

[David Lance POV]

Cloaked in darkness, I silently climbed a rear fire escape that led to the second floor of the school where Dr. Roquette was at, having left the rest of the team to take care of the front while Raven and I watched the back in order to keep the Dr, safe.

Having reached the second floor, I flicked the lights of the hallway on, or at least tried to because no lights turned on. Upon further inspection, I noticed that the light bulbs of the hallway looked disconnected from where I was standing, a realization that made me frown, as it was almost too convenient.

Deciding to confirm my suspicions, I checked one of the bulbs confirming that they had been, in fact, unscrewed just enough to not turn on.

-Team, we have company,- I said through the telepathic link, giving the dark hallway a look.

-Any idea of how many?- Raven asked, her voice cutting through the silence in my mind.

-No, so stay put. In case this is a distraction,- I replied, plucking two knives out of my utility belt before walking towards the next area, keeping my guard up. I had barely taken a couple of steps into the next room when a flash of light appeared on my left side, blasting me out of the hallway through one of the windows. Turning my body around midair, I drew my grapnel gun from my belt and fired it in the direction of the hallway, the hook digging into the structure of one of the walls as it pulled me back in.

Back in the hallway, I got into a defensive stance, looking around. Whatever that was, wasn't supposed to hurt me, just push me out of the building.

-Black Bolt, are you okay?- Aqualad asked, worry laced in his tone.

-I am. I just confirmed someone is indeed within the building, so keep your eyes open,- I replied, as the gleam of something flying toward me caught my attention just in time, giving me the time to duck under the projectile.

A javelin...

Sportsmaster.

"Good, I was afraid this was going to be easy," Sportsmaster said as he came into view.

-Sportsmaster is in the building. I will deal with him. Keep your positions, and remember our priority is to keep Dr. Roquette safe and stop the FOG,- I informed the team, hoping that this would not make Artemis perform poorly.

-Understood,- Aqualad replied.

-Very well, I will keep patrolling the back of the school. Call me if you need backup,- Raven said, her tone depicting her trust in me dealing with this alone.

-Are you guys out of your mind?!- Artemis cried in clear shock.
-We need to help Black Bolt, leader or not; Sportsmaster is not someone you can underestimate!-

-I already fought him once. He ran. So far, the score is on my corner,- I replied before darting toward Sportsmaster.

Chuckling under his hockey mask, Sportmaster plucked another javelin from his back before hurling it at my face. The javelin sliced through the air, gleaming under the moonlight as it made its way toward me.

Using the armor of my wrists, I deflected the javelin before hurling a few knives at Sportsmaster, who deftly evaded the projectiles. Each one missing him by a few inches as he darted towards me.

"You did better in our first fight, kiddo," Sportsmaster said with a clear sneer, his tone and body language conveying nothing but arrogance and confidence.

Finally, within striking distance. I sidestepped out of a kick he had thrown before throwing a hard punch at his jaw, putting my weight into it. The blow knocked the Sportsmaster's head to one side, and I followed that up with another strike to his face, cracking his mask into pieces.

Very durable that mask. It took two hits to break.

"I guess you were warming up earlier," Sportsmaster said in a low tone, pulling a retractable Saber from his waist, arming the thing in one snap of his arm. Raising the saber above his head, Sportsmaster swung it down at me.

I jumped back, hurling a few explosive knives at him. While I was certain no sword could cut me, the events with the joker had left a bad taste in my mouth, as it showed even the ordinary looking could not be what it seemed.

Taking a few steps back, I threw a few smoke pellets to the ground as Sportsmaster swung his saber at me. Within a few moments, the entire area we were fighting at; was covered in smoke, allowing me the momentary freedom to set a few things up.

"Kiddo, I grew up in smoke and shadows," Sportsmaster said seconds before a discus hit me square on the chest, pushing me out of the smoke, with Sportsmaster slowly walking out of the curtain of smoke, Saber still at hand.

I smiled under my mask, pressing a button on my belt, activating the little gift I had left behind for him. Without a warning, the Saber flew out of Sportsmaster's hand into the wall, with Sportsmaster following the Saber's suit soon enough, but not out of his own volition.

It was all thanks to the magnet I had set a few moments earlier.

Taking this chance, I hurled a tasing knife at him, only for him to dodge it by rolling on the ground immediately after he had released his equipment to the magnet. "I can't even be mad at that one. But you're still dying tonight."

One would think that being unable to reply would discourage villains from talking.

Taking a deep breath, I took a step forward, getting ready for round two, when all of the sudden, something struck Sportsmaster on the neck, a small dart. "Fuck..." Was all Sportsmaster managed to say before dropping to the ground.

The team was still in their positions, so who had helped me?

"I'm sorry I had to interrupt your little dance with Lawrence over here, but honestly, you were a few steps away from winning anyhow. All I did was speed up the process," That voice. Deathstroke.

I frowned, getting into position as Deathstroke walked into view, making no sound at all.

"Now, let's talk. Black Bolt," Deathstroke continued, stopping a few inches from Sportsmaster's unconscious body, before grabbing Sportsmaster with one hand and tossing him out of the window. "Or should I call you David?"