

## [David Lance POV]

I was on my way back to the cave with the food I had bought, when someone threw a knife at me, stopping me in my tracks as I jumped back to avoid the projectile.

That, someone, was no other than Deathstroke.

“You were hard to track,” Deathstroke said, slowly drawing his blade from the scabbard on his back. “I’m lucky I happened to be on assignment...”

I took a step forward, having no idea how he had found me. But still, determined to deal with him.

Without another word, Deathstroke darted towards me, raising his sword above his head, swinging it down at me, as I dodge side-stepping out of the blade’s range, throwing a hard punch at the mercenary’s chest, putting some weight into it.

The blow knocked Deathstroke up, and I followed up with a horizontal kick to his ribs, before taking a few steps back to assess the situation.

“Not bad,” Deathstroke commented, seemingly pleased with our short exchange so far.

My gaze hardened, getting into position to continue the fight, however, Deathstroke raised his hand at me, putting his sword back on his scabbard.

“I didn’t come here to fight, not entirely,” Deathstroke said, cracking his neck from side to side. “I came here to help.”

I frowned, whatever help he had to offer I didn’t want it. ~You can help by leaving.~

“I will, after I actually help,” Deathstroke replied, seemingly amused by my demand. “I’m not one to waste time, kid. And I put a lot of time into finding this...” At this, he pulled a piece of rolled paper out of one of his pockets.

I had no idea what that was, or how it could help me, but something here didn’t feel right.

“It’s a map,” Deathstroke clarified, tossing the map at my feet.

~What’s your angle, Deathstroke?~ I asked, keeping my eyes on him.

“Right now? Nothing,” Deathstroke replied calmly. “Consider this a gift, free of charge...” He added ominously.

I glanced at the map, before turning to him. ~What is that map for?~

“That’s for you to see, if you ever feel like taking control,” Deathstroke replied, turning around. “A piece of advice before leaving, this place is no longer safe for you or that little girl you are protecting, news is spreading around you are here, so I would wholly recommend relocating.”

I frowned, I was still questioning how the hell he found me when not even Batman had... unless Batman had, but was leaving me alone to do my thing, which kind of went with his character.

“See you around, kid,” Deathstroke added, walking into the forest without signs of turning back.

I sighed, feeling this kind of interaction would be a recurring thing between the two of us.

He was right though; it was time to relocate. It was possible he had found my hiding place using satellites, and a pretty specific searching criteria.

That or locals had spread the news of a random kid appearing in their town, I mean, the place received roughly twelve visitors a year, so my sudden appearance out of normal tourist dates was probably hard to miss.

In any case. It was best to relocate as soon as possible, to avoid unwanted visits.

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**[Batman POV]**

With the help of John Constantine, the League's temporary advisor in the realm of the demonic. I had drawn some conclusions about the mysterious girl Black Bolt had protected.

The one running ahead, being that the girl was indeed demonic in nature, but not entirely.

Just like Etrigan.

A demonic entity bound to a human.

I had a hunch; the girl was like that. But I didn't like operating under simple hunches, I needed more than that, otherwise, I would be playing in the dark.

I didn't like not having the facts.

Black Bolt probably knew more than me about her, but for the time it was best to leave him alone, at least until I had more than a hunch to help him.

A hunch John Constantine didn't like at all.

According to him, the girl was one hundred percent demon, but if history had proved anything with Constantine, was to never take his word completely.

He always slips.

He always makes mistakes.

He always realizes he made a mistake when it's too late to avoid any possible consequences, and then tries to fix whatever he did with the equivalent of duct tape in his line of work.

That was his endless cycle.

I would not be part of his cycle.

Not when the case was under my clear jurisdiction.

This was League business, and it would be dealt with under League parameters.

Part of the reason I had asked Constantine for help, instead of Etrigan, was to keep Constantine on my watch at all times, to avoid him making a mistake he would undoubtedly regret at the end of the line.

His knowledge of the arcane arts and the demonic arts helped, but those were in the great scheme of things, just excuses to keep him occupied with me, instead of hunting the girl, like he would've been by now had I not directed his focus on other tasks.

"Every second we spend debating what-ifs is a second more the girl has to brainwash the kid," Constantine barked.

"We won't move until we are certain of how to proceed, am I clear?" I asked, my tone dangerously low.

“Bloody hell with you heroes, and your fucking procedures before doing anything, I swear! I have no idea how you blokes have time to do anything, with you bastard keeping an eye on them,” Constantine ranted, opening a new bottle of whiskey, the fourth so far.

Good.

I had more than enough alcohol to keep him entertained until I was sure how to proceed.

“At least you have good whiskey,” Constantine complemented with a sigh. “I mean, if the world has to end because you’re a bloody moron, I might as well go down drinking the good shit, so thanks for that.”

“You’re welcome,” I replied, continuing with my research. Updating Giovanni on what I had found, as I waited for his update on the situation.

The last time I heard of him was two hours ago, and he had been on his way to talk with Kent Nelson, who was quite possibly our best shot at solving this.

After all.

Kent’s knowledge in the arcane arts was almost as vast as Doctor Fate’s himself.

If someone had a clear answer about this, it was him.