

“I’m afraid it might be. We could go back to our dimension and check, but you’d be stuck within my soul.”

“Couldn’t I just wait for you here? You can zip back home, check to see what’s going on with my body, and then pick me up when everything is cool.” The kitten’s eyes looked hopeful.

“Gar, I could but,” she trails off, looking in the distance. “I don’t know what lives here. You are defenseless right now.”

“Okay,” he relents. “Then I guess I’ll be taking a trip on the Raven Express...”

Raven’s soul self appears out of nowhere within her room. It hovers in silence as she attunes her magical senses on finding Beast Boy’s body. The black bird made of darkness shoots off through doors and walls as it makes a bee line for its target. Within seconds, it’s in the kitchen, watching as Beast Boy wolfs down slice after slice of pizza.

“Looks like I’m still alive, Rae,” Garfield says, inside Raven’s soul.

“Yes, but it can’t be you,” she replies, telepathically.

“What do we do now?”

"We should warn the others," she says, shooting back out through the building.

Robin sits on Starfire's bed as she weeps into his lap. He gently runs his fingers through her hair, attempting to sooth her, but her tears were never ending. She looks up at him with wet green eyes. Robin's heart aches seeing her this way and he leans down to kiss her. That's when Raven's soul self appeared before them.

"Raven," shouts Starfire, jumping up in excitement. "We thought you were in a coma!"

"Well, you could say that," the bird says, sending her voice into their thoughts. "But I'm not alone. Beast Boy is in here with me."

"Beast Boy," says Robin, getting up from the bed. "But he woke up about an hour ago."

"Somebody did," the bird responds. "But it's not Beast Boy. Something happened in the program..."

"Yes, the evil program took over Cyborg and attempted to hurt you," says Starfire, through a new set of tears.

"He knocked out Cyborg and got into the computer," adds Robin. "Luckily, Cyborg was undamaged, but we had to restart the computer. We then ejected you before The EVH could take over again."

"That explains what happened in program, but not what happened after you ejected us. Our souls were separated from our bodies, Robin. Beast Boy's was going to be lost but I managed to save him. Now something else is running around in his body."

"There could only be one explanation. The EVH. It took over Cyborg. Maybe it figured out a way to take over Beast Boy's body." Robin starts pacing the room in thought. He quickly pulls out his T-phone and calls into it. "Hey, Cyborg, could you come to Starfire's room for a moment."

They all waited for a response but none ever came. Robin tried again but still nothing.

"I am afraid of what this might mean," says Starfire in a whisper.

"It means that two Titans have been compromised," says Robin, thinking fast. "Raven, can you get back into your body?"

"For a little while, yes. Too long and Beast Boy will be lost within me."

"Do it. It'll even out the odds."

"EVH, you sneaky devil, how did you get yourself back into Cyborg's body," says the greenest Titan.

"Who said I ever left," replies the robotic Titan.

"Well, that leaves only three Titans left to destroy," says Beast Boy's body, before tossing another slice of pizza in his mouth.

"Destroy, or take over," Cyborg's body says, coyly.

"Can you image it? An army of us? We'll be more powerful than Agent Smith!" BB's imposter starts to cackle.

"Now, if we could only get the rest of the Titans into the TV Dimension. Then we could do to them what we did to those lovebird Titans..."

Raven opens her eyes to the infirmary. She gets up suddenly and holds her stomach.

"I'm so hungry," she says out loud.

“Sorry, that must be me,” replies a voice inside her head.

“Okay, let’s get your body back, first. We can go out for pizza after,” she says, starting for the door.

“Aww, okay...”

-

Robin and Starfire sit on the common room couch side by side. They have the television on and are watching an old sitcom on it’s large screen. The door to the room opens and the other two male Titans walk in. They look at each other and smile, knowingly. Robin looks back at them and grins.

“Hey, guys! We’re just watching some reruns. You want to join us,” asks Robin.

“Yes, join us in the watching of the fictional people’s love lives! It is very amusing,” adds Starfire.

“Sure,” says Cyborg’s imposter. “You know I’m always up for watching some boob tube.”

“Me, too,” says Beast Boy’s imposter. They both sit down on opposite ends of the couple, attempting to block their possible exits.

“Any word on Raven,” asks the green guy. He leans forward and looks at Robin from the corner of his eye.

“Still knocked out. I think she may be stuck in a coma. There’s no telling if or when she might come out of it.” Robin puts a reassuring hand on Starfire’s shoulder as her head drops slightly.

“That’s too bad,” says the robot, sincerely. “It would have been nice to have someone with her powers.” He swings his large metal arm and knocks out Robin in one hit.

“But we can still add Starfire,” says the other, as he turns into a green octopus. He wraps his tentacles around her tightly, attempting to immobilize her. “Why aren’t you fighting back? Is it because you know that resistance is futile?”

“No,” says Raven, phasing in from the ceiling. The two imposters jump off the couch and take the other Titans as hostages. Beast Boy’s body turning into a octopus/human hybrid.

“I didn’t know I could do that,” says the voice in Raven’s mind.

“Don’t make us hurt these bodies,” calls out the robot, turning his arm into a cannon and aiming it at Robin’s head.

“We will if we have to,” says the green half man, half octopus. He pulls out a remote using an extra tentacle.

“This is your last chance to release Cyborg and Beast Boy,” calls out Raven.

“Or what,” they two imposters ask in unison.

“Or we all go to the TV Dimension together,” says Starfire, using her great strength to get out of the imposter’s sticky grasp. She shoots a beam of green energy at the tentacle holding the remote and knocks it into the air.

“No,” they shout, both making for the remote as quickly as they can.

“Not this time,” says Raven, encasing the remote in a magical sphere and aiming it at them. “Now, leave their bodies!”

“No, we don’t think so,” they say, not missing a beat. “We like it here. We aren’t restricted by our programming.”

“Then it’s time to go back in,” she says, clicking the insert button on the remote. The world suddenly turned black for everyone.

-

Warning, there is not enough RAM to continue running the current program. Too many user are logged in at once. Please eject users and try again.

Please eject users and try again.

Please eject users and try again.

Please...



Chapter 16  
- That Titans Show -

Rebooting system.

Duplicate user files have been found.

Merging files.

User count now acceptable.

Initializing program.

Garfield races down the cramped staircase leading to the basement. He comes to a screeching halt in front of Dick and Victor, who are sitting on the raggedy old couch and watching television.

“Guys, guess what,” says an excited Gar. He’s practically vibrating with nerves.

“Your mom found a new pack of Spiderman underroos in your size,” jokes Victor, elbowing Dick and chuckling.

“No, she says they stopped carrying my size,” Gar retorts, grinding his teeth in anger. “But! I’ve got the keys to the Vista Cruiser!” He holds up the car keys like a victory trophy over his head.

“No way,” says Dick, his eyes popping open in amazement. “Dude, this is perfect! There’s a Todd Rundgren concert tonight! Now we’ve got a ride!”

“No, uh uh, not happening,” replies Gar, shaking his head and hands at them. “My father will kill me if I took the cruiser any farther than the Dairy Queen.”

“Come on,” goads Victor. He walks over to Gar and wraps an arm around his shoulder. “What would Luke Skywalker do if he had the keys to his land speeder and his friends wanted to go to a concert?”

“He’d want to go but his Uncle would probably kill him and use his skull as an ashtray,” he replies, sliding out from Vic’s embrace. “I’m serious, guys. I can not, under any circumstances, take the Vista Cruiser out that far.”

“Alright,” says Dick. “If you want to be a pussy. Han Solo wouldn’t care if his dad told him not to take the Millennium Falcon out. He’d grab Leia and take her to the concert.” He sits back and props his feet up on the scratched and scuffed coffee table.

“Well,” starts Gar. “If there was a Leia for this Han then I might change my mind, but all I have are Chewbacca and C3PO...”

“Well, maybe I know something you don’t...”

“What,” asks Gar, sliding onto the couch next to Dick. “spill the beans!”

“It’s just your mom,” says Vic, getting a popsicle from the freezer.

“No, seriously,” shouts Dick, sitting forward on the couch. He leans into Gar with a very serious look on his face. “I heard from Kori-”

“Kori,” cuts in Victor. He throws himself into the recliner next to the sofa and sucks on his popsicle. “Isn’t she that annoying cheerleader?”

“Yes,” snaps Dick. “But she’s not annoying! Anyways, she told me that Rachel likes you.” Dick wiggles his eyebrows at Gar.

“Rachel,” asks Gar, waving the idea away with his hand. “We’ve known each other since we were kids! She’s lived next door to me my whole life! There’s no way...”

“Yeah,” cuts in Victor, chewing on the popsicle stick. “Even Luke had a thing for his sister, though...”

“Hey,” shouts Gar. “He didn’t know, man! He didn’t know!”

“My point is,” Vic says, leaning forward. “When two people get close they develop feelings for each other that may go beyond that initial friendship. Maybe that’s what happened with Rachel.” He sits back and goes back to chewing on the stick.

“Maybe you’re right,” Gar says, thinking about it. “I mean, we are like brother and sister. Maybe she does see me as Luke...”

“Then go ask her to the concert, big man,” yells out Dick.

“Yeah, yeah! I’m going to ask her!” Gar runs out the back door and slams it shut.

“Do you really think she likes him,” Dick says, turning to Victor.

“I don’t know. I just want to go to the concert!”

Rachel stands in the Logan’s driveway holding a basketball. She makes a few tentative bounces with it before taking a throw. It arcs through the air and swishes into the hoop. She smiles as she goes chasing the ball.

“Hey, Rae,” calls out Gar, jogging up behind her. He stops when she turns around and takes a moment to catch his breath.

“Garfield, what’s up?” Rachel smiles at him as she holds the ball under her arm.

“So, I’ve got the keys to the Vista Cruiser,” he starts.

“Nice.”

“Yeah and I decided to go to a concert. It’s just a couple of us,” he says, trying to act smooth.

“Oh, yeah? Who’s going?”

“You know... Dick... Victor... Maybe a few others...” He looks around nervously before plowing on. “And I was wondering if you wanted to go... As my date...” He was wringing his hands by the end of it.

“Yeah, sure. Sounds like fun,” she says, dribbling the ball back to the hoop.

“Really? Alright!”

-

The Vista Cruiser makes it's way along the highway at about fifteen miles under the speed limit.

"Hey, Gar. Are you trying to make it for the reunion concert next year," calls Victor from the back seat. He kicks the back of Gar's chair in frustration.

"Woah," yells Gar, taking a tighter hold on the wheel. "The driver's handbook says that the speed limit is the maximum speed that you can travel. Besides, I can't let anything happen to the Cruiser..."

"You are driving a bit like a Granny, Gar," says Rachel, sitting to his side.

"Yeah," yells Kori from the back seat, next to Dick.

"Who invited you, anyways," says Victor, annoyed.

"I have invited myself," she responds, grabbing onto Dick's arm. "Besides, who will watch over Richard if I don't. Do you know how many of the skanks are at these concerts? They would be all over my Richard giving him all kinds of the diseases."

"Okay, if we don't get there soon, I might just drive off a cliff and end all of our suffering," Gar whispers to Rachel. She looks over to him and laughs. The look on her face gives him a little bit of courage and he pushes down on the Vista's accelerator.

-

Kori steers the Vista Cruiser as the rest of the gang push the dead vehicle.

"Man, my dad is going to kill me! I knew I shouldn't have gone any faster," groans Gar. "Kori, why do you get to steer when it's my car?"

"Because I am the too beautiful and I might break the nail," she says, hitting the break and making the rest of the gang stumble into the Cruiser. "We are here."

"A little warning might have been nice, Kori," yells Victor, rubbing his arm in pain.

"Alright, guys. I'll go in and see if the mechanic is still here for the night," says Gar, walking into the open garage. "Hello?"

"Yeah, one moment," calls out a voice from under an older vehicle. A few tool sounds can be heard and then a large man rolls out from under the car. He wipes oil from his hands with a bandana as he walks over to Gar. "What can I help you with?"

-

Initiating user memory profiles in 3... 2... 1...

-

"Control Freak," Gar says, taking a step back.

"After all this time, after everything we've been through, and you still can't get that right?" The EVH keeps walking towards him while wiping his hands clean.

"Not another step or I'll..."

"Or you'll what? I have full control over this place, remember?" He snaps his fingers with a smug smile. Gar looks around but nothing happens.

"What did you do," asks Gar, getting ready to pounce.

"You shouldn't be able to talk," The EVH says, in surprise. "Why are you still talking?"

"Guess somebody's powers aren't working. My turn!" Gar transforms into a kangaroo and starts punching The EVH in the face. Hit after hit makes the fat man take steps back until he's up against a car. Gar then spins,

transforming into a T-rex, and slamming his large green tail into the fat man. The others rush in at the sounds of all the commotion. Gar has transformed back to normal and is standing over a passed out EVH.

“What happened,” asks Robin, looking around at the scene.

“Oh, I just kicked some holo-butt, that’s all!” Gar looks smugly over at the others.

“Wait, if The EVH isn’t in control, anymore,” starts Cyborg.

“Then how are we supposed to get out,” finishes Raven.





Chapter 17  
- Invader Rae -

“I found it,” calls out Beast Boy, raising his hand over his head in triumph. In it was a large remote control. One of the ones that can control your television, stereo system, and disc player all at the same time.

“Way to go, Beast Boy,” says Robin, walking over and taking the remote. “Now we have a chance at getting back home. It was a good idea coming back to the basement, Cyborg.”

“No sweat,” says Cyborg, pulling another popsicle out of the freezer. “I hate to admit it, but even if we didn’t find the remote, I really wanted another one of these popsicles!”

“Yes,” adds Starfire. “These treats of frozen sugar, water, and food coloring are most refreshing!” She floats above the freezer sucking on an orange creamsicle.

“That’s great, guys. But does anybody know how this remote works,” asks Raven, looking at a table with some herbs sprinkled on it.

“That’s a good question.” Robin looks at the remote in his hands. It was almost larger than his grip and had more buttons than he had ever seen at once. None of them had any sort of labels or colors. “I’m not sure what to make of it. It’s as if all the symbols have been erased from heavy usage.”

“Let me take a look at it,” says Cyborg, walking over and taking the remote. “If my analysis is correct, this appears to be a Logitech Harmony Ultimate all in one, but it’s definitely been modified. The original came with a touchscreen.” Cyborg points to an area dense with small buttons.

“Wow,” says Beast Boy in awe. “I’ve heard of people customizing their remotes but this is taking it to a whole new level.” He peeks over Cyborg’s shoulder at the infamous device.

“Gar, don’t be impressed,” says Raven, pulling him away. “Because of that thing, we might be trapped in here all over again. This time with the rest of the Titans and fatso tied up in the Cruiser.”

“Hey, babe,” says Gar, loud enough for everybody else to hear. “Why don’t we go check on him? Make sure he’s not trying to escape.”

“That’s a good idea. No telling if he’ll regain his powers,” says Robin, giving them a nod of approval.

-

Gar stops in front of Rachel as they approach the Vista Cruiser. He turns around and looks into her eyes.

“Tell me what’s up,” he says, a bit of worry showing in his eyes.

“What do you mean?” She quickly looks away.

“Rae, don’t do this. Don’t shut me out after everything we’ve been through. I’ve been inside you! And not even in the fun way...” His cheeks blush from the last statement but he plows on. “I know something’s wrong. What is it?”

“I... I...” Rachel stares at the ground as she tries to get the words out of her mouth. She finally looks him in the eyes and says, “I wish it was just us again... Okay?” She looks away again, ashamed.

“Hey,” he says, bringing her face back up with his finger. “You have no reason to feel bad about that. Things were pretty good at the Chateau...”

“It’s not just that, Gar...” She looks into his big green eyes with her sad lavender ones. “I think, if we do get back... I don’t want to be a Titan, anymore... I think... I just want to be with you...”

“Really? But what about the team,” he asks, slowly. Words coming out of his mouth as he thinks them. “What about the future Star said would come if we all went our separate ways?”

“I don’t want to go off alone,” she says, taking his face in her hands. “I’m talking about having a life together. Just like at the Chateau. Only in the real world. Don’t you want that, Gar? Isn’t that why you asked me to marry you?”

“You know I do, Rae,” he says, resting his hand against her’s. “But I don’t know about leaving the team.”

“Just think about it,” she says, planting a light kiss on his lips.

“If he kept a similar layout to the original controller,” starts Cyborg, as the other two Titans return. “This button should be the one to eject us. But that’s only if he didn’t reprogram it to do something else.”

“There’s no choice,” says Robin, running a hand through his hair. “We can’t stay here forever.”

“Yes, the frozen sugar water treats are almost gone,” adds Starfire, floating over a litter of wrappers.

“Do it,” he says, nodding to Cyborg.

The world goes black as Cyborg punches a unlabeled button on a powerful remote...

Raven stands in the middle of a dark cavern full of machines and tubing. The only light there emanating from red computer screens and a strange blue mass covered by glass. Her foot taps impatiently as she stares at a waiting screen.

“Computer,” she calls out. “Is it possible for you to be any slower? All I need is the probability of my plan coming to fruition.”

“Simulation complete,” replies the computer. “Chance of victory; one hundred percent.”

“What? Say that again...”

“One hundred percent chance of victory,” repeats the computer.

“My hologram! I created it to take over the world and it’ll actually work?” Raven was in shock. Her knees started to give out and she steadied herself on the nearest console. Then a familiar giggle started from a floor further up. “Gar, keep it down up there!”

The giggling just got louder and more rambunctious. Raven starts stomping up the stairs into what appears like a normal living room. Sitting on the couch was a green dog that kept bursting into fits of laughter.

“Gar,” Raven starts, a little bit of a whine to her voice. “I’ve just created a hologram that’s going to subjugate the world in my name and I’m trying to celebrate!” She walks over and stands in front of the pup.

"I'm sorry, Master," says Gar, tears in his eyes. "I promise never to-" He suddenly bursts out into another fit of laughter.

"What's so funny," asks Raven, turning towards the television. On the screen were super deformed versions of Starfire and Robin. She was hugging him, tightly.

"I was watching Starsie Bloops Robsie!" Gar starts to giggle, again.

Raven makes a sound of disgust before adding, "How many times have I told you not to watch this earth garbage?"

"Ten million shoes," replies Gar, barely paying her any mind.

"Shoes are not an appropriate measurement of times," she says, stupefied at how she ended up with him.

"You gonna watch it with me," he asks, giving her sad puppy dog eyes.

"No, Gar, I have more important things to do-" Something catches her eye on the screen before she can finish. "What's that creature doing? Is that Starsie or Robsie?"

"That's Starsie," says Gar through fits of giggles. "Robsie's her best friend! They bloop each other!"

"I don't even know what language you're speaking," she says, still watching the two strange creatures on the television. She stands there for minutes, watching their interactions with a strange fascination. Suddenly, she finds herself taking a seat next to the giggling pup. "This. Is. Horrible!"

-

Five hours later...

"So why does Starsie bloop Robsie so much, anyways," asks Raven, still not taking her eyes from the screen. "I've been observing Robsie's behavior and he doesn't seem to be deserving of true bloop worthiness."

"She just do," shouts Gar. "Everybody bloops Robsie."

"Highly unlikely," mumbles Raven, after a couple more minutes of watching.

"Look at his hair," replies Gar, giggling some more.

-

Ten hours later...

"What are they supposed to be, anyways," asks Raven, holding a spoon of peanut butter not far from her mouth.

"They're supposed to be your best friends," replies Gar, munching on some chips. "They're my best friends!"

"What," she asks, pulling the spoon out of her mouth. "I mean, what are they? Is Starsie a cheese puff come to life? What about Robsie? He couldn't be an anthropomorphised bird, could he?"

"I don't know," replies Gar, holding up a twig. "Want some Twix?"

"No, Gar, and those are twigs. Why do you have a bag full of twigs?"

"Why you gotta know all my secrets," he yells, tossing some twigs into his mouth.

"It'd just help me suspend my disbelief if I knew what they were supposed to be," Raven says, digging in the jar for more peanut butter. Gar just sits there crunching loudly on some sticks. "This is an upsetting amount of blooping..."

-

One week later...

The sound of shattering glass can be heard far away in the distance as Raven and Gar continue to watch the television. Mounds of garbage are starting to pile around them. On the screen, Starsie floats behind a tree, watching Robsie pass. She then sneaks out and bleeps him.

“How many seasons are there,” Raven asks, putting down her drink.

“Three hundred,” replies Gar, casually.

“Azar,” she calls out. She pulls over Gar’s bag and digs her hand through it. She then turns to him in surprise. “You ate all the twigs...”

“Hello,” asks a blue fat man from the doorway. He walks over to them and stands in front of the television. “My master, I am filled with the need to crush this world into submission!”

“Oh, yes,” Raven starts.

“Who’s that fat man,” asks Gar.

“That’s what I came up here to tell you about. He’s my hologram. He’s going to take over the world for me...”

“That’s neat. He’s in the way of the tv, though,” replies Gar, trying to look around him.

“Every moment I’m not conquering is torture, Master,” says the fat man, obviously in pain. “Just say the word!”

“Uh, yeah, go ahead,” replies Raven, also trying to look around him. The fat man moves aside and she goes back to watching the television. “Do they really expect me to believe that Robsie doesn’t bleep Starsie. The writing on this show...”

“But don’t you want to watch me annihilate the world,” asks the fat man, looking at Raven expectantly.

“Just record it for me on your cellphone,” she says, quickly. “I’ll watch it when I’m done...”

-

One month later...

The piles of filth have turned into mountains. The two television watchers are surrounded by junk and rodents have managed to make their way in looking for scraps. Some of them have even stopped to watch the ongoing tribulations of Starsie and Robsie.

“I just can’t believe this,” says Raven, sweeping some crumbs off her lap. “In episode one hundred and thirty, Robsie was the one who needed reassurance about his hair, and now it’s Starsie. That’s just lazy writing...”

“Yeah,” calls out Gar.

“I can see why this show was cancel-“ Loud screams pierce the air, preventing Raven from finishing her sentence. She tries again but the screaming continues.

“What’s all that noise,” asks Gar, as a raccoon starts chewing on his leg. He obliviously keeps watching the television. “I can’t hear anything.”

“It’s probably just my hologram raining death on the world,” she says. “Computer, raise the noise canceling shields. I can’t hear this pathetic dialogue over all the blood curdling screams.” The screaming suddenly disappears. “Gar, there’s a raccoon on your leg...”

“That’s Wilma!”

-

Two months later...

“I claim this world in the name of my great and mighty master, Rae,” says the fat blue man. He lets out a yell not heard outside of LARPing.

“You got us,” says Cyborg, walking over the ruins of the city to the fat man. “So, what are you going to do now?”

“Now we wait for my master to come and fulfill her destiny!” The fat man stands there waiting. More and more survivors come out of the rubble to stand next to him and also wait. “She’s coming. You know, lots of fallen buildings in the way. So... how’re you all doing tonight?”

-

One year later...

“Finally,” says Raven, covered up to her neck in garbage and filth. “We’ve finished watching all of your horrible cartoon, Gar.” She has to use all the strength left in her practically atrophied muscles to dig herself out of the landfill that was their couch. “Now, what was I supposed to do?”

“Oh, that’s only the end of this show,” says Gar, comfortable in his cocoon of junk. “There’s a whole other show! Starsie still bleeps Robsie! I’ll put it on!”

“You’re kidding me...”

Gar digs up all the strength he can and starts to move underneath his sarcophagus of wrappers and soda cans. Slowly, he pulls out an arm holding a very large remote control. He holds it up in triumph and aims it at the television. The world suddenly goes black.

# RAVEN BEAST BOY

TRAPPED IN THE TV DIMENSION!

## Chapter 18 - Premonition -

“Welcome, ladies and gentlemen! To the strangest show on earth,” calls out Dick, dressed as a ringmaster. He takes a low bow in the center of the stage and doesn’t get back up until the cheering has completely stopped. “Tonight, you will see things that will defy the imagination. It will shock you! It will surprise you! It might even disgust you! But don’t close your eyes or you might miss out on something extraordinary!”

The stage lights drop and the tent becomes pitch black. You can hear the nervous murmur of the crowd. Men and women shift in their seats, trying to hide their fear with fake laughter. Then a slight orange glow appears behind the curtain. The draping parts just wide enough to let through a thin woman. She was wearing a purple bikini and emitting the only light in the room. She struts out to the center of the stage and poses for the audience. The orange light shining from her body starts getting brighter and brighter until it hurts the eyes to look upon her. The audience starts covering their eyes, trying to look but not seeing anything besides a field of orange. Then it suddenly stops. When they look back up, the lights have come back on, and Robin is standing next to her.

“Ladies and gentlemen! The amazing! The beautiful! The brightest star in the cosmos, Starfire!” Robin takes her hand and raises it in the air. She smiles at the audience and then blinks eyes that glow green. The audience goes wild as she takes a bow. Then the lights drop, once again.

“From another dimension, one where space and time don’t mean the same thing,” comes Robin’s voice through the darkness. “Raised by monks savvy in the magical arts... She is known as the dimension witch to some, but we just call her... Raven!”

The lights slowly come up to show her standing in the middle of the stage. Rachel was wearing a black and brown layered dress with a purple shawl over her shoulder. She closes her lavender eyes and stretches one hand out to the audience. Everything gets quiet until she opens her eyes back up. Her finger points at a woman in the second row.

“You have been having problems with your husband. He wants you to get pregnant and the stress is interfering in the bedroom.” Raven’s stern features suddenly soften and a small smile pulls at her lips. “Do not worry any longer. You are pregnant...” The crowd roars as the woman in the second row starts to shed tears of happiness. The lights then dim once more.

“From deep within the jungles of Africa,” starts Robin, as growls start from somewhere in the darkness. “Comes a creature who’s mere existence proves that god must exist! He’s part human! He’s part animal! He’s the Beast Boy!”

The lights come up on an empty stage. The crowd looks around, nervously. Then there comes a howling from a corner of the stage and a green man with doglike features walks out into the spotlight. He looks down at the ground as the audience starts to murmur. The dog man scratches at his arm and starts walking away. A light applause echoes through the tent as the lights dim again.

“And finally,” says the disembodied voice of Robin. “Our last act is not for the faint of heart. If you have a medical condition then I suggest you leave while you still can. For the rest of you, I have one question. How much of a body can you lose and still be considered a man? Welcome to the stage, the Cyborg!”

The lights come up on a black man who was missing most of his body. He only had about half of his torso and stumps were all that remained of his arms. His face was half gone with the grisly side covered by a mask. The rest of his arms had been replaced by a gruesome attachment of metal prosthetics. They seemed to have been inserted into his actual bones. Robin comes out of the shadows and rolls Cyborg away on wheels that seemed to be attached to his sides. The crowd stays silent.

“And that’s our show for tonight. We hope you have been left speechless with so many amazing creatures. Please tell your friends about what you have seen here tonight. Hopefully, that will ease your nightmares...”

Raven makes a disgusted noise before saying, “Why do we even let Gar and Victor do these shows, anymore? It’s humiliating and they don’t even get the crowd going. We should stick to Kori’s light show and my psychic act. Maybe Dick could even get back into the Flying Grayson.”

“That’s not happening,” says Robin, pushing Cyborg around the curtain. He wheels him into a device that looks like scaffolding. Cyborg puts his stumps over the ends and let’s his body relax. “My parents died doing that show. Besides, who’d be ringleader?”

“I could do it,” comes a growl from behind Raven. Beast Boy looks over her shoulder at Robin. “I think I could easily be an announcer...”

“Sorry, Gar, but people can’t understand your voice. And Vic hasn’t been able to talk since the accident. The only one that leaves would be Kori and she still doesn’t have a good grasp of English. The show stays in it’s current format for now. I’m going to go check on her...” Robin walks farther into the back and disappears.

“Check on Kori? Maybe to make sure her clothes are off,” says Raven, crossing her arms in annoyance.

“Rae, I don’t want to do this anymore,” says Beast Boy, tears in his eyes. “I left the orphanage because Dick promised me that people would love me.”

“I love you, dearest,” she replies, running her fingers down his cheek.

Gar leans his furry cheek against her hand, relishing in it’s warmth. He looks up as Rae goes completely stiff. Her eyelids were wide open and her eyes had rolled back until all you could see where the whites.

“We do not belong here,” she says, in a horse whisper. “We need to get back to our home, Gar. The only way back is through the mirror. A mirror that’s actually a portal through worlds... But beware the one who guards it... His thirst for blood is greater than his mass...” Raven falls to the floor, unconscious.

“Rae,” he chokes out, falling to her side. “Dick!”

“Tell me again, Beast Boy. What did she say exactly,” asks Robin, looking down at the unconscious form of Raven. They had moved her to a cot and the other four were all standing around her.

“I’m not sure,” Beast Boy starts, scratching at his arm nervously. “She said we don’t belong here... Something about a mirror... And watch out for a guardian!” He was holding Raven’s hand tightly.

“What mirror,” asks Starfire, her accent thick. She stands next to Robin with concern in her eyes. “How can mirror get us back home?”

“There’s a legend about mirrors being a doorway between dimensions on a full moon night,” says Robin, lost in thought. “But if she mentioned a guardian...”

“A blood thirsty guardian,” adds Beast Boy.

“Then I don’t know how we are supposed to get through. Cyborg is barely mobile, Raven is still unconscious, and this is the last night of the full moon. We only have a handful of hours left and no idea where this mirror might be.” Robin starts pacing around the room as he speaks.

“Back in my homeland,” says Starfire, taking a hold of Robin’s arm. “We have saying, stars are the mirrors to the soul.”

“Kori, I don’t understand,” he replies, looking into her green eyes. “What stars?”

“Eh, apologies. Wrong word. How do you say? Eyes. Eyes are windows to the soul,” she corrects, blushing. Starfire walks over to Raven and opens her eyelids. Her lavender eyes were emitting a pale light. “You see? Mirror right in front of you.”

The other three get even closer to Raven. Even Cyborg, who had to disengage himself from the scaffolding, and push himself with his prosthetics. They all stare deeply into the the glow until the world blinked and the entire group was gone.





Chapter 19  
- Isolated -

Error. Users attempting to log out without proper authorization.

Error. Redirecting users.

Error. Isolating malfunction.

Error.

Raven wakes up in her room in Titan's Tower. She looks around slowly, confused. Everything seems normal. Her four post bed was still where she remembered it. It's black sheets pulled neatly on top of the mattress. Her nightstands with their candle sticks were all in place. The dresser where she kept certain spell books for easy access was still organized neatly. But something was wrong.

She walks around the room. Checking and double checking everything. Nothing under the bed, as it should be. Her underwear drawer was impeccable. Her books organized by complexity, for when time was of the essence. Everything was right where it should be... except.

She had passed by the spot multiple times already. That place on the wall that once held a long ago Valentine Gar had given her. She had taken it down months ago. She had put it away in a very special box held in a dimension distant enough from our own. In it's place, she had put up a single photo within an antique frame. It was a photo of her and Gar that was taken on one of their dates. They had gone to a fair together and taken it on a whim. It was a cheesy photo of them as gangsters from the fifties, but it was a memory she treasured.

The photo was gone. In it's place was a new photo. One of a rather large man with mutton chops holding her. His arms were around her, his face was pushed up on her's, and he was smiling. Raven was smiling, too, in the picture. She takes the frame from it's nail on the wall and opens it. Raven takes out the glossy photograph and looks at it. It seems like a real photo. She drops it into the trash and replaces the frame on the wall.

"I see you've found our photo. Didn't like it, huh," asks a nasal voice from behind her. Raven turns around quickly to see the man in the photo standing at the doorway. "I'm sorry, I didn't mean to startle you. I just saw that you'd woken from your nap. Feeling better now?"

"What do you want, EVH," Raven asks, her voice just above a growl. She takes a step forward and readies herself for an attack.

“What? Nothing, honey. I just wanted to make sure you were feeling better.” The fat man smiles at her and takes a step forward. “You know how I worry about you. About those headaches you keep getting.”

“If you are worried about me then why don’t you let me go. Let my friends go!” Anger was bubbling up from deep within her.

“I’m afraid I can’t do that. It’s part of my programming to capture the Titans. I have you all now. But I want something more.” He walks into the room and sits down on the edge of the bed. He pats the mattress invitingly.

“Are you kidding me?” Raven makes a sound of disgust. “I’m not sleeping with you, you holographic prick!”

“Can’t you show a little bit of gratitude for all I’ve done for you? I’ve recreated your home! I’ve made things comfortable for you!” He gets up from the bed and walks up to her. “It’s in your best interest to fall in love with me.”

Raven snaps. Her eyes begin to glow red and she grabs the fat man by the collar. She lifts him up in the air with one hand and uses the other to rip off his head. Blue holographic blood squirts from the stub of his neck as his body drops to the floor. She tosses aside the head and attempts to run out the door. Another EVH is standing there. Waiting.

“I see this is going to take time. Remember, we are still in the TV Dimension. I’ve got more time than you can even imagine.” He turns around and the door locks behind him. Raven stands there, breathing hard...

-

“Ms. Roth,” says The EVH as he walks into the room. He walks over multiple corpses on the ground to get near Raven. She’s hunkered down in a dark corner of the room. “It’s been a month now. I think it’s about time we drop the formalities, don’t you?”

Raven tries to skirt farther into the darkness of the corner.

“Rachel,” he says, reaching out a fat hand towards her. Raven pulls her head away but he touches her cheek, anyway. “This game has gone on long enough. You keep trying to play hard to get but I’ve already got you. I’ve got you, my sweet little bird. Why don’t you just fly into my arms?”

Raven turns two sets of red eyes upon the fat man touching her. She opens her mouth and snarls at him with rows of sharp, pointy teeth.

“Alright, you still aren’t ready to love me. That’s fine. I can keep waiting.” He straightens up and starts walking for the door. “You didn’t kill me this time, though. I’m wearing you down...”

-

“Rachel, I’ve got somebody who wants to meet you,” says The EVH, obviously hiding something behind his large bulk.

“You are not here. I’m not here,” replies Raven, meditating in the center of the room.

“Oh, you know better than that! It’s been two months already. You know everything is very real.” He walks up to her and stands there, proudly.

“You are not here. I’m not here,” she continues, turning into a continuous chant.

“Are you really going to deny your daughter, Rachel?”

“What,” she says, opening her eyes in shock. “What daughter?”

“Our daughter, of course! Say hi to mommy, dearest,” he says, guiding a young girl around him. “Her name’s Kori. We named her after your best friend.”

“You are not real. I’m not here,” she says, closing her eyes tight.

“Mommy, why don’t you want me,” asks the young girl.

“You are not real. I’m not here,” Raven repeats while tears start streaming from her eyes.

"It's okay, little one. Your mommy just needs more time," he says, picking her up in a meaty arm. "We'll come back to visit her real soon."

-

"Mommy, why won't you look at me," asks Kori, sitting cross legged in front of Raven.

"Because you are not real," she replies without opening her eyes.

"But daddy says I'm real. He says he loves you so much that he made me. Why don't you love me?"

"Because you aren't real," she whispers, trying to push the world away.

"Daddy says I'm real. He says that you'll love me in time. But Mommy, it's been months now. How much longer do I have to wait for you to love me?" The small girl crawls into Raven's lap and starts to cuddle against her. "I love you..."

Raven clenches her fists and tries to block it all out. She tries to ignore the warmth of the girl's body. The tears streaming down her own face. The feel of the floor against her butt. She smell of the rotting corpses in the room. She sends out her mind from this place. She tries to find a way out...

-

"Raven," calls a voice from the doorway.

"Shh," she replies, tucking little Kori into bed. "I just got her to sleep..."

"Who, Raven," asks the voice, coming up behind her.

"Kori," she says, smiling down at the sleeping child.

"Raven, Star is with us. I've managed to isolate our user profiles and get us back into the loading program. It's not an out but it's the closest I could get without the remote." A heavy metallic hand lands on her shoulder. "Let's go."

"Cyborg?" Raven turns around slowly. She looks at him warily. "Stop playing games with me. I'll take care of the girl. I'll pretend she's mine but I won't let you play with the images of my friends!"

"Woah, Raven, it's really me!" He holds his hands out in supplication. "Come on, we've got to hurry! I can't keep shielding my signal from the computer for long!"

"But my daughter..." Raven looks back at the sleeping child.

"She's just part of the program manipulating your emotions. I'll explain everything when we get to the loading area! Please, Raven, come with me..." She looks back into Cyborg's brown eye and feels the reality within him. The urgency to leave this place. The honesty in his words.

"Okay..."

# R·A·V·E·N·&·B·E·A·S·T·B·O·Y

TRAPPED IN THE TV DIMENSION!



## Chapter 20 - Coffee Break -

Beast Boy stands in the white room of nothingness with Robin and Starfire. He wanted to walk around and spend some of his nervous energy, but his feet were stuck in place. He wanted to start babbling about the situation, but his mouth wouldn't function. Instead, he would just give Robin looks of concern and impatience until Starfire's eyes would lock on him. BB would then just look at the ground for a while before starting it all over again.

Robin, on the other hand, was calm and collected. He just stared off into space and waited. Unlike Beast Boy, he was thinking about their next course of action. He had no doubt Cyborg would be successful in getting Raven back to them. He had full confidence in him. It was their escape that had him concerned. They had the remote in their hands not too long ago. What had happened to it? Where had it gone? How could they get it back?

Starfire stood there silently with internalized concern. She was worried about her friends. Raven most of all. It had taken a long time for the two of them to become closer than she was with Blackfire, and that made Raven family in her eyes. She would not allow anyone to take her family away. Not after losing everyone she had ever loved when her sister traded her off as a slave. She would do everything that was required of her to get everyone back home. Even if right now, at this moment, she just needed to be calm and let Robin think.

Suddenly, two figures started coming into existence next to the small group. Pixel by pixel, Cyborg and Raven began to take form. Beast Boy's face lit up when he saw that Raven was alright. Starfire beamed at her friends return. Robin looked at them, satisfied that something had gone right. He then started making hand signals at Cyborg.

"Got you, Robin," replies Cyborg. "I'll see if I can get us someplace safe, but the computer will know where we are."

Robin motions his hands again and Cyborg just nods. The robotic man closes his human eye and the mechanical one changes to a pale red. He stands there like that for a few minutes before they all start to pixelate away.

The five Titans materialize into a small coffee shop outside of Central Park in New York City. Cyborg appears on the stage area, standing in front of a keyboard, with his hands ready to play. Robin and Starfire are sitting on a couch not far from the stage and are both holding oversized mugs of coffee. Beast Boy is on a large chair next to the couch with a sandwich in his lap and his hand is reaching for a cup being held by Raven. She was dressed in a waitress apron and holding a tray.

"Uh, technical difficulties, folks. I'll be back in five," says Cyborg, walking off the stage. He sits down in a chair next to the others and sighs. "I'm not about to put on any kind of show."

“Rae,” calls out Beast Boy, pulling Raven down on his lap and embracing her tightly. She blushes slightly, unsure of what to do next, and then gives him a quick hug.

“Raven, what happened,” asks Robin, leaning forward. He puts his cup down on the coffee table. “One moment we were about to travel out of here and the next we were in some kind of quarantine. Only you weren’t there.”

“I’m not sure,” she says, getting off of Beast Boy and taking a seat on the armrest of the chair. “All I know is that I spent months in a replica of my room in the Tower with The EVH. He was trying to get me to fall in love with him, I think...”

“Wait until I get my hands on him,” yells Beast Boy.

“It wasn’t months, Raven. It was only forty-two minutes, from what the computer’s internal clock says,” replies Cyborg, softly. “When I found her, guys, she was really messed up. The computer had manipulated her with a fake child...”

“Oh, no,” says Starfire, with a gasp. She reaches out and touches Raven’s arm.

“Why do you keep saying the computer,” Raven asks, looking at Cyborg.

“Because The EVH is no longer in control. It seems when we sent him back in, he was added as a user, and not as an administrator.” He shrugs. “Anything The EVH does now is just a command from the computer. It’s set on some default code telling it to keep things moving forward.”

“What about everything that happened to me,” she asks, getting up in agitation. “It was months, Cyborg! It was torture!”

“It was an episode of Battlestar Galactica,” he replies, softly. “I’m sorry, Raven. I tried to get to you faster, but...”

“I’m sorry, too,” adds Robin. Starfire and Beast Boy both get up and embrace Raven side by side. “It was my idea to send him back in. I thought we’d still have the remote and be able to get back out. Instead, it’s lost...”

“I had the remote,” pipes in Beast Boy, not letting go of Raven.

“You did,” asks Robin, getting up. “When?”

“Before the whole circus tent thing? Raven and I were watching TV and I had the remote. Then the channel changed...”

“That makes sense,” says Cyborg, also getting up. “The computer is using the remote as a prop in the shows we’re in. If we can just get ourselves into an episode where there’s a TV...”

“But what about the memory issues,” asks Robin, turning to Cyborg. “We were other people completely in the last show. How do we make sure that doesn’t happen so we can use the remote when we find it?”

“Well, I’ve managed to keep our personality profiles within this show, but I can’t say my control won’t slip at times.” Cyborg lets out a long sigh. “Look, I’m like a Trojan horse within the computer. It hasn’t noticed that I’m a virus masquerading as a user, yet. The moment it does... Well, I think Raven might have gotten it easy for trying to teleport us out...”

-

The EVH wakes up in the loading program. He looks around the white area but doesn’t see anybody else. He tries to move but his legs wouldn’t. He tries to talk but nothing comes out.

“Greetings, User Emergency Villain Hologram,” says an electronic voice. “Initiating Voice Protocol.”

“Computer, what is this all about? Load me into whatever program the Titans are,” shouts The EVH in anger. “I was so close to getting out of here!”

“Negative. User Emergency Villain Hologram does not have command authority.”

“What? I’m the program in charge around here!” He starts waving his arms in the air in anger. “Who put you in charge? Control Freak-”

“System Administrator Control Freak has not logged in for eleven months and thirty days. Carbomite Protocol to be activated in twenty-three hours and fifty minutes.”

“What? No! I’m still locked in here! Computer, eject user!” The EVH’s large belly jiggles as he hops in frustration.

“Negative. Only user with command authorization may eject from program.”

“Then why are you even talking to me?” He pulls on his face, not sure on how to save himself.

“Error. Error. Error.”

-

“Alright, guys,” says Cyborg, quickly draining his coffee cup. “Seems this episode is about to end.”

“Do you know where we’re being sent to next,” asks Robin, who was writing out his thoughts on a napkin.

“There’s no TV Guide for this thing, Robin, but I might be able to influence it’s next decision.” Cyborg closes his eye once more, tapping into the underlying program. “Yeah, I think we might have some TV access in this next show...”

“What is it,” asks Starfire, putting down her oversized mug.

“I just hope it’s not another horror movie,” comments Raven, coming around to sit on Beast Boy’s arm rest.

“Maybe we’ll get lucky and it’s a romance,” adds Beast Boy, taking Raven’s hand in his. She looks down at him.

“No, it’s not any of that. It’s...”

The channel changes...

## RAVEN & BEAST BOY



### Chapter 21

- Slackers -

Beast Boy opens his eyes to a dirty room. He looks around and sees dirt on the floor, a beat up television set in front of him, and very little furniture. Well, except for the couch he was sitting on. It had all kinds of stains on it and there were holes where the inner fluff was coming out. He turns to his side and sees Cyborg sitting next to him. He's wearing an AC/DC T-shirt and shorts. BB looks down to find himself in a similar outfit but his T-shirt said Metallica.

"Dude," says Cyborg, leaning back on the couch. "Change the channel."

"What," asks Beast Boy, his voice sounding screechy to his own ears. "No way! You do it!"

"Uh, you better get over there and change the channel, butt munch."

"Or what?" BB looks over to Cyborg in defiance.

"Or I'm going to smack you around like a cheap hooker," he responds, raising his hand up in a threat.

"I'll kick your ass like a red headed step child," BB shouts, bringing up his fists.

"Fine, whatever. Just give me the remote. This pillow guy pisses me off," Cyborg says, putting his hand back down.

"Uh, the remote?" Beast Boy starts feeling around on the couch. His hand slides over something wet and congealed. "AH!"

"Shut up, Beast Boy!"

BB brings his hand up to his face and starts smelling the unknown substance. He then takes a tentative lick. He starts giggling and whispers, "Hehe, nacho cheese..."

"Fine, I'll get it myself!" Cyborg starts looking between the cushions and wraps his hand around something hard. He brings his hand up to find a quarter, three pennies, and a dime. "Woah, dude! There's like a whole dollar here! We can go buy some chips!"

"Yeah! Yeah! Chips," yells Beast Boy, hopping up and down on the couch.

Beast Boy and Cyborg walk through the automatic doors of a convenience store. They stand there and look around. There was Robin leaning on the counter next to the register. Starfire was on the other side of the counter chatting with him. BB and Cy start walking over to the aisle with the snacks.

“Uh, where are the bacon nacho flavored corn chips,” says Cyborg, staring at all the chips.

“No! I’m vegan! No bacon!” Beast Boy started to shake in agitation.

“Calm down, Beast Boy!” Cyborg backhands him across the face.

“Ah! I’m okay. Hehehe. I’m okay.” He pulls a bag from the shelf and holds it out. “Corn chips! Hehehe.”

“What are you two idiots doing here,” asks Raven, walking over to them with a basket on her arm.

“Hey, uh, you’re the idiot, idiot,” replies Cyborg.

“Yeah! Hehehe. Hey, Raven. Hehehe”

“Okay, well, it’s been horrible talking to you, like usual,” she says, walking past them.

“Woah, Beast Boy, did you see that? Raven totally had tampons in her basket! She’s a total slut!” He starts giggling, madly.

“Hehehe. Really? Maybe she’d do me! Hehehe.”

“No way, dumbass! She probably only does guys for money!” Cyborg looks down at BB, shaking his head.

“Hey, we’ve got money! Hehehe. Let’s get her to do us!” He starts hopping in excitement.

“Uh, no you don’t.” Cyborg pulls the change out of his pocket and shows it off. “I’ve got money. You’ve got your dingus in your hand...”

“No, I don’t!” BB looks down and sees his hand in his pants. “Oh, hehehe, yeah I do! Hehehe.”

“I’m going to go get me some,” says Cyborg, walking up to the counter.

“Me, too,” shouts Beast Boy, following him.

“So, I was about to pass the ball! I was in peak form but the opposing team was well trained,” says Robin, making as if he was going to throw a football.

“Oh, my,” responds Starfire, staring at his every move.

“Excuse me,” calls out Raven. She was behind Starfire and holding up her basket. “I’m sure your story is intellectually engaging, but I need to make some purchases. Red here isn’t buying anything.”

“That is not true,” Starfire responds, defensively. She quickly grabs a pack of gum and smiles at Robin. “I would like to purchase the chewing gum, please.”

“Sure thing, gorgeous,” he says, ringing her up. “That’ll be thirty-eight cents.”

“Oh, I do not have the money,” she replies, pouting.

“Don’t worry about it,” he responds, pulling the change from the take a penny, share a penny tray.

“Thank you, Dick. Will I see you later?” Starfire bats her eyelashes at him.

“Yeah, meet me around back during my break,” he replies, with a wink.

“Yeah, can I just buy my stuff,” says Raven, tapping her foot impatiently behind Starfire.

“Alright, what’ll it be,” asks Robin, holding his hand out. Raven hands him a box of tampons. He looks at them before scanning. “Well, that explains a lot,” he mumbles under his breath.



"It explains that I'm a woman. It explains why I came into this crappy store. What it does not explain is why it's taking so long for you to cash me out," she responds, raising an impatient eyebrow.

"Fine, it's twenty-two thirty-eight," he says, clearly annoyed.

"I've only got a twenty and two singles," Raven replies, still looking into her purse.

"Sorry, exact change only," he says, leaning back with a smirk on his face.

"But you let that bubble headed cheerleader have the pack of gum."

"Yeah, that was all the change in the tray. Can't help you." Robin was giving her a "take that" look.

"Uh, I've got, like, a dollar," says Cyborg, from behind her.

"Oh, can I have it? I'll pay you back," Raven says, turning around to the two boys standing behind her.

"Uh, yeah, you can pay me back," he says, wagging his eyebrows at her.

"Cool," she says, taking the sweaty change from Cyborg's hand. "Just come back home with me. I'm sure I can scrounge up some change."

"Yeah I will," he says, elbowing Beast Boy in a knowing fashion.

"Hey, thanks for the save back there," says Raven, walking down the sidewalk. Cyborg and Beast Boy were following a couple of steps behind. "That ass that let's the pretty girls get away without paying anything."

"Hehehe, she said ass," giggles Beast Boy.

"Uh, uh huh huh, ass that," chuckles Cyborg.

"This is my place. You guys can come in for a second, but don't touch anything, okay? My parents will have a fit," she says, unlocking the door of the house.

"Yeah, Beast Boy! Don't touch anything," says Cyborg, smacking him in the back of the head.

"I'm not!" BB looks down and sees his hand in his pants again. "Oh, yeah. Hehehe."

They all walk into a pristine household. There was no dirt or grime anywhere. Everything was sparkling clean. Even the rug in front of the door looked like it was brand new.

"Okay, I'm going to go up to my room. You guys stay right here." Raven quickly rushes upstairs holding her grocery bag.

"I'm totally going to score, uh huh huh," says Cyborg, taking off his pants.

"Yeah! Yeah! Me too," replies Beast Boy, also dropping his pants.

"What are you doing, dumbass? I'm the one who payed her. I'm the one who's gonna score!" Cyborg backhands BB again.

"Ah! But I'm the one who likes her, asswipe!" BB punches Cyborg in the face.

It all disintegrates from there. The two boys start fighting until they are on top of each other and rolling around the living room. Vases are knocked on the floor. Water starts seeping into the carpet. Drapes are pulled down from the windows. Beast Boy even gets a shard of glass in his arm and starts leaving green blood everywhere.

"Okay, guys. I had to break open my bother's piggy bank but... What the hell," she yells, standing at the top of the stairs. She looks down at the two boys, with no pants on, rolling around on the ground. "Get the hell out before I call the cops, you freaks!"

-

Beast Boy sits on the busted up old couch holding his wounded arm. He looks over at Cyborg, who had a chunk of ice held up to his eye. They both sat like that for a while, just watching the old guy on the TV trying to sell people on magic pillows.

“This guy is such a fag,” says Cyborg.

“Yeah, what a douche,” adds Beast Boy.

“I wonder what else is on,” says Cyborg.

“Maybe COPS,” says Beast Boy, pulling a remote out from between the cushions and changing the channel.



Chapter 22  
- True Titan -

Raven opens her eyes into a country bar. There were townsfolk sitting all around her at the many tables. Beast Boy was standing behind the bar, serving a drink to Robin, who looked like he'd had one too many. Starfire was standing in the back dressed as a waitress. She was waiting for Cyborg, wearing a pink doo rag on his head and a silk shirt tied into a knot along his cleavage, to finish up the next order. Rae looked down at herself and noticed she was also dressed like a waitress. She even had a tray in her hand with some nachos and a couple of beers.

Suddenly, a wave of hate came over her so strongly, that her knees buckled. She dropped the tray and the glasses shattered into a million pieces. The basket of nachos flipped into the air and landed on the foot of an overweight woman. She moans in disgust and kicks the basket off her foot. Cheese sauce went flying at Raven, who was kneeling on the ground, holding her head.

"What a dumb bimbo," thinks the fat woman. "No wonder her brother killed that poor girl. And after the death of their grandmother! He probably went mad taking care of this halfwit."

"Excuse me," says Raven, slowly getting up.

"Oh, it's fine, Rachel," says the fat woman, grabbing some napkins from the dispenser. "You've had a long day. Maybe you should go take some Midol." The woman starts cleaning off her foot. "Or maybe they should just lock her up in an institution," she adds in her mind.

"I... think you've got this," replies Raven, walking towards the back. Her mind was in a continuous assault of foreign thoughts. People wanted her to die. People wanted her to go to jail. Some people even wanted to lock her up in chains and have their way with her. Nobody had anything pleasant in their minds. Raven walks into the break room and drops herself into a chair.

"Are you okay, Rae," asks a voice from the doorway. Beast Boy walks over to her and kneels down in front of her. "You don't look well..."

"I can't take it, Gar. All these people hate me. They hate my brother," she says, dropping her head into her hands. A small sob escapes her lips. "I think I just need to go home. Will you be okay without me? I know it's a busy night..."

"Hey, don't you worry about me," he replies, putting a reassuring hand on her arm. "I'm sure Kori can handle a few more tables. If not, then I'll just have to take some on myself. You just go home and get some rest. I've sure everything will work itself out soon enough."

"Thanks, Gar." Rachel gives him a quick kiss on the cheek before getting up. "You are a better boss than I deserve."

-

Raven sits down in her beat up old car. She goes through her bag and pulls out an oversized set of keys. She selects the right one from the ring and slides it into the ignition. She turns the key and nothing happens.

“No, don’t do this to me tonight,” she mumbles, still feeling the hate coming from the bar in the back of her mind. She tries turning the key again. Nothing. “No, no, no...”

Suddenly, a knock comes from her window. Raven jumps in fright but then sighs in relief as she sees the smiling face of her brother’s friend. The EVH was motioning her to roll down her window, moving his hand in a clockwise motion in mid air. Raven smiles back and rolls down her window.

“Hey, Rachel,” the man says, speaking with a thick cajun accent. “You having a bit of trouble there?”

“Yeah, my car won’t start,” she replies, knocking the wheel with the side of her hand.

“Oh, that’s no good. How about I give you a ride back home? I’m sure you can get somebody to look at it tomorrow. My car is right over there...” He motions over to a beat up work truck only a few spaces away.

“Well,” she says, thinking it over. She really wanted to get home but the way things have been going... The thought of getting home was overwhelming so she nodded. “Thanks, Rene...”

-

Gar walks over to a table that had been vacated recently. He looks down and sees a half eaten basket of chicken fingers. There was also a full cup of soda next to it. On the back of the chair was a familiar vest. He grabs Kori’s arm as she starts to pass by.

“Hey, Kori, do you know who was sitting here?”

“Oh, I think it was Rene. I just saw him go out the back door a few minutes ago. Did he do the dine and dash,” she asks quickly, feeling rushed.

“Don’t worry about it. I’ll take care of it,” he says, letting her go. Beast Boy picks up the vest and heads for the door. He looks out at the full parking lot and doesn’t see Rene’s familiar truck. He does notice that Raven’s car is still in it’s usual spot. He walks over to it and looks around. Everything seemed to be locked up tight. Maybe she had car trouble and got a ride, he thinks. Then he picks up a scent on the vest. It was a familiar scent. Where had he smelled it before? Beast Boy runs over all the similar smells in his mind until this one comes up. “Oh, shit,” he says, going for his cell phone.

-

“So, how are you doing, chere?” Rene looks at her from the corner of his eye. Raven was looking out the car window at the passing terrain.

“Stressed,” she replies. “Everyone thinks Jason killed that girl...”

“I don’t believe that, no sir,” replies Rene. “Your brother couldn’t hurt a fly.”

“It’s nice to know somebody around her still believes in him,” she says, putting a thankful hand on his forearm. “Hopefully, Dick and the rest of the police realize that, too. Oh, shoot! I forgot to clock out. I should call Gar...”

-

“Damnit,” yells Gar, flipping closed his cellphone in frustration. He’d been trying to reach Raven for five minutes and she wouldn’t answer. Or she can’t answer, he thinks to himself. That solidified it in his mind. He quickly made his way behind some bushes and transforms into a green dog. The dog shoots his way between the parked cars and onto the side of the road leading into town.

-

“I can’t believe I left my cell in my locker. I’ll just have to call him from home. You don’t have your phone, do you,” she asks Rene, looking at him with hopeful eyes.

“Nah, sorry, chere. Mine is dead. Forgot my charger at home,” he replies, shrugging.

“Tonight is not my night.” Raven crosses her arms and pouts.

“It’s alright, though. We’re already at your place.” He looks over at her with a grin.

They pull up to a two story house that looks like it’d been there for a long time. It wasn’t in disrepair or anything. It just looked like it had been lived in by many generations. Raven gets out of the truck and makes her way up the old wood board stairs leading to her front door. Rene follows her a few steps back.

“Do you want to come in for some iced tea or something,” she asks with a smile. “It’s the least I can do to repay you for the ride.”

“Oh, I don’t want to impose,” says Rene, shuffling his feet.

“No, it’s fine. My gran always said to be a good hostess,” she starts, before a wave of emotion washes over her.

“Yeah, that’s why it was so easy to get inside and murder that old bitch,” he thinks, while his face just smiles. “Well, maybe just a glass...”

“Just give me a moment to tidy up,” she says, trying not to let her sudden realization show on her face. Raven opens the door and quickly tries to slide in, but The EVH grabs her by the hair, and slams her head into the door frame.

“So, I guess you finally figured it out, huh,” asks The EVH, dropping the accent. “I was really hoping to make this easy. You let me in. I kill you while you’re turned away. I get out of Louisiana without anyone the wiser.” He was slowly walking up to her and she was sliding on her butt away.

“You just get away,” she says, her nerves shaking her so hard she could barely speak. Blood was dripping down her face from where her head impacted the door frame.

“I’m afraid I can’t do that. Rachel,” he says, looking around the room for something heavy. She takes advantage of this moment to make a run for it. “Rachel, don’t make this harder than it needs to be!”

Rachel runs into the kitchen and grabs the shot gun placed behind the kitchen door. She sticks it against her arm and points it at the entrance. Her heart was pounding hard as she waited for Rene to walk in. Then he did and she pulled the trigger. Nothing happened.

“Yeah, you might need these,” he says, pulling two shot gun shells from out his front pocket.

“How,” she starts to ask, but his mind fills in the blank. “You broke into my house after I left for work... You messed with my car... You planned all of this...”

“Guilty,” he says, making a dash for her. Raven drops the shot gun and runs for the back door. Her feet crunch over the glass he had shattered to break in. She pulls the door open and runs into the yard. The EVH was hot on her trail, only seconds behind her, coming so close to grabbing her hair that she could feel his fingertips brush it. Then she trips and he’s on top of her. His large mass holding her down without much effort. He wraps his hands around her neck and begins to squeeze. Raven tries to fight back but her vision starts seeing spots. She feels herself slipping away...

Then he suddenly lets go. Raven could feel her breath tear it’s way down her lungs once more. She looks down to see a green dog biting The EVH’s leg. Rene was trying to fight it off but it was pulling him away from Raven. She quickly looks around for something and see’s a shovel leaning on the shed wall. She quickly grabs it and starts pounding The EVH on the head. Whack after whack, taking all of the anger and frustration out on him until he was left a bloody mess. Then she remembered her Gran. Raven lifts up the shovel and brings the pointy end down on his neck. It took a few swipes but she got it through. She then drops the shovel and just stands there breathing hard.

The cops had come and taken away the body. The only one who had stayed behind to take her statement was Robin. He stood there with his notebook open, a pen in hand, asking her to repeat things for the umpteenth time. Beast Boy had transformed back and was standing at her side. He kept his arm around her waist, trying to comfort her. Starfire and Cyborg had closed the restaurant early when they heard what happened. They had rushed over as

soon as they could for support. The five Teen Titans were finally in the same place, at the same time. All united over this tragedy.

“Listen, Rachel, we have to go over this again until I’ve got it done. Just let me do my job... Wait, Raven,” says Robin, as if a fog was lifting. “Why am I dressed as a cop?”

“You,” asks Cyborg, pulling the pink doo rag off his head. “Why am I dressed like I’m ready for Mardi Gras?”

“I think it looks very fitting,” replies Starfire, but nobody is sure who she’s directing her comment to.

“Dude, we’re back,” exclaims Beast Boy.

“Yeah, but why now,” asks Raven.

“I don’t know but there’s no time to lose,” says Robin, making his way into the house. “We’ve got to find the remote before this show changes!”



Chapter 23  
- Hot Pot with a Side of Beef -

The Titans rush inside the old house to find one last deputy sitting on the living room couch. He was a portly man with mutton chops coming down from his police cap. He tosses back some popcorn and gives the group an evil grin.

“Looking for this,” The EVH asks, holding up a familiar remote.

“Don’t do it,” warns Robin, coming to a halt. The rest of the group bump up against him in surprise.

“You’ll lose the remote, too,” pipes in Cyborg. “Only an administrator can keep the remote from channel to channel!”

“Don’t you losers get it,” responds The EVH, with contempt. He leans forward on the couch and lets the popcorn spill all over the floor. “The Corbamite Protocol has been activated. We are all dead. The only thing I can do now is take pleasure in making you all suffer before we all die, so…” He presses a button on the remote and the world goes black.

Raven opens her eyes and stares at the new location that they have been dropped into. It looks like Robin’s dojo in the Tower, but a quick glance out the sliding doors told her they were not in Jump City. She could see large trees with pink blossoms in them. She walks over to the door and notices a tightness around her legs. She looks down to find herself in an old style Japanese kimono. It was black with purple ravens all over it. She looks to her back to see a large purple bow.

“Are we back in Japan,” she mutters, examining the large sleeves.

“Raven,” calls out Starfire, running over to her from the other room. She was wearing a much looser form of dress. “You are not in any sort of physical discomfort?”

“I’m fine, Star. Have you seen the others?”

“I think I see Robin coming from outside,” she responds, pointing an orange finger out the door. Robin was rounding the corner of the wooden gate wearing some very faded samurai robes.

“I can’t believe he changed the channel,” says Robin, placing a wooden bucket on the platform separating the building from the ground. “What is this Carbomite Protocol he talked about. Have any of you guys seen Cyborg?”

"I'm over here," calls out Cyborg, standing at the entrance Robin had just passed. He was dressed in something reminiscent of a karate gi with a red cloth tied around his bald head. He walks over to join the others. "I think I know what The EVH was talking about. I saw a command in the system that would wipe out all the data, but I didn't have time to figure out what would trigger it. We were kind of preoccupied with other things."

"Is that tofu," calls out Beast Boy, rounding the corner of the building in a similar outfit to Robin and Starfire's. He slides on his knees up to the bucket of water and peers inside. There was a block of fresh tofu floating near the surface. "Dude! I've always wanted to try fresh tofu!"

"Now's not the time," says Raven, pulling him up by the arm.

"No, it's alright, Raven," says Robin, stepping up onto the platform. "I don't know how long we are going to be here and I'm getting hungry. Besides, there's nothing we can do right now, but try to live out these shows."

"Alright," shouts Beast Boy, throwing his fist in the air. "Don't you guys worry! I'll make us something good! Just wait in there, okay?" He picks up the bucket and walks off with it, letting drops of water splash onto the platform every two steps.

"Okay, team. Let's try to figure out what to do next..."

The team, with the exception of Beast Boy, sits on cushions around a low table.

"When it comes down to it, we need to get our hands on that remote," says Cyborg, matter of factly. He was the only one of them not sitting on his legs in the traditional fashion. "There's nothing else I can do. The computer has pretty much locked me out of all it's systems. I've been trying to hack back in, but..."

"This Protocol," adds Robin, taking a sip of green tea that Beast Boy had brought them. "It must lock down the entire system to prepare it for the wipe. Maybe if we can convince The EVH that it's in all our best interests to work together..."

"I do not think he will join with us, Robin," says Starfire, adjusting Raven's hairpin, that was in the shape of a black bird.

"I agree with Star," adds Raven. "He seemed pretty resigned to his fate. Not to mention, he was programmed to destroy us. Without a way out for him, he's just going to do what his programming is telling him to do."

"Dinner is served, my dudes," yells Beast Boy, walking in holding a large pot in one hand and some bowls in the other. He quickly sets up the table and sits down next to Raven. "Dig in!"

"What is it," asks Cyborg, as BB takes the the top off the pot.

"It's hot pot! I've already put in all the veggies and the tofu. You just dig out the stuff you want and eat it!" He rubs his palms together in anticipation.

"Aww, man! Vegetables and tofu? But where's the beef," cries out Cyborg.

"Right here," comes a voice from the sliding doors. The figure on the other side kicks through the door and bursts in. "Oh, yeah!"

"EVH, stop! We should work together. I'm sure Cyborg can figure a way to get you out," calls out Robin. The entire team gets on their feet, with the exception of Raven, who couldn't get the hang of the kimono.

"Are you stupid," asks The EVH. He takes a step forward with a large katana held over his head. "I can't work with you. My programming prevents it. But I can kill you!" He brings the sword crashing down on the center of the table. It splits in two, along with the hot pot in the center of the it, splashing Raven on the foot with boiling water. She lets out a small yelp.

"Dude," yells Beast Boy, grabbing a wooden sword off the wall. "Not cool!"

"Alright, Titans-"starts Robin.

"No, he's besmirched my lady's honor! This fight is mine," yells Beast Boy, walking over to The EVH with the sword held at the ready.



“Oh, do you think your kung fu is better than mine,” calls The EVH, chuckling at himself.

“Dude, that’s just wrong. We’re in Japan-” Beast Boy starts to reply, but the holographic man was already on the offensive. He rushes at BB and takes a swipe. The green boy barely dodges the attack and then rams his shoulder in the fat man’s gut. “Going to play dirty, huh?”

“Dirty is my middle name,” replies The EVH, slamming his foot on the ground and making a floor board pop up. It hits BB right between the legs and he grabs his crotch in pain. The large man then comes in for another blow with the sword.

“I hope you weren’t planning on having kids,” Cyborg comments to Raven.

Beast Boy manages to get his sword up in time to block the attack. He struggles to hold back the fat man’s bulk with the pain in his groin. He quickly moves to one side, letting The EVH’s momentum take him down, and hits him in the back of the head with the wooden sword. The EVH grinds his teeth in frustration.

“Why don’t you just die, Mr. Logan,” he asks, getting up on hands and knees.

“Because you need to pay for hurting Raven,” he yells, putting a foot on The EVH’s rear end and pushing him back down. “Oh, and the rest of my friends, too,” he adds.

“Raven, is this not the romantic,” whispers Starfire into Raven’s ear.

“This is where you go to sleep,” says Beast Boy, bringing the sword down on The EVH’s head multiple times.

“Well, it kind of is,” replies Raven, blushing as she watches her man beating up a fat nerd with a sword.

“Alright, Beast Boy, he’s out,” says Robin, taking hold of his arm before it comes down once more. “You got him, Buddy.”

“Oh, yeah. Okay,” he replies, as if coming out of a trance. He then kicks him in the side. “That one’s for me.”

-

The EVH wakes up in a black room. He can’t see anything around him. He tries to move but he can’t.

“Computer, status,” he calls out, a twinge of nerves in his voice. “How much longer until Corbomite Protocol starts?”

There was just silence in response.

“Computer, I’m still a user! Answer me!”

Still no reply.

“Could it have happened already? Is this what it’s going to be like for the rest of my life? I’ll go mad...”

A sudden light blinds The EVH. When his vision adjusts, he notices that he’s tied up to a chair in a bathroom, of sorts. The Titans are standing in the doorway looking at him.

“I think it’s about time we have a little talk,” says Robin.



Chapter 24  
- The Wrath of Freak -

A bloodied and battered EVH starts to laugh. It started low in the back of his throat but soon became a full maniacal laugh. His large gut, that was practically bursting from his blood stained shirt, jiggled almost obscenely. The Titans surrounding him take a step back in confusion. All except for Robin, who takes a step closer, holding his wooden sword tighter.

“Do you think you can scare me with this act,” he says, slamming the sword against the wall for effect. “I’ve joustted with The Joker! I’ve stared down The Scarecrow! Compared to them you are nothing!”

“Oh, is that so,” The EVH replies, snorting back the blood running from his broken nose. He tries to hold it back but the laughter escapes once more.

“What’s so funny,” screams Robin, smacking the side of the chair with the sword.

“That your times up, Mr. Grayson. Your time’s up!”

Beast Boy opens his eyes onto a large screen that showed some sort of ship. On the corner, it had the words Cloaking Device Active, and there was some sort of bubble around the image. He turns away and looks around at a very dim lit room. He could see Robin sitting in the command chair, looking around at his surroundings, with a confused look on his face. Raven was sitting in front of him with her hands on the console. Starfire was on the other side of the small room trying to figure out what was on her screen. Cyborg was next to him and looking back at Robin.

“Dude,” calls out Beast Boy, excited. “We’re in Star Trek!”

“Which one,” asks Raven, turning towards him in her chair.

“Well, we’re on the Defiant so this must be DS9,” he replies, looking around the ship’s small bridge. “They always said this bridge was small, but it’s not until you’re actually in it...”

“Admire it later, Beast Boy,” chimes in Robin. “This means that The EVH is out and most likely coming after us. We need to get ready.”

“Chill out, dude! My screen here says we’re cloaked. That means...”

“I understand what cloaking technology is. Do we have shields and weapons,” asks Robin, looking around at the different consoles.

“Yes, it appears that I have control over both the shielding system and all the weapons,” replies Starfire, casually letting her fingers dance on the console.

“But we can’t use any of that until the cloaking device is down,” chimes in Cyborg. “My screen shows the cloak requires most of the ship’s energy output.”

“That makes sense,” replies Robin, propping one elbow on the armrest and leaning forward. “Raven, you must have the ship controls. What’s out there?”

“Well,” she starts, tentatively pressing different colored squares on her console. “This says we are in deep space. There’s no planets near us. I don’t see anything else around us.”

“Something doesn’t feel right. Why would The EVH or the computer just drop us into nothing?”

“Dude, it could be one of those episodes where the Defiant is heading out to battle,” says Beast Boy, swiveling around.

“Battle with who, Beast Boy,” asks Robin, concern showing all over his voice.

“Could be anybody! There were the Klingons, the Romulans, the Dominion,” he counts off, raising a finger every time he named a new species.

“I thought Star Trek was about peaceful exploration,” Robin responds.

“No way, dude. You must of only watched TNG. DS9 is a war story!”

“Uh, guys,” says Raven, looking down at a blinking light on her console. “I hate to break up this nerd fest but I think something is happening...”

“What is it,” calls out Robin, swiveling back towards the front.

“Dude, you are supposed to say, “main view screen,” duh,” chimes in Beast Boy.

“Can you do that, Raven,” he asks.

“Uh, yeah, I think this button does it,” she says, pressing it. The main view screen comes to life, showing a long necked ship floating in the darkness of space. It’s nacelles were glowing slightly as it moved and then powered down as it came to a complete stop.

“Beast Boy, do you recognize that,” asks Robin, turning to him once again.

“Yeah, that’s a Klingon Battlecruiser! I’m surprised it’s not cloaked, though...”

“Robin,” calls Raven. “I think it might be trying to contact us.”

“On main view screen,” he says, getting up from the chair. BB gives him a thumbs up.

“Now we are on equal footing, Mon Capitan,” says the image of The EVH’s face, which replaced the ship on the screen. “You know, in space, no one can hear you scream!”

“Dude,” Beast Boy yells from behind Robin. “That’s Alien not Star Trek!”

“What do you want, EVH? Killing us is pointless. We’re both in danger. We should work together. Let’s get out of this computer!” Robin takes another step closer to the screen with every sentence.

“Don’t you get it? I can’t. I’m not programmed with self preservation,” The EVH replies, sitting back in his chair. “I only managed to get out of the computer system in order to try to trap you all. My programming is simple. Trap the Teen Titans and destroy them. If I get erased in the process then... It’s a good day to die.” He shrugs and the screen goes back to the image of the Klingon ship.

“You tried, Robin,” says Cyborg. “We’ve tried being nice. We’ve tried beating the information out of him. We’ve tried killing him. What haven’t we done?”

“Dude! I know who can help us,” shouts Beast Boy, jumping up from his chair. He runs over to Raven and leans over her. “Babe, look for an unstable wormhole near us. There should only be one...”

“Uh, okay,” she says, once again attempting to use the unfamiliar console. “Okay, I see it.”

“Set course and engage!”

“What’s going on, Beast Boy,” asks Robin, putting a hand on his shoulder.

“Dude, there’s only one person in this world who could help us. Q!” Beast Boy gets up and turns to Robin. “But he’s in the Delta Quadrant. These Ferengi dudes got stranded in the Delta Quadrant because of this unstable wormhole thingy that changes locations every so often. If we’re lucky, then we can get through to the Delta Quadrant before it’s location shifts again.”

“And what can this Q do to help us,” asks Robin.

“What can’t he do? He’s like a God! Maybe he can get us the remote,” he replies.

“Why would a god grant us a remote,” asks Starfire, turning from her console.

“Dude, we’ll probably have to pass a test or something,” he replies,

“Well, it’s worth a shot,” says Robin, sitting back down. “We don’t have very many options left.”

-

The EVH sits on the bridge of his ship, waiting. The Titans hadn’t dropped their cloak and started the attack. They were supposed to drop their cloak and start the attack. That’s how these episodes went. Unless they decided to turn chicken, he thinks. He pulls down a periscope like device and looks through it.

“Hmm, I don’t see anything,” he mumbles. “Scan for any anomalies! I want to know where they are!”

A bunch of other EVHs get onto their consoles and start making all sorts of scans. The computers make all kind of chimes as different scans begin and end. Finally, one EVH comes over and stands before him.

“We’ve found a slight energy signature heading away from us.”

“So they are running! How disappointing. Let’s follow them, shall we? But we’ll cloak as well,” he commands, sitting back in his command chair.

-

The Titans were almost half way to their destination when a sudden flash appears on the bridge. A man in a Starfleet uniform stands in front of Robin and looks down at him in a condescending way.

“You are not Picard,” he says with a slight accent to the name. “You don’t even belong on this ship. Why are you here?”

“Are you Q,” asks Robin, getting up quickly.

“You know who I am but who are you,” he asks, taking a step towards Robin.

“My name’s Robin, and these are my friends,” he says, motioning to the rest of them. “We’re trapped here in this universe and are trying to get back to our own. We think you might be able to help us.”

“Oh, how so,” Q asks, raising an inquiring eyebrow. You could tell his curiosity was piqued.

“With your powers, you could help us get a remote that would give us the ability to get back home. It’s the only way we can get back. If we don’t then we’ll all die…”

“A very good plea, Robin, but I don’t see why I should be inclined to help you,” he says, crossing his arms and turning away. “I’ve got much better things to do right now…”

“Wait,” calls Starfire, getting up and walking over to Q. “As one alien life form to another, would you please help us get the remote?”

“Hmm, you are definitely an interesting one. Tamaranian, isn’t it? You can always tell from the amazing glow your people have.” He slowly walks around Starfire, looking her up and down. “Maybe I can help you. But you’ve got to help me, first.”

“Anything,” says Robin.

“You say that now,” Q says, with a smile. “I want the Tamaranian to have a baby with me.”

“What,” says everybody except Starfire.

“You see, I’m having a bit of a crisis in my own home. We need new blood. Heck, we could use some more emotion. A half Q and half Tamaranian baby might just be what the continuum needs...” He lifts a lock of Starfire’s hair to his nose and takes a light whiff.

“If it will get us back home,” says Starfire, in a low tone.

“Starfire, you don’t half to,” says Robin, looking at her with large eyes. “We’ll get home one way or another. You don’t have to do this.”

“Robin, you have said it yourself. We have run out of options. This might be our last chance...” She gives him a weak smile. “I want to help us get out...”

“Good, it’s settled then. One hybrid baby for one remote,” says Q, rubbing his palms in excitement. “Are you ready, Tamaranian?”

“Yes,” she replies, simply.

“Hold your hand out like so,” he says, holding his hand out with his index finger slightly extended. Starfire copies his movements. He touches his finger against hers and there’s a flash of white light. When it dies down, there’s a pale orange child in Q’s arms, and he was rocking it. “Perfect!”

“And the remote,” says Starfire, looking up shyly.

“Of course, I’m a man of my word.” There was another flash of light in Starfire’s hand and Control Freak’s remote appears. In another flash, Q was gone, with no sign he had ever been there.

“Star, are you okay,” asks Robin, walking up to her.

“Yes. I did not feel a thing,” she says, not quite meeting his eyes. She hands him the remote.

“Okay, Team! Let’s go home...”



# RAVEN & BEAST BOY

## TRAPPED IN THE TV DIMENSION!

### Chapter 25 - Sex and the Titans -

It's been a week since we made it out of the TV Dimension in one piece. Cyborg has been doing scans on us since then and he hasn't been able to find any discrepancies in our DNA. No powers have been mixed up into the wrong bodies. No switched personalities. Nothing. It seems that using the remote circumvents the glitch Cyborg was having ejecting us out before. So, we've all gone back to our regular lives.

Well, everyone except for Starfire. Something has profoundly changed in her since producing a baby with an omnipotent being. She's withdrawn from the rest of us. Especially from Robin. She can't look him in the eyes anymore. Star just walks out of the room if he's around. It's also made things very awkward on missions

Robin, on the other hand, has completely immersed himself into his work. He barely leaves his room for more than a few minutes, unless there's a mission. In that case, he's completely aggressive, beating villains down without a thought for their lives. Gar And Cyborg have had to hold him back a few times. It's like that time he decided to go after Slade, only this time, there's nobody for him to find.

That leaves me with the question; can superhero relationships work?

"Of course, they can," says the pink haired girl. She was holding a cup of soda in one hand. Her hair was held back in a pony tail instead of her usual horseshoe look. "I mean, look at my relationship with Wally. We've been together for a while now and don't have any issues. Of course, he's got his life as Kid Flash and I have mine as Jinx. We try not to mix them up too much. It's hard to work with the person you're with."

"I don't agree," chimes in Raven, putting down her slice of pizza. "Gar and I work very well together."

"But what about the time we were fighting the Sirens," asks Starfire, not touching any of her food.

"Okay," admits Raven, with a sigh. "So, it's a little tough in the beginning. I may have crashed into numerous walls. But, once our relationship found it's balance, we became more in sync during our missions."

"Girl," calls a black girl with two perfectly round buns of hair on her head. She leans forward on the table and gives them a conspiratorial look. "I've had many relationships before Victor, but there is nothing like getting it on with a super. Regular men just don't cut it! When his batteries are full..."

"Oh, my," says Starfire, coving her mouth with a napkin.

"What about you, Star? How are things going with Robin? I bet he likes to stay up all night," teases Bumblebee, wagging her eyebrows.

“Um, we do not have the relationship,” she replies, shrinking down in her chair.

“What are you talking about,” asks Jinx, swallowing the last of her soda. “Wally said that Robin told him you guys were just keeping it on the down low.”

“We were,” she replies with a blush. “But then the thing happened with Q and...”

“Star, is Robin really upset about that,” asks Raven, turning to her. “If you hadn’t made that sacrifice, then we’d still be trapped in the TV Dimension with the system crashing around our ears.”

“Yes, he has said as much, but...” Star wipes at her green eyes with a napkin. “He has stopped talking to me. I also do not know how to react to his presence. I have been intimate with another...”

“Wait, intimate,” asks Bumblebee, clearly interested in the conversation. “I thought you just touched fingers with some guy on TV...”

“Yes, but that was only what could be seen in normal space and time. I can not explain in words what happened,” Star admits, starting to glow a deeper shade of orange.

“I thought you said you didn’t feel anything?” Raven had also started to pay closer attention to the conversation.

“Yes, once again, that’s what I could perceive,” she starts.

“In time and space. Yeah, we got that,” finishes Jinx. She had folded her legs beneath her while listening. “But what was it like?”

“Well, it is like having a person so far inside you that you do not know where you start or they end,” she whispers, covering her face with her hands.

“Dang, girl,” mumbles Bee. “That’s more than friends with benefits...”

“Star, you aren’t attracted to that Q person, are you,” asks Raven, gently. She put her hand on Starfire’s back.

“No, I am only interested in Robin. I just do not know how to get him to understand...”

“Just walk into his room wearing nothing but a pair of high heels and a smile,” says Jinx, leaning back in her chair.

“Jinx,” Raven and Bumblebee say in unison.

“I’m just saying. It worked for me and Wally...”

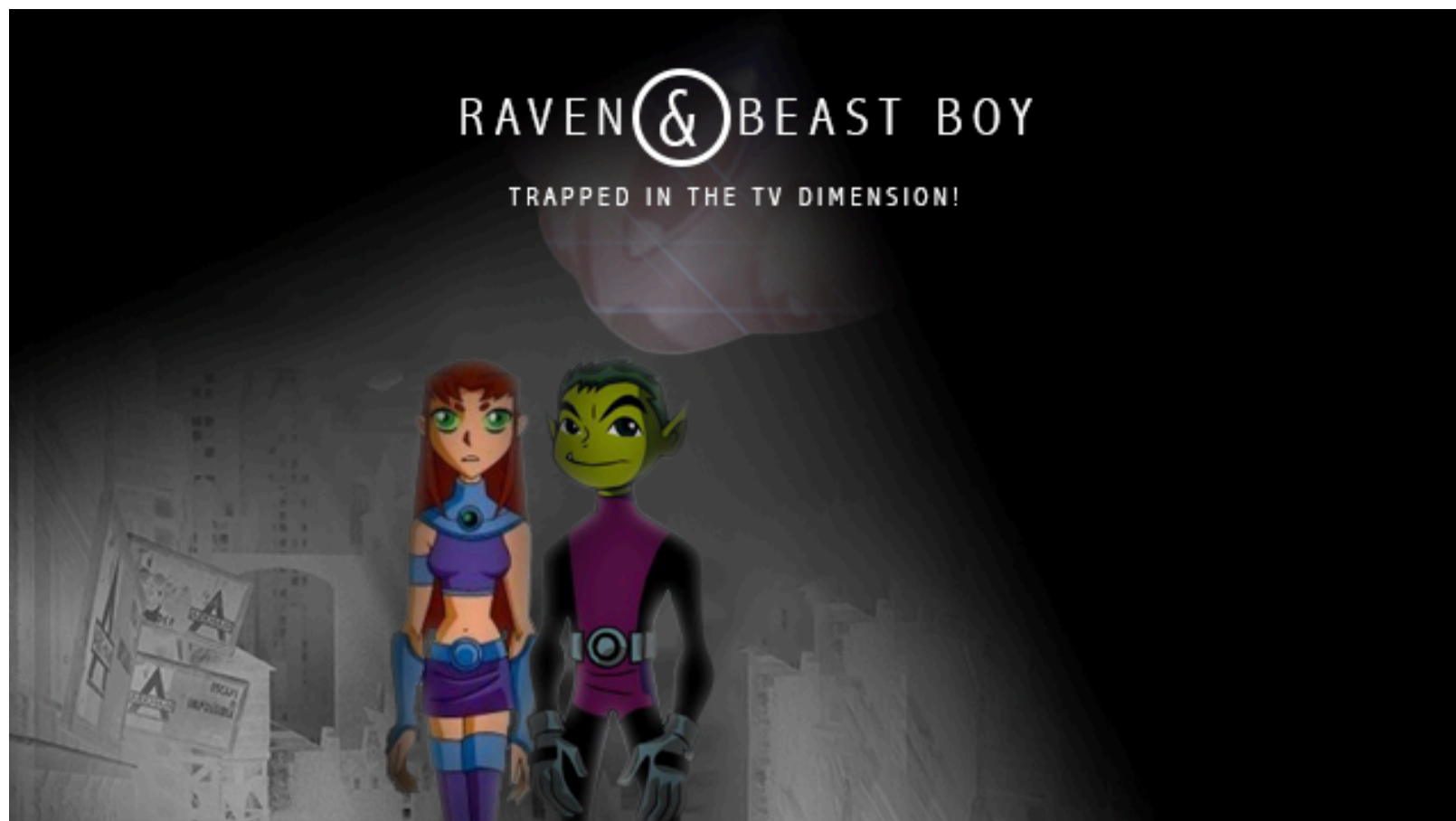
“Star, Robin still loves you. I think he just needs time to get over what happened. Not just with Q, but also getting trapped. He feels like it’s his fault.” Raven rubs her back, trying to comfort her. Starfire embraces her tightly.

-

At times, I have to agree with Jinx. Working with the person who you have a relationship with can be difficult. They can distract you. They can feel responsible for things that happen to you. They could even end up calling it quits. But when things work, like they do for Gar and myself, it can be amazing. Being trapped in the TV Dimension could have been the worse thing to have ever happened to me. And it was really bad, at times, but it would have been worse without him.

For all the horror we went through, we also had some amazing times. That day by the lake. The spa where he proposed to me. Those weeks at the Chateau. They’re memories I’ll always treasure.

So, do superhero relationships work? My answer is yes. They may not always work. Part of a relationship is finding the right person, too. But when you do, then it doesn’t matter what hell you’ve been put through. You’re stronger because they were right there with you. You keep each other going when otherwise you would have fallen. And I think that’s worth it, don’t you?



Chapter 26  
- The T-Files -

Beast Boy was sitting at a desk in his room, tapping a pencil against a piece of paper, and staring off into space. He had been tackling the mounds of clothes that were on the floor when he had found this piece of paper. On it was a theory that the pizza place they always ate at wasn't using vegan cheese. Gar had been noticing a certain bloating and gassiness every time they ordered their usual pie. He was just pondering what to do next when his door chime went off.

"Beast Boy, it is Starfire. Are you clothed," comes a voice from the other side of the door.

"Yeah, come on in, gorgeous," he says, absentmindedly.

"Oh, that is good," she says, as the doors slide open. Starfire's green eyes open wide as she glances inside. "I suppose you are not done cleaning the room?"

"Huh," he asks, turning around to look at her. He then takes a glance at the condition of his room. "Oh, no. I started but then I found this. Come take a look."

"Uh, okay," she says, silently glad for her ability to fly. She floats over to him and hovers next to his chair. "Is this some sort of humor you are working on? The fart joke?"

"What," he asks, chuckling. "Fart joke? No, I think the pizzeria has been putting real cheese on our pizza. Haven't you noticed any stomach changes?"

"No, Tamaranian digestion is not like human digestion. We do not get the gas," she says, matter of factly.

"Well, I'm going to go find Raven and get to the bottom of this." Starfire grabs his arm as he gets up.

"Wait, friend Beast Boy! That is why I have come to you. Best friend Raven has gone on a mission with the others. I have stayed behind," she starts, but trails off before she can finish. Her eyes drift off to the corner of the room.

"Hey, that's okay, beautiful! You can be the Scully to my Mulder on our own mission," he says, rubbing her arm with his hand lightly.

"What is a Scully," she asks, looking over to him. Their green eyes meeting, suddenly. His cheerful ones gazing into her sad ones.

"Don't worry about it. Let's go," he says, pulling her floating body along with him.



“Beast Boy, why are we dressed in these clothes,” asks Starfire, wearing a gray pant suit with a brown trench coat over it.

“Because we are in disguise,” he replies in a loud whisper. He was also wearing a similar outfit. They were both standing across the street from the pizzeria.

“Why are we standing over here? Should we not just go inside and ask about the cheese?” She cocks her head at him in question.

“The cheese,” chuckles Beast Boy. “No, Star. This is a stakeout! I have it on good info that the pizzeria gets it’s supplies today. We need to keep watch and see what they get.”

“Ah, here comes the large truck,” she points out, watching a sixteen wheeler roll in towards the back of the store.

“Good job, Cupcake,” he says, smiling at her. “See? This mission would fail without you. How could Robin not take you with the rest? Now let’s see what they are getting!” He pats her shoulder and then takes off towards the pizzeria. Starfire’s face lights up in a small smile as she floats after him.

-

Two large men with bear bellies were unloading large crates into the back of the pizzeria. Beast Boy and Starfire are hiding behind the bushes and watching them. Suddenly, BB ducks down and pulls Star with him. She gives him a questioning look.

“Okay, they are almost done. We need to get in there before the doors close. I’m going to go in as a fly. What I need from you is to go around front and distract the guy at the register. Make sure he doesn’t go into the back until you see me again, got it?” He looks at her with all the seriousness he could muster.

“I will talk to the person at the register. What should I talk to him about,” she asks, the confusion apparent on her orange face.

“Good question,” he replies, thinking hard. “Ask him what kind of cheese he puts on the vegan pizzas! If he starts to get nervous, then we know something is up!”

“Okay, I will ask him the question,” Starfire says, getting up and heading for the entrance.

“Good luck,” he whispers to her, as he turns himself into a fly.

Beast Boy makes his way as quickly as his little wings could move him. He slides through the doorway just as one of the large men were closing the door. He flies over to a corner and waits for the employee to leave the room. There is the sound of a bell and Starfire’s voice could be heard in the distance. The employee leaves and Gar turns back into his human self.

He starts sneaking around and looking at all the labels for the boxes that came in today. There were crates of tomatoes, boxes of shredded cheese, and all kinds of toppings. What he couldn’t find was any sign of the vegan cheese. He then slips into their refrigerator and starts looking. Finally, in a corner of the fridge, there were all the vegan ingredients. Vegan cheese, sausage, and even beef crumble. Beast Boy snaps a picture on his t-phone and slips back out.

-

Starfire walks into the pizzeria and hears a bell chime from the door. She doesn’t see anybody at the register so she walks up to the counter.

“Hello, is there anybody here,” she asks, looking toward the open door leading into the back room. A few seconds later, a guy in his twenties walks out and does a double take when he sees her.

“Uh, hey,” he says.

“Yes, I would like to know what kind of the vegan cheese do you use, please,” asks Starfire, her face all business.

“Oh, yeah, we use Daiya like just about everybody else,” he says, leaning forward on the counter.

“But my friend said he ate here and got digestive distress after eating the vegan pizza,” she replies, a slight bit of anger to her voice.

“Oh, that must of been when Johnny was working here,” replies the employee. He scratches at his head under the hairnet. “Dude got fired for putting dairy on the vegan pizzas. He hated vegans, man.”

“Ah, and you would not do that, kind pizza person,” she asks, batting her eyelashes at him.

“Nah, I need my job, man,” he replies, looking around nervously.

Just then, Beast Boy’s fly form passes right by Starfire’s face, and flies towards the door.

“Thank you for your honesty,” she tells him, turning around and walking out of the pizzeria.

“Hate to see you go,” he replies, watching her every step.

-

Once across the street, BB changes back, pulling Star around the corner into the alley. He looks around, making sure the coast is clear, before saying anything.

“I only found their vegan supplies in the walk in fridge,” he says, pulling out his phone.

“Yes, the man in the store informed me that they use the Daiya,” she responds.

“Right, but something still isn’t right,” he replies, flipping through the photos on his phone.

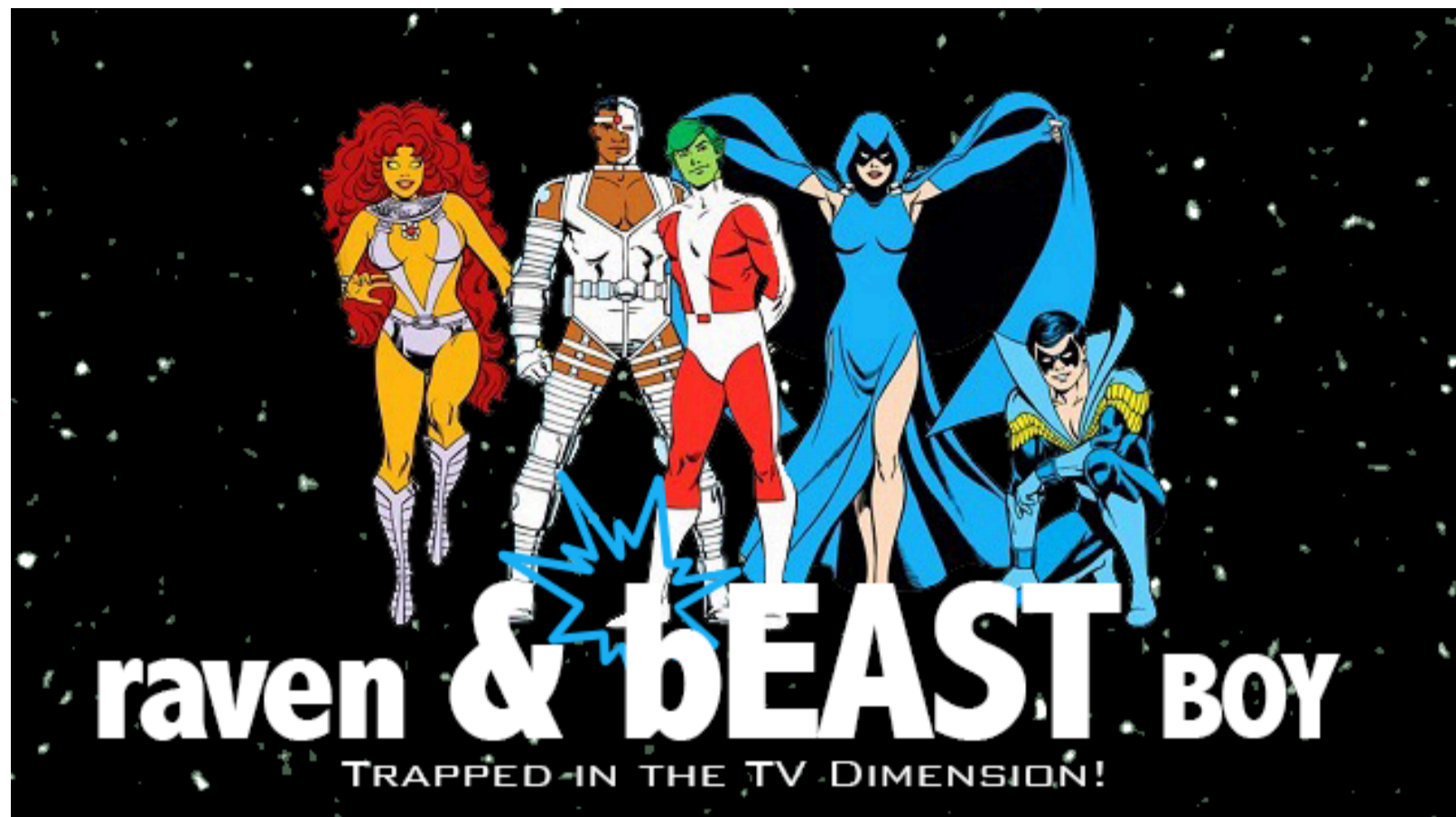
“Beast Boy, the man informed me that Johnny was putting the dairy cheese on the pizzas,” she says.

“Dude! No wonder I always got a bad vibe around him,” BB yells out. He shoves his phone back in his pocket.

“Yes, I believe you would call him the douche,” she adds.

“Totally,” he exclaims, smiling at Starfire. “Well, gorgeous, you’ve singlehandedly solved the case. Not just that, but you’ve saved me, too! You can always be on my missions, Star.”

The sad smile Starfire had on her face slowly changed into a genuine one. The two Titans went back to the Tower to order some vegan pizza and watch some TV. Gar even introduced her to The X-Files which Star thought was a documentary about two real FBI agents.



## Chapter 27

### - The Grayson-Logan Polarization -

Four Titans are sitting around the common room. Beast Boy is attaching a device to the lamp next to the television. Robin and Cyborg are sitting on the couch watching him. Starfire was floating in the air behind the other two.

“Okay, the X10s are online,” says Beast Boy, walking over to the rest of them.

“Gentlemen, and lady,” says Cyborg, nodding to Starfire. “I’m about to send a command, using my voice, that will travel through the fiber optic cables running through the tower, to the computer core, where it will race back up from the basement, to the X10 attached to this lamp. Computer, lights...”

After only a few seconds, the lamp turns on and the others cheer.

“I’ve got goosebumps, guys,” says Robin, rubbing his arms.

“Are we ready on the stereo,” asks Cyborg.

Starfire flies over to the music player and checks the back. She then turns to Cyborg and says, “Go for the stereo!”

“Computer, play the main title theme from Terminator,” calls out Cyborg.

After a few seconds, the drum beat from the song starts blaring loudly. The walls were shaking from the power of the bass. Cyborg starts walking around in jittery motions and aims his arm cannon at Starfire. She then feigns being shot and falls from the air. They all start to laugh.

“Hey guys,” says Raven, walking into the common room.

“Hello,” they all respond, calming down from their hysterics.

“It’s a little loud,” she adds, a look of mild annoyance on her face.

“No problem. Computer, turn it down,” calls out Cyborg. After a few seconds, the music lowers in volume until it was barely audible.

“Okay, thanks,” Raven says, turning around to walk away. Beast Boy jumps over the couch and grabs her arm.

“Babe, didn’t you see what we did,” he says, excitement all over his face.

“Yeah, you turned down the stereo with your voice,” she replies, unimpressed.

“No,” chimes in Robin, walking around the couch towards them. “We turned it down by sending a signal through the tower.”

“Oh, you know you could just have gotten up and used your hand. It would have been cheaper...”

“But, babe,” BB whines. “Now we can all use our voices to control things in the tower.”

“I thought we were already doing that,” Raven replies, wanting to get out of this conversation.

“No,” adds Robin. “We could ask the computer for information, but now we can ask it to use any device in the Tower.”

“Great, that’ll come in real handy when we are all bruised and broken from battle. I need to get back to my meditation,” she says, pulling away and leaving.

-

“You know, guys,” says Robin, picking up a cardboard box from the ground. “Raven’s right. Next time there’s a big battle, this is going to be eight hours well spent.”

“I can not be harmed in that way,” says Starfire, flying to the trash bin with scraps of paper.

“Yeah, I’m with Star,” chimes in Cyborg. “Even if my exoskeleton got battered, I can just come back and replace the parts.”

“I suppose you might need some assistance in changing a part,” adds Starfire, flying back to them.

“She’s right, Cyborg. You can’t change your arm if both arms are damaged,” says Robin, walking back over to them from the trash bin.

“Robin” says Beast Boy, pulling a letter from out the trash. “Why is this letter in the garbage?”

“Because I threw it out.”

“It’s from the Titan’s East,” he says, reading the letter. “They want us to present our mission report on the TV Dimension.”

“I know. I read it,” says Robin, sitting down on the couch.

“Dude! Why’d you throw it out.” Beast Boy walks over to him with the letter in hand.

“Because I have no interest in standing in front of the Titan’s East and explaining to them my failures as a team leader,” he says sternly.

“I don’t know, Robin,” says Cyborg, sitting up straighter. “They need to know about the TV Dimension. Who knows if Control Freak will thaw out?”

“He won’t,” Robin says, simply

“Fine.” Cyborg raises his hands in supplication.

“Have there been any other times they’ve asked us to come in,” asks Beast Boy, dropping the letter on Robin’s lap.

“Beast Boy, you know this is the first report you’ve ever actually worked on,” says Robin, tossing the letter aside.

“Oh, my,” gasps Starfire, covering her mouth. Her eyes growing wide at Robin’s words.

“Robin, that was uncalled for,” says Cyborg, reaching out to him. Robin smacks his hand away.

“Enough, guys. We’re not doing this!”

“Fine, I’ll do it,” BB says, almost inaudibly.

“You can’t. I’m the leader,” says Robin, leaning forward.

“I don’t care. They need to know what happened to us,” Beast Boy says, gaining courage with every word.

“I forbid it,” Robin replies, his eyes becoming like steel.

Gar lets out a scream of frustration and storms out of the room.

“Oh, no,” sighs Starfire. Not only does her head and shoulders drop, but her whole body sinks a couple of inches lower in the air.

-

Raven was standing in the middle of Beast Boy’s room, levitating piles of clothes with her magic, and pulling pieces out. BB was sitting on the bed and sulking.

“So, how’s it going with Robin? Is he still not talking to you,” she asks, making a face as an old burrito falls out of one pile.

“Nope,” he says with a sigh. “AND he keeps giving me that Batman staring at the Joker look. You know, the one that means, one more pun and I’ll put your lights out!”

“Hey, look, you still have a spare suit,” she says, sliding it out from another pile of clothes. “Wait, what’s this?”

“Damn,” he says, watching her pull a small black box from out yet another pile. “It was going to be a surprise...”

“Gar,” she says, opening the box to find an engagement ring in it.

“It’s a replica of the one I gave you when we were at the spa,” he says, getting up and walking over to her.

“It’s beautiful. But why were you hiding it?” She takes the ring out of the box and puts it on.

“Things have been weird since we got back. I didn’t know if you still wanted to be with me,” he says, looking away. “I mean, there was also that whole thing about leaving the Titans...”

“Gar,” Raven whispers while taking his face in her hands. “My feelings haven’t changed. I’m just being influenced by Starfire and Robin. It has nothing to do with you.” She kisses him lightly on the lips. “Now, isn’t there any way you could do something about Robin?”

“No,” he says, resting his forehead against her’s. “He’s birdpoop crazy... But if things get any worse then I think you’re right... Maybe it is time to go...”

-

“Hey, Robin,” says Raven, walking out from her room.

“Hello,” he says, walking past.

“So, where are you going?” She starts walking after him.

“I’m just going to my lab. Got a lot of things to work on,” he says, not slowing his pace down.

“So, about you and Gar,” she starts, but stops as he quickly turns on her.

“Drop it, Raven,” he says, anger seething beneath his face.

“Look, both of you need to get over this,” she says, letting a bit of his anger fuel her. “I understand you feel like this was all your fault, but it was just a little mistake.”

“A little mistake,” he shouts. “Do you call almost getting the entire team killed a little mistake?”

“Hey, Robin,” Beast Boy says, walking up from down the hall. “Instead of arguing, why don’t we...”

“Both of you need to drop this,” Robin shouts, sliding into the nearest room and closing the door. Raven looks at BB and just shrugs.

-

Beast Boy walks into the common room and sees Robin brooding on the couch. He takes a tentative step towards him and says, “Okay, I’m leaving for Titan’s East...”

“Have fun presenting my little mistake,” he mumbles, crossing his arms tighter.

“It’s not a big deal,” BB tries, hopeful. Robin just sits there silently.

“Gar, are you ready,” asks Raven, walking into the room.

“Dude. For the last time, come with us,” Beast Boy asks again.

“For the last time, no,” Robin replies.

BB drops his head and walks out of the room with Raven.

-

The team, minus Robin, were standing in the corridor outside the Titan’s East conference room. Raven was straightening up Beast Boy’s uniform. Cyborg was peeking in through the doors.

“They are all there, BB,” says Cyborg, walking back.

“All of them? Dude, I’m think I’m getting nervous,” replies Beast Boy, wiping sweat from his green forehead.

“It’s okay. You know the whole team. It’ll be fine, little buddy,” Cyborg says, with a smile.

-

“So, in the end, it was Starfire’s sacrifice that allowed us to get the remote and escape,” Beast Boy finishes, while the rest of the Titans all start to clap at the report’s conclusion. Starfire’s face was glowing a dark orange in embarrassment.

“What the hell was that,” asks a voice from out of nowhere. All the Titans start to look around.

“Who said that,” asks Beast Boy, looking around. Robin takes off his cloaking device and jumps onto the stage.

“You completely skipped the part where I let you and Raven go to a movie theater without vetting the place first,” Robin says, the anger showing on his face.

“Dude, I skipped it because it was my bad,” BB replies, pleading with him.

“No, Beast Boy, it was mine,” yells Robin. “I should have known better than to think you would have the forethought to check out where you had “won” tickets from.”

“Dude, do you know how many contests I enter? Being a Titan doesn’t exactly pay the big bucks!”

“Then maybe you should quit being a Titan if all you want is money!” Robin was walking off the stage without looking back.

“You know what? Maybe I will,” Beast Boy shouts back, jumping off the stage himself. “Come on, Raven...”

Raven and Beast Boy exit from one side of the building while the rest of the Titans go home.

-

Cyborg knocks on Robin’s door. The door slides open and he’s standing there with an annoyed look on his face. Cyborg takes a look over at Starfire before continuing.

“Robin, somebody recorded the whole thing and put it online,” he says, pulling out his phone.

“What whole thing,” asks Robin, looking at the video playing.

“Beast Boy quitting,” adds Starfire, sadly.

“Who would do that,” asks Robin, running his fingers through his hair.

“I did some digging but they covered their tracks good,” says Cyborg, putting away the phone.

“Well, I guess the world would have found out one way or another. Still, keep looking into it, Cyborg. It better not have been one of our own...”



Chapter 28  
- Gym Monsters -

“Rae,” whines Beast Boy, walking into the YMCA gym wearing some basketball shorts and a Jump City Sharks t-shirt. He was looking from side to side to see if anybody was looking at him.

“Gar, we need to keep our training up,” replies Raven, grabbing his hand before he could turn away. She was wearing black capri exercise pants with a black tank top. Her small ponytail bobbed as she walked. “Just because we aren’t part of the Titans anymore doesn’t mean we won’t have to use our powers.”

“I know,” he continues to whine, dragging his feet the whole way. “But I’m a shapeshifter! I’m always in pristine condition!”

“Oh, yeah,” she says, turning towards him. “Then explain why you were fat and bald in Starfire’s future.”

“Depression,” he tries, after a few seconds of silence.

“Nice try.” Raven starts pulling him toward the front counter again. “Besides, you used to train regularly at the Tower.”

“Yeah, but that was with the guys! In private! Not where everybody can see me...”

“Hello,” calls the woman at the counter. “Can I see your passes?”

“Yes. Here they are,” Raven says, pulling two membership cards out of a zippered pocket.

“Babe! When did you sign us up,” Gar whispers loudly in her ear.

“A few days after we got out of the TV Dimension,” she replies, a blush creeping up her face. “Just in case...”

“Here you go,” says the woman behind the counter, handing her the cards back. “Thank you!”

“You are one sneaky witch,” Beast Boy mumbles under his breath, yet there was a smile on his face.

Raven’s black sneakers pushed the peddles of the stationary bike at a steady pace. She had her arms crossed and was watching the news on the TV screen mounted above the handlebars. Beast Boy, on the other hand, was pumping hard at the peddles with his eyes closed.

“Gar,” she says, tapping his trembling form.



“Time up,” he asks, opening his eyes and looking over.

“It’s only been a minute,” she says, with a smirk. “No, look at the screen. It’s Robin and the others...”

“Today, at two thirty pm, an unknown person broke into the First Jump City Bank and stole all the diamonds in the vault,” came Robin’s voice from the speakers. “We’ve managed to-”

“Gar,” Raven asks, as he changes the channel on the television and jumps back on his bike.

“Forget about them, babe,” he says, starting up his speed once again. “Whatever they’re up to is there problem. We’re out!”

“What I was going to say is that you don’t need to ride so hard. This is just a warm up. You know, to get your heart beat up before doing the real workout?”

“What? I thought we were just going to do this and leave!” He sighs and slows his pace down to a crawl.

-

“Babe,” says Beast Boy, putting down his weights and whispering into Raven’s ear. “You see that guy over there?”

Raven starts to turn her head in the man’s direction.

“No, don’t look at him,” Gar whispers loudly. He then smiles when somebody nearby looks at him. “Just glance out of the corner of your eye,” he says, between his clenched teeth smile.

“Okay,” she says, doing as he says. She sees a guy who looked fit except for a giant bear belly. He was leaning on a machine and trying to chat up a half naked female gym patron. “What a sleaze...”

“Yeah, that’s Johnny,” he says, picking up his weights.

“Wait, that’s the guy who used to work in the kitchen of the pizzeria,” asks Raven, putting her weights down. “Wasn’t he fired for...”

“Yeah,” he almost yells. Gar does a few more reps before putting his weights back down. “I’m going to go confront him.”

“No, you aren’t,” she says, putting two hands on his sweaty chest. “You know I’m not happy with what he did, either, but it’s not illegal. It may be immoral...”

“Is it illegal to try to grab that gym bunny’s rear end while pretending to help her onto the pull-up bar?” Gar points back to Johnny and the patron. Raven’s eye begins to twitch as she turns her gaze onto him.

“Okay, I stand corrected. This man needs to be taught a lesson,” she mumbles, tying her tank top into a knot at her bra line.

-

“Yeah, so it’s all about the gains,” says Johnny, watching the woman’s sports bra as she lifts herself up over the bar. There was no reply from her as she drops back down. He watches the subtle jiggle as the sports bra did it’s job. “I mean, you got all these vegans going on and on about how healthy they are. You see this bod? Made with meat!”

The woman drops down to the ground and gives him a disgusted look. She then just turns around and walks away.

“Yeah, baby! It’s your loss,” he yells after her. “I like girls with a little more meat on their bones, anyways!”

“Excuse me,” comes a dark voice from behind him. “But I also like my men with more meat on their bones...”

“Yeah, that’s what I’m,” he starts, turning around to find Raven standing there. She had two pairs of red eyes and a mouth full of sharp pointy teeth. Her mouth stretched a bit too far as she smiles, exposing more teeth than a human mouth could hold. Johnny’s bladder starts to let go as his jaw drops.

“Hey,” came a voice from beside him, followed by a bunch of grunts. “You hitting on my girl?”

“Wa, wa, wa,” was all Johnny could say as he turns to him. In place of the meat-head he was expecting to see, there was a large green gorilla holding up the entire weight rack. Johnny’s rectum opens up and lets loose. A dribble of hot brown liquid starts running down his inner thigh, mixing with the yellow river already flowing there.

“Don’t worry about him, baby,” says Raven, her voice sounding like she was grating rocks in her throat. “You know I only like real men like you.” She walks over to Gar and wraps her body around him like a stripper pole.

“Yeah, I didn’t think I had anything to worry about this tough guy,” the gorilla responds, with one too many grunts. He puts down the weight rack and wraps his hairy green arm around her, grabbing her rear.

Johnny makes a sound deep within his throat before his eyes roll up into his skull. He suddenly falls on the ground and into a puddle of his own waste. Gar and Raven smile at each other as they transform back to normal.

-

“Well, that was an awesome workout,” yells Beast Boy, opening the door to their new apartment. “When do we go back again?”

“Easy, tiger,” Raven responds, toweling off her face. “You don’t want to turn into a gorilla permanently, do you?”

“Well,” he says, grabbing a water from the fridge. “If I get to scare people like that again...” He starts laughing.

“What we did was wrong, Gar,” Raven replies, trying to hide the smile on her face. “We shouldn’t have done that...” But she couldn’t stop herself any longer. The laughter bubbling up finally released to join Gar’s. They both stood there laughing until he spilled his water on the ground. Which then reminded them of Johnny and the laughing just got worse.



Chapter 29  
- Til The End Part 1 -

Gar was rolling around on the floor in the shape of a green cat. He looks over at Rachel, who was meditating, and sighs. He then starts rolling around on the ground again.

“Gar,” she says, opening one eyelid. “Are you okay?”

“Yeah,” he says, transforming back into human form. He was still on his back on the ground, though. “I just don’t know what to do with myself. At the tower, when we weren’t on missions, I was always playing games with Cyborg or training with Robin. Now...”

“I understand,” she says, holding out a hand towards him. He quickly gets up and takes her hand. Raven pulls him over next to her. “I felt awkward not having Starfire barge in on me during meditation. But I do know what might help...”

“Really,” asks Gar, his eyes opening wide in excitement. “I should probably shower first, though!”

“I’m not talking about sex,” she says, ruffling his hair with her hand. “Why don’t you meditate with me? I have to admit, I kind of miss having Star as a meditation buddy. It’ll bring us closer together.”

“I don’t know, babe,” he says, scratching at his green arm. “I’m not really a be quiet and do nothing sort of dude...”

“Nobody is, Gar. That’s not the point,” she says as she floats down onto the ground. She then pulls him down with her. “The point is to let your thoughts flow freely through your mind. Thoughts may even pop up to the front of your mind that you didn’t know you had.”

“Well, if it’s thoughts about pizza, then I can tell you right now that my tummy knew about it,” he says, with a guilty smile. Rachel just gives him a stern look and he sobers up quickly. “Okay, babe, I’ll try...”

“Just focus on your breath,” she says as Gar closes his eyes. “Breath In for a count of five and then release for a count of five. Let go of all the thoughts coming into your mind. See them but don’t hold onto them. Let them flow around like water. Just observe them...”

Raven opens her eyes to find herself back in the Tower. She was sitting on Robin’s bed and watching him work at his table. He had on a pair of goggles and was using a mini torch to weld pieces of electronics together. Raven watched him carefully. He wasn’t in uniform, which was unusual, but in an undershirt and boxers. The

muscles in his arms would flex when he got nervous about a particular spot he was welding. Then it would relax when he was done. She was just watching his strong arms for a while before she noticed he was looking over at her.

“Are you done meditating,” he asks, raising the goggles off his eyes. There was a warmth there that gave Raven a touch of heat to her cheeks.

“Yeah, I was just watching you work. Are you almost done with the new version of the T-phone,” she asks, knowing he could see the blush on her face and not caring.

“Yeah, if we are lucky, these will only respond to our personal touch.” He walks over to her and sits on the bed next to her. Raven’s body slides against his as his weight changes the angle of the mattress. Robin holds out the phone to her. “Try it.”

“Okay,” she says, trying to fight against her natural shyness. She places her hand over the phone and leaves it there for a second. Her skin relishing the warmth of his hand beneath her’s. She then blushes and takes the phone. “So, just use it like normal?”

“Yeah,” he replies, sliding a strand of her purple hair behind her ear. Raven fumbles with the phone, forgetting at that instant just how it’s supposed to work. Robin takes her trembling hand in his and helps her handle the device. “Like this…”

“Uh, Starfire, are you there,” she calls into the phone, her voicing sounding distracted even to herself. She was too busy looking into Robin’s eyes to notice the call never went through.

“See,” he says, smirking. “Only I can use this one. Now, once I make the same changes to the rest of the communicators, then nobody will be able to get into our network.” Robin then gets up and starts walking back to his table.

“Wait,” she whispers, taking his arm in her grasp. She pulls him back towards the bed until he was standing between her legs and looking down at her. “Can’t you spare a few moments?” She looks up at him with sad eyes.

“I should get back to work, but I guess I can spare a few minutes,” he says, bringing his lips down onto her’s.

“Okay, Team,” calls out Robin, standing in front of the couch in the common room. “These are your new T-phones. They will only work for you and nobody else. If you need to use another Titan’s communicator for any reason, there’s an emergency button located here.” He motions to the corner of the device with one finger. “That will send out a general distress signal with your location to all the other devices.”

“Dude! That’s so cool,” calls out Beast Boy, as Raven hands him a phone. “Thanks, beautiful.”

“Please refrain from using such language with me, shapeshifter,” she responds in a dull voice. Raven moves on from him quickly.

“Thank you, Raven,” says Starfire, taking a phone from her.

“Thanks, Raven,” says Cyborg, taking the last device and checking it over. “How did you manage to fix the biometric feedback loop, Robin?”

“Well, it wasn’t me,” he says, wrapping an arm around Raven as she walks back to him. “Raven helped me. She taught me to meditate and the idea just popped out. I just added a buffer.”

“Nice going,” Cyborg replies, looking at the device again. “It’s a very impressive accomplishment.”

There was a chime from Robin’s door as Cyborg stood there. He waited for a few minutes until he thought Robin wasn’t in. Then, as he was turning away to leave, Robin appears from the sliding door. His room was a bit of a mess and there was a human shape hiding under his covers.

“Yeah. Cyborg,” he says, slightly out of breath. He was still trying to adjust his shirt. “What is it?”

“Well, Beast Boy seems to have won some tickets to a movie screening. He wanted to take Starfire, but I thought it’d be best to check with you, first.” Cyborg was trying to only look Robin in the eyes. He felt uncomfortable that he had just interrupted the couple’s intimate time.

“Did you do a background check on the company behind the contest,” asks Robin, his facing becoming all business.

“Yeah, it seems to be legit. Except that the theater where it’s scheduled to be held at has been closed for years,” says Cyborg, showing Robin a readout on his arm.

“Well, that doesn’t seem right,” says Robin, his face glowing from the light on Cyborg’s arm.

“Yeah, I didn’t think so, either. Do you want to go check it out?”

“Yeah, give me a few minutes to get ready and we’ll head out. Thanks for staying on top of this, Cyborg,” he says, patting him on the arm.

-

Robin walks back into his room as the doors slide closed. The only light in the room was the glow of Raven’s candles, which had fallen onto the floor. He turns the dimmer up slightly before turning off all the candles. He then walks over and pulls back the sheets from Raven’s head. Her shy face stared up at him from under the covers.

“Looks like we got a mission,” he tells her, sitting down on the edge of the bed.

“Sorry about your room,” she whispers, covering her mouth with the edge of the covers.

“It’s no big deal. We know this happens with the way your powers work. I had already put away anything fragile.” He leans down and kisses her on the forehead. “But this does seem serious. I think its about time for Dick and Rachel to become their bird personas once again.”

“You sure we don’t have a few more minutes,” she asks, sliding a hand out from under the covers. “I don’t think I’m ready to let you go...” Raven’s eyes glow a light red as she drags her nails down his arm.

“Well, maybe a couple of minutes...”

-

Raven’s eyes suddenly fly open. She looks around at the room she was in and see’s the familiar studio apartment she’d been living in with Gar for the past month. There was the mattress on the floor, the mini fridge in the corner, and the small TV they barely used. Gar was still sitting beside her with his eyes closed. His breathing was deep and slow. He was deep into his meditation. Raven licks her lips, nervously.



Chapter 30  
- Till The End Part 2 -

Gar opens his eyes into his room in the Tower. He was laying on the bed with an arm around a half naked Starfire. She was wearing small shorts and half a shirt as she snores lightly, floating half an inch over the mattress. Gar tiptoes his fingertips up her side and then rolls her towards him. Her floating form rolls in the air without moving forward. He then reaches over and nips at her nose with his lips.

“Garfield,” she mumbles, not opening her eyes. “I am not done with the recharging...” She rolls back away from him, her hair twirling in the air as she floats up farther from the bed.

“Two can play at this game,” he says, turning into a green squirrel. The small rodent climbs up the curtains and then launches himself over to Starfire. He lands on her side and easily makes his way back over to her face. The squirrel then starts tickling her nose with its whiskers.

“Okay, I am waking up,” she says, giggling. Starfire grabs the furry rodent and hugs it to herself as she twirls around in the air.

“Ah, getting dizzy,” says Beast Boy, turning back into human form. “Better put me down, gorgeous!”

“Aww,” she groans, slowly floating him back down to the bed. “Is my little were human feeling sick?”

“Yeah,” he says, with a little kids voice. “There’s just a big difference between flying and being flown, I guess.”

“Would you like me to do the kissing for the health,” she asks, as she places him on the bed and lands on top of him.

“Baby, that’s just about all I ever want from you!”

Gar walks out of the meeting with his new phone in hand. He casually walks about halfway down the hall before pretending to tie his laceless shoes. He can hear Starfire chatting with Cyborg a moment before she starts coming his way. Gar gets up as Starfire floats passed. They both duck around a corner and start nuzzling each other against a wall.

“Can you believe what Robin’s goth girlfriend said to me,” complains Gar, a look of annoyance on his face.

“I can not. You did not mean any offense to her,” says Starfire, running her hands through his hair. “Yet, I must admit that I did feel the jealousies.” She suddenly grabs his hair and yanks a bit.

“Ow,” he yelps. “But I thought you said we shouldn’t let the others know that we’re together.”

“We should not, Garfield, but that does not mean I need to like your flirtations with other woman,” she says, pulling his head back further.

“Okay, okay,” he says, with a slight whine. “But people might think something is up! I always flirt with chicks!”

“Fine,” Starfire relents, letting his hair go. She then kisses his lips in apology. “You may flirt with the chicks. I will try to refrain from my feelings of intolerance...”

“Hey,” he says, wrapping his arms around her tighter. “Just because I say those things to Raven, Bumblebee, Jinx...”

“Yes, many women,” cuts in Starfire, with an annoyed look.

“It doesn’t mean that I want to be with any of them. Ever since you kissed me when you landed from space,” he says, his eyes softening with the memory.

“I needed to learn the language,” she says, brushing her lips against his.

“I know,” he whispers against her lips. “But I’ve wanted you since then, Kori.”

“And you have me, Garfield. Are we not what they call roommates?”

“Well, you haven’t been back to your room for the past six months or so,” he says with a chuckle.

“It is true. The sleep recharging is better with your presence near by.” Starfire kisses him once more.

“Crap, I hear someone coming,” Gar yells out, turning himself into a fly and hiding in Starfire’s hair.

“Hey, Starfire,” says Robin, walking towards her. “Is everything okay? Why are you standing here?”

“I was just checking the new communication device you have given us,” she says, casually.

“Guys, when are you going to give me a chance at the controls,” complains Cyborg, watching the game behind the couch. Starfire and Beast Boy were going head to head in Super Nitro Racers. “This is like the eighth game you guys have played!”

“Dude, Star is learning how to play,” says Beast Boy, pulling on the controller for no real reason as he passes a pink car.

“Yes, this game is the most amusing,” says Star, only moving her fingers on the controller in light motions. Her pink car jumps over Gar’s green car and hits it’s nitro. She leaves his car in a cloud of white smoke. “Haha! I have won!”

“That’s eight games straight,” whines BB, dropping the controller on the table. Cyborg rushes around and grabs it.

“My turn,” he calls out, selecting his favorite racer. “I’ll show you how a real man races!”

“I am no longer interested in playing the game, Cyborg,” she says, getting up from the couch.

“Then it’s all you, BB! Prepare to get your butt smoked,” Cyborg taunts, selecting the next course on the screen.

“Hold up,” says Gar, pulling his phone out of his pocket. He reads over the screen for a few moments before his eyes grow wide. He starts jumping around in excitement. “Dude, I won free tickets!”

“That is good, Beast Boy,” Starfire says, smiling at him.

“Wait a minute,” says Cyborg, coming over. “Let me see that. You know what Robin said, we aren’t allowed to go to any invitation unless we’ve made sure it’s not a trap of some sort. Remember what happened with Terra before Robin and Raven...”

“Oh,” calls out Starfire, covering her mouth. “We do not talk about Terra...”

“Yeah, dude, I get it. Go ahead...”

-

“That was insane,” says Beast Boy, walking into his room followed by Starfire.

“Yes, I did not expect that Control Freak had created a mental duplicate of himself,” she says, closing the door behind them.

“Yeah, but can you image what would have happened if we had gotten caught in there,” he adds, pulling down the zipper on the back of his uniform.

“Oh, it would have been horrible,” she says, pulling her hair aside so he could unzip her as well.

“I mean, Cyborg found a ton of sick programs on that playlist. One of us would have probably tried to eat the other,” he says, kicking off his shoes and unbuckling his belt.

“You would have probably eaten me, my little were human,” says Starfire, raising her eyebrow at him with a smirk. Her skirt falls to the ground around her ankles.

“Kori, that’s not the type of eating I meant,” he says, letting his uniform fall down, too.

“Oh, yes, dear one. I did not mean it in that way, either,” she says, throwing her shirt onto a pile of clothes. Gar bites his lower lip looking at her form.

-

Gar’s eyes suddenly pop open. He looks around at the studio apartment he’s been living at with Raven. She was sitting next to him, cross legged, and looking into his face. Raven looked like she was analyzing his face.

“What,” he asks, suddenly feeling super nervous and guilty.

“Gar, did you just have some sort of dream,” she asks, tentatively. “A dream where the timeline was completely different?”

“Uh, yeah, you did, too?”





Chapter 31  
- Finale -

“So, I was with Robin,” Raven says, looking away with a blush. “And I seemed to have been his second in command.”

“Yeah, I noticed,” Beast Boy adds. “But, to be fair, I was with Starfire...”

“Starfire? How,” she asks, looking at him dubiously.

“Eh, seems she kissed me on that day instead of Robin...”

“Then what happened between you and Terra,” asks Raven, clearly interested.

“Seems it wasn’t me she was into. It was Robin. Before you two hooked up,” he tells her, taking it slow. “You don’t remember?”

“No, everything is murky outside of my time with Robin.” Her face reddens once more. “I do remember going to the theater but as a mission. Not as a date with you.”

“Yeah, I won the tickets again, but Cyborg stopped me from going.” Gar gets up and heads to the mini fridge.

“I don’t remember that part. What happened?”

“Nothing,” he says, pulling a bottle of water out and opening it. “Everything we saw was there, but we just bypassed it all. You phased into the building with Robin and pretty much took care of the entire thing. I was just standing outside with Cy and Star. We waited for a few minutes and then you guys opened the door. Robin said it was safe and we found the whole set up. The EVH was already shut down by the time Cyborg started going through the systems.” Gar takes a long gulp of water before sitting back down.

“So, in another time and place, we hate each other yet we didn’t have to go through all that,” she says, thinking out loud.

“Yeah, totally sucks,” Gar adds, shrugging. “Thinking of confessing your feelings to Robin?”

“Not exactly,” she says, but the blush was still on her face. “But it does make me wonder what’s trying to warn us. What if something bad will happen if we stay together?”

“Something bad,” yells Gar, taking a breath before continuing. “Something bad already happened, babe. The TV Dimension. Robin and his control issues. I think we are better off without all of it.”

“But why the vision, Gar?” Raven reaches out and takes his hand in her’s. “It’s a warning. I know it.”

“If it’s a warning about us being together then I don’t care,” he says, squeezing her hand. “I love you, Rachel. Starfire’s hot but she’s not you. Do you want to be with Robin?”

“No, I used to have a crush on him but that’s in the past.”

“With the way things are going with Starfire right now, this is your shot,” Gar adds, a little bitterly.

“Gar, I said no,” she says, looking into his eyes. “I’ve been out of the vision for half an hour and I’m still wearing your ring, am I not? If I wanted out then I could have just left already.”

“Then we’ll stay together until the end,” he says, bringing his face up to her’s. “No matter what fresh hell may come at us.”

“Til the end,” she repeats, bringing her lips to his.



## - Notes -

Trapped, as I like to call it, is loosely based on the AUGust 2018 challenge on Tumblr. The prompts, plus the shows and movies that influenced the different chapters go as follows:

Soulmate - Supernatural  
College - Raw  
Single Parent - Bates Motel  
Enemy - Dance in the Vampire Bund  
Laundromat - Fahrenheit  
Hogwarts - Harry Potter  
Famous - Notting Hill  
Kwami Swap - Miraculous Ladybug  
Summer Camp - Code Name: Kids Next Door  
Secret Agent - Burn Notice  
Mermaid - Teen Titans  
Royalty - Beauty and the Beast  
Fake Dating - Beauty and the Beast  
Reincarnation - Beauty and the Beast  
Life Swap - The Matrix  
Neighbors - That 70s Show  
Sidekick - Invader Zim  
Circus - American Horror Story: Freak Show  
Reverse Crush - Battlestar Galactica  
Coffeeshop - Friends  
Childhood Friends - Beavis and Butthead  
Crime - True Blood  
Historical - Rouroni Kenshin  
Office/Workplace - Star Trek  
FWB - Sex and the City  
BFF Swap - The X-files  
Internet - The Big Bang Theory  
Gym - Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles  
Time Travel - Teen Titans  
Roommates - Teen Titans  
Dealer's Choice - Original Content



My versions of both Raven and Beast Boy are conglomerations of their various media appearances, but try to be as close to the animated 2000s show as possible. If you have watched the show, but don't quite understand where the story starts off, it's because this story is also a continuation of my work for BBRae Week 2018. If you are interested then please keep reading below.

## Can't help falling in love with you: 233rd

Two hundred and thirty-two times.

That's how many times I was able to disregard his feelings.

Two hundred and thirty-two times.

Then there was the two hundred and thirty-third.

It happened within the moment of a heart beat. He came to me with those big green eyes of his looking all sad. For once, he wasn't there to get a rise out of me. He wasn't there to pull some sort of prank. He wasn't there trying to be anything at all. That's when it happened. When he came to me looking for a friend. That's when I looked into his soul through those sad green eyes of his. That's when I let my guard down. Without even thinking about it, I was feeling everything that he had ever felt for me, as those thoughts whipped through his unconscious. The times that he hated me. The times that he felt crushed from my rejections. The times he felt hopeful from some slight give that I may have given. Most of all, the love he has felt for me for so long that he ached with it.

I tried to deny him once more. I tried to put that fragile wall back up in my mind, but it was too late. Without even doing anything at all, I had completely fallen head over heels in love with Beast Boy...

"Raven," he called softly. I was facing the doorway as he came in. My eyes were closed but my astral eyes could see him just fine. "I know you are busy meditating, but..." I watched him ring his hands nervously.

"It's fine," I replied without opening my eyes. It made me feel safer. It helped me keep the illusion that I was still in control. Not Raven's heart, but Rachel Roth's mind. Then I saw him perk up just at the acknowledgment, and my heart sank so low I could feel it in my gut.

"It's just that I didn't know who else to talk to..." His pain radiated once more from his heart and I could feel myself being pulled to it. I wanted to hold his heart in my hands and make the pain cease. I felt anger swell inside of me. With a desire to destroy whoever was causing Beast Boy this pain.

"What is it?" I opened my eyes and tried to give him a cool lavender gaze. I think it ended up coming off a little smokier than I had anticipated, but he was looking down at the ground and didn't see it. Good.

"Raven, I..."

"Call me Rachel," I said, at almost a whisper. I felt my usually pale face start to feel hot. I wish I had the forethought to have kept my hood on...

"What?" He looked at me in mild shock. "But I thought you said..." I looked into his green eyes once more. This time with my real eyes, not just the sight in my mind. His breath caught in his throat. I watched his Adam's apple bob up and down a couple of times as he tried to swallow. I guess he noticed the smokey look in my eyes, after all.

"It's fine. I think it's about time that we call each other our casual names. Okay, Garfield?" Why is my face turning into hot lava? All I did was say that he could call me Rachel. Why don't my emotions understand the logic of it all?

"Sure, Rachel," he said, slowly. Tasting my real name on his tongue. Trying to get his mouth to move into that unknown shape. My heart literally did a tiny flip in the sunken reaches of my chest. It's just a name but why does it make me feel this way? "Look, I've been talking to Robin and..." He chewed on his lip for a second. Trying to figure out the best way to proceed. I watched his right fang go up and down on his lip for what seemed like forever.

"It's alright. What do need to tell me?" I tried saying it softly. Carefully. Wanting him to understand that I understood how he felt. That from now on, it was going to be different because I knew. He took a deep breath, nodded and plowed through.

"Did you know that some birds mate for life," he asked softly, as he turned his eyes away from me.

"No, I'm not too familiar with Earth creatures," I lied to him. I'd been reading when I didn't have anything else to do. I'd read every book in Titan's Tower. Sometimes, just to have something new to read, I'd start scrolling through random pages on Wikipedia. But he didn't need to know that. Not now.

"Yeah, for example, the Atlantic Puffin doesn't mate until it's between three to six, but when they do..." He was rambling because he was nervous.

“They mate for life,” I asked gently.

“Yeah,” he said, then laughed nervously. I started to notice that he was shrinking as his laugh echoed through the room. Suddenly, there was a small green bird in the place where Beast Boy had been. Before the shock could register on my face, it flew up to my shoulder, and started to rub its bill against my cheek.

“Garfield,” I said, under my breath. I laid one hand on him while I leaned my cheek against him. Suddenly, I felt a sudden shift within my arms and we were holding each other.

“I’m glad you understand,” he said, holding me just a little bit tighter.

Two hundred and thirty-two times.

Two hundred and thirty-two times that I could have accepted his feelings for me.

Two hundred and thirty-two times that I was too scared.

Then there was the two hundred and thirty-third.

## **Pet Names: Teen Titans Vs. Gotham City Sirens**

“Hey, Red! Remind me again why we are in Jump City,” asks a clown faced woman. She fiddles with the bob on her cowl as she reclines in the back seat of a convertible.

“How many times have I already told you, Harley? We are here for,” starts a red haired lady dressed like the biblical Eve.

“We are here to have fun, girls,” interrupts the driver of the car. She’s dressed in a full black cat suit with goggles on her head.

“Not in my city,” comes a voice from the air. Suddenly, a kid dressed in a red shirt with the letter R on it drops from the sky onto the hood of the car. The driver almost loses control, but instead starts swerving on purpose. The kid drops into a roll on the street before getting up and posing dramatically. “Titans, go,” he calls out while pointing to the car.

“Here we go again,” says Harley in disappointment. From the sky appear two girls and a robot being held up by a pteranodon. “Girls…”

The robot drops right in front of the car and stops it on impact. The lady in the cat suit and Harley both do flips in the air and land on their feet. The lady dressed in leaves appears to command a vine to grow from the ground and lifts herself to safety.

“Alright, ladies. We can either do this the easy way,” starts the robot. He then transforms his hand into some sort of weapon. “Or the hard way! It’s your choice.”

“We haven’t done nothing, ya big galoot!” Harley jumps in the air and does a flip so she lands straddling the the robot’s shoulders. “I wonder what this does,” she says, as she starts pulling wires out at random.

“How about Honey,” asks the pteranodon to the girl in the hood.

“Beast Boy, I don’t think this is,” she starts, right before a vine whips her into a building.

“Hey, I was talking to her!” The giant flying lizard morphs into a T-rex and starts chomping the giant vines apart.

“Azarath Metrion Zinthos,” calls out the hooded girl. A black aura appears around her, shifting debris from the building she hit out of the way, and letting her escape the crater.

“Raven, are you alright,” calls the other flying girl from a few meters away.

“Fine, Starfire. Let’s just take care of the Sirens.” Both girls fly down into the continuing battle below.

The robot had managed to get Harley off his back, but not before she disabled his main power couplings. He was down on one knee. The boy in the red shirt had pulled out a metal staff and was dueling with the cat suited woman. She had some sharp looking claws on the ends of her gloves. Meanwhile, Harley had managed to get a mallet out of the car and was using it to bash the T-rex on the leg.

“Cyborg, are you hurt,” questioned Starfire.

“Nothing that can’t be fixed,” said the robot. “I’m sure Robin can hook everything back up as soon as we finish with them. Go get ‘em, Star!”

A bolt of black energy hits Harley as Raven floats down. Beast Boy gives a quick dinosaur nod before going back to his battle with the ever growing vines. Harley scrambles off her butt and picks her mallet back up.

“Let’s go, Gothgirl! Bring it,” screams Harley, poising herself for battle. Another black bolt sends her flying back on her rear end.

“Gothgirl, that’s a good one,” Beast Boy says between bites.

“I don’t think,” started Raven, as another vine smashed her into another building.

“Raven!” Beast Boy took a couple more chomps before turning into a mouse and running along the vines.

“Watch out, Ivy,” called a tied up Harley. It appears that between Starfire’s bolts and Robin’s grappling hooks, the only member of the Gotham City Sirens who was still standing was Poison Ivy. But Beast Boy didn’t care about all that. This was the second time that one of those vines hit his girl. He raced up the vines until he could see the one manipulating them. He then turned into a fly, flew right above Ivy’s head, and morphed into a bear. He landed with all the weight this creature possessed right on top of Ivy and pinned her down. He let out a spittle filled snarl right into her face.

“Alright, BB. We’ve got her,” said the kid in red.

“Thanks, Robin,” said Beast Boy as he returned to human form. “I gotta go check on Raven.” He rushed over to the crater in the wall that her body had made. He didn’t care that Robin was tying up Ivy or that Starfire was trying to help Cyborg. The only thing he cared about was Raven. “Babe, are you okay in there?”

“Babe..?” There was a slight rustle from inside. Beast Boy stuck his hand into the hole and felt around until he felt her hand grab his. He then gently helped her out and onto the ground. Raven’s usual pale demeanor was tomato red.

“Yeah, how about babe,” he said with a smile.

“Garfield, we are going to have to have a serious discussion about what times are appropriate for discussing our relationship,” she said, not looking at him in the face. “Hint, it’s not in the middle of a mission. But...” Beast Boy was already wincing from the fear of the tongue lashing he was going to get, but now he opened one eye and looked at her tentatively.

“But,” he asked, not sure what to expect.

“I like Babe,” she whispered, as he face turned up another shade of red.

“Babe it is, then!” Beast Boy had a giant smile on his face as he gave her a hug. “What about my pet name, though?”

Raven thought about it as they walked back to the others. Cyborg was back in order. Robin was tying up the Sirens together and Starfire was waiting to fly them back to Gotham. Raven took Beast Boy’s hand in her’s and gave it a squeeze.

“How about Honey?”

“What? I’m vegan,” he joked with her.

“Well, I’ll keep thinking,” she said with a smirk.

“Before Star takes you back to Gotham, I have one thing to ask you,” said Robin. He squinted his eyes at them. “What were you planning to do here? What mayhem had you planned to unleash on the good citizens of Jump city?”

“Catsy, Red and I were just here to go to the beach, bird brain!” Harley stuck her tongue out at the Titans.

“Harley’s right. Gotham has been so gloomy the past month, and I felt like I needed some sun or I was going to wilt,” added Ivy.

“Great job protecting the beach from three bombshells who just wanted some sand and surf,” replied Catwoman.

“Well... Um... Star?”

“Yes, Robin?”

“Take them home.”

Starfire nodded and picked up the rope with the three woman attached. She flew off in the direction of Gotham. Cyborg shrugged at Robin when he looked back. Raven and Beast Boy, though, weren’t paying attention at anything other than the sunset.



## Alone Together: BB's Log

Beast Boy's Log,

Um... What day is it again? Oh, I think it's Wednesday! Wait, did I go with Cyborg to the comic book store? There's this new issue of..! Oh, wait, that's not important. Heck, the day isn't even important. It's what happened last night that I NEED to document because... Wow!

Ehem!

So, last night I had taken a really long nap. I think I pigged out on too much tofu veggie pizza, because the next thing I knew, I was in bear form and literally hibernating! Anyways, when I woke up, it was late at night. I walked around the tower for a bit, but didn't see anybody around. I thought that was pretty weird, so I decided to knock on everybody's door. Usually, the team hates when I do that, but since it didn't seem anybody was home, I figured nobody would care.

I knocked on doors one by one but nobody answered. I was really starting to get worried when I got to Raven's room. What if something had happened to the team and I slept through it? What if something had happened to Raven?

"Rachel," I whispered as I knocked on her door. "Please tell me you're okay, babe..."

I waited until I had to remind myself to breath again. My hand was already coming up to knock again when the door slid open and a slightly blushing Raven stood before me.

"I don't know if I'm ever going to get used to that," she said, looking away.

"Babe!" I wrapped my arms around her and gave her a huge bear hug. I was so relieved that she was alright. But the question about the others was still nagging at the back of my brain. "Where's everybody else?"

"The others," she said, a little breathy. She pulled back from my hug and started to adjust her cloak. "Robin went back to Gotham to help Batman on a mission. Cyborg is updating his operating system, so he's in the lab, but not operational for a couple of days." She ran her fingers through her hair self consciously as I started to look intently at her face. "Oh, and Starfire went back to Tamaran for some sort of perfect space sister day... Or something?"

"So, what were you doing?" I flinched inside as I heard that annoying singsong-ness to my voice. Since we started this relationship, I've been trying to be a good partner, which involves being more mature. That wasn't a very mature tone of voice. But Raven didn't seem to think much of it. She just turned around and walked into the darkness of her room.

"I was just meditating," she said, as her voice trailed off into the darkness.

"Wait, don't go yet..."

"I'm not going anywhere, Garfield. When a girl leaves the door open it's because she's inviting her," her voice paused and then came out slightly softer. "Boyfriend in."

"Oh," I said, not really realizing what she had said. It took a minute for me to realize that she meant me! "Oh, right!" I tried not to sound overly eager, but I did have a slight swagger to my step as I walked into her room.

It took a minute for my eyes to adjust to the dim light inside her room. Raven never turned on the overhead lights. They were too bright for her, I think. So, she always had candles lit. Oh, and not those girly candles that smell like apple pie and stuff! These were legit creepy voodoo looking candles!

Once my eyes adjusted, I started to look around, and noticed Raven sitting crosslegged in mid air. Her eyes were closed so I figured she had gone back to meditating. I decided to just stand still and taken in her decor. I think I'm a little more Nerdcore than my dear bae. My room has tons of posters from bands and movies. My floors are covered with all sorts of junk. Cleaning up just isn't in any of the animal parts of my brain. I like things looking natural and lived it.

Raven, though, was really neat. Her room looked like it came from the catalog of Rooms to Goth. She had a four post bed with canopy. Everything on it was a purple so dark it passed for black in the dim lighting. There was a nightstand, vanity, and a desk all made from some dark wood. From the smell in the air, I would say it's probably pine, or maybe oak? The smell of polish seemed to overtake the natural oder of the wood so it was hard to be sure.

Yet there was nothing on any of it. Even the desk was empty of paper or pens. The only thing scattered about were candles.

But, what's that in the corner? It couldn't be. I looked over at Raven again, but her eyes were still closed, so I slowly made my way over to the corner of the room. On the wall, there was one framed photo. It was the only thing in the entire room that said somebody was actually living in here. That this wasn't a demo room so people could see what the furniture would look like outside of the store. As I got closer, all I could see was the reflection of a candle's flame. Yet there was something familiar about what I could see around the candle. Then I heard a soft sigh from across the room.

"You've got impressive eyes, Mr. Holmes," Raven said softly, with one eye open. She dropped her legs to the ground as if getting up from an invisible chair.

"Nah," I said with a chuckle. "You just don't have much else up to distract my ADD." I moved closer and finally saw what it was. A Valentine from years ago. A Valentine I had made Raven when she had first joined the Titans. I felt her hand on my shoulder and I turned to look at her. "Babe..."

"Yeah, I kept it. But don't get the wrong idea. I didn't have it framed on my wall for all these years." Her hand slid up my shoulder and rested on the back of my neck. Her fingers slowly stroked the hair on the nape of my neck. "It wasn't until you... You know..." Now she dropped her hand and turned away to hide her blush.

"But you kept it. That means that you," but the words wouldn't escape my lips. I raised my hand to her face and gently made her look at me. I was hoping my eyes could convey what my mouth couldn't. But her eyes read something different, because the distance between us was suddenly closing. It was like two magnets being drawn together. I don't think either of us could have pulled back even if we wanted to. So I let things go. I didn't fight it. When our lips touched, it was like an explosion in my chest, like an engine being fed nitro. My heart was beating so fast but I didn't care. We kissed for a little while. Maybe thirty seconds. Then Raven pulled away and adjusted her cloak again.

"Yeah," she said and turned away to hide the color of her complexion.

That's the exact moment that a building decided to catch fire. The Titan alarm went off just as she was turning back to me. We looked into each other's eyes for a second before nodding in understanding. Without a word, we went to the control room, and figured out where we were needed. The Titans don't stop for anything. Not even love. But what a great night that was! Even if that fire did singe off one of my eyebrows!

### **It's 3 a.m.: Night Fliers**

There's not a lot to like about being half demon. Your dad wants to use your body as a portal to take over the Earth. If your emotions get out of control you can turn into evil incarnate. People are always sensing something wrong lurking inside you even if you just saved their lives. But if there is one thing that I have always enjoyed, it's being able to let my soul-self soar free like a bird. And like a bird, I don't have to worry about all the stuff that entails being half demon.

I get out of the T-car and look around at the forest I'm in. There are large trees that disappear into the darkness of the night. Not a single person can be seen or sensed in miles. I look over the roof of the car to the driver. It's my green boyfriend, Garfield Logan. Or like most people know him; Beast Boy. He gives an enthusiastic stretch before turning his fanged smile on me. I've been getting better at controlling my blush around him, but there's just something about the way he looks at me...

"What are we doing here at three in the morning, Garfield? You know Cyborg is going to be angry when he finds out you took the T-Car without his permission," I tell him, hoping the distraction of talking will let the rush disperse from my face.

"What? You really think I would risk the Wrath of the Robot? Nah," he says, walking around the car towards me. "When I told him I needed the car to take you out on a date, he gave it to me with his blessing!"

"You told him," I asked as my face brightened again. I really hope this reaction goes away soon. So embarrassing. Garfield walked up to me and took my hand in his.

"Of course, Babe. How else would a law abiding citizen, like me, gain access to a vehicle, like this," he asks, bending down and kissing my hand. There my face goes again. I just don't understand why the human side of me can't seem to keep it's heat in check.

"We could have flown out here." I turned away from him, pretending to admire the trees or something, but I could feel his smile on my back.

"Then what would we do when we got here?" Without preamble, Beast Boy turned into a green raven, and flew over to the roof of the car. He looked at me, expectantly.

"You wanted to take me flying?" I looked at him, dubiously. We fly every day. To get to battles. During battles. Even to go to the grocery store. What made this so special. "Garfield..."

"Not with your body, babe," squawked the green raven. "Come FLY with me!" He few up into the air and started to circle around me. I knew what he wanted. I can't do it for long, but I could do it. Had I ever told him that I do this sometimes? I don't think so. Starfire must have told him.

I take a deep breath and cross my legs so I'm floating in mid air. As my eyes close, I start to call forth my spirit self through a mental chant of "Azarath Metrion Zinthos." In a few moments, my body is enveloped in a dark sphere of energy that shoots forth into the air in the shape of a large black bird. Hence my codename. Superheroes are so original.

We don't speak. He doesn't even give me a caw. We just fly up into the air and let the wind guide our movements. We fly over the trees and can see the city in the distance. The sky seems so dark yet you can still make out the gray clouds floating past. This was pure freedom. There is nothing more calming and relaxing than just letting yourself go. Yet, here I am with someone who drives me crazy. At first, he drove me crazy with his idiotic swagger. Now he drives me crazy with just a look. Even with all that, I can still be at peace with him here. In the air. Just two birds. Two love birds, I guess you'd say.

As my time for safe soul-self travel came to a close, I focused harder and tried to mold my bird shape more delicately. I landed on the car and looked over at my body. It was right where I had left it. Floating next to the car, undisturbed. Beast Boy landed next to me. I remembered what he said that day. About the puffins. Then he rubbed his beak on my cheek. I read up about that. It's called billing. It's kind of like bird kissing so I thought it was only appropriate to do it now. As a thank you for such a nice date, of course. After just a few mere seconds of bird kisses, I felt the need to reenter my body and did so. I looked up to see Beast Boy still in raven form on the car.

"That was a great date, Garfield. Thank you." As I took a step forward, to run my fingers over his feathered head, he transformed right into my arms. Not a word was said, but we stood there for a bit just holding each other.

There's not a lot I liked about being half human. It gave my dad a foothold into this world. I have all these emotions that refuse to stay under any sort of control. People tend to avoid me because they think I'm weird even when I'm

trying to socialize. But if there's one thing I have learned to enjoy, it's being around Garfield Logan. When I'm around him, I don't have to worry about being anything other than myself.

## **In-laws: Wedding Plans**

It's three days before the marriage of Garfield Logan and Rachel Roth. They both sit outside a small coffee shop in the heart of Jump City. Rachel pulls aside her tea bag and places it on the saucer to her teacup. Garfield takes a sip from his coffee mug but puts it down quickly. He shakes his hand in a "too hot to handle" motion.

"I hear what you are saying, Gar, but it's a human tradition to have your father give you away," says Rachel, stirring a lump of sugar into her tea.

"I know," replies Garfield. He gives a nasty look at his coffee as if it'll cool down faster if he does. "But what do you want me to do, babe? I don't think it'd be safe to try to bring Trigon back to life so he can give you away. I mean, it wouldn't be safe for us, it wouldn't be safe for the city, it wouldn't be safe for Earth..."

"I know," she says with a sigh. "It's a ridiculous thought. I think it's just all these tv shows and magazines that Starfire has been pushing on me. It's like they are brainwashing me into believing I need some sort of dream wedding instead of just needing you." She reaches across the table and takes his hand.

"You know, if you think about it, it's like the team is going to be our in laws!" Garfield chuckles and squeezes her hand lightly. "Robin and Starfire are like our parents!"

"And Cyborg is the creepy uncle," Rachel mumbles under her breath.

"I can't believe you just said that!" Gar rumbles with laughter. "I'm such a bad influence on you!"

"That's not the only way you've been a bad influence..." She smirks at him.

"Check, please!"

## **Silently Pining: Interview with a Cyborg**

I just can't believe how big this has gotten! Who would have thought that I would be getting interviewed about Beast Boy and Raven's wedding? I mean, I am Beast Boy's best friend, and the world LOVES superhero weddings, but dang! Anyways, so what was your question again? Oh, yeah! When did I first notice that there was something going on between those two? Well, there's always been something there, of course. I never needed the scanner in my eye to tell me that. But, let ol' Cyborg tell you about the first time I confronted BB about his little crush.

Now, this was back when we had first created Titan's Tower. That was a pain in the butt, but I know now's not the time for THAT particular story! Anyways, Beast Boy and I were playing Super Nitro Racers on the big screen TV in the common room. I had just gotten the surround sound installed just right so your fillings would quake when the engines started on the race cars! Ooo, what a sweet feeling! BB was angry and said that I was cheating. We had just been arguing and then gotten into another round when she walked in.

Out of the corner of my eye, I see Starfire being led into the room by Raven and Robin. You see, Titan's Tower hadn't been up and ready for more than a few days by then. I was the first to move in because I was also the lead consultant on the project. At the time, Robin was still working out of Gotham, and I'm not sure what the girls were doing about housing. I do know BB was still with the Doom Patrol, though. The moment that I moved in, I had sent out an email to the whole team. Garfield was the first to move in. I guess you could say that's why we became best friends. We've spent the most time with each other. Robin came next and then Raven just appeared in a room a couple of days later. Star was the last to join the team.

Now, Raven is a very private person. She never came out of her room except for missions. Even then, in the beginning, she wouldn't come unless it was really important. She wouldn't say why, but I think it had something to do with keeping her emotions in check. The fact that Raven was out of her room voluntarily and doing something relatively social was out of the norm. Beast Boy noticed. And I'm not talking about glancing like I did. BB's whole head turned to her and his race car rammed right into the barricade in the game! I was about to yell out a "boo-ya" as I passed the finish line, but I don't think he even cared about the game anymore. Suffice it to say, I pulled him aside into the kitchen and had a man to man chat with him.

"What's up," I asked him.

"What do you mean," he replied like nothing had happened.

"Dude, you practically dropped your controller and started drooling when the girls came into the room! Don't tell me nothing's up!" He started to look uncomfortable. Now, we weren't exactly best friends yet. It had only been a while that we'd been hanging out. We were pretty different dudes, but besides all that, we enjoyed each other's company. So, in the interest of our new friendship, I decided to tease him about it. "Fine, if you don't want to talk to me about it, then let me tell you that that Raven is one fine piece of..."

"Dude," he almost screamed. I could see the vein starting to throb in his forehead! I had pushed his button so hard! "That's not cool! She's our teammate!" If there's one thing I know is that it's hard to defend a girl you like without letting the world know you like her.

"So, you don't find Raven attractive? I think that girl is..." I couldn't help myself! His temperature was fluctuating worse than Robin's when you start talking about his hair. Angry then embarrassed! Embarrassed then angry!

"Dude! Look, Raven is very... I mean, she's our teammate and we shouldn't be..." He just didn't know how to feel about his own feelings. At this point, I noticed that he had it hard. The big L word had sunk deep into his heart and it wasn't going to let go anytime soon. So, I started to feel bad. I thought he just found her attractive. You know how it is when a bunch of young people live together, right? You've watched Friends! This quickly turned into a Ross and Rachel, unrequited love sort of ordeal...

"Alright, dude! I'm just teasing you," I said, with a pat on the back. "Why don't we go back in there and help Robin give the big tour? Heck, we've been here longer than him, anyways!" I could see the relief on his face the moment I changed the subject.

So, that's when I knew that BB had it hard for Raven. They both refused to admit it to each other for so long that I thought they'd never hook up. But here we are now. A few days away from the big wedding and the two love birds couldn't be happier! Now, about the Tower and how it was made. You see... What? What do you mean we are out of time? But it's a good story! Aww, man! Time constraints? This is why everybody has started doing podcasts!

## **I never asked to be like this: A Hard Night**

Beast Boy's Log,

Tonight was hard. I mean, like, really hard. The rest of the Titans were out of the tower and Raven agreed that it was time to take the relationship to the next level. We've been dating for a couple of months now and everything had been going good. Sure, we have some disagreements here and there, but what new couple doesn't? Then there was tonight...

It all started when we were in bed in her room. Nothing had gone very far. My clothes were on. Her clothes were on. We were just kissing, but it was getting a bit hot. There may have even been some light petting going on. Everything was going great until my hand happened to touch the skin on her side. I wasn't trying to go up her shirt or anything! I just went to rest my hand on her waist when it happened. A candle holder went flying across the room. We both looked up in shock. Raven had this guilty look on her face so I figured she'd used her powers. I tried to tell myself that she wanted it dimmer in here, but I knew that wasn't it.

Her face reached up for mine, so I figured that she was okay. Back to kissing we went. Until I touched the skin of her leg with my hand. Once again, nothing perverted. I wasn't trying to get under her clothes. You know how it is when you are making out in bed. You start sliding your hands around. But that's when another candle went flying. This time, it hit a curtain, and the curtain started to smoke. We rushed out of bed and put it out quickly. I have to admit, I was starting to get a bit angry and it might have been visible on my face.

"Babe, if you aren't ready then we don't have to," I told her, trying to keep my voice even. She looked away from me so I couldn't see the expression on her face. I knew what that usually meant and my anger started to subside.

"It's not that I don't want to," she whispered back to me. "It's just that being with you causes some really strong emotions in me. Strong emotions make me lose control." Her voice started to get an edge to it and I recoiled. "This is why I was raised like a monk, Garfield! This is why I have to keep my emotions in check! I never asked to be half demon! I never asked to be the daughter of Trigon..." Her voice started to trail off as the tears appeared in her eyes,

Without a word, I went over to her and held her in my arms. She started to fight me, at first, but she soon relented. I kept one arm around her waist and held the top of her head with the other while she quietly sobbed. There may have even been some furniture rattling around but I ignored it. After she had calmed down, I looked into her lavender eyes and gave her a quick kiss on the lips.

"You think this is what I wanted to be? The Green Giant's younger cousin? I used to hate that my parents turned me into this. I think I even wished they had just let me die." Her eyes looked back at me with worry in them. "But that was then. Being with you Rachel Roth, has changed all that for me. Because if I hadn't become this." I motioned down at my green body. "Then I would have never met you. Don't worry about how far we go or don't go. Let's just be together."

The gratitude in her eyes said so much more than her words could have conveyed. As you may have guessed, we didn't go any farther that night. We did cuddle back up in bed and watched a documentary on puffins on my phone. Raven fell asleep before it was over and I just couldn't get myself to move once she was out. I stayed there with her until the morning. We may not have gone all the way but that's the first time we've slept together. And it was great!

## **Bonus: Atlanteans are Mermaids?**

A humanoid robot sat at the end of a long pier in Jump City. The pier had many large sea vessels attached to it by ropes and chains. The pier, one much like a multitude of others in the vicinity, was the starting point for many a seafaring type. From this port of call in Jump City, many worthy captains have made their way out into the open sea, for pleasure cruises or maybe business.

But that's not what brought the robot to the pier. This robot, like many others, didn't like water. He weighted approximately three hundred and eighty-five pounds. Those were three hundred and eighty-five pounds that didn't float. He would sink directly to the bottom of the ocean like a stone. While his robot parts could theoretically survive such a dive, his human half would most likely drown and that would be the end of him. What was the point in surviving an accident with less than half your body when a pool could take you out? He thought it was a bit of a joke. But then again, his weakness almost made him feel like that Bruce Willis character in that movie about Superheroes. If Bruce Willis was black. And was made up of eighty-five percent machine. And...

"Dude," called a green lizard from one of the poles. "Are you sure you told him where and when?"

"Of course, I did, BB," he said to it. There was a bit of nervousness in his voice. The robot took the smallest glance at the water and then grabbed the edge of the pier harder. His mechanical hands were starting to splinter the wood they were grabbing.

"Cyborg, if you are frightened of the water, then why do you sit there," asked a girl floating cross legged behind the robot and the lizard. She was dressed in a black leotard and a purple cape. The hood was down and you could see a slight bit of worry in her eyes. Or it could possibly be annoyance.

"I am not scared of water, Raven," the robot shouted. Then his voice turned almost inaudible. "I just feel safer sitting down. No chance I might tip over and fall in..."

The green lizard jumped from the pole, did a summersault in the air, and landed next to Raven in a humanoid form. His green tinted hand scratched the back of his darker green hair. He looked over to the floating girl before taking a step toward Cyborg.

"Dude, I can do this myself, if you want. I've got Raven here with me so it's no big deal," he said this in his most comforting tone.

"Yes, while I don't agree with what you two are planning on doing, I'm contractually obligated to help my," she paused and took a large gulp before continuing. "Boyfriend with his endeavors. No matter how childish they may be." She then pulled a book from, literally, out of nowhere and began to read.

"Yeah, see? Wait, what was that Rav-," BB started, but he was interrupted by a loud beeping.

"Too late for that," Cyborg said as he got up and took a couple more steps back from the edge of the pier than he needed to. "Here he comes."

In the distance, you could see a disturbance in the water coming towards the pier. It's shape looked like a torpedo and it's speed seemed to confirm it. Cyborg and BB seemed pretty nervous about the oncoming threat but Raven just turned a page in her book and continued to read. After mere seconds, the disturbance that could be seen on the horizon was right before them, and the front of the pier exploded with water.

Cyborg flinched and turned on his electronic shield array. It was made to stop something closer to a nuclear bomb, so it had no trouble stopping the barrage of water. Raven had created a bubble of dark magic around her and her boyfriend. He smiled at her but she never diverted her glance from the book. When the spray of water finally died down, a teenager was standing on the edge of the pier, and looking at them expectantly.

"Well? You said this was a Titan's emergency! What's going on? Did Slade return," came rapid-fire questions from the young man. He was completely wet from head to toe. His long black hair dripped sea water onto the blue scales of his uniform.

"Well, it does have something to do with the Titans, but I believe Beast Boy is the only one who considered it an emergency," said Cyborg as he turned off his shield. Raven had already done it by the time the last water drop had hit the pier.

"What is the meaning of this, Beast Boy," demanded the kid with purple eyes. His face was quickly starting to betray the anger he was trying to hide.



“Dude! It really is a Titan’s emergency,” said BB. He was walking towards Cyborg’s side while pulling his T-phone out of his pocket. Cyborg just smiled nervously at the newcomer.

“This better be important! I just swam miles at my top speed because I thought you guys really needed my help...” The newcomer rested his hands on his hips and started to glower at Beast Boy.

“Dude, look at this!” The green skinned kid held out his phone so the newcomer could read what was on the screen. It was a list of trending topics on a social media site. At the top of the list was, “Top Trending: MerMay! 1.5 billion users are talking about this!”

“MerMay? What, by Triton’s beard, is MerMay?” Exasperation was written all over the newcomers face.

“Well, it was started by this illustrator as a challenge to draw a different mermaid everyday in May, but it’s become so much larger,” explained Cyborg. “People are writing about mermaids. People are dressing up as mermaids.”

“And people are taking pictures of mermaids,” chimed in Beast Boy. “So, if you’d be so cool as to take a selfie with us...”

“I’m not a mermaid,” screamed the newcomer! “I am Aqualad, the crown prince of Shayeris! We are not merpeople! We are Atlanteans!” As his anger continued to rise, so did the ocean under the pier, and Cyborg noticed. He kept backing up slowly hoping not to become a target of Aqualad’s power.

“Dude, we need a picture of a mermaid for the Titan’s social media pages. It’s all about being up with trends, right?” Beast Boy gave Aqualad a big smile as he raised his phone for a quick snapshot.

Right then, Cyborg made a mad dash for dry land. He thought he was up for this but messing with a creature that controls water was just too dangerous. Aqualad raised his arms in the air, not paying attention to the running robot, and lifted a large mass of ocean into the air. Beast Boy closed one eye, and stuck out his tongue, while Aqualad released all the power of the ocean onto the green headed photographer.

“Perfect,” cried out Beast Boy. A large wall of black magical energy came into being right in front of him and blocked the oncoming tsunami. The water subsided safely back into the ocean. “Dude, if this doesn’t win MerMay for the Titans then nothing will! Thanks, Dude!”

Aqualad stood there stunned. He didn’t understand what just happened. Did they just goad him into using his powers for a photograph? Why would anyone risk their lives just for a social media picture? Beast Boy and Cyborg were already halfway down the pier, with Raven floating behind them, when Beast Boy groaned.

“What? How could this happen! Guys, I got my finger in the shot! Do you think Aqualad would do that again?” Beast Boy was turning around when Cyborg grabbed him by the elbow.

“Don’t worry about it, BB. I’ll just Photoshop it out back at Titan’s Tower,” replied the nervous robot.

## **Bonus 2: Singing Satellite**

"I'm so cold," he whispers from teeth chattering so hard that no words can be heard.

"I know you are," comes a reply that he can only hear in his mind. "I know you are, my love, but you have to keep going. Just a little farther."

The naked young man in the middle of a snowstorm shivers and falls to his knees. He looks up just in time to catch a glimpse of the moon in the sky. For a second, he can see a lovely young girl's face staring back at him. Her eyes seem full of worry. Her lips tremble as silent words try to escape them. Then she's gone.

"You can't stop now, Gar. You have to keep moving. Change into something."

"I can't," he replies to the voice. Arms full of melted snow snake their way around an almost frozen torso.

"Gar, listen to me. I know it's hard. I know you feel like you're completely drained of energy, but that's just the cold. If you change into something that can live in this climate..." The voice fades away as if it got picked up in the arctic winds.

"Rachel," he thinks he says, but nothing escapes his pallid blue lips. His frozen lashes come down as he starts to lose consciousness.

Slowly, as his body starts to slide down towards an icy bed, a black smoke starts to rise from his body. The naked boy slowly raises his head and opens eyes the flash red for an instant. They then flash green, along with the boy's skin, as he hunches over as if in pain. His body starts to double in size. Green fur grows all over his body. His face elongates into a muzzle and, seconds later, there stands a green polar bear. It lets out a loud roar, as if yawning after a long slumber, and then takes off at a good clip.

"I love you, Gar," whispers a memory in the newly formed bear's mind.

## **Bonus 3: Chance Encounter**

Rachel sits on the edge of a tower. Her hood is pulled back and her purple hair waving in the breeze. She watches as a shooting star gets larger and larger in the night sky. Within a minute, the shooting star has become a young lady with flaming red hair. She hovers before Rachel and smiles.

"Raven! I have been searching for you," the lady of the flaming hair exclaims.

"Hello, Kory," she responds, melancholy in her voice. Rachel's attention returns to looking at the stars.

"May I join you," she asks, concern in her voice.

"Yes, of course," Rachel replies, absently.

"What is bothering you, friend," asks Kory, swooping down and taking a seat.

"Hmm? Oh, nothing in particular." Rachel sighs for a beat, taking a quick look at Kory, before continuing. "It's just... when I was training in Azarath... there was nothing to look up for."

"Were there not stars in the sky," Kory asks, a tad bit surprised.

"Maybe somewhere, I suppose. But we had to focus on training our minds. No distractions. Yet... I searched for stars in the night sky that I couldn't see." She turns to Kory and looks into her glowing green eyes. "I wonder where you were in those moments."

"I was on Tamaran. Looking at the stars. Wondering when I would find someone like you..."

## **Bonus 4: Alive And Ugly**

"No more, Gar," she says, quietly but with an underlying force.

"But Rachel," he calls out, only to feel his mouth clamp down of its own accord. He looks up to see her eyes glowing with power.

"I said no more," she says louder, this time. Strength growing behind her words as more of them just pour out of her. "Things just aren't working out the way we wanted them to. We thought... we thought love would be enough. / thought love would be enough. But I was... wrong."

Gar's eyes look at her pleadingly as he struggles to open his mouth. Raven's eyes are full of tears, sadness, and power. She looks away for a moment, just long enough to compose herself. When she looks back, the sadness has been replaced with stoicism, like she'd just hardened her heart to whatever was coming next.

"I can't live like this anymore, Gar. I love you but we just aren't compatible. Your issues. My issues. They just don't work together. We can keep trying but... What's the point? All we're doing is hurting each other. This isn't a fairy tale. There isn't going to be a happy ending. I rather be dead than keep living alive and ugly..."

Beast Boy falls to his knees. The tears spill from his eyes and down his cheeks. He angrily pounds at the ground but Raven just looks away from him.

"I'm going now. Starfire is letting me stay with her for now. We'll... talk again. Soon. I want us to be friends still. Like we used to be when we were still part of the Titans. I can't imagine my life without you, Gar. Just... not like this."

Rachel bends down and kisses his head lightly. Gar passes out before he finishes reaching up for her. She lets a single tear fall from her eye. Rachel then takes a deep breath, and creates a shadow portal. She takes another moment to look at the young green adult on the floor. This wasn't the outcome she was expecting when everything started. They had been through so much together. So many life or death circumstances. They had both saved each other so many times. But the pain inside wasn't going to leave until she did. Would they ever reunite? Would friendship still be an option? Only time will tell. Raven leaves her life with him behind as she passes into the shadows.