[David Lance POV]

I had been summoned by Batman to the Bat Cave. The summon itself didn't say for what reason or possible motive, but I could draw my own conclusions.

The Light, or Waller.

I honestly hoped it was about the situation with the Light. As problematic as Waller was, The Light was worse, at least in this universe, meaning that whatever threat Waller represented could simply wait until the Light was no more.

I had my reasons to believe that Batman felt the same; after all, more than not, we shared views on these kinds of things.

Taking a deep breath, I descended into the depths of the Bat Cave, using one of the external entry points outside the Wayne Manor.

"Black Bolt," Batman greeted me from the chair of his computer, his eyes fixed on some information that was on

display on the massive monitor a few feet away from him. By his side, Alfred stood, an empty tray at hand.

"Master Bolt, would you care for a drink?" Alfred asked, turning to look at me with a warm smile adorning his face.

I nodded. ~Water would do nicely.~

"Wonderful, I'll be back in a minute," Alfred bowed before taking his leave.

~Thanks,~ I signed before my eyes flickered back to Batman.

Batman's eyes left the screen and fixed on me. "I went through the files you got from CADMUS, and the situation is worse than we imagined," he said simply.

That was an understatement of the century.

"The data we have is incomplete, but it seems like they are preparing for war," Batman elaborated, his eyes dark.

I frowned. ~What do you mean by 'incomplete'?~

I mean, I knew the Light limited Desmond's access to important information, but I was sure I took all there was to know about the light within Desmond's grasp CADMUS. Unless

some of the files were simply encrypted covers for more valuable information.

That was a possibility. I hadn't had the time to really go through the files with that of managing the team, visiting Harley and Ivy, and doing patrols in Star City.

"Some files had files within them that were heavily encrypted, and I could only decrypt a small portion of them. But from what I could gather, they are not just building an army, but they are also stockpiling weapons," Batman explained, his eyes growing dark.

So, I was right. ~It would explain the Genomorphs.~

Batman nodded. "Their goal is evident, and that is war. What I'm not sure about is what war they are planning to fight exactly.... because one thing is certain, it isn't against the League."

I frowned. If not the League, then who? I feel like I should know this...

Taking a deep breath, I approached the Dark Knight. ~Why did you call here? You are not one to summon someone for a simple exchange of information, so tell me, what do you need?~

Batman's eyes softened a bit. "I need you to find out what the Light is planning. I need you when the time is right to infiltrate their ranks and learn everything you can about their plans."

I see now. He wanted to exploit Deathstroke's interest in me in order to enter the Light. The question is, how does he know Deathstroke is part of this so-called light?

I paused, mulling over his words; this was quite the task he was giving me, one that I wasn't sure I wanted to take. It wasn't that I didn't want to help. On the contrary, I wanted nothing more than to see the Light brought down. But at the same time, I knew that this path would only hurt those that I care about.

~That's quite the mission, Bruce,~ I said, my back leaning against the control panel of his massive PC.

"I know, and I will understand and accept if you say no," Batman replied, his voice sincere. "But I hope you understand why I'm asking this of you."

I nodded. ~I do. Is because of Deathstroke, isn't it?~ I signed, my eyes meeting his.

"Partially," Batman nodded. "I know he's interested in you, and we can use that to our advantage. But also, because you're one of the few people I trust enough to take on this mission."

~Careful, Richard might get jealous,~ I replied with a small smile. ~You do realize that if I do this, I will have to stuff that, as heroes, we swore never to do, right?~

Batman nodded, his voice carrying a grim tone. "I know, and I am prepared to accept whatever consequences come from this."

I sighed. This was going to be harder than I thought... But, if I wanted to protect my sister, Raven, Oliver, and everyone else, I had to do my part.

~Alright, Bruce,~ I said, pushing myself off the control panel. ~Count on me.~

Batman's eyes softened in relief. "Thank you, David."

~Do try, however, to find another solution before embarking on this path,~ I added, cracking my neck in order to release some tension.

Batman nodded. "Infiltration is our last resort."

~Who can know?~ I asked, gazing at him for a brief moment.

"No one, if possible. Raven, if absolutely necessary," Batman answered without missing a beat. "Raven already knows more than anyone, so for her, it would be easy to figure out what's

happening either way. Beyond her. Everyone is on a need-to-know basis."

No one. Well fuck, that will make things emotionally distressing for everyone involved if I ever have to face my sister in combat while playing the role of a villain.

~We have to figure out a workaround for my powers then,~ I replied with a sigh. ~I mean, what will I do if the Light asks me to shout?~

"I'm working on a solution for that," Batman replied before opening a file on his computer. "As we speak, Martian Manhunter has been working with the best martian scientists his world has to offer to develop a tool to allow you to speak without actually speaking. The tool is heavily based on their sentient ships and their abilities to connect with their owners."

~Does he know?~ I asked.

He shook his head. "No."