

[David Lance POV]

I took a step back, seeing the creature I had destroyed with a whisper, reform in a fair bit of crimson smoke. Little by little materializing back to full health.

“Not bad...” The demon’s voice changed, his eyes that had just materialized back, glowing red, with an extra pair of eyes appearing above his original two, making the total sum four.

Four eyes.

Demonic powers.

There was only one being that I knew, that matched that description to a T.

Trigon.

I really hoped it wasn’t him. I was far, far out of my league if he was.

“You will do,” The demon smiled, pointing at me with delirious delight, one that soon turned into a scowl filled with confusion. “You resist me?”

I honestly had no idea what he was talking about, but based on his look of utter bewilderment, he had probably tried to mind control me, failing in the process.

“I see,” The demon laughed, his voice booming across the once green forest, shaking the very earth, forcing the tectonic plates in the near surroundings to oscillate dangerously. “Your mind is alluringly strong. But as vexing as you are, everything is futile in the face of me.”

“Go back to hell,” I muttered, destroying his body once again in order to collect my thoughts, to better deal with the situation.

First, I had to analyze what I knew, and what I could deduce based on what I had seen so far.

I was still breathing.

Meaning that thing I had destroyed twice, wasn't Trigon, at least not entirely.

That alone gave me a lot of room to stall. For someone better prepared to deal with magical threats.

Regrettably, for me, I didn't have Doctor Fate's number, or Constantine's for that matter, the two heavy hitters of the league when it came to dealing with demonic entities.

Not that Doctor Fate's number would help, he wasn't on active duty anymore.

At least that I knew of.

However, I had Giovanni Zatara's number. I had seen the man once at a Christmas party at Oliver's manor three years ago, where he had come to give Oliver his gift before departing to spend the holiday with his daughter.

He had given me his personal card that time, telling me to call him, in case Oliver didn't in a magical emergency.

This seemed like a great opportunity to text him, alongside Batman, those two would know better how to handle this situation, or at the very least they would have a better grasp of how to deal with this than I did.

Coming to that conclusion, I sent the texts as fast as I could, keeping myself fully alert.

"You cannot stop me, child," The demon hissed, his body reforming in front of me at an alarmingly quick rate.

"I will," I replied in a whisper. Destroying his body once again.

I might not be able to kill him, but this would do for now.

“I can take it away...”

I froze in place, as the world around me changed, showing me what life could be if I was in control of my powers, through a world of illusions.

He was trying to manipulate me through my desires.

“I can take the pain away. Your burdens... everything, and all you have to do, is serve... an existence free of pain and earthly burdens, and all I demand is your total obedience, your complete subservience. For you to acknowledge me as your God, that’s all I ask, for a life free of suffering...” The voice of the demon thundered inside my skull loudly. Offering me a life in control.

“Go fuck yourself,” I muttered, aiming ahead of me, forcefully breaking a path out of the world of illusions.

“Pathetic... Resistance is futile to one who is the destroyer of all that exists!” The demon roared, his body reforming in front of me, ready to attack.

However, before the demon could even begin to attack, a large beam of black energy with a faint purple edge around it struck the enemy, pushing the demon away, as the following words were heard loud and clear, "Azarath metrion zinthos!"

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[Batman POV]

I had received a message from Black Bolt on my private phone as I was patrolling Gotham, requesting urgent help in dealing with a magical situation.

The very same text had also been sent to Zatara, who had contacted me, as I called the league.

Black Bolt knew of every magical threat we, the League knew of, as it had been a fundamental part of his training in criminal profiling. With that in mind, and how certain I was of his skills, the lack of any information in his text that could help us identify the threat was worrisome.

Because it meant the threat was one, we didn't know anything about.

What concerned me, even more, was the fact that whatever this threat was, had gone under the radar, avoiding detection from our strongest magical users.

There was a chance Black Bolt was simply dealing with a threat he regarded as magical but wasn't. For the League, it was common to deal with these kinds of threats every now and then.

Be that as it may, I trusted Black Bolt's judgment enough to not rule out anything just yet. Instead, opting to tackle this situation by taking his text as hard facts to base our response on.

"Do we have his location?" Superman asked.

I nodded, "He's forty miles north from Star City."

"Let's go then," Wonder Woman said, holding her lasso tight.

"I'm already on my way, I'll be there in fifteen seconds, had to stop at the police to drop my latest catch," The Flash added, replying to our call through the coms.

"Mate, we better hurry. Whatever that poor bloke of a kid is fighting, is as dark as they come, hell, it makes Hell feel like fucking Glendale," Constantine said, his eyes narrowing in concern. "I mean, if you like the kid... otherwise, keep debriefing our situation."

"I can't believe I'm saying this, but Constantine is right," Zatara nodded, dread clear in his voice. "I can... feel darkness without equal there, no idea how I didn't notice it sooner."

"Get used to it mate," Constantine shrugged. "Besides, this is my day-to-day bread. Dark shit, and booze. Mostly booze."

“Zeta tubes ready,” I said, giving the League a small nod to proceed.