

## [David Lance POV]

After finishing my training with Grey Shadow, I was soon tasked by Batman to track someone known as Kirigi.

Who after weeks of thorough research, I had managed to find; that he currently resided in North Korea, being one of the most wanted men in the eyes of the North Korean totalitarian government for his liberal views of the government.

By using the data, I had managed to acquire in my earlier research, I had managed to narrow down my search to a singular place in North Korea, Mount Paektu.

Now the question was... How to enter the country without getting in their sights?

North Korea, while not the most powerful country in the world by a wide margin, was one of the most heavily guarded countries when it came to borders for more than obvious reasons, making it nigh impossible to infiltrate without being caught for the average person.

Thankfully, I wasn't average by any means of the word.

But even with that in mind and in my favor, I had to remember that North Korea was still a rather dangerous place to be, and I didn't mean it in the way that they could hurt me, no, more from a political point of view, as my presence alone in the eyes of their government could create an international disaster.

But as concerning as the possibility of an international disaster was, I was more than certain that I could avoid them for as long as it was necessary.

The first part of my plan was simple. All I had to do was arrive in South Korea as if I were an average tourist. Then, I would steal a small boat from the coast of South Korea using it to cross the DMZ (*De-Militarized Zone*) that separated the two countries while using a radar jammer to be as invisible as possible.

After that, it was all a matter of making my way to Mount Paektu undetected. From there, all I had to do was find Kirigi.

Of course, to enact this plan of mine, I first had to leave France.

"Sir, your taxi is here," One of the hotel employers of the hotel I was staying at said, interrupting my train of thoughts.

I simply nodded at him in response before making my way towards the door, backpack in hand. Handing the driver a note saying to take me to the airport.

Two hours later, and one flight ticket bought.

I arrived at the airport and went through the check-in process quickly and without incident before making my way to the gate. Once there, I found a seat and sat down, waiting for boarding to begin.

I already had a hotel booked in South Korea; one Oliver was paying for. It was only fair; Bruce was already paying for my first-class ticket.

Now, all I had to do was wait for my flight to be called, which according to my ticket, would leave in forty-five minutes.

Seeing I had some time to burn, I simply sat back on my chair, closing my eyes, letting out a deep breath as I entered into a state of meditation by inhaling slowly before exhaling just as slowly, following step by step what Rachel had taught me.

In the process, calming my mind, as well preparing myself for the mission at hand.

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After what felt like minutes, I opened my eyes as the unintelligible announcement that boarding was now open for first-class passengers came over the loudspeaker in the airport.

Grabbing my backpack, I stood up and made my way towards the line that had already started to form, boarding soon after I had arrived, finding my seat with little trouble.

The flight itself was uneventful, long, but uneventful, and so, before I knew it, we were landing in South Korea; where I was directed to customs, where they checked all my papers were in order; from there, I made my way outside, where I hailed a cab and made my way to the hotel.

An hour or so later, thanks to traffic, I arrived at the hotel, where I paid the driver before grabbing my backpack and making my way into the building.

Upon entering, I immediately noticed the lobby was fairly empty, but considering it was rather late, it wasn't all that surprising.

Making my way to the desk, I handed over my reservation information to the woman behind it, who simply smiled warmly as I approached her, promptly taking the information I was giving her before quickly typing away on her computer and handing me a keycard.

"Your room is on the third floor, number three-twenty-one. Enjoy your stay, Mr. Smith," The woman said in almost perfect English.

I smiled at her before making my way toward the elevators, finding one already open at the lobby level. Happy I didn't have to wait, I entered the elevator, quickly hitting the button for the third floor.

A few moments later, after the doors of the elevator had closed, they opened into my floor, and I stepped out into the hallway, finding my room with little trouble.

Inserting the keycard into the door, I waited for a second or two for the little light to turn green before pushing open the door and stepping into my room.

Making my way into the room, I placed my backpack down onto one of the chairs at a small table near the window before making my way towards the bathroom.

I was somewhat tired from the long trip and wanted a long bath before going to sleep.

Turning on the water, I started undressing before stepping into the tub, enjoying the feeling of hot water relaxing my muscles. Closing my eyes, I leaned back against the tub, letting out a deep breath as I did so; I had to admit, it felt good to finally be here.

I honestly had no idea how people could sleep on planes. Even in first class, the best kind of class to fly, long trips were super uncomfortable when it came to sleeping or resting in any meaning of the way.

I guess I wasn't built for that kind of rest.