[Lex Luthor POV]

I continued my research on Black Bolt, trying to find out what made him tick. It simply irritated me to no conceivable end that his DNA was nigh impossible to read or break, one impossibly more complex than Kryptonian DNA, a fact that made no scientific sense.

He was a human, a metahuman, sure, but a human all the same, yet he was a walking enigma.

Needless to say, I wasn't about to give up, though. I would find out what made Black Bolt so unique, one way or another. And if Earth's science didn't help me with this, well... I had other ways of getting information. Questionable ways, but effective all the same.

And who could really blame me? In this world, in this universe, information was power, and I wanted to know everything there was to know about him for the sake of knowledge and power.

There were a few individuals in this world that warranted my attention; he was one of them. Especially since he was quickly becoming a thorn in my side, both from a scientific point of view and from an economic one.

Though I suppose the ladder had been my own fault. After all, I had invested the money out of my own accord. Two times more than what I had invested in project Mach.

And I still had nothing.

There was no doubt he was... different, to say the least, but that was oversimplifying the entire thing. Maybe Vandal was right, and I was focusing too much on one simple thing.

But... There was simply something about him that nagged at me, something I just couldn't quite put my finger on it. Something that bothered me a lot.

I had considered more than once asking Savage for Darkseid's help in this particular matter, but every time logic came to bear, I had decided against it.

One didn't need to be a genius to know that whatever possible benefits Darkseid could offer would as always be outweighed by the potential consequences of literally dealing with space Satan.

In a few words, I simply didn't want to risk giving Darkseid any more power than he already had. But that was neither here nor there.

I suppose that for the time being it was best to close this research, as it was clear it had reached a painfully evident block. It was a shame, really. I had high hopes that my genius alone would solve this mystery. But alas, it was not meant to be.

Still, there was no reason to be sad or annoyed about this failure; after all, there were still other projects to keep me busy, projects I was certain didn't quite have so many... roadblocks.

And who knows? Perhaps someday, I will return to this project and see it through to completion.

But for now, it was time to move on.

[Deathstroke POV]

For the past year, I had been playing the role of an obedient attack dog for the Light doing their bidding day and night while carefully moving the pieces of my future attack around, patiently waiting for the right moment to strike.

No matter how smart Vandal was, he was still human, immortal or not. And humans made mistakes.

I just had to bid my time.

Play my role to the best of my ability.

In the meantime, however, I really couldn't complain. They paid me well, very well. And as long as I got the job done, they were happy to keep me on board as a piece in their little game - and I always got the job done.

I was good at what I did. One of the best, in fact. And I knew it.

Once I secured Black Bolt's loyalty as my apprentice, I was certain the opportunity to strike would arise, eventually. And when it did, the Light would regret crossing me.

I was confident that with Black Bolt under my control, it would only be a matter of time before the Light fell.

Enough about that, though; right now, it was time to work.

Taking a deep breath, I peeked through the shadows I was hiding, watching as my target exited the building. I had been waiting for this moment for days.

The target was rather reclusive, paranoid even; nevertheless, they all slipped eventually, no matter how careful they are, and it was then when they would meet my blade.

As the target walked out of his hiding place, I stepped out of the shadows from behind cover and calmly walked towards him, blocking his path.

The target froze as looked up at me, realizing who I was, dread clear in his eyes.

I grinned inside my mask in a sick way; it had always been satisfying to see the fear in my victims' eyes before I ended their lives.

"You're coming with me," I said coldly, grabbing onto the target's arm before he could move out of reach, pulling him towards a dark corner.

The target tried to resist, to run, but alas, it was all in vain.

Bored there had been no fight whatsoever, no real struggle, I pulled out my knife before grabbing the target by the hair, pulling his head back, ending his life in one quick motion by cutting his throat open.

Momentarily unable to register what had happened, the target gurgled, gasping for air, trying to hold onto his life, but for all the struggle the poor bastard was giving, it was already over before he could even begin fighting.

Taking a deep breath, I stepped back from the body that now laid motionless on the ground in a pool of its own blood before wiping the blood off my knife.

Yet another job done.

Now it was time to move on to the next target. The Light had given me quite the list, and while I played the role of their hound, I intended to cross every name on the list they had given me.

Now, to Gotham.

If I was lucky, The Dark Knight of Gotham would live up to his reputation, catching wind of my actions so far, predicting my next target. It wasn't like I was hiding from being discovered in the first place; I was being subtle, sure, but not subtle enough for detectives on the level of Batman to ignore.

I wanted him to find out because the sooner the Dark Knight discovered the Light existed, the sooner my plans for revenge would begin.