

[Rachel Roth POV]

I opened my eyes, calmly leaving my deep state of profound meditation, mind, and body ready for another day, to find David exercising at the entrance of the cave, sweat dripping on his feet, like rain on a summer night.

He was unlike any person I had met before.

He was a fit, black-haired, mute teenager who had the looks of a trained soldier, at least physically. His clothes were torn, and dirty, probably because of his training regime, one I was certain he was overdoing to silence his own thoughts.

I could relate to that.

It was unequivocally indisputable that the greatest enemy anyone has to face is themselves.

After all, the real monsters don't sleep under our beds, they sleep inside our heads.

In my case, that was a literal statement of my existence, more than a metaphor itself. Be that as it may, that didn't change the reality of everyone's existence.

His demons just like mine were eating him away.

I could feel it.

I could feel everything he was feeling at all times, and more. Part of being an empath.

Perhaps that was the reason I felt a kindred connection with him.

“Morning,” I said calmly, making David stop his training as he turned around to wave at me with a smile on his face.

~Did I wake you up?~ David asked.

I shook my head. “No, you were very quiet. I thank you for respecting my meditation.”

He nodded, feeling relieved he hadn’t bothered me. He was truly a strange person, he knew more about me than he cared to admit, yet he wasn’t afraid.

On the contrary, he seemed more relaxed around me than others. And, if I was allowed to say, I felt the same way.

It’s not often you find someone who can understand your burdens. And burdens like ours often bring a life of total isolation.

[Batman POV]

Zatara had brought us to the tower of fate to discuss about his findings. Terrible findings according to him, a fact that made Constantine gloat.

“Batman,” Zatara greeted dryly.

I could see in his face as clear as the day that the information he had was not what he had been expecting when he came here.

“Can you tell this bloody idiot I was right so that I can go on with my day?” Constantine said.

“You are not dealing with a simple demon here, Constantine,” Zatara sighed, pausing for a brief second. “We are dealing with a demon so old, and powerful, that his name is a taboo even in the darkest arts...”

“Trigon,” Kent Nelson who had just entered the room said, slowly walking towards us.

“Shit...” Constantine muttered, evidently recognizing the name Kent had spoken.

“Explain,” I said, giving Zatara a look.

“Trigon is an incredibly powerful demon and celestial conqueror. One that has brought down entire dimensions in his wake...” Zatara replied, his body tensing as each word came out.

“Tale says Trigon was originally the ruler of an unknown alien planet in a distant reality, one full of evil. Eventually, his reign of terror became so unforgivable, that three powerful entities came to his domain in an effort to cleanse his rotten soul of evil. A grave mistake that would soon haunt the multiverse...” Kent sighed, pausing to summon a few chairs for everyone.

“They evidently failed,” I said, after all, that was usually how these tales of demons came to an end.

Kent nodded. “The entities failed to see the bigger picture, and in their lack of awareness, they summoned an ancient artifact, one that would unavoidably help bring their end. The Heart of Darkness, an artifact able to feast on the evil of others, leaving only the other side of the coin. However, their plan as you guessed it failed, as Trigon was not only able to resist their efforts but absorb the power the Heart contained, which contained the collected evils of a hundred galaxies. With his newfound power, he killed the entities that had come to cleanse his soul with ease, shredding them of their flesh and wearing their skin as a trophy...”

A demonic conqueror with untold power, that had yet to make his move. But why?

If his power was anything like Kent was describing, and Zatara’s and Constatine’s expressions were anything to go by, then it was well within this demon’s power to conquer this reality with ease.

Unless he had gotten the genie treatment.

Power without the freedom to use it.

Demons in general were just like that, they had little control outside their realms, and therefore needed anchors to interact with the physical realm.

If that was the case, then it was safe to assume the girl was his anchor, his door to this realm.

But if that was the case, then what was stopping him from invading our reality?

He didn't sound like the type of entity that liked waiting.

Meaning that his gate here wasn't working as intended.

"The girl..." Zatara sighed, but I stopped him.

"It's connected to him, I figured that much," I said, trying to make the picture of the problem we were dealing with clearer.

"She's a gate," Kent nodded.

"One that has yet to open, why?" I replied.

"That... we don't know," Zatara replied.

"Perhaps the girl needs a sacrifice to bring that bastard here," Constantine offered. "Most demons require blood of some kind..."

“Trigon does not,” Kent stated.

If Constantine was right, then David was probably the sacrifice they needed to open the gates. However, if Kent was right, then something else was at hand, something I wanted to know.

“We need to kill that demon before she bloody kills us all,” Constantine said.

“No,” I said, in a tone that left no room for arguments or appeals. “We know nothing of the girl or her direct relation to Trigon, or how our actions might affect our problem, therefore, we must act as if she was a bomb.”

“Batman is right...” Kent nodded, taking a deep breath. “We can only act if we know with confidence our actions won’t help Trigon cross the veil to our world...”

“Constantine, Kent, you two keep investigating about Trigon, Zatara with me,” I said, turning around, and walking towards the door. I had much to do, and one of those things was having a talk with Black Bolt, that I hoped would give me perspective.