

## [David Lance POV]

I slowed the Batmobile down as I approached the address Deathstroke had written on the card he had given me, giving Batman a look before turning my attention ahead as we would arrive in mere moments.

At my side, Batman was checking on some files, using the car's computer to review them as he prepared everything in case this invitation was a trap. Which was the main reason he had put me on driving duty.

The place we were going was in the middle of the forest. A house, according to our satellites.

Clearing my head, I continued driving around the forest, and after a minute or two of turns and twists, I arrived at the house, or at least what it used to be a house.

The house in question was three stories tall, having most of its windows either boarded up or broken. The roof was old and sagging in places, which matched perfectly with the front door hanging off its hinges and the cracked, crumbling steps leading up to it.

Surprisingly enough, despite its state of disrepair, the house was somehow still standing, albeit barely. Taking a deep breath, I got out of the car with Batman following suit.

For a brief moment, we exchanged a look before we turned and approached the house cautiously. Within moments, we stepped through the doorway into what must have once been a living room. There was a fireplace along one wall, its mantle littered with cobwebs and dust.

The furniture around was overturned and broken, and the floor was covered in debris, vegetation, and other things I quite couldn't name off the top of my head.

Scanning the area for a brief moment, I turned to Batman and signed. ~No trap so far, so he has to be around here somewhere.~

Batman nodded, as all of a sudden, almost as if on cue, a sound coming from upstairs on the second floor of the house caught our attention.

It sounded like someone was coming down the stairs.

Instinctively, I tensed. Getting mentally and physically ready for anything.

"I had my doubts. But here you two are." That voice, Deathstroke.

"Enough prattle," Batman said in a cold voice, taking a step forward. "You invite us here to talk. So, talk. What do you want?"

"I did, but first tell me. What do you know about the Light?" Deathstroke asked as he finally reached the end of the stairs.

"We know more than they would like us to know," Batman replied in a cryptic voice.

"And yet, you haven't taken them down?" Deathstroke said, his voice laced with amusement.

I frowned at this.

"Did you invite us here to waste our time?" Batman growled, taking another step forward. "Do not test my patience. You will not like the results."

A dry chuckle escaped Deathstroke as he shook his hand dismissively. "I invited you two here to talk business. As you probably know by now, the Light is a powerful organization with lots of connections. Normally this would be the perfect employer for me, however. They made a terrible mistake."

As much as I didn't like Deathstroke, what the Light was doing with him was something no one deserved, not even him, one thing was to put someone in jail, and another was to enslave them to do your bidding.

"I refuse to be shackled like a dog. No matter how much they pay me to sugarcoat my situation, I will not be their slave." Deathstroke continued, his voice laced with venom.

"You want to make an alliance," Batman replied.

"Nothing ever escapes you, doesn't it?" Deathstroke replied with a nod. "As much as I want to, the Light is an enemy I can't take down by myself."

~Didn't you say during our first encounter that no one was out of your League? What happened with that?~ I interjected, my mask hiding the smirk I currently had.

Deathstroke chuckled, a cold glint in his eye. "I am confident in my skills, kid, some might even go as far as to call me arrogant, and they could be right. However, arrogance and stupidity are not mutually exclusive."

Well, that was an answer I didn't expect or see coming.

"As I was saying. The Light is an enemy I can't take down by myself, and that same case applies to you. So, with that clear

between us, let's talk business, shall we?" Deathstroke said, his voice taking on a dark edge.

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## [Unknown POV]

Inside a dimly lit room in an undisclosed location, Vandal Savage sat on a leather chair with golden strips from the Greek classical period, swirling the cold amber liquid in his glass. His eyes fixed on the monitors in front of him, which show a variety of different scenes.

Suddenly a strange noise fills the room, like a faint scraping or as if something was being dragged across the floor. Unperturbed by this, Vandal turned around, seeing a red light open and expand, creating a red vortex.

"Klarion, I was waiting for you," Vandal greeted as Klarion stepped through the swirling vortex of red magic into the room.

"I was having some fun," Klarion replied with a smirk as he petted his familiar. "Preparing to visit the old fat of Nabu at his tower.

His familiar turned to Klarion and meowed.

"Old fart! He knows I meant Old fart!" Klarion replied in indignation.

"Perfect. This will work even better," Vandal said as he stood up from his chair, drink still in hand as he walked towards Klarion. "Can you still make some adjustments to your plans?"

"What do you need?" Klarion asked with a wicked grin.

"I want you to aid me in showing Black Bolt the Light," Vandal replied with a grin of his own.

"His powers are fun and everything. But he's a goodie two shoes, a party pooper even. Do you really think he will listen to my limited wisdom?" Klarion replied, crossing his arms as his familiar meowed at him. "I meant immeasurable wisdom! He knows that!"

"No man changes with the wisdom of another, old friend," Vandal replied before taking a sip from his drink. "For a man to change, to see the Light, they need a new perspective. So, give him the perspective he needs to see the Light."

Klarion grinned wider as his eyes gleamed with chaotic mischief. "I can do that. Yes, I can definitely do that. I can give him all the perspective he needs."