

[David Lance POV]

I continued training, studying, and researching, while letting the remaining events I knew would come to happen; come to fruition without my direct intervention.

I pondered for a long time whether or not I should intervene in the events that would come to happen, seeing there was a lot to gain if I did. That being said, the cons outweigh the pros in every scenario, at least from a practical point of view.

To give an example, I was more than certain that I could've taken War World from Mongul's hands, avoiding the weapon falling into the Light as it unsavory did, nevertheless doing that would've only put a bigger target in my head.

To simplify, I was rather comfortable in the position I was in for the time being and the state of my goals. I knew the Light was aware of me, just as I knew they weren't certain how much of a threat I actually posed to them as a whole,

and that little limbo right there was the perfect place to keep moving forward completely undeterred.

If I took a prominent role in the upcoming events, and interfered even more with their plans, beyond simple delays, I would gather a lot of unwanted attention, which could eventually push Vandal to send Klarion after me.

And sadly, Klarion was still a threat I wasn't prepared to deal with.

I hoped the solution to that particular problem lay within Despero's unique body that gifted him with a near-total immunity to magic. So, until I could replicate said thing outside his body, I would try my best to avoid doing anything that could make Vandal Savage think that the only solution to the problem I represented was Klarion.

The last thing I needed right now was another multiversal voyage.

Right now, it was time to put all the pieces I had collected into place, checking every angle before moving forward and crushing them.

That out of the way, this didn't mean I couldn't do a few things here and there to make matters more interesting, or that I couldn't target someone outside the Light.

Like the Reach.

They had something I wanted, and all I needed to get it was to wait for the Light and the Reach to break their... laughable façade they had for an alliance.

Once that happened, the Reach was a free playing field.

"It's starting," I could hear the crackle of Slade's voice through my earpiece, the former skillfully hiding among the shadows of the summit's location, keeping an eye on the Light and Reach's representatives unbeknownst to everyone around. "The Summit will begin soon, the brats have already infiltrated their ranks, meaning this will end in bloodshed," Slade added. "The target is within sight, I await your command."

"Keep your position, and wait for the Reach to leave the scene. Once they do that, follow them, and strike," I replied.

My goal today was rather simple, and if anything maybe a bit greedy on my part.

My goal for having Deathstroke in the summit was to obtain the Black Scarab.

The technology behind it fascinated me, to the point I wanted to integrate it into my armor, but in order to do that I needed to reverse engineer the scarab, or at the very least, reprogram it.

I would see what was the easiest way to accomplish that once I had the scarab in my possession.

[Second POV]

For some time now, the Light and the Reach had been working together, their alliance held together by a singular common goal: the conquest and domination of the Earth,

though both sides had a different idea as to who would dominate.

The Light's plan was to use the Reach's advanced technology to conquer the planet, or as a scapegoat, if things went wrong, while the Reach would benefit from the Light's extensive knowledge of Earth's culture and politics.

From a merely strategic point of view. This was a mutually beneficial arrangement, alas, despite of that, tensions had been brewing for some time.

As the leaders of both groups gathered for a summit in a secure location, Ra's al Ghul eyed the Reach representatives warily. The old assassin had never fully trusted the aliens, and recent events had done nothing to assuage his already present doubts.

"We are pleased to report that our plans are proceeding on schedule," Vandal Savage, the Light's leader, began, addressing the group as a whole. "The Reach has provided us with the means to further our goals, and thanks to that we are ahead of schedule."

The Reach ambassador, a tall, insectoid creature, made a series of clicking sounds in response. "It was our pleasure,"

he said, "That being said, this success wouldn't have been possible without mutual cooperation."

The tension in the room was palpable, and it only grew as the conversation continued, even though both groups were trying as hard as possible to pretend everything was alright.

It was only natural, once one considered the two groups.

The Light and the Reach were both ambitious groups with their own agendas, and neither was willing to cede control to the other. At least not knowingly.

As the meeting wore on, Ra's al Ghul's noticed something odd about Tigress, one of the Light's agents. Something about her didn't fit in the old man's mind.

He studied her carefully with a scrutinizing gander, detailing her every aspect until he realized that she was wearing something strange... something he had seen before, a glamor charm that concealed her true identity.

Unwilling to let this pass, he leaped to his feet, drawing the attention of the entire room. "What is this?" he demanded,

striding over to Tigress and seizing the charm from her neck before the former could react. "Who are you?"

Tigress, or rather, Artemis, froze in shock as the charm was removed, her cover blown. Beside her, Kaldur, who had been working undercover as well, realized that they had been caught.

"Artemis?" Lady Shiva, one of the Light's other agents, muttered, drawing her weapon. "Then that means... Aqualad too, I see. Two for one, I like it."

The room exploded into chaos as the Reach representatives, caught off guard by the sudden turn of events, drew their own weapons. Lady Shiva raised her gun, aiming it at the two infiltrators before shooting at them.

"No!" Black Manta shouted, glaring at Lady Shiva in hateful rage.

However, before anyone could celebrate or avenge anyone, a hologram of Aqualad appeared, projected from an unknown device in an unknown location. "If you are watching this, then your summit is truly over. The Light

and The Reach deserve each other, both sides playing at being partners."

The room fell silent as Aqualad's hologram continued to speak, detailing the extent of the Light's manipulations and revealing the true nature of their plans, and more.

As the Reach leaders realized the scope of the Light's machinations, they turned on the Light in fury, seeking the retribution they thought they were owed.

Black Manta's eyes widened as his voice shook with disbelief as he asked in a hoarse whisper, looking at his seemingly dead son, "Kaldur'ahm... what have you done?"

"He has in death done more to damage my plans than any living creature has wrought in fifty thousand years. I'd be impressed if I wasn't so..." Vandal began, only to be stopped by the Reach's ambassador, growling in rage.

The Reach's representative walked over to Vandal, rage in his eyes as he bellowed, "Aah! You Earthlings are a pestilence and a plague! You dare sabotage us?! Dare betray us?! Have you forgotten who controls the War world? The Light is fortunate we do not carve up your

planet as we speak!" He stopped directly in front of Vandal, their face twisted in a sneer as he glared at the immortal.

Vandal stood tall and met the ambassador's cold gaze unflinchingly. He knew he had the upper hand, and his attitude spoke volumes of this as he said, "That would indeed impress, seeing as I have the Warworld's Crystal Key."

The Black Scarab strode menacingly toward Vandal, his eyes burning with contempt as they hissed through clenched teeth, "You seemed to have forgotten your place, worm."

"Perhaps he has, but that's all I needed to know," The seemingly dead Aqualad stood up from the arms of his father, followed by the seemingly dead Artemis doing the same.

"Impossible... Lady Shiva killed you both!" Vandal growled out, seeing the two stand up.

"Just for a little while," Lady Shiva replied, levitating a sword toward Vandal before changing shape, revealing that the true identity behind the one that had posed as Lady Shiva to be none other than Miss Martian. "After all, I

wouldn't want to do any permanent damage...To my best friends."

And with all the cards on the table, the Light and the Reach at odds, and the heroes making their moves to stop them, the events of the summit continued unabated, as from the shadows one witnessed all unbeknownst to everyone within the area, waiting for its target to leave the area.