

[Rachel Roth POV]

Each of us lives, dependent, and bound by our individual knowledge and our awareness.

That had always been bitterly clear to me.

For as long as I could remember, who I was had always been clear, I was Rachel Roth, a tool, an instrument to halt Trigon for as long as possible. That, however, had an ambiguous hidden meaning because, for many, I was a tool born to aid Trigon in his never-ending quest.

In a way, you could say both ideas were right.

I had been born for that very purpose; Trigon had sired my existence for that very reason.

Azarath had given me a new meaning, a purpose. But no matter how much I changed; my origins remained the same.

I used to think before meeting David I was bound to one day lose against Trigon. He was immortal, timeless, and I was but a girl facing something I couldn't even begin to understand.

That hadn't changed, at least not entirely.

I still didn't know what awaited me at the end of the tunnel, and this uncertainty scared me.

But now, I felt like I wasn't alone.

It was absurd, I know, but David made me feel like I wasn't alone for the first time in my life.

He was like me, maybe not entirely, but close enough for me to not feel alone. I was aware our circumstances were vastly different, as well as our upbringings, but even then, I knew he could relate.

For we shared an empathic bond, and therefore we were able to understand and share each other feelings in an unspoken way, and for that, I was truly glad.

However, this kindred connection we both shared made me feel terrible because, in a sick way, I was glad his suffering was there, to begin with, as it had allowed us to connect.

I didn't know if that made me a bad person; I certainly didn't want him to suffer; he was my friend.

But I couldn't lie when I said I was glad he could understand me, my burdens, my everything.

~So, did you like the movie?~ David asked, his hands moving over the signs as he looked at me with a smile, snapping me out of my long reverie.

"It was terrible; the protagonist seemed like he was trying to die as soon as possible," I replied quietly. I would never understand horror movie protagonists. Had the protagonist taken the logical path, he would've survived, and the movie would've ended in fifteen minutes.

~That's horror movies for you; what I do to avoid questioning their choices is I simply assume they have a single-digit IQ, and then I'm fine with their decisions,~ nodded David tossing his empty drink into a trashcan as he passed it by.

I smiled; that was an interesting way to accept their faulty decisions. "I will do that the next time."

David smiled, tilting his head in my direction. ~So, ready to explore the city?~

I nodded; I had, after all, been meaning to explore Star City to be better accustomed to my new home. I had picked this city for various reasons, some more important than others. "Yes, I'm ready."

~Wonderful,~ replied David, a warm smile gracing his face once more.

I smiled; who was I kidding? He had been the reason I had picked this city above all others, my first friend; I wonder if that makes me a clingy friend, I might need to read a book or two about the subject later on, without David knowing.

I would die from the embarrassment if he saw me reading those kinds of books.

As I pondered over that embarrassing thought, an explosion went off in the far distance, which caught David's attention as well as mine. Immediately after, David's phone vibrated, and as he took his phone out of his back pocket to read the message, I caught sight of the sender.

His sister, Dinah Lance.

“Do you have to go?” I asked, not at all bothered if he had to; I admired the path he had taken; helping others was not a job that was often rewarded, I knew that.

David didn't reply immediately, reading the text message his sister had sent him before shaking his head. ~It's fine; others have it under control.~

I nodded, feeling how his emotions overflowed with confidence in what he had said. He had no doubts, not even the slightest.

Heroes.

For most, they are beacons of hope, but in reality, they are simply ordinary people who make themselves extraordinary, for it wasn't the power that made the hero but the will to use them for what they thought was right, after all. A true hero wasn't measured by the size of his strength but by the strength of his heart.

It was admirable.

I wonder if I can become a hero.

Using the powers meant to hurt, destroy and subdue others to save them.

It would be poetic in more than one sense.

~You want to walk, or do we take cabs?~ asked David.

[Batman POV]

New file.

Security level: OMEGA.

Password: DELTA/CHARLIE/27/5/1939.

Enable new protocol.

Title: Agamemnon contingency - In progress.

I have carefully studied the new individual known as Rachel Roth, analyzing past and present events in the attempt to create a plan in order to neutralize her should that become necessary.

Agamemnon contingency file code name: Demon Gate.

If Rachel Roth ever becomes a threat to the planet, the following prototype protocols need to be enacted to ensure our survival.

Magical threats are tricky to deal with but not impossible; for this particular threat, simulations have estimated the helm of fate has to come into action, bringing Dr. Fate back into the world. While Dr. Fate's

power alone can't deal with Trigon, his power should be enough to will incapacitate Rachel Roth, stopping the threat. Further testing is required.

Contingency plan in progress. More data is required for a better analysis and possible results.