

[Vandal Savage POV]

I waited in my office as a portal appeared, one from Klarion letting Deathstroke and Ra's al Ghul into my office. For a second, both of them stood quite; still, almost as if having a small but meaningful exchange of words, then they turned towards me, walking.

“Deathstroke, Ra's al Ghul,” I greeted, offering them a seat, which they both refused to take.

“I brought them here, just like you asked,” Klarion said, sounding annoyed as his familiar Teekl meowed at him, making Klarion grow red, as he opened another portal, leaving my office. “I know, I know!”

“Savage, is there a good reason you called me here? I assume it’s not for socializing,” Ra's al Ghul spoke, breaking the ice with a small frown on his face.

“You are right,” I nodded. “I need you to eliminate a few undesirable cults here and there, and for that particular mission, the shadows will be compensated handsomely.”

Trigon was a threat I didn’t have the luxury of letting be. With the help of Klarion and Black Adam, I had located all the cults on earth that worshiped him and were actively trying to bring him into this world.

That, I would not allow.

My goal, my sole purpose in this universe, was to further human evolution to the heights I knew we could reach as species. Trigon, and

the total annihilation he represented, were factors I simply couldn't allow to come by any means necessary.

Thankfully, most of the cults worshiping him were on earth. The rest, well, they were being taken care of at the moment.

"How handsomely are we speaking of here?" Ra's al Ghul asked, his eyes filled with greed he pitifully thought he could hide. He was good at it, but I was better at reading people. He wanted a seat in the Light.

I could accommodate him temporarily.

"The shadows will get more than money out of this deal; they will get a seat in the Light," I offered, tone even.

"Most wonderful," Ra's al Ghul smiled. "Then, I accept. The shadows will eradicate these pesky pests that trouble you."

I nodded, handing him a file with detailed information about the targets I wanted to be eliminated as soon as possible, as discreetly as possible, in order to avoid the League's intervention.

"It shall be done," Ra's al Ghul smiled, taking the file before taking his leave, leaving me alone with Deathstroke.

"Deathstroke," I spoke as the mercenary drew near, taking a seat on my desk out of all places.

"Was there any particular reason you called here, with Ra's al Ghul?" Deathstroke spoke, his voice hard.

“There is, and there isn’t I simply had two important tasks that required both you and the shadows, and Klarion thought best to bring you both, but that’s neither here nor there,” I replied with a small nod.

“So, who do you want me to kill?” Deathstroke asked, glancing in my direction.

“No one. I want to support you on your quest to recruit Black Bolt,” I replied, placing a folder close to him.

Deathstroke stood still, quiet, before grabbing the folder and reading its contents. “I see...” he muttered with a stifled chuckle under his mask before placing the folder back on my desk.

“As you can see in the folders, we estimate his power will reach unprecedented levels before long. His powers, whoever will stagnate or rot under the League’s watchful eye, you, on the other hand, would present an opportunity for improvement within him,” I replied, being fully aware I was dealing with possibilities that could backfire in the future, but be that as it may, I preferred dealing with a failed experiment that with a hero of his skillset.

“According to those figures in that folder, you estimate he will have the power to blow the earth up in a few years... I don’t know much about your goals, but I know the earth’s survival is in them...” Deathstroke replied, reading between the unwritten lines.

“You would be correct,” I nodded, rising from my seat. “So, are you up for this task, Slade?”

Deathstroke laughed, jumping to his feet. “I am, Savage.”

[Deathstroke POV]

Vandal Savage thought me an idiot.

I really couldn't fault him for that. He was a man with more than forty thousand years of experience in his arsenal, so for him, most were undeveloped creatures.

He had done it all, and he had seen it all.

Be that as it may, he was severely underestimating me.

It was true he was a master of the long game, playing with everyone ten different games at the same time, always being ten steps ahead of every contender at all times.

Including the Witch Boy, Vandal's nuclear deterrent.

Right now, he was playing with me. And he was winning, but oh, I would play.

This deal he had offered me was nothing more than a warning that carried a double meaning.

One.

They would pursue Black Bolt regardless of who wanted him on their side. So, if I wanted him, it would be best to cooperate with them.

And two.

They knew what I was doing at all times, which on its own meant nothing, but for those capable of reading between lines, it meant something rather simple: Do as we tell you to do or face the consequences.

They were, in other words threatening me.

It had been a while since someone did.

Good.

They wanted me to play the lapdog? I would play my part, and when the time came, I would bite back.

I was honestly, in an almost childish sense, thrilled with this development.

Now, the main only problems on my side table were Savage and Klarion, two immortal beings.

Savage could be contained. But the Witch Boy, he was a player in his own league. One, not even the Kryptonian had a chance to face.

I really hated magic. It made all things a bit more complicated than they had to be.

But I suppose that's part of the fun.