

[John Constantine POV]

The night had fallen, and I was in my hotel, smoking a fine cigar. Wondering what to do with the newest demon on my turf.

“You can come in now,” I said to the seemingly empty room. “No need to creep on my bloody ass.”

Batman entered my room through the window I had left open. His bloody suit, blending with the night outside better than the shadows themselves, had I not been used to this type of shit dealing with demons’ day and night, he would’ve scared the crap out of me.

“Fancy a cuppa?” I offered jokingly. I knew the last thing Batman wanted from me was a bloody cup of me, but it didn’t hurt to ask, even if I didn’t have how to make good on that offer right now.

Batman said nothing, carefully scanning the room up and down.

“I’ll take your usual silence as a no,” I added, taking a seat on my bed. “So, why are you here?”

“I came to ask for your help,” Batman replied. “I need help proving Black Bolt is right, and you are my best bet for that.”

“I already told you, the girl is a bad omen,” I replied, taking a deep breath. Had I been wrong before? Absofuckinglutly, but this time, I was certain we had to deal with whatever that girl was immediately, never before I had felt such demonic power in a single entity, her power alone

rivaled Demons as old as the bloody bible, who knows what calamities she would bring if we left her unchecked.

Batman said nothing, simply glaring at me.

I scoffed, realizing what his silence meant this time. “You don’t trust me...”

“I do, but I trust Black Bolt more,” Batman replied without missing a beat.

“No lube for that one I see,” I replied, taking a deep breath.

“Will you help me, or not?” Batman replied, his tone growing ever impatient.

“Why not,” I shrugged, tossing my cigar out the window behind him. “I mean, if I am right, which I am, we kill the bloody girl, if I am not, which is not the case, we help an innocent little girl and his obviously not mind-controlled boyfriend clear their names...”

Batman said nothing, glaring at me even harder.

“Ok, ok, no jokes, no need to go bonkers on the only demon hunter you have on speed dial,” I sighed, raising my hands in defeat.

“I also have Etrigan,” Batman replied, turning around.

Please, as if Etrigan could even compare to me, or deal with those blokes better than I do.

“He has a better record than you,” Batman added as if reading my mind.

“No powers my ass, you fool no one,” I snorted.

[David Lance POV]

After hours of deliberation. The best plan I had, was to ask Wonder Woman to use her lasso on Rachel to prove her innocence, but that left a big window of them asking the wrong question, and well, that didn't sit well for me.

I sighed, deciding to stop thinking about the problem for a bit. At times, it was best to occupy the mind with something else for it to find the solution. ~I will go to the town and buy some food; do you want anything?~

“Anything you bring is fine,” Rachel asked without breaking her meditation.

I nodded, putting my mask on, before embarking on my journey into the town a few miles down the mountain. While it was certain nobody knew I was here, I was still playing it like any hero job, keeping my identity safe, just in case.

Besides, the locals didn't see my face at all. And the mask I was currently using looked like one used for medical reasons, not heroic ones, which more than not, made the locals give me my space.

Allowing me to roam around the town freely without any social interaction, besides those that were unavoidably necessary.

[Vandal Savage POV]

Black Bolt.

Or should I say, David Lance?

I guess in the great scheme of things, it doesn't matter.

The point is the kid was quite the interesting piece on my board. A happily welcomed enigma, that broke out of the boundaries I had thought to be firm.

A meta-human, unlike any meta-human. I wasn't sure the term meta-human was even accurate at this point.

His DNA was anything but human. Intrinsically more complicated than Kryptonian DNA.

Had we not had proof of his birth, and his parentage, I would simply assume he was an alien, raised by humans just like Superman.

But that's the thing. I had more than enough evidence to confirm David's human heritage, and that made this mystery all the more interesting.

I can't help but wonder, what role will he play for the light in the future?

For humanity, in the upcoming war.

"Klarion," I spoke, seeing the red and black portal of the chaos lord open in front of me.

"Hi," Klarion smiled, petting Teekl on his shoulder.

"Any updates on the anomaly you felt?" I asked, going straight to the point. It was usually best to do that when dealing with Klarion, someone who operated on whimsical impulses.

"Well... she's with the kid you hate so much," Klarion answered with a short-lived chuckle, as Teekl meowed at him something. "I meant like; he knows I meant like! Uggh! As I was saying, she's with the kid, as well as the boring mercenary you like to hire... though he's camping in the forest, killing someone unrelated to the brat."

So, the magical anomaly was with David, interesting. I had originally planned to capture the anomaly for research purposes, but this felt like an even more interesting experiment.

I might need to inform Deathstroke to let David be, for now, his unwelcome interference could ruin further development.

“How much of a threat does the anomaly represent to our plans?” I asked calmly, making sure to remember to contact Deathstroke.

“Hmmm, a lot? Nothing?” Klarion shrugged, as Teekl rolled her eyes at him. “Ughh, I know my answer wasn’t good! Is just that, that big moron is only a threat if he manages to come through, at least for you guys...”

Trigon, the demonic conqueror. A demon whose power rivals or surpasses Darkseid himself, at least according to Klarion, who wasn’t the best at giving estimates.

“Should he come, can we stop him should the necessity arise?” I asked, hiding the question I was asking him well so as to not insult his child-like ego. The question being, can you stop him?

Klarion smiled confidently, “I can, with ease. That stupid giant is nothing but a butt for me!” At this, Teekl meowed at him once again, “A bug! He knows I meant bug!”

“Good,” I nodded, walking into my office. I had many things to plan and modify to accommodate for the anomaly, and the development it could bring to Black Bolt.