

## [David Lance POV]

It had finally happened, Artemis had faked her death to join Aqualad in order to aid him with his mission.

Time was really flying by, if memory serves me right it was only a matter of time before the main events of this season came to fruition, which meant it was time to take on a more active role.

I had many things I wanted to accomplish before truly moving forward with my ambitions, things that required preparation.

But that was neither here nor there.

Right now, I have things to do.

"Harley, make sure to check on Project Match while I'm gone," I said, walking out of my office.

Harley watched me, brow furrowed as I stepped out of my office wearing my newest suit. I will be the first one to

admit I had taken a lot of inspiration from Bondrewd's suit from Made in Abyss, what can I say? It aesthetically served the purpose of what I was going for.

"Where are you headed, boss?" Harley asked, tilting her head in curiosity.

"To meet with a business partner," I replied.

"Well ain't that ominous," Harley chuckled, her bright green eyes twinkling with mischief as she reached up to her bright yellow hair and pulled out a large lollipop, rolling it around her tongue before popping it out again. "Good luck in your mission pudding, and don't worry! Our deformed baby will be safe and sound with mama Harley!"

---

Taking advantage of the fact both heroes and villains were fully occupied with their own endeavors, I decided to pay a visit to an old acquaintance of mine.

Amanda Waller.

It had been some time since my last. By now, I wanted to see what Waller thought and if I could recruit her.

Since my last visit, Waller had changed her residency at least a dozen times, maybe in an attempt to lose me.

Be that as it may, finding her had been relatively easy, despite all of her efforts to remain hidden.

Outside her location, I crept around the perimeter, carefully surveying Waller's base. I noticed the many armed guards patrolling the area, the high-tech surveillance cameras swiveling in their rotating mounts, the searchlights scanning for intruders and the thick iron wall blocking the way.

I smiled.

This time she had made an effort to have a decent base, at least.

Smiling under my mask, I crouched, scanning Waller's compound from afar once more time. My eyes raced from guard tower to guard tower, counting the number of armed personnel patrolling the perimeter.

Every detail was filed away in my mind as I searched for potential weak points in their security system.

Then, after I had memorized every little detail from her base, from the number of guards to the number of cameras in place, I had no doubts in my mind I could easily infiltrate her base undetected.

This base was certainly better than her last, but it wasn't as impenetrable as she probably imagined it was.

I could break in, but that would serve me no purpose.

To make sure my point sold, I had to make a show of strength and confidence.

Having made my decision, I stood up and strode confidently towards the front gate.

It was time to talk.

---

## [Unknown POV]

“Someone it's at the main door, Waller.”

Colonel Rick Flagg said as he walked through the doorway leading to Waller's office.

Amanda Waller was still seated behind her desk, hunched over several documents. She glanced up at the man heading towards her, her deep black eyes set on him as he drew closer.

“And our forces haven't taken him down?” She questioned.

“They tried, he defeated them all,” Flagg replied, adjusting his hat. “After that, the guy flashed an invitation card at the cameras at the gate.”

“An invitation card?” Amanda inquired, setting the papers down on her desk, before folding her hands together.

“I'm honestly as confused as you,” Flagg remarked, before turning the monitors on Waller's office to show her what he meant.

Zooming in on the unknown individual who was wearing a strange, yet intricate suit of armor, Waller was able to see the card he held in his hand, allowing her to read the text.

[I told you we would meet again, didn't I?]

Waller stifled a dry chuckle before reading the card again, her eyes skimming through the words written on the card's surface before her expression darkened.

"Let him in," Waller ordered before resting her chin on her hand and turning away from the monitor.

“But Waller...” Flagg started, his brow furrowed as he followed her gaze.

“Let him in, Flagg,” Waller repeated this time in a tone that left no room for discussion. “I know who he is, and trying to stop him would only result in a waste of resources that would simply amount to nothing. He's fully capable of breaching our security, this is just a game he's playing.

Besides, he's not here to kill me, so I might as well humor this little game of his.”

Flagg nodded before turning away and walking out of the office to fulfill her orders. “Yes ma'am.”

---

## **[David Lance POV]**

I watched as the remaining guards reluctantly opened the gate and stepped aside. It seemed like Waller had caught on to my little show, and had decided it was best to simply allow me free reign.

Entering her base, I quickly navigated the compound, making my way toward Waller's office.

A few guards had given me odd looks as I passed, but none of them made a move against me. I had expected as much,

after all, I was certain Waller had given them direct orders not to try anything.

Finally, I reached her office and knocked on the door.

The door opened by itself and I stepped inside, ready to confront Waller.

Expecting to find her in her usual suit, I was surprised to find her in a more relaxed outfit. She had her hair down and was wearing a simple black dress and her signature glasses.

“We met again,” Waller said with a nod. “I’ll be honest, I hadn’t expected to see you again so soon.”

“I figured it was time to pay you a visit,” I replied, before pointing to a dark corner in her ceiling. “You can tell your guy he doesn’t have to hide, in fact, he can join our little chat if you want.”

Waller stifled a dry chuckle before saying. “Colonel, I appreciate your concern but you may leave us now.”

The man that had been crouched in the shadows of Waller’s ceiling dropped down into the room, his shoes



thumping on the floor. His eyes met mine for a split second before he made his way to the door, breathing heavily. He paused there, one hand gripping the doorknob, before turning it and slipping out into the night.

With a sigh, Waller motioned for me to take a seat before walking around her desk.

“So,” Waller said as she sat down. “To what do I owe the pleasure?”

"You remember our last meeting, don't you?" I leaned forward and asked.

Waller's eyes narrowed, and her nostrils flared as she exhaled an exaggerated scoff. She crossed her arms and cocked an eyebrow. "I certainly do remember that night. You certainly made sure of that."

I eyed Waller for a brief moment, as she stood before me with her arms crossed and feet planted close to one another. “In that case, enlighten me then, what is my goal here?” My question came out with a low, menacing tone.

Waller leaned back, steepling her fingers together. “You weren't exactly informative during our last encounter, but I

still drew some conclusions. At first, I thought your goal was to kill me, to play with me until it was no longer interesting for you. But that didn't make sense at all.”

I leaned forward, resting my chin on the backs of my hands, and tilted my head. “How so?”

“Allow me to elaborate,” Waller continued after a moment, her voice calm and collected. “Every time I moved to a different location, a different base, something made it clear that you, the unknown, knew where I was at all times. I was running in a labyrinth of your own making, and yet you hadn't made a single move. It was then that I realized your intention wasn't to kill me, it couldn't be. So in short, I have no idea what you seek.”

“You're right,” I replied. “It was never my intention to kill you, I only wanted to intimidate you into thinking of me.”

Waller waved a hand at me dismissively. “I'm past the point where I can be intimidated.”

“Are you?”

"If we can agree you don't seek to kill me, then why did you come here? To test how far my patience goes?" Waller said, her voice taking a hard edge.

I sighed as I threw my hands out in a gesture of surrender, my head cocked to the side. "I won't lie and say I don't find it amusing. But that's not why I'm here."

"I'm all ears," Waller replied, her eyes on me.

"I came here to recruit you, Waller," I replied, my voice calm and measured. My words hung in the air, like smoke from a gun, and I could see Waller's pupils dilate as she processed what I had said.

---

This cycle of heroes and villains started long before me.

In the midst of their broken game, I was thrown into the abyss where I was forced to change.

That change in me brought clarity, and understanding, as well as a state of isolation.

Rejection.

Deception.

Reflection.

Conception.

Those were the four stages of my change.

Unable to tolerate the status quo, I was now able to see the shadow cast before me.

It was time for a change, it was time to change the order.

Heroes.

Villains.

Their power was over, whether they liked it or not.