

[Third Person. POV.]

Silence fell once more over the abandoned warehouse, the chilling echo of Deathstroke's words lingering in the crisp air. The scent of fresh blood hung heavily over the entire area, a grim reminder of the brutal confrontation that had just unfolded within these decrepit walls.

Slade pulled his mask back over his scarred face, the single eye glinting with a ruthless satisfaction as he casted one final glance at the Black Scarab's lifeless form. The body was barely recognizable, decapitated and bleeding out on the cold cement. It was an outcome many would consider monstrous, but to Deathstroke, it was simply another day's work.

"Very well, Deathstroke," the comm device buzzed to life, the voice on the other end cold and emotionless. "Report back to base at once. I've got another assignment for you."

"Roger that," Slade answered nonchalantly, the corner of his mouth pulling into a grim smile as he stepped over the Black Scarab's corpse and made his way towards the warehouse entrance.

Outside, the moonlight was waning, casting long, ominous shadows across the ground. Slade welcomed the creeping darkness like an old friend, the silence of the night serving as the perfect backdrop to his bloody work. As he walked away, he glanced back at the fallen alien one last time, thinking of him as nothing more than another name to add to his ever-growing list of kills.

Chuckling, he climbed into his armored vehicle, parked a safe distance from the warehouse. The moment he settled into the driver's seat, he flicked on the vehicle's internal console and punched in a few commands. A faint hum filled the air as the engine purred to life with a roar, the vehicle's controls lighting up like a constellation under his touch.

As he drove off into the night, the cityscape of New York loomed in the distance, skyscrapers reaching for the stars in a jagged line against the horizon. The metropolis was

slowly coming back to life, its inhabitants none the wiser to the violence that had unfolded in their midst.

The journey back to base was a blur, his mind focused on the upcoming assignment. To this day Slade didn't know what to think of his new role, for as long as he could remember, all he had been was an agent of chaos and destruction, a weapon to be pointed at a target and let loose.

Not that he wasn't a weapon anymore, he was, but now, it almost felt like he was fighting for a good cause, it was almost laughable.

Not that it mattered if that wasn't the case. After all, any thoughts of morality or guilt were luxuries he couldn't afford. He was Deathstroke, the Terminator, a man feared by many, and respected by few.

The comm device beeped again, interrupting his thoughts. "Deathstroke, prepare for extraction," the cold voice commanded.

"Copy that," Slade replied, swerving his vehicle into a hidden alleyway. A bright light engulfed the vehicle, and in the blink of an eye, it vanished, leaving the city to its peace once more.

In the vacuum of space, a massive ship floated silently, its exterior glistening under the light of distant stars. Within its metallic hull, hundreds of rooms hummed with activity, a hub of clandestine operations that spanned the cosmos.

"How was the fight?" David asked him, smiling at him.
"Did the prototype pills work as advertised?"

Slade merely grunted in response.

"Not very talkative," David replied. "The irony it's not lost on me."

Slade chuckled at that. "Well if you must talk, with your real voice at least, be sure to aim the other way."

David rolled his eyes playfully, the holographic projection of his face flickering in the dimly lit room. "You know,

sometimes I wonder if your sense of humor is as sharp as your combat skills."

Slade smirked beneath his mask. "You'll never know, Boss. Some things are better left in the realm of mystery."

As they walked down the metallic corridors of the ship, Slade's mind began to wander. Could David actually pull his plan off?

Or was he fighting a losing battle?

He wouldn't admit it, but he wanted him to succeed. But he knew very well how hard things of this nature were, especially when he was making himself the enemy of both Villains and Heroes.

Slade sighed.

It didn't matter. He would support David for as long as he could hold a weapon, if anything to see where his path would take him.

"Agent Wilson, glad to have you back," A serious voice called out from across the room. Slade turned to see Project Match, striding towards him.

It still surprised Slade how David had managed to fix him. From a mutated abomination to a normal looking kid that would be, by most, unnoticed, if you didn't count the black sclera of his eyes that is.

"Call me Slade, kid, or Deathstroke," Slade corrected him with a hint of amusement in his voice. "I don't go by that name anymore."

"But wouldn't that be disrespectful? I mean, you outrank me," Match replied, looking down at his feet.

David chuckled and placed a hand on Match's shoulder, the kid beaming at David like he was a holy figure. "It's all right, Match. Slade it's not a complicated guy, most of the time."

Under his mask, Slade raised an eyebrow at his boss. "Most of the time?"

David waved him off. "That reminds me. Match, I need you to report with Ivy, and tell her to wait for me in the other base."

Match nodded eagerly and ran off, excited to be given a task by David himself.

Slade watched him go before turning back to David. "You know that kid idolizes you, right?"

David's expression turned serious. "I know."

"I have a question," Slade said, pausing for a moment before continuing. "Why did you want the Scarab? With the power we have right now, we could deal with the Reach, without many problems."

David sighed, and he walked to a console nearby, typing something on the keyboard. "The Reach is just the tip of the iceberg, Slade. There are more dangerous threats out there; things that we are ill-prepared for to deal with. I need the Scarab to prepare us for what's coming."

"And you think the Scarab can give us that edge?" Slade replied. As far as power, The Scarab had come out short, and that was dealing with him taking the prototype pills, pills with a considerably weaker effect.

David turned to him. "It will give us an army."

Slade's eye widened in surprise, finally understanding what his boss was planning. "You've gone crazy." He chuckled.

David just shrugged. "I've been crazy, this doesn't feel that way. Maybe I've gone sane. Either way, desperate times call for desperate measures, Slade. And we're going to need an army if we want to survive what's coming."

Slade couldn't argue with that. Whatever was coming, it had to be bad if David was willing to risk everything for it. "So, what's next, boss?"