

[David Lance POV]

Constantine stared at Rachel, his eyes carrying a sense of familiarity, one that only came with the years of experience the Helltaker had accumulated on his belt, dealing with Demons.

With monsters from Hell itself.

Creatures of the sulfur void seeking to bring havoc to this world.

However.

Rachel wasn't like that.

Not even close.

This went beyond my so-called canonical knowledge. I trusted her before realizing she was Raven, the daughter of Trigon.

~She's with me,~ I signed, getting between the League and Rachel, ready to fight them if push came to shove.

"Constantine?" asked Wonder Woman, taking on a hesitant stance.

"Love, I know my demons. She's one," said Constantine firmly as he lighted a cigarette.

"Zatara," asked Batman, turning to Zatara for a second opinion.

“Constantine is right,” replied Zatara in a resigned voice.

They didn’t believe me...

I know I had no proof to back my words up, but still... They didn’t believe me.

“Azarath metrion zinthos!” Rachel muttered under her breath; however, before she could finish whatever she was trying to do, her spell, much to her confusion.

“Not so fast, darling,” said Constantine in a triumphant tone.

“Black Bolt, get away from her,” ordered Batman.

~She’s my friend,~ I replied, my temper rising.

“You are too soft with the Hatchling, Batman,” grunted Hawkwoman, giving Batman an annoyed look before moving her gaze towards me. “Move.”

~She’s not the enemy; we can talk this out,~ I signed, giving Wonder Woman, Batman, and J’onn a pleading look to stop this before they made a grave mistake.

“That wasn’t a suggestion, kid; it was an order from your superior; move or be moved!” snarled Hawkwoman, mace at hand.

My superior?

“That’s not! How we do things!” barked Batman, in a husky voice that trembled with fury.

“Black Bolt is one of us; his word should have some weight in how we approach this,” agreed Wonder Woman, giving Batman a quick nod.

“He’s a hero, but not part of the league, not yet,” said Hawkman coldly.

“He’s a hero; that’s all it matters,” replied Superman, crossing his arms defiantly.

“Maybe he’s under her control?” said Zatara giving Rachel a judging look. “His body is... coated in her demonic energy....”

“Yep,” nodded Constantine.

The spell she had put on me to end the battle with the demon...

~No, she saved my life!~ I signed, but it was clear what was going to happen.

“They already made out their minds,” Rachel muttered softly. “They think I’m controlling you....”

I sighed, giving Rachel a look, trying to convey through my emotions a small message.

Can you take us out of here?

Rachel nodded.

I nodded, giving the League one last look before whispering to the ground, "Goodbye."

"Azarath metrion zinthos!"

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By the time I opened my eyes again. I wasn't in the forest anymore, but in a cave, with Rachel by my side.

"I'm sorry," Rachel muttered in a defeated tone.

~Why?~ I asked.

"For the problems I brought upon you," Rachel replied tonelessly.

~Don't be,~ I sighed, taking a deep breath, before plucking my utility belt and gear and throwing them to the ground. ~We have to move; the League will be here in a few...~

I was certain Batman had more than a few trackers on me, for security purposes, amongst other things. But be that as it may, if I wanted to prove Rachel's innocence, I had to avoid the league getting in my way.

"Ok," Rachel nodded, teleporting us again to a different location. Another cave.

~Good, now... how do we prove you aren't a bad guy?~ I signed, taking a seat on the ground.

"I don't need to prove myself to them," Rachel replied, summoning two bags of chips, one for her and one for me.

~I know, but it would be beneficial to not have the entire league chasing us,~ I nodded, wondering how Dinah would take me going on the lam.

"I suppose," Rachel nodded absently as if wanting to tell me something.

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[Giovanni Zatara POV]

I had been the one assigned, alongside Batman and Hawkwoman, to tell Dinah his little brother had escaped with a possible world-ending threat.

I didn't know what to think of the entire situation.

On one hand.

Batman was certain the kid was right and was determined to help him prove the girl meant no harm.

On the other hand.

Constantine was certain the kid was under her control.

But what if we were wrong?

What if the girl was truly David's friend?

Kent had taught me to look beyond the surface. Yet, I had judged the girl on a surface level, forcing the kid to run with her.

We jumped to our conclusions.

And that had left us with nothing.

"Let me see if I get this... straight," Oliver said after Batman had finished his explanation. "David texted you two for help... right?"

Batman and I nodded as Hawkwomen remained still by our side.

"And when you arrived, he was with a violet blue-haired girl that he defiantly protected against you all..." Oliver continued, "Yet, instead of giving them a chance of... explaining, you two let things escalate out of hand..."

I nodded, "Batman tried to... diffuse the situation. I'm afraid I did the contrary in that manner."

"If I know David, and I do, he's probably assessing his situation and planning accordingly to prove her innocence to us," Batman added without a hint of doubt in his voice.

"And you know that... because?" Hawkwoman asked, raising an eyebrow.

“Because that’s what I would do,” Batman replied.

Dinah sighed, making the first sound since we had come here. “It would be best if you all left.”

“Dinah, we-” Hawkwoman began, but Dinah cut her with a sharp, furious look.

“It’s Black Canary to you,” Dinah replied coldly.

“Understood,” I nodded, walking with Batman and Hawkwoman out of the room.

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[Dinah Lance POV]

As Batman, Zatara, and Hawkwomen left, I gave a tired sigh, slumping into my bed.

“The kid will be okay,” Oliver said.

“I know,” I chuckled, grabbing the USB Batman had left in our room.

“Look at the bright side! We will be able to tease David even more!” Oliver grinned, wiggling his eyebrows. “I mean, violet-blue hair? Doesn’t that sound... rrrrather familiar?” he added, purring his words out.

I chuckled, giving him a playful punch on the arm, "It does..."

"It seems the kid is playing the hero move on Rachel, not bad~" Oliver snickered. "He's a natural with the ladies, just like his big, handsome, sexy, mustache-having brother!"

"I'm having second thoughts about our engagement," I chuckled.

"Le gasp! How can you say that! You made us a promise!" Oliver lamented in fake suffering.

"Us?" I chuckled.

"Me and the Mustacheeee~" Oliver grinned, wiggling his eyebrows.

"Maybe I should call that doctor... he seemed interested in dating me," I hummed.

"Yeah, right... like a doctor can even compare to moi!" Oliver replied, crossing his arms.

"I suppose not," I nodded, giving him a kiss. "We need to find David..."

"Don't worry, amore, David will find us; besides, he won't be on the lam for long; Batman believes him," Oliver replied, giving me a peck on the lips. "He will be back in no time, and with a quote on quote, friend... ha! Friend my ass, I knew he had a crush on the girl!"



I chuckled, rolling my eyes. Wondering what the USB batman had left behind had.