

[David Lance POV]

Following the lead, the one I had procured last night at the museum, I arrived in Lyon, France, in the evening of the following day, where upon arrival, I immediately made my way to a small alleyway off of Rue des Capucins.

I didn't have much to go by with the lead I had, but if my hunch was right, the answers I was looking for were in Lyon.

Taking a deep breath, I approached the alley that was right ahead, noticing a group of men gathered around a fire in a metal barrel looking warm, that as I drew closer, made them turn to look at me in a startled manner.

"Who are you?" One of them asked in French, his hand moving to his waist where I could clearly see the outline of a gun.

At this, I raised my hands, putting on a submissive facade to discourage any altercation from happening.

Seeing my hands high above my head, the men exchanged glances for a few moments until one of them, the oldest one of the group, stepped forward, calming his gun-owning friend.

"Calm down, Alex," The older man sighed, shaking his head, his voice gruff as he gently pushed his friend to the side before glancing at me. "What are you doing out here, kid? These parts at night are dangerous."

Seeing his question as a green light to lower my hands without starting anything, I made a gesture to try and explain I was a mute.

This caused the old man to chuckle, his gruff voice and demeanor softening a bit as he looked at me.

"Ain't that something," The old man said, looking me up and down before shaking his head. "What's your name?"

I smiled at the man before slowly reaching into my pocket, pulling out a notepad and pencil I always carried with me, before quickly scribbling down my answer. - Hi, my name is Tom, please tell your friend not to shoot me. I'm allergic to death.-

The old man took a brief second to read my answer before letting out a hearty laugh, with some of his friends joining in as well, most of the group having found my response clearly amusing to some degree.

"It's been a while since I had a good laugh," The old man said after a few moments, wiping a tear from his eye. "Well, kid, my name is Jacques, and these are my friends." At this, Jacques made a gesture toward his friends before continuing. "What brings you out here to our neck of the alleys?"

Deciding to go straight to the point, I grabbed my pen and quickly scribbled down my answer on the notepad before showing it to Jacques. -I'm looking for someone, a burglar known as "Grey Shadow". I was told he might be in Lyon.-

Jacques frowned at this. "You are too young to be a cop."

I smiled, nodding at his comment, writing something else on my notepad. -Grey Shadow stole something important to me. I have no qualms with the Burglar; all I want is to recover what this person took from me, the last memory of mom.-

It was a cheap tactic, I knew, but either way, their reactions to this would give me more information.

For one, if they knew about Grey Shadow and still decided not to help me, they would undoubtedly spread the rumor, and rumors usually find their way to their targets.

On the other hand, if they decided to help me, I would get into one of the best networks of information any city has, homeless people. They know more than people would like to even imagine; that's the thing when society makes a group invisible for convenience.

They might not see them, pretending they don't exist for the sake of keeping a societal bubble, but regardless of how they felt, those sentenced to be ignored and forgotten were still there, seeing the world turn and the events unfold, one at a time.

Jacques and his friends looked at each other for a few moments, as if silently discussing something between them with just glances and small gestures, before Jacques finally sighed, looking back at me.

"Listen, kid," Jacques said, his voice gruff but not unkind. "We don't want any trouble with the law."

So, option one it is. They will spread the rumors for me, eventually leading me to my target. Good.

Taking a deep breath, I nodded understandingly before writing something else on my notepad and showing it to Jacques, taking his focus on my notepad to quickly attach a small tracker the size of a button to his tattered clothes. - I get it. No need to cross lines for a random kid on the streets. I will keep searching though, that ring the burglar took, that's all I have left from my mother, so I won't give up.-

Jacques frowned at this before taking a deep breath. "I'm sorry I can't help you out. But be that as it may, I wish you the best of luck, kid."

I smiled, waving at them warmly before calmly taking my leave, my job on the alley done.

Now that the seeds were there, all I had to do now was keep an eye out for any sprouts. After all, one of them was bound to be my beanstalk leading me to Grey Shadow.

In the meantime, I would find a hotel to set camp, maybe the one I saw ten blocks before reaching the alley.

That one seemed to be close enough for me to comfortably monitor the area while keeping a safe enough distance so as to not alert anyone of my presence.

All in all, it seemed like this trip to Lyon wouldn't be as fruitless as I had initially thought it would be.

It was all a matter of time before I managed to track Grey Shadow; the question now was, what did Batman want me to do once I did?

It was more than evident that Batman didn't intend for me to apprehend the burglar because, knowing the Dark Knight as I did, if he truly wanted Grey Shadow in jail, he would've made sure this mysterious cat burglar was locked down by his own hand.

Maybe Batman wanted me to learn under the burglar.