

Beware the Mary Sue

Von Kau-tan

Kapitel 3: We never should've gone drinking

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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Digger was already pretty buzzed when he got up to use the bathroom, having to climb over Pied Piper's and Trickster's lap, before Heat Wave helped him out with a friendly shove, almost making him stumble a little bit, causing the others to snicker. The Australian did snicker as well, but slightly whacked the back of Mick's head before going to the bathroom.

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

Until he saw her.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Geez... You guys think she's a cape or something?" He suddenly asked, causing the others to flinch. And they considered it, for a few seconds at least. But to be honest, it sounded a little absurd. Central City belonged to the Speedsters, and by some extend to the Elongated Man. None of the Rogues knew who this girl was, though. She also

didn't remind any of them of any hero they've seen or heard of. Maybe a sidekick? No, who would let a little girl fight in an outfit like that?

So, maybe she was a fellow villain. They hadn't heard of a villain like that either, but it wasn't too far fetched. James had been a little younger than her when he started to call himself the Trickster and commit crimes, so a villainess her age wasn't impossible. Maybe she was from Gotham. That place did have some crazy people, after all.

The Rogues quietly argued about the possibility of her being a criminal, until Sam returned and shrugged, sitting down again and looking a little dumbfounded.

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

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

"Hey there!"

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

"What do you want?" He asked.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

They looked around again in utter confusion, shocked by their own words. The scantily dressed girl however giggled, sitting down on the bit of the bench next to Mick that

was free, obviously not too happy that she didn't sit next to Mark, James or Hartley, though.

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

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

They just knew that this wouldn't end well.