

[David Lance POV]

Knowing our location had been compromised, we moved Dr. Roquette to a cybercafe nearby. There, in order to mislead the assassins, they would continue to send after Dr. Roquette; we then divided into three groups.

Group A would act as a distraction. That group consisted of me, Aqualad, and Miss Martian, who, in order to trick the assassins, would be shape-shifted into the shape of Dr. Roquette, acting as the bait.

Group B consisted of Dr. Roquette, Raven, and Artemis. The three of them would be in a building nearby, around three blocks away from Group A's location. There, Dr. Roquette would be working on the virus to stop the FOG, while Raven and Artemis provided her protection.

Group C was in charge of chasing the FOG in order to slow it down to the best of their collective ability. The group consisted of Robin, Kid Flash, and Superboy, all of them having the necessary powers and skills to take on this role.

-I'll be outside the building,- I said telepathically, getting a nod from Aqualad and Miss Martian in Dr. Roquette's guise. -Do not leave the room, even if you hear a fight breaking out.-

I really didn't know what to think of the situation. What to do about the Light, about everything, even killing them wasn't a real option for most of them; I mean, Vandal was immortal, and so was Klarion.

I paused as that thought crossed my mind. Since when do I know Klarion was a part of the Light? New memories, perhaps? But didn't they hurt when they came back?

I sighed at this, rubbing my temples. A new fucking variable, now the memories could come back without me realizing they had, fucking great, just **fanfuckingtascular**. Taking a deep breath, I pushed these thoughts away for the moment.

I had to focus on the mission at hand; besides, I had already gotten distracted enough today as it is.

With that in mind, I continued walking around the perimeter of the building, scanning the area, until from shadows that lurked within the trees and vegetation around, a dart flies my way, calm, and without moving from where I was standing, I grabbed the dart out of the air in a fluid motion, before turning

my gaze to the trees, finding myself face to face with the assassin known as Chesire, who had apparently not come alone, being accompanied by two other assassins, Black Spider, and Hook.

Chesire steps forward, the other two behind her following suit. "A pleasure to meet you, Black Bolt." she purred, her voice soft and sharp like a poison in disguise. "Do be a good boy and move out of the way. My employer wants Dr. Roquette to be eliminated, so make my job easier." Seeing me unmoving and unimpressed with her cocky demeanor, she drew a blade from her cloak and, with a sultry tone, said. "Good, I don't like the easy way whatsoever. I'm a bad, bad girl, and I like things the hard, rough way."

Was it me, or was that overly sexual in some way?

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No, no, focus on the mission, don't read into the situation. She's not Harley. She's part of the Light, part of them, part of those who want to hurt those I love...

"Like the view? It's the only thing you'll be catching tonight," Chesire said in a suggestive tone.

[Unknown POV]

Without another word, Chesire attacked immediately, quickly dashing in front of her opponent, striking him violently with her blade on his arm as he moved it to block, but to her shock, her attack not only had no effect, but her blade had shattered!

Dropping her blade, Chesire threw a high kick to Black Bolt's face before jumping back, hiding the pain. It felt as if she had kicked a piece of metal; he felt unbreakable, his face not only had broken a toe on her foot, but it had also absorbed the shock of the blow without so much as a flinch.

"Attack him with everything you got," Chesire ordered her two teammates, giving Black Bolt a look. Something in him had changed from one moment to the other. One moment he was flustered by her comments like she had intended, and the next, he was simply looking at her, like a member of the shadows looks at his target.

Giving them no time to strategize, Black Bolt pushed forward, closing the distance between the two of them in the blink of an eye, his movements too fast for the average human eye to fully perceive. Thankfully for Chesire, she wasn't average by any definition of the word, as therefore was able to see the punch coming at her just in time and was able to dodge it as she leaped into the sky, landing a few feet away.

Without his target in place, Black Bolt's fist crashed into the ground with enough force to not only destroy the ground beneath him but to disfigure the cement around him in a sizable radius. Shocked by this, by his raw power, the assassins instinctively took a step back.

"Are you sure you are a hero?" Chesire questioned, taking a step back in order to gain more space between them, giving her the ability to dodge his attacks better. "That attack would've killed me."

Black Bolt said nothing, staring at the ground, before turning to her. ~I apologize. I let my emotions get out of control. I deeply thank you from the bottom of my heart that you dodged that.~ He signed, apologizing for what could have been her end, a messy end at that.

Had she failed to react in time, even by a second, her face would've been splattered across the ground like minced meat. In fact, Chesire was certain that had he tried to attack anyone but her at the moment; they would've died.

"Don't beat yourself up. We all make mistakes, don't we?" Chesire replied, taking another step back. "And that's what makes life exciting, isn't it?"

Rushing forward, Black Spider threw a few red balls of sticky web at Black Bolt. "A couple of hot sticky web balls coming right at ya!"

"Fool," Chesire muttered, deciding to aid Black Spider in his attempts by hurling several shurikens at Black Bolt, something that Hook imitated by launching his hook at him.

Black Bolt remained in place, weaving through the projectiles with alarming ease until the onslaught came to a stop; there, he looked at them briefly before taking a step forward, looking at the Spider. Then, in the blink of an eye, the distance between them closed.

"This does not look good for little ol' me," Black Spider muttered, as with incredible speed, Black Bolt's right hand came flying toward his chin, knocking him out cold.

Hook, seeing Black Bolt had his back turned, decided to take his shot, shooting his hook arm at the hero, who, without looking, caught it before it could connect. Alarmed, Hook tried to retrieve his hook using the mechanical system of his arm, but no matter how hard the machine pulled, the hook didn't leave Black Bolt's hand.

"Chesire, help!" Hook growled, pulling on the chains of his hook like a man trying to move a skyscraper out of place by pushing it with his hands.

"This gig officially is not worth the trouble," Chesire replied, throwing a few smoke pellets into the ground, vanishing out of sight as the smoke came. "I'm sorry, hook, but this is a dog-eat-dog world. As for you, hero, let's have another date when time allows."

"Chesire, you bitch!" Hook cried, but he got no answer, only a pull on his arm as Black Bolt yanked him towards him with great force, where a punch awaited him, waiting to knock him out.

[Cheshire POV]

Well, that was something. I was severely miss informed about Black Bolt and his capabilities. I was led to believe by the shadows that his abilities were just above peak human performance with a destructive voice capable of leveling cities.

I almost died because of that lack of information.

Not everything was bad, though. He was handsome at the very least and mysterious; I guess not speaking gives him that little touch of extra. Who would have thought I had such basic tastes? I never thought I would like the broody, dark, mysterious type of guy.

I guess I like them with some baggage to carry. Him being mute does make him the perfect guy, one that can't talk.

Hilarious.

"Did you kill the target?"

Ugh, and here comes the reason Artemis and I will probably need therapy for the rest of our lives. "No, I didn't."

"Why?" Dad asked, confused as to why I had failed.

"The same reason you failed to kill Black Bolt as you had said you would. Black Bolt won; in fact, he almost killed me, thank you for the warning, by the way," I replied, rolling my eyes at him under my mask.

"He didn't defeat me this time, someone helped him, and when I find who, they will pay," Dad hissed, his hands balling into fists before he turned his attention back to me. "But back to your failure. What do you mean he almost killed you?"

I paused, giving him a look. Did he really not know about Black Bolt's power? In that case, handsome wasn't lying; he actually lost control for a moment, but why?... I don't recall having hurt or killed anyone he knows, or did I?

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No, nothing comes to mind, I haven't had many contracts in Star City, so it can't be that. Meaning it was something related to me, but not directly, that only leaves three choices, my dad, The Shadows, or the Light.

"He showed speed beyond what we thought possible he could reach. And strength, leagues above that as well, had I not dodged that punch he threw at me, we would not be having his conversation," I said, taking a deep breath. I would find what triggered the little hero later.

"I see," Dad replied in a low tone as we walked to our extraction point.