

[David Lance POV]

Amanda Waller peered at me with narrowed eyes, her expression unreadable. I could feel the tension in the air, a silent battle of wills between us as our gazes clashed. A myriad of emotions crossed her face - confusion, curiosity, trepidation - plus something else that I couldn't quite decipher.

"You wish to recruit me?" Waller repeated between furrowed brows, as if not quite believing what she had just heard.

"That's correct," I nodded. A faint smile played at the corner of my lips, hidden under my helmet.

"Why?" Waller demanded.

"Because we both share a similar goal," I replied calmly. I could tell she was skeptical, but I saw a flicker of interest in her eyes.

"And what is your goal?" Waller pressed.

I clasped my hands together, my index fingers and thumbs forming a triangle as I leaned forward. "Before I answer that, answer me this. Are you content with the status quo?" I asked.

Waller crossed his arms and scowled. Her face was flushed with contempt as she snorted before saying, "Don't tell me you came to discuss such trivial matters."

I pursed my lips and slowly exhaled. "I guess I didn't explain myself well enough."

Waller remained silent.

I uncrossed my legs, stepped away from the chair I had been occupying, and planted my feet firmly on the ground. "Allow me to try with a different question. What do you think about the Heroes and the Villains?"

Waller's brow furrowed and her lips pressed into a thin line as she considered the question. She tilted her head to one side and studied me, her gaze intensely scrutinizing my every move. After an uncomfortably long silence, she spoke in a monotone voice. "I don't have a particularly

strong opinion about either. All I see in them is potential assets and threats, nothing more, nothing less."

I stepped towards one of the windows in Waller's office, my gaze sweeping over the stacks of paperwork cluttering her desk. "Well, what I see is a disease," I said, my voice stern. "One that needs to be treated."

Waller stayed still, her gaze intent on me as if she was trying to figure out what my intentions were, trying to find the answers she sought.

I felt my hands tightening into fists, my knuckles turning white with the effort of holding back the rage. "This game everybody plays," I spat. "This endless cycle. Even if they win a few battles, they never really win the war. We can never move forward, or back. We stay perpetually in the middle, in a limbo of our own making."

Waller's brow furrowed as she crossed her arms. "And I take it you want to change that," she said slowly, her voice vibrating with the weight of the words.

I spun around to face her, my lips forming into a mocking smile. "Insanity is doing the same thing over and over and

expecting different results," I said, with open arms.
"Wouldn't you agree?"

Waller's gaze bore into me as she spoke, her voice heavily laced with trepidation. "I think I'm starting to understand the kind of person you are," she said. "I will admit our general goal aligns, at least partially, but I can't shake the feeling that whatever you're planning involves a drastically different approach than what I'm envisioning."

I slowly nodded, my face solemn. "In a way, it is. I want to tear down the structure of this world, the entire system that has been in place for so long. I want to destroy the heroes, the villains, the politicians, and the civilians who are afraid or delighted by their actions."

Waller's lips curled into a grimace as a single, cynical chuckle escaped her. She shook her head and uttered, "You're a joke if you think you can take down all this, the system remains because it can't be shattered."

I clapped my hands together once and smiled at her under my helmet, before raising an index finger to emphasize my point. "I know," I said. "I don't seek to destroy the system, as that is an impossible mission, what I seek to do is reform it, into one where actions have consequences."

Waller narrowed her gaze and tilted her head, as she spread her hands wide, inviting an explanation. "And how exactly do you propose to do that?"

I spread my arms wide and grinned, "By playing for all teams, of course! Using all their rules or lack thereof to my advantage."

Waller's deep black eyes widened, and then narrowed in understanding as she leveled her gaze at me. "You are a madman if you're planning what I think you're planning."

I looked at her, my expression hidden behind my helmet as the neon line running down the middle of it flashed in a bright color. "The question now is. Do you want to be part of those who write history or those who simply record it?" I asked, my tone empty and non-committal.

Waller sat above her desk with her arms crossed and her brow furrowed, her expression vacillating between intrigue and wariness. "You haven't made it clear what role you want me to fill," she said, her voice low and measured.

I looked into her dark eyes as I replied, "The same role you have been playing all along, but with a few adjustments."

The world needs someone who isn't afraid to take on the tough, necessary tasks that others can't imagine doing."

Waller chuckled dryly. "And because getting people to act against their own self-interest for the national security of the United States is what I do for a living, I'm that person, right?"

"That's part of why you qualify for this position, but that's not all," I stepped closer to her, my eyes piercing through the shadows that enveloped us. She didn't move, instead, she only watched me as I spoke. "What makes you special is your ambition," I said, voice low and steady. "Your thirst for power. That's what makes you stand out amidst the masses of faceless workers, your desire to climb higher, no matter how depraved the act you have to do to accomplish such a goal. That's why you qualify for this position."

Waller's voice was steady and strong. Her gaze unwavering from my person as her eyes narrowed showing determination. "If you know that much about me, then you must know that for me to accept this, there has to be something in it for me."

A deep, throaty laugh escaped my lips as I clapped my hands together, once again. "Absolutely! I wouldn't have

considered you if I hadn't had anything to offer. If you join me, once all of this is over, your name will be immortalized as the woman who fixed the world against all odds. Your name will be in every headline and people will be clamoring for you."

Waller regarded me with a raised eyebrow, the dim yellow light of the room highlighting her skeptical expression. "You really think I'm the kind of person who'd invite that kind of attention?" she said in a low voice.

I tilted my head, looking at her. "You don't care about the spotlight, nor about the anonymity. All you have ever wanted is the power to actually make a difference."

Waller cackled, leaning back on her desk. Her eyes glinted as she smiled a wry smile. "I suppose I can admit I'm curious enough to hear what you have to say. Tell me about your plan, and I'll decide whether or not I want to get involved."

By the time I had finished my talk with Amanda Waller, explaining without going into much detail what I wanted to do, she had accepted my offer.

I could already see the gears in her head turning, as she started to weigh the benefits of my mission, as well as what she could gain from it from every angle.

Even then, I wasn't so foolish as to trust her, not even a bit. I simply had something to gain from her, as she did from me.

I knew there was a chance she would try to backstab me, but I wasn't all that worried about that scenario. The moment Waller decided it was best to betray me, it would be the moment she would outlive her usefulness.

Until then, however, I work with her in a mutually friendly business relationship.

"It will be a pleasure to work with you," Waller said, extending her hand.

"It will," I said, taking her hand.