

[David Lance POV]

I ran through the streets of Star City, chasing Cupid, one of many villains that hated Green Arrow, though this one seemed to have a crush on him more than hate him.

“You won’t get me, brat,” Cupid spat, shooting two arrows at me.

I sighed, swatting the arrows off the air before hurling them back at Cupid before she could react, lodging her own arrows two inches away from her face.

Cupid blinked, slowly turning her head around to see the arrows lodged on the wall behind her, before dropping her bow and quiver. “Ah, well, that’s a good point. In that case, I surrender, and I would like to be taken to the authorities, please.”

I smiled.

Walking toward her, as she got on the ground, hands on her back, ready to be handcuffed.

“I must deeply apologize for my earlier behavior. It was unbecoming of me,” Cupid said as I cuffed her.

I always enjoyed a villain understanding how outclassed they were. Sometimes, all it took was a show of strength to push their buttons into that state, something that said, I will not hurt you, but I can.

A few minutes later, I walked out of the building where I had cornered Cupid, carrying her on my shoulders like a sack of potatoes, evil potatoes, to be delivered to the police that was waiting outside.

“Black Bolt, great job!” A police officer said as he saw me walk toward them.

I gave him a small nod, grabbing Cupid off my shoulder before setting her on the ground.

“I would like it to be on the record that I surrendered willingly,” Cupid said like a child wanting to be praised.

The police officers at this gave me a look as if asking, is that true?

I shrugged, giving them a gesture that said, kind of.

“Right, well... Thank you for your cooperation, ma’am... We will take that into account when we make the report on your various and multiple crimes.”

“That would be lovely, thanks,” Cupid smiled as one of the officers put her in the back of one of the police cars around. “It was a pleasure meeting you, Black Bolt; let’s never do this again!”

At this, one of the police officers approached me, giving Cupid a look before asking. “What did you do?”

I smiled, happy to give him a demonstration. Grabbing one of Cupid’s arrows from her quiver before hurling the arrow at a wall, lodging the entire thing down to the base in the concrete.

“Hm,” The police officer said nothing, his mouth forming a thin line. “Well, shit, that makes sense; I would’ve surrendered as well.”

“Right?!” Cupid asked from the back of the car.

“Absolutely, that’s fucking scary,” The police officer in question replied.

Soon after making sure Cupid had arrived at the police station without any interruptions along the way, and had been processed without any escape attempts as well.

I returned to my duties, continuing with my patrol of the city. Until an explosion went off in the distance.

Unsure as to what I would be facing in that direction, I decided to contact Raven with a text, giving her my location and destination before I flew into action, racing towards the scene as fast as I could.

Upon arriving, I found myself face to face with a student residential building burning, the fire spreading rapidly as the residents ran out of the place in a panic.

Frowning, I looked at the building up and down for a few moments, before accurately locating the origin of the fire, taking the spread as a map to guide me.

Having found the origin of the fire, I hurled a few extinguisher bombs at the building, extinguishing the fire before it could fully spread, before jumping in into the apartment from where the fire had originated.

Once inside, I scanned the room, trying to find the cause of the fire, with my search eventually leading to the kitchen and what could've been chicken at one point.

I frowned.

Something here didn't add up.

The kitchen was electric, but the pattern of the fire that had started around the kitchen didn't indicate or follow an electric-started fire.

From what I could see around the room with a quick glance, the pattern of the fire indicated that the fire had started from an explosive device of a small caliber.

I could see that the blast had been directed upwards towards the ceiling from the middle of the kitchen, around two feet away from the oven, burning the area around almost evenly.

Insurance fraud, perhaps?

No... that was too much trouble for a one-bedroom apartment in a student housing area that probably six students share. Finding the explosive alone was too much out of anyone's budget here.

Students live on ramen and hopes, basically. There's no way most of them have the cash to buy an explosive.

Perhaps it was the owner of the building then?

Maybe.

But it still didn't make any sense.

The explosion had been too loud, from what little damage it had done in comparison. It was almost as if... all of this was a trap, one made to lure someone in or away from somewhere, and I bet that someone was me or another hero.

As I came to this realization, I felt something wrap around my ankles in a single motion, yanking me off my feet before I could even react, before pulling me towards one of the burnt walls of the room, engulfing my body in multiple vines that tightened around my chest.

A moment after, I saw Poison Ivy step out from the shadows, an evil grin on her face. "I'll be honest. I wasn't sure you would come."

I frowned.

What was Poison Ivy doing in Star City, of all places?

As Poison Ivy walked toward me, very slowly. I thought for a moment about what possible reason could a villain like her have to be in my city, with my mind coming to a blank no matter the angle I gave the situation.

Seeing I had nothing, I decided to take a different approach in order to learn about her motives by simply letting things play out for a bit before escaping.

Based on what I could feel from the vines keeping me in places, I was more than strong enough to break through them at any given moment, something that Poison didn't seem to be aware of.

"We need to talk," Poison Ivy began.

I raised an eyebrow. Really poor choice of words there.

Reading my look, she chuckled. "By that, I meant, I have to talk, and you have to listen. I prefer being my body complete and not splattered against the wall, so keep being the silent type."

Wait...

She was aware of my powers and was still talking to me face to face, in the direct range of all of my attacks. I mean, I know we heroes have a no-kill policy, but this is playing darts with God.

"Now, you see, I need something from you," Poison Ivy continued, taking a seat on a few of her vines.

I wonder if this is when she uses her pheromones to try and control me, pheromones Batman confirmed I was immune to.

If that's the case, I won't be able to find any information about her reasons for being here because she will notice right away that I'm not under her control.

Then again, she might not even use her pheromones if her body language was anything to go by. From what I could see, she was nervous about something, and that state of mind didn't match with her profile or normal state of being when using her spores.

Based on the League's file of her, she would adopt a seductive approach before using her spores, and this was a stark contrast from her data.

Meaning there was still a chance to find out what reason she had to be here.

"Well, there's no easy way of saying this, but... I want you to go out on a date with Harley," Ivy said with a sigh.

...

.....

.....

Ok... I am done collecting information. She's obviously fucking with me.

Seeing there was no point in pretending anymore, I broke free of my restraints with a quick motion of my body, shattering the vines that once bound me to place, as well as dodging Ivy's attempt to recapture me as I repositioned.

"I know it sounds weird... but I'm not fucking with you, kid," Poison Ivy said as multiple vines erupted from the ground around her, the tips of the vines aiming at me. "I'm done hearing her talk about you; honestly, I love her, crazy and all, but FUCKKK.... So, you either go on a date with her, or you kill me. And believe me, at this point, I welcome both options with open arms."

I...

Wh....

H-how do I even respond to that?

I had villains come and try to kill me but never had one to try and ask me out... I'm honestly confused as fuck, is... going on a date a villain term I had yet to learn about? Did going on a date in the hero/villain world meant something else?

Is this how Batman started with Catwoman?

I...

I have so many questions...