Honor Among Thieves

by chardougla

Summary

“You want me to take down the most skilled and professional group of thieves ever known through intimidation and a hands-off target. That’s gonna cost you Mr. Queen, it’s gonna cost you a lot.”

Notes

So this is kinda inspired by Shoplifters of the World Unite by IceBlueRose. Please comment!
Chapter 1

Quentin had yelled at him when he suggested it.

“Are you kidding me Oliver? The man’s a killer.” Oliver’s boss had sputtered, incensed.

“Look, Captain, we have no choice,” the younger detective said, “It’s only a matter of time before Hunter’s gang makes a hit in Starling, and when they do, you know there’s not gonna be any evidence,” Oliver gathered himself, not proud of what he was about to admit, “they’re just too good to stop.”

“I don’t believe that,” Quentin insisted.

“I’m sorry Captain, but face facts. They’ve stolen probably half the works from Central Memorial, and everyone knows it’s them, and there’s never any evidence. We won’t be able to stop them.”

“Maybe,” the Captain sighed, “but there has got to be a better way. I shouldn’t have to remind you that Sara is a part of this gang. I won’t be responsible for a hit on my daughter.”

“It won’t come to that. I’ll specify not killing her in the contract.”

“And how do you know it’ll work out like that? How can you trust this man?” Quentin demanded.

“Because his word is gold. Quentin there’s a reason this guy is known as the merc with morals. He’s never had a breach of contract. Ever.”

“Yeah, and what if this guy brings his crazy brother into it? Because you of all people should know about how dangerous he is.” Quentin reminded the vigilante-turned-cop.

“We have no choice,” Oliver insisted. “I will not have my city be plundered by those thieves. Starling will not become another Legends playground. Not on my watch.”

Oliver could tell Quentin still didn’t agree with him, but he was close. After a few minutes more of
protest, the eldest Lance gave him the go ahead. Oliver went to his desk and pulled out a phone he had hoped he would never have to use again, and dialed the number he wished he had forgotten.

“What can I do for you detective,” the other end of the line drawled. Oliver Queen ground his teeth, hating every second of this.

“I’d like to hire you for a job”

“And what, pray tell, would the high and mighty Mr. Queen desire?”

“You heard of the Legends?”

“Who hasn’t? They’ve become quite the underworld celebrities since their arrival.” the drawl continued.

“I need you to shut them down. Preferably through intimidation and before they can steal anything.”

“Ah Queen come on, you’re tying one hand behind my back here,” the drawl complained.

“Are you saying you can’t do it?” Oliver taunted.

“I’m saying it’s gonna cost you extra.”

“Another thing. Sara Lance doesn’t suffer any harm from this.”

“You want me to take down the most skilled and professional group of thieves ever known through intimidation and a hands-off target. That’s gonna cost you Mr. Queen, it’s gonna cost you a lot.”

“What’s your price?”

“$6.5 million. All up front.”
“What?!?!” Oliver sputtered. “That’s ridiculous?”

“I know you can afford it Queen, so stop playing coy and pay up. And do it now.” the drawl was gone, the man at the other end of the line all business now.

Oliver groused, but paid the number. He was right, he could afford it, and rather easily.

“Pleasure doing business with you Mr. Queen”

Oliver sighed. He had a bad feeling he was going to regret this.

The man hung up the phone. Why had Queen called now, after all this time? The job was serious enough. The Legends were no joke. He had monitored their work since they had arrived in Starling, and safe to say he was impressed with their skill. Making Sara Lance hands-off was going to be difficult, she was by far the most dangerous of the group. He decided “no harm” was gonna have to be relative. He also realised something else. He was gonna need his twin in on this.

Full floor suite of Starling Welcome Hotel

“Well gang, welcome to Starling,” Rip proclaimed as the crew entered the suite.

“Nice digs, Captain,” Snart drawled.

“How’d you get this,” Sara wondered, looking around at the famous suite.

“I have something of a history with the manager,” the Brit in the coat grinned.

“Captain you sly dog,” Snart teased, “So what’s the target.”

“The Queen family mansion,” Rip announced. “We’re going to rob the head detective of the SCPD blind, and there’s not going to be a thing he can do.”

The entire room grinned like sharks.
Complications

Two brothers were on a roof.

Across the street, about 50 feet below them, was the famous top floor suite of the Starling Welcome Hotel. It was where celebrities went when they visited Starling City, and it was as extravagant as it’s reputation indicated it was. Directly across was a beautiful living room with huge blank windows giving it a view of the old town district of Starling City.

“I still don’t understand why you took this job,” the one man complained to his brother.

“Why do I take any job,” the other brother replied, “The check was fat .”

“Yeah,” the first brother, “still, these guys are no joke. Plus I could just end it now with no problem.”

“Contract specified intimidation first.”

“You and your stupid contracts.” the man complained, “one of these days they’re gonna get you killed.”

“Worried about me sweet brother?” the second brother teased.

“Don’t want my daughter to lose her favorite uncle,” the first brother answered.

“That’s why you’re here, to watch my back,” the second brother responded, getting ready to jump. “Oh and Floyd? No curari, I’d prefer it if our friends didn’t know you were involved. Also, shoot to injure, at least for today”

Deadshot grimaced, “Way to take all the fun out of it.”

“Oh look, the lovebirds are having a moment.”
Floyd Lawton grinned, “You know how much I despise PDA.”

“Guess I’ll have to ruin the mood.” and with that the brother jumped.

**In Suite**

“Overrated,” Sara pronounced.

“Overrated?” Leonard repeated, “This was rated among the 5 most beautiful hotel rooms in the world.”

“It doesn’t have a balcony,” Sara pouted, “How can a girl get some fresh air without a balcony? And these windows don’t open. I checked—Why are you looking at me like that?”

“I was just thinking how lucky I am to have such a beautiful woman in my life,” the con man replied eyeing the blonde beauty in front of him.

“Leonard Snart,” Sara chastised lovingly, “flattery will get you nowhere.”

“Oh I think it’ll get me somewhere,” and he drew her in for a kiss.

“Mmmmm... such a bad boy,” Sara mumbled between kisses.

*Not too bad I hope*, Leonard thought as he fingered the ring in his pocket.

They were interrupted when the entire glass panel to their left was shattered and a man rolled into their suite. They both sprang apart, Sara fingerling one of her hidden knives while Leonard reached for his cold gun and grabbed—*nothing*. *Shit* he thought. He had left his cold gun in his bedroom because Ray had assured him that nothing could sneak past their perimeter (unless he flew through the fucking window apparently) and he didn’t want to take a (hopefully!) engagement photo with a gun on him. The entire rest of the crew had gone out to dinner, officially to celebrate the passing of a new gay marriage bill for Ray and Mick, but in reality to give Leonard and Sara some alone time. They probably actually were coming back right now which means they had to keep their uninvited guest occupied for only a few minutes.
Speaking of their guest, he was now rising to his feet. “I’m sorry, did I interrupt?” he did not sound very sorry. He was tall, and dressed in all black kevlar armour. Around his waist was a brace of throwing knives, and crossed across his back were two swords. Covering his head and face was a mask in the shape of a snarling panther with two glowing green eyes.

Deciding to play it cool, Leonard feigned disinterest, drawling, “As a matter of fact, you did. Now if you wouldn’t mind saying what you came to say and leaving, I’d much appreciate it.”

“Leave Starling City,” the stranger said, “practice your thievery somewhere else.”

“Or?” Leonard wondered. There was always an or.

“Or I’ll make you leave, and you won’t like how.”

“I don’t take kindly to being threatened,” Sara warned, in a tone of voice that Leonard knew to mean she was dangerously close to snapping.

“And I don’t make idle threats,” the stranger snapped back, in a tone to match hers in menace. He threw a set of images on the nearby table before turning back to the open window, “Consider this your first and only warning.”

Sara looked down at the images, her face transforming into a mask of fury as she turned, her knife coming free as she drew it back-only to have it forcibly removed from her hand. At the same time something slammed into Leonard’s shoulder, knocking him back. He reached for his shoulder, felt a flash of pain, and wish he hadn’t. Looking down, he realised he’d been shot. That’s a lot of blood, he thought before he blacked out.
The Panther

Upon waking Leonard was greeted by an argument

“...we are not leaving!” Sara was fiercely insisting to a very flustered Martin Stein.

“Ms. Lance, I think given the circumstances leaving should not be altogether dismissed. Dealing with the police is one thing. Dealing with the kind of people who attacked you and Leonard however..” the elderly professor was saying.


“Len!” Sara exclaimed running over to make sure he was ok.

“You are currently in a hospital Leonard,” Stein informed him.

“What happened?” Leonard asked. He remembered Sara aiming her knife at the intruder, and then he’d been shot.

“Sniper,” Sara said, her face darkening. “Bastard shot the knife right out of my hand and the bullet deflected and hit you. You were just lucky it didn’t anything vital.”

“And our guest?” Leonard queried, fully awake now

“Just kept on walking,” Sara grimaced, “Right on out of the window.”

“The police found a hole above the window where it appears a wire was attached, allowing your attacker to leave and enter from the building across the street.” Stein clarified.

“Where’s the rest of the crew?” Leonard asked
“Outside, in the waiting room,” Sara answered. “I’ll go call them in now.”

“I’d wait on that,” Oliver Queen interrupted as he entered the room, partner John Diggle in tow.

“Detective Queen,” Leonard drawled, “How kind of you to come by. Turns out I’m gonna be ok.”

“That’s great Snart, do you think you could describe your attacker for me.” Oliver replied briskly, ignoring Sara and Stein’s smirks in the process. After Leonard described the attacker, Oliver and Diggle exchanged a look, and then got up to leave.

“That’s it?” Stein asked, “You have no further questions.”

“None are needed,” Diggle informed him. “We already know who attacked you.”

“Who?” Sara asked, in a dangerous low voice.

“He’s known as the Panther,” Oliver answered, “He’s a well known mercenary, been active for two years, got 16 counts of murder attached to his name, along with a host of other charges.”

“Any advice?” Leonard asked sarcastically.

“Do what he says,” Oliver answered, “If he’s after you, it’s because someone paid him to do it, and he never fails on a contract.” And with that the two detectives left the room.

“Sara?” Leonard asked, “When the Panther was leaving, he put a set of images on the table. What were they?”

Sara hesitated, before showing him the pictures. They were of Laurel, Lisa, Mrs. Jackson, Clarissa, Sidney Palmer, and Carter Hall. Each photo was taken through the scope of a rifle.

Leonard looked up at Sara and Stein. “This job just got a lot more complicated.”
“Do you think they’ll listen to your warning?” Floyd asked his brother as they entered their lair, one side covered in rifle racks and wrist-guns, the other adorned with katanas and throwing knives.

“Doubt it,” his brother replied, taking off his suit.

“If the pretty lady’s reaction to your rifle pics was any indication, I doubt actually killing one of them would do much to help your cause,” Floyd continued.

“You’re right, I don’t want to create a martyr for this group,” the Panther agreed, thinking.

“So if you aren’t gonna kill someone they love how will you convince a group of professional thieves to leave mid-heist?”

“Killing one of them or a loved one will give them motivation, a reason to finish the job. I need to do the opposite. I need to demoralize, make their every night in this city a living hell. Make them question why they even wanted to come here. We’re gonna execute the Ghost Protocol.”

Floyd considered the decision, slowly grinning, “Karl Lawton, you dirty dog. This is gonna be fun.”

“Big Belly Burger”

“It was you wasn’t it?” Diggle asked.

“What?” Oliver asked, confused.

“You were the one who set the Panther on the Legends,” Diggle continued.

“What makes you say that?” Oliver wondered.
“Come on Oliver, cut the crap. I think we both know there’s only one person with the money, means and motive to hire the Panther to scare the Legends off.” Diggle interjected.

“Means?” Oliver asked

“Don’t bullshit me Queen. I know it wasn’t an accident that both China White and Frank Bertinelli ended up with katanas in their bellies after Felicity was caught in between a shootout.”

Oliver sighed. “There was no choice. We weren’t gonna catch them the regular way.”

“Look,” Diggle sighed, making his friend and partner look him in the eye, “I’m not gonna sit here and try to convince you to undo something that you clearly have already done. I just want to make sure you haven’t sold your soul again out of desperation.”

“No need,” Oliver insisted, “This is not the same situation at all.”

“I sure hope so,” Diggle stated, “For your sake.”
Chapter Notes

Qat Asud is Arabic for "Black Cat" btw. I got it from Google Translate so don't kill me native Arabic speakers!

Sara Lance was pissed.

*No one* threatened her family and got away with it. It didn’t matter that she and Laurel were still technically not talking, she was Taer Al-Sahfer and her family was off limits. And Len...she still remembered the all-consuming panic when he’d been shot, when she’d been sure she’d lost him, only to be consumed with relief when it was apparent he would live.

As if sensing her thoughts, he looked up and met her eyes, giving her a little half smirk, as if to say, *And here I thought you always found me insufferable*. Sara scowled, *damn the man*. This was not a joke, he had nearly been killed.

“Anyways,” Rip continued, “I think we should discuss the possibility of leaving Starling, finding less contentious playing grounds. We are thieves after all, not fighters.”

“Some of us aren’t fighters,” Sara corrected, “and we are not leaving. Leaving now will make us look weak, destroy the reputation we’ve worked so hard to build.”

“Looking weak is better than looking dead,” Stein pointed out.

“Since when have we backed down from a challenge?” Leonard pointed out, “We’re the best crew of thieves ever assembled. I say we stay the course.”

“All in favor?” Rip asked. The crew always voted on these decisions. Leonard, Sara, Mick, Ray, Jax, and Kendra voted in favor of staying, with Stein and Rip being the lone dissenters.

“Alright it’s settled then. Even so, I don’t want to just ignore this Panther fellow. Sara, Ray, and Mick, you two look into it, find out as much as you can, and keep him off our backs. The rest of you, with me to plan the heist.”
Mick turned to Sara, “Alright blondie, let’s go catch ourselves a Panther.”

They both agreed to work different avenues and compare notes in the morning. Sara went to the living room. The hotel had replaced the glass panels and removed the shards. As she stood in the spot where the Panther had, she heard footsteps. She turned to see Len standing there watching her.

“Don’t you have a heist to plan?” she wondered.

He shrugged, “Rip started talking about rules, so I got bored and left.”

“How typical,” Sara murmured, turning to look at the building across the way.

“You have an idea,” it was not a question.

“His katanas,” Sara mused, “I’ve seen their make before.”

“Where?” Leonard asked, although he suspected he already knew.

“Nanda Parbat”

“You think this guy buys his weapons from the same place as the League?” Leonard asked.

“It’s a connection,” Sara said. At that moment Rip called Len into the other room.

“Duty calls,” he smirked, leaving after a quick kiss. Alone, Sara recalled a story Nyssa had told her one time, about the former sword instructor at Nanda Parbat who had been released from his vows after the quality of his sword making had been so good that Ra’s had decreed that the swordmaster’s hands had no business doing anything except making weapons. The swordmaster had left Nanda Parbat after refusing to give up fighting, continuing to make weapons for the League, for a price. She dialed Nyssa.
“Finally decided to return home, beloved?”

“Sorry to disappoint you.”

“So you need something from me then.”

“You remember the story you once told me about Qat Asud?”

“What of it?”

“I recently encountered someone using weapons made by him. Do you think you could set up a meeting for me?”

“Unfortunately not. Qat Asud is dead.”

“What?”

“He was murdered by League operatives two years ago after he dared to insult my father.”

“Ok. Thanks anyway.”

Well that was a dead end, she thought. How does a common mercenary come to possess weapons made by Qat Asud? There was a lot more to this Panther character than met the eye, that was for sure.

Mick wasn’t having much better luck.

“Goddammit Haircut, why isn’t anything coming up?” the arsonist roared, frustrated.

“You know, yelling at me won’t make me go faster,” his partner shot back, flustered.
“Sorry pumpkin, why don’t you let me try,” Mick suggested. Ray complied, taken aback once again how Mick could go from rage to love so quickly.

Mick was frowning. This Panther fellow’s M.O. changed every job. He could be a quick clean assassination one day, a messy slaughter the other day.

“He’s a chameleon criminal,” Mick muttered.

“What does that mean,” Ray asked, confused.

“It means he doesn’t have a style. Most criminals, yours truly included, have a specific way of doing things, like a signature on an art piece. This guy, he does whatever needs to be done, and nothing more. Makes him harder to track down.”

“Are there any common denominators?” Ray demanded, frustrated with the lack of progress.

Mick started to shake his head, then stopped, clicking a few different articles, he grinned, “Finally a break,” he said smiling, “this guy’s done a couple jobs in tandem with Deadshot.”

“That assassin we hired on the Savage Job?” Ray said.

“The very same,” Mick smiled, “I’m gonna set up a meeting, see what this guy can tell us.”

“I don’t like the idea of you alone with that guy,” Ray groused, “He weirded me out last time.”

“Well don’t you worry sweet pea,” Mick reassured, patting Ray on the cheek, “I’ll bring blondie along to protect me.”
“God this place really brings out the dregs,” Sara complained, looking around in disgust at the hazy bar Deadshot had set up as a meeting place.

“Let’s just get our info and get out,” Mick agreed.

“Ah yes, the high-class criminals, so above us barbarians,” a voice to their left mocked. The two thieves turned to find Floyd Lawton grinning up at them from a booth.

“Deadshot,” Sara intoned as a way of greeting.

“Sara Lance, Mick Rory,” the one-eyed assassin replied in kind. “What can I do for two of the most famous thieves in the country?”

“Information,” Mick said.

“Ah, now that’s gonna cost you,” Deadshot informed him.

“How much?” Sara asked.

“What do you want to know about?”

“The Panther”

“$300”
“That much?” Mick sputtered.

Deadshot shrugged, “He’s a touchy subject.”

Mick and Sara exchanged a look, then paid it.

“So, what do you want to know about the most famous mercenary in Starling?” Deadshot wondered.

“Everything you know,” Sara answered.

“Well, he’s certainly a unique fellow. Doesn’t take every job he gets offered. If he doesn’t like it, he’ll refuse it, no matter the pot. He never murders children, or innocent women. Most of his cases are good people or scumbags hire him to take out other scumbags or make them leave. And he may not take every job, but once he agrees to a contract, his word is gold. Most of the people around here,” Deadshot motioned to the rest of the room, “they’ll kill for money, but they won’t die for it. The Panther’s the exception. He’d rather die than have a breach of contract. He also never takes multiple contracts at a time, and he asks for all his money up front, before he performs the job.” Floyd finished, “Anything else?”

“You’ve worked a couple jobs with him,” Sara stated.

“I wouldn’t classify that as working with him,” Deadshot maintained, “It was more, I was paid to kill a man that the Panther needed dead.”

“Three nights ago,” Sara continued, “Me and my...associate were attacked in our hotel room by the Panther. While he was leaving, my associate was shot by a sniper. How do I know it wasn’t you?”

Deadshot smiled, “Because, pretty lady, if I had been the sniper, your associate would be dead.”

They were interrupted by a couple of drunks who shouted from the bar, “Look, it’s one half of the Lawton twins. Well, the alive half that is.”

“You have a twin?” Sara asked
“I did,” Deadshot admitted, “Karl Lawton. I used to do jobs with him. We were a tandem. Until his plane went down over the Amazon two years ago. Now he gets mocked by common thugs,” and he raised his wrist-gun and shot both men.

“Well,” Mick continued, unperturbed by the display of violence, “That’ll be all.”

“Pleasure doing business with you.”

As they were walking back, Mick turned to Sara, “What do you think?”

“I think he knew more than he let on, so I put a bug on the table.” She opened up a speaker, and the two thieves listened in.

“So?” Sara stiffened, she looked at Mick That’s the Panther she mouthed.

“I gave em the regular spiel,” Deadshot answered.

“I heard, it was very flattering. Especially the dying for a contract part.”

“Hey that wasn’t a compliment. Makes my job a lot harder. Zoe would never forgive me if I let her favorite uncle get killed.” Sara’s eyes widened. Uncle? That meant that-

“It was a nice touch, mentioning my death.”

“Figured you’d like it. The best lies often contain a lot of truth. That plane crash damn near did kill you.”

Sara shut off the speaker. She turned to Mick. “The Panther is Karl Lawton.”

Mick nodded, “And Deadshot is working with him.”
This trip had turned out to be profitable indeed.

**The Lawton Crib**

“Fuck!” Floyd yelled.

“What?” Karl wondered.

“The fuckers bugged me!” Deadshot spat. He held up a listening device off his suit.

“Son of a bitch,” Karl swore.

“Well, they know who you are now,” Floyd announced, angry at himself. How could he have been so stupid? It was going to be a costly mistake. Suddenly he caught sight of his brother. Karl was pale as a sheet. “What?” Floyd demanded.

“They don’t only know about me now,” Karl whispered, looking like he had just seen a ghost. “They know about Zoe.”

Floyd felt his own face go as pale as his brother’s as he realized, with a sickening realization, that he had just inadvertently exposed his daughter to the enemy.

Chapter End Notes

Any and all comments are much appreciated!
Starling Welcome Hotel

“So you paid a guy $300 to lie to you about the Panther?” Ray demanded. He and Mick were in their room after dinner. Sara and Mick had informed the rest of the crew about their info dig earlier in the night.

“Well,” his lover grunted, “to be fair, I’m pretty sure most of the stuff he told us was true, he just lied about his involvement.”

Ray shrugged. One of the reasons the crew worked so well together was they knew their roles. Mick, Sara, and Leonard were primarily for the dealing with other criminals part of the job while Ray was in charge of security and safecracking. He never involved himself in his lover’s part of the job, and Mick rarely questioned him about his. He was about to suggest they move to the bed when something in the building across the street caught his eye.

“Did you see that?” he asked.

“See what?” Mick asked.

“On top of the building,” Ray clarified, reaching for a set of binoculars on the nightstand. Peering through them, he focused on the building, then felt his stomach drop. It was the Panther. Sara and Leonard hadn’t mentioned how intimidating he looked. He was black death, except for those glowing green eyes. Ray could see the twin katanas across his back, each hilt adorned with a cat’s head engraving, according to Sara the sign that they were created by some dead League of Assassins weapons master. As Ray watched the Panther began to move his hands.

“What’s he doing?” Mick asked, feeling a pang of concern. Ray had never really dealt with the rougher side of their profession, and he was worried about him.

“It’s sign language,” the safe-cracker murmured. “He says Leave Raymond Palmer and then-” he cut off suddenly.
“What?” Mick demanded.

“He said *I know where you sleep* ” Ray finished, a little unsteady.

“Of course he knows where we sleep,” Mick encouraged him, “He’s bloody looking at it right now. Knowing where it is won’t help him, not when you’ve updated the security after his previous little stunt.” He then raised a middle finger at the figure on the roof.

“Yes,” Ray agreed, less confident than he would like.

Across the way, Karl Lawton strode away from the building edge. He dialed his brother.

“I’ve identified the target for Ghost Protocol.”

**The Lawton Crib**

“You’re certain?” Floyd asked as he entered the lair, “After one attempt, you’ve already found the perfect target?”

“When you know you-” Karl cut off. Floyd swore and raised his gun.

Standing in the middle of their top secret lair was Nyssa al Ghul.

“Qat Asud,” she said by way of greeting.

“Warith al Ghul,” he returned. Nyssa smiled. It was not technically her title, but it was Karl’s habit to assure her that she should be her father’s choice in the event of an inheritance. It was one of the displays of arrogance that had soured the League hierarchy on the swordsman.

“I see you have done well for yourself,” Nyssa remarked, “my beloved seems to have taken an interest in you.”
“Her group of thieves drew the ire of a wealthy buyer,” Karl confirmed, “you’ll be happy to know your lover has been saved from any harm due to the contract.”

Nyssa nodded. “I have kept your secret, Qat Asud. No one in the League even suspects that you didn’t die in that plane crash over the Amazon.”

“For which I am in your debt,” Karl replied warily. Where was she going with this? What did she want from him?

“I am here to call in that debt,” Nyssa stated, facing her former tutor, “My father has named Talia Warith al Ghul.”

“Talia is not worthy,” Karl responded instantly, “She is a skilled torturer and fights to League standards, but she is vicious and cruel, and knows nothing of leadership.”

“You and I are in concurrence,” Nyssa confirmed, “I have the support of the senior officers, however I need more if I am to defeat my sister and my father. If I had the support of the finest swordsman to ever walk the Earth…”

“This is poor timing,” Karl groused, but then shrugged, “very well. In repentance for the debt I owe you, I support your claim as Warith al Ghul, and will fight by your side until your rightful title is returned to you.”

“Ah, hate to interrupt the mumbo jumbo here,” Floyd interrupted, “but what about the job oh brother of mine?”

“We still go through with it. I don’t have to be here to enact the rest of Ghost Protocol. You know the target, you can continue the job while I’m gone,” his twin replied smoothly.

Karl turned to Nyssa, “I have one condition.”

“Name it,” Nyssa replied

“Ra’s al Ghul is mine.”
“Well you weren’t kidding about this burger,” Leonard admitted, “although it could be colder,” he winked at his girlfriend.

Sara rolled her eyes, “Must you work a cold reference into everything ?”

“Can’t have people think I’m going warm,” Leonard insisted.

“That wasn’t your stance last night,” Sara murmured, her tone changing from playful to sultry in an instant.

Leonard put down the burger, and leaned in, “Canary,” he murmured, “you are the only warmth I need.”

“Well I am getting very warm, Captain Cold,” she looked up at him through lowered lashes, and he saw naked lust, “will you cool me down?”

“Tempting as I’m sure the offer is to Mr. Snart,” Nyssa interrupted, pulling up a chair next to a suddenly flushed Sara and a very put out Snart, “I fear I may have to postpone your post dinner plans.”

“How so?” Sara asked, worried at the sudden reappearance of her former lover.

“You owe me a life debt, Taer Al-Sahfer,” Nyssa replied, “I’m here to collect on it.”

Chapter End Notes

As always comments are greatly appreciated!
“So you want me to just leave my friends when they need my services the most and go win your rightful title back?” Sara asked, incredulous.

“It is not a request, Taer Al-Sahfer,” Nyssa responded, “as I stated earlier, you owe me a debt for saving your life. This is how I choose for it to be repaid.”

Throughout the entire discussion, Leonard had remained uncharacteristically silent. Sara turned to him now asking with her eyes.


“But, the timing,” Sara protested. *Traitor*, she thought.

“Please, Sara,” Nyssa pleaded, her voice losing some of the hater and pride that had colored it since her interruption of date night, “I would not be asking this of you if I had another choice. I need your help.”


“I’ll come too,” Leonard stated.

“Len,” Sara breathed, “It’s not your fight.”

“You’ll be in it,” Leonard insisted, “That makes it my fight.”

Sara had never loved him more.
The Lawton Crib

Floyd sat at a computer, working photoshop while cursing his brother and his stupid honor. He was made for sniping and killing, not scaring and intimidating. Ghost Protocol was a very hard method of eliminating a target.

“No Floyd you got this,” Deadshot mimicked in a sing-song, “I’ll just go fight an army of assassins like it’s no big deal while you stay and do grunt work”

The truth was, Ghost Protocol was very difficult, not to mention cruel. The essence of Ghost Protocol was to find the most easily influenced member of a group, which didn’t always mean the weakest, and drive him to the brink of insanity through fear. It was very important, Karl had explained, to not actually drive the target insane.

“You want to demoralize the group,” the Panther had said, “You need to make them desire to escape before it’s too late. If you fully break the target, it’s already too late. People do crazy stuff when you break the ones they love. Hope is the most powerful of all motivators. Ghost Protocol takes away almost all hope, and then offers a way out. Leave, and the agonies will end. Leave, and the target will be allowed to live in peace once again.”

It was the perfect strategy, but Floyd was not as confident in his ability to carry it out as he would have liked. He had worked in tandem on a few Ghost Protocol jobs before, but never without his twin. He was going to have to do things a little differently, and he didn’t like unknowns.

Nanda Parbat

“No battle with assassins would be complete without a little rain,” Leonard pronounced, at the start of the rain. He was dressed in his stealing gear, his parka hood over his head, goggles on. Sara was also dressed to steal/fight, her standard white outfit complete with a white lacquer mask that covered the top half of her face.

Nyssa’s army was camped at the foot of the ravine. They numbered about 500 in all, which paled in comparison to her father and sister’s army of over 4,000. She had assured them that the most senior officers were with her, that her father’s army would be far less organized and skilled.
“Still,” Sara murmured, “How does disorganization defeat 8:1 numbers?”

“You doubt my chances, beloved,” Nyssa asked, coming up behind them.

“I’ve always been one to sneer at the odds,” Leonard commented, “But even I would hesitate when outnumbered by over 3,000. How can you be sure your men won’t?”

“Because I have promised them a miracle,” Nyssa informed them.

“And she has provided them with one,” a voice interrupted. Sara swore, and Leonard whirled, cold gun coming out. The voice had been that of the Panther.

He was not dressed the same as when he had assaulted them. Gone was the kevlar armour and black mask. In its place was standard League of Assassins armour, but she would recognize that voice anywhere.

“Why are you here?” Leonard snarled.

“Why are dressed like a League member?” Sara asked.

“Because I am a league member,” Karl Lawton replied, throwing back his hood, “I am Qat Asud.”

His face was hideously scarred. Twin sets of claw marks adorned his cheeks, and a burn crept up the left side of his neck to his ear. The other side of his neck was also scarred by what appeared to be bite marks. Moving past his scars, Sara could tell that he had once been the spitting image of his twin brother.

“Your brother nearly killed me,” Leonard observed, in the same tone of voice that he might of remarked on the weather.

“You were never in any serious danger,” Karl informed him, “trust me, Floyd always hits what he’s aiming for.”
“You told me Qat Asud was killed by League operatives,” Sara accused Nyssa.

Karl smiled, “They tried,” he said, “Made an attempt on my plane. I killed them, but in the process the plane crashed in the Amazon. I was the sole survivor of the crash, and I was set upon by a black panther immediately after the crash.”

“Hence the costume,” Leonard filled in.

“I wandered the Amazon for weeks,” Karl continued, “Until I reached a local Brazilian town with an airport. I stole the airplane and flew back to Starling, where I created the Panther.”

“So where do you come in?” Sara asked Nyssa.

“I was his pilot,” Nyssa informed them, “I was sent to make sure he was dead. I found him in a village, and flew him back home. I then told my father that Qat Asud was dead.”

“Why?” Leonard asked, “Why not follow through with the assassination.”

“Because Qat Asud should not have been assassinated so cowardly for stating a simple truth,” Nyssa replied.

“And what truth is that?” Sara asked.

“That I,” Karl answered, “not Ra’s al Ghul, am the greatest swordmaster the world has ever known.”

“So why are you here now?” Leonard asked.

Karl looked down the ravine, towards the lights of Nanda Parbat in the distance, and answered with a single word.

“Vengeance.”
Chapter End Notes

Once again, comments are greatly appreciated!
“You all know why you are here,” Nyssa announced, addressing the assembled warriors in her tent, “My father has named my sister Talia al Ghul as his heir when it should by rights be me. You brave few are the only ones who have taken my righteous cause. We face tremendous odds against us, yet I have found an equalizer. Most of you here were trained by the great swordsman the League has ever known, Qat Asud. Two years ago, he made the claim we all know to be fact, that he was the greatest swordsman on Earth. For that my father sent men to execute him. What you do not know is that when I was sent in to make sure the job was finished, I instead found a severely wounded Qat Asud and nursed him back to health, bringing him to his former home in Starling, and keeping his identity a secret.”

She then gestured, and the Panther stepped forward, throwing his hood back, revealing his scars.

For several moments there was no movement, no sound, just stunned silence. Then one of the assassins in the front row stepped forward, removing his hood to reveal a face in his 50s at least. He fell to his knees in front of Karl.

“Mudarris,” he whispered hoarsely, “forgive me, I never should have doubted you.”

“There is nothing to forgive,” Karl admonished gently.

As if on cue, the rest of the front rows moved forward to greet their instructor, returned from the dead.

“Teacher?” Leonard asked to Sara in the back, “Some of these guys are like 10 years older than him.”
“He became a sword instructor at age 16,” Sara replied, “He was that good. He taught people who had been studying the art their entire life more in a week than they had learned in all their studies previously. He’s a legend.”

Leonard found Karl later on a rock outcropping overlooking the ravine. He was sharpening his blade, sitting shirtless. The burns that started at his left ear continued along the entire left side of body, stopping at about his elbow. The rest of his torso was covered in claw marks. In total Leonard guessed approximately 60% of Karl’s upper body was covered in some sort of scarring.

“Panther really did a number on you huh?” Leonard remarked, “Why’d you name yourself after something that nearly killed you?”

“Because it also saved my life,” Karl replied, “After it attacked me, I was able to kill it. It’s meat kept me alive until Nyssa found me.”


The Panther smirked, “You got a specific reason to be here Snart, or did you just come to admire my body.”

“I came to get answers,” Leonard informed him, “You’re an enigma, Karl Lawton, and I don’t trust enigmas.”

“Ask away,” Karl responded, “I can’t always guarantee a response, however.”

“Your brother said you would die rather than have a breach of contract. Why?” Leonard asked, “If I see a situation headed south, I get the hell out of dodge. Why don’t you?”

Karl was silent for a moment, except for the rasp rasp of his whetstone. When he did speak, it was with a low, serious tone that had not been heard by any of the Legends crew.

“When I was with the League, I had purpose. I was revered, and respected. I had honour, and the mattered to me, in a way that other things normally didn’t. When the accident happened, and I had to earn a living through mercenary work, I struggled to find a purpose. Honouring a contract, to the
point of insanity, allowed me to keep my honour, and in doing so keep my purpose.” He looked at Leonard, “May I ask you a question, robber of ATMs?”

Leonard smirked, “Ask away. I can’t guarantee a response, however.”

“Do you love her?” Karl didn’t need to specify who her was.

“More than anything on this Earth,” Leonard replied, abandoning his facade and swagger for something far more real, and emotional.

“Good,” Karl nodded, “the life of an assassin needs love.”

“I suppose this is where you tell me the tear-inducing story of how you once loved a woman but it ended poorly,” Leonard snarked, the drawl back in full force.

Karl huffed a laugh, “No. I have never found anyone to love. I have my own love, and it sustains me well enough.” He then sheathed his katana, and motioned forward, “Come along, thief, the battle will begin shortly.”

Starling Welcome Hotel

“Well, you didn’t have to remind me about it!” Ray laughed.

“Yeah, well, I always liked it cause you blushed like a cherry during it,” Mick smiled, “I love it when you blush, like right now,” he growled, moving towards his lover.

“Why don’t we move this to the bedroom,” Ray suggested between kisses.

“Mmm, excellent idea,” Mick murmured, “Lead the way, Pretty Boy.”

Ray smiled, moving to the bedroom, throwing the door open-
He stopped suddenly, staring at their room. It was covered with pictures of Ray and Mick doing their various tasks throughout the day. Each photo was tinted green, as if taken from the glowing green eyes of the Panther.

“Jesus Christ,” Mick muttered, “How did he even get in here?”

“I-I don’t know,” Ray stammered, “I upgraded all the security. Thi-This shouldn’t be happening!”

“Hey, hey calm down,” Mick said, “He probably just doctored these photos, I doubt he actually followed us anywhere.”

“I don’t know,” Ray mumbled, “He seems like the kind of guy that would do it, actually.”

“Just relax, pumpkin, and go to bed,” Mick reassured him, “I’ll take these things down, and we’ll deal with how he got in here tomorrow.”

“Ok,” Ray replied unsteadily, before going to sleep thinking of glowing green eyes watching his every move.

Chapter End Notes

Hope it was worth the wait! Please comment!
Battle

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Nanda Parbat

“Are you sure this guy is that good?” Leonard asked. Sara couldn’t blame him for doubting. Stretched out in front of them was the army of Talia al Ghul. Over 4,000 strong of League warriors. To their backs was Nyssa’s army. A paltry force by comparison, they numbered barely 500 of the League’s elite. It was the classic case of quality vs quantity.

“Stick around and you’ll find out,” Karl commented, coming up behind them. He walked up ahead to where Nyssa was standing, and knelt.

“Qat Asud,” she greeted him.

“Warith al Ghul,” he returned.

“You may proceed,” she informed him. He nodded, moving out into the space between the two armies. He threw back his hood, revealing his face and his scars to the opposing army. Unsheathing his katanas, he threw his arms open wide.

“RAAAAAAAADAAAAAS” he bellowed, the ravine making him easily heard to the opposing army.

“COME AND FACE ME RAS!” he demanded, “I AM QAT ASUD AND I DEMAND VENGEANCE!”

At that the opposing army stirred a little. It was barely more than a slight movement in the ranks, but Sara knew it was akin to mass panic.

“YOU COWARD!!!!” Karl screamed, two years worth of rage and betrayal coming out, “YOU SEND YOUR UNDERLINGS TO ELIMINATE ME, AND NOW WHEN I SURVIVE, YOU HIDE BEHIND YOUR ARMY, QUAKING IN YOUR BOOTS!!!! YOU ARE NO TRUE WARRIOR!! YOU ARE NO TRUE MAN!!!!”
A figure strode from the fortress, clad in ornate League armour. They wore a heavy scimitar across their back. The ranks of the army parted before them. They were clearly of great importance and rank. They were also clearly not Ra’s al Ghul. When they got close enough to Karl for him to recognize, he spat and pointed one of his katanas at them.

“You are not fit to wear that armour,” he accused.

“My father has named me Warith al Ghul,” Talia al Ghul replied, “that makes me more fit than anyone else.”

“Where is your father?” Karl asked, “Hiding in his hot tub?”

“My father does not concern himself with the slaughter of traitors,” Talia retorted, “It is me you have to face today, Qat Asud.”

“I have no interest in dueling little girls,” Karl spat, “It is vengeance I seek. Vengeance, and to prove I was right. If your father will not come to face me, then I WILL FIND HIM!!” he finished with a shout, directing it towards the silent fortress. He then strode back to Nyssa’s side, leaving a very irate Talia al Ghul.

“Well,” Leonard murmured to Sara, “that was anticlimactic.”

“What happens next won’t be,” Sara replied.

“No,” Leonard admitted, “No it will not.”

"Sara"

"Yeah?"

"I love you, assassin"

"I love you too, thief"

Nyssa did not waste words. She drew her scimitar, a twin to Talia’s, pointed it at her sister, and took off at a run. Her entire force raised their swords behind her, and charged the enemy.
Battle was a blur. Sara had been in fights before, but never on this scale. She and Leonard fought back to back, him freezing assassin after assassin while she went to work on those that would take him from behind.

They were making progress, but there were just so many enemies. For every one they killed there were four more to take his place. She glimpsed Talia and Nyssa locked in frenetic combat, scimitars flashing, two sides of the same murderous coin.

She and Leonard were fighting one particularly stubborn knot of Ra’s loyalists when in seemingly a blink of an eye there were just bodies. Having gained this brief respite, Sara looked around to see who had assisted them. It was Karl. He was spinning as he fought, twin katanas flashing so that he looked like a tornado of death. Everywhere he went, he carved a path, so much so that Sara could actually pinpoint his path. It bobbed and weaved, but clearly traced a line to the entrance of Nanda Parbat.

“He’s going for Ra’s” Leonard observed. Sara nodded, but their brief respite was over as a group of loyalists rushed them.

**Inside Nanda Parbat**

Karl Lawton pounded through the halls of Nanda Parbat in a red rage.

After all this he had *stayed inside!!* Left his incompetent (comparatively) daughter while he fucking *meditated*?

He rounded the corner entering the chamber of the Lazarus Pit. After dispatching the two guards with relative ease, he stood in the center of the room. Ra’s had still not strayed from the pit.

“Ra’s al Ghul”

“Qat Asud,” the Demon’s Head returned, turning around, he continued, “I see Nyssa was less than honest where your fate was concerned.”

“I will kill you for what you did to me,” Karl replied, icy calm in his rage.
“Do you know how many men have said the exact same thing, standing in the exact same spot as you?” Ra’s wondered.

“I am the only one capable of carrying it out,” Karl countered as Ra’s dressed himself as if today were any other day.

“No doubt that is what you believe,” Ra’s mused, grabbing his two handed broadsword. Without further discussion or formality, he launched himself at Qat Asud.

They were two blurs of steel. Black Cat and Demon’s Head. Katanas and broadsword. A contrast of styles, in more ways than one. Karl lost track of time. It could have been minutes, it could have been days, Karl would not have known. Eventually though, he felt himself gain the upper hand. His blows were just that much closer to landing then Ra’s’, his parries that much more sure. He pressed his advantage, and when he saw his opening, he struck with a riposte and slid his katana between the ribs of Ra’s al Ghul.

Ra’s slunk to the floor, eyes wide and staring. Karl spoke the traditional last words, but when Ra’s tried to speak, Karl held his mouth shut.

“Do not even think about giving your last words you filth,” He growled in a voice that dripped venom. Ra’s spit up blood, gave a gasp, then toppled to the floor, dead.

Karl withdrew his katana, raised it above his head, and bellowed his triumph to the world.

Outside Nanda Parbat

They were going to lose. Sara could feel it. No one had seen Karl, and without him the numbers were starting to overwhelm their force. She was hard pressed, having been separated sometime from Leonard, and she was about to be cut off and surrounded when-

“RA’S AL GHUL IS DEAD!” Karl announced from the top of Nanda Parbat. Instantly all fighting stopped and all eyes turned to the parapet where Qat Asud was perched. Karl hoisted the body of an easily recognizable Ra’s al Ghul, and sling him over the side of the fortress, to land with a thud on the field of battle. A shrill scream rose, as Talia al Ghul slunk to her knees in grief. Seeing her chance, Nyssa slit Talia’s throat, and her scream turned to a gurgle. All around, loyalists began throwing down their weapons, and kneeling to Nyssa. Sara heard her name called, and saw Leonard frantically running toward her. She ran to him, and he swept her up in a kiss that left her breathless.
and giddy.

“We won,” he breathed.

“Never doubted it for a second,” She returned, kissing him again.

Across the battlefield, Nyssa made eye contact with Karl.

“Ra’s al Ghul,” he called down, kneeling, “Nanda Parbat is yours.”

Chapter End Notes

This one was really fun to write so let me know what you thought in the comments!
“Sara called,” Mick announced, striding into the room, “says she and Leonard are headed ba-What are you doing?”

Ray was posted next to the window, having cut out a circle in the glass. He had a high-powered telescope out, and was peering into it.

“He is not getting in again,” Ray declared. He looked up, slightly feverishly into Mick’s eyes. He clearly had not slept much. “Not even if I have to stay up all day to stop him.”

“Pumpkin, that’s ridiculous,” Mick sputtered.

“Yeah Ray c’mon,” Jax agreed, “You standing by the window isn’t gonna help.”

“Besides,” Stein chimed in, “You’ve vandalized the room by cutting the hole and we really need to plan the heist. And see, you’ve also let the bugs in,” he added, seeing Ray snatch his hand away from the window in pain.

“No you’re wrong!” Ray insisted, “I’m gonna stop this guy, I’m gonna show him what he’s messing with. I am not weak.”

“No one thinks you’re weak,” Mick reassured tenderly, his heart going out to his insecure lover.

“Doesn’t matter,” Ray argued, “I need to do it for mys-what is that?”

“What is what?” Mick asked.
Ray got up, pointing at the building across the street, “It’s him!” he exclaimed, “The Panther!”

“What are you talking about?” Mick wondered incredulously, “Pumpkin you’re pointing at a mural.”

“He’s hiding in it,” Ray maintained. His face took on a look of pure terror as he practically screamed, “And now he’s flying across the gap!”

“What?!?!” Mick sputtered, he looked back at Stein, “Doc, what’s going on?”

“Oh God!” Ray wailed, “He’s coming for me!” He took off running.

Stein slapped his head, “When he was standing by the window they must have shot him with a hallucinogen. We need to find him so I can give him an antidote.”

Mick nodded and went to find Ray.

He found him when he heard rustling in their closet.

“Ray,” he called, “are you in our closet?”

“He won’t find me here,” Ray asserted, adding with a whimper that damn near broke Mick’s heart, “I hope.”

“Pumpkin, he’s not here,” Mick assured him, “You were hit with a hallucinogen. Why don’t you come out and the doctor can help you out.”

“It’s not safe,” Ray responded plaintively, “I don’t want to-OH NO HE’S IN HERE WITH ME! PLEASE DON’T, NOOOOO!”

He sounded so terrified, Mick couldn’t take it. He broke the doors open. Ray was huddled in a ball in the corner, sobbing. Seeing his lover sobbing in a ball made something snap inside of Mick. He needed this to stop, and he knew just how to make them stop, and pay them back.
He stormed off. Passing Stein in the hallway, he muttered, “He’s in our closet.”

“Mr. Rory,” Stein called, “I would’ve thought you’d comfort Dr. Palmer. Where are you going?”

“To end this,” Mick replied, and grabbed the heat gun.

**Lawton Crib**

“I’m back!” Karl announced, “And I have won! Ah what a day, eh Floyd?”

When Floyd didn’t answer, Karl got a little concerned, “Floyd?” he called. In the distance he heard faint sobbing. He took off in a run. Floyd never cried.

He found his twin in the back. Deadshot was sobbing into his hands, but appeared unharmed. He looked up at his twin, tears streaming out of his good eye.

“They killed her,” He sobbed.

“Who?” Karl asked, and then, with a sickening certainty, he knew. *No*, he thought, *not-*

“Zoe,” Floyd choked out.

The world stopped, started, and stopped again. Everything in Karl’s vision went blurry, and suddenly the world was spinning. Karl’s thoughts went unbidden, to his last meeting with his niece, over three months ago.

“*Uncle Karl?*” she wondered, her light brown hair tied back into a ponytail, “*Why do you always cover your face with a scarf now?*”

*He smiled, “I don’t want to scare you.”*
“Show me,” she demanded imperiously, “I’m not afraid of anything.”

“Ok,” he replied, and dropped the scarf, revealing his scars. For a while she just looked at him, finally starting to trace the scars. “I’m gonna find who did this to you, and bring them to justice,” she declared, with all the certainty of a teenage girl.

“Oh you will, huh?” Karl laughed, bringing the scarf back up.

“Yeah. I’m going to GCU, gonna study law, and then prosecute Ra’s al Ghul,” she informed him, “Just you wait.”

Karl laughed again, “I look forward to it,” he replied, and ruffled her hair, earning a stern frown in the bargain.

Now he would never see it.

“Why?” he demanded hoarsely.

“I hit the target with a hallucinogen,” Floyd replied hollowly, “He freaked out and ran away from the window. So I left. Then I got the call that there-there had been a fire at the school.”

“Rory,” Karl stated, a cold rage coloring his tone.

“Karl?” Floyd asked, “We’re gonna make them pay, right?”

Karl embraced his twin, letting him sob into his shoulder, his voice cold with promise, “Oh yes, Floyd. Mick Rory is going to pay, and then some.”

Chapter End Notes
Comments and reviews always requested!
“You killed his niece,” Sara stated flatly, not quite believing what she’d heard. She and Leonard had come to the room flush with triumph, only to find Ray huddled in a ball being comforted by a soot-covered Mick who was in the process of being berated by Stein.

“He broke Ray,” Mick replied, unremorseful, “seemed like a fair trade.”

“You’ve killed us all,” Leonard interjected caustically.

“What happened, Snart?” Mick mocked, “Lost your moxy when you saw his swords?”

“I want to go home,” Ray interrupted.

“Mick, you don’t get it. You weren’t there,” Sara explained, “He was cutting down trained assassins like they were stalks of wheat. He’s literally the greatest warrior in the history of the League. What hope do we have now that you’ve killed his niece?”

“I want to go home,” Ray pleaded.

“We could listen to Ray,” Mick offered, “Go home. Leave this scummy town with its psychopaths and go back to the town where we’re kings.”

“You killed his niece Mick,” Sara insisted, “I don’t think leaving is gonna-” She was interrupted by their phone ringing.

“This is the rooftop suite,” She answered the phone.
“Uh, you should leave,” the voice of the receptionist nervously answered, “A guy in a very scary panther outfit just walked through the lobby and threatened me to get your key and access to your elevator.” He then hung up.

Sara turned to the rest of the group, “It’s too late to leave,” she announced, “He’s here.”

The group readied themselves for battle, Sara, Mick, and Leonard arranged around the door, Jax and Rip protecting Kendra, Stein, and Ray. Then they waited.

Suddenly the Panther dropped from a vent above Mick’s head, knocking him to the floor.

“Her name was Zoe,” Karl Lawton stated, his voice a maelstrom of grief and rage. Slicing Leonard’s cold gun in half, he threw him across the room in the next motion.

“She was 14,” Karl continued. Meeting Sara, he matched her, baton for katana, until he felt an opening. Then he knocked her out with a well-placed blow with the pommel of a katana.

“She wanted to attend Gotham City University for law” Karl advanced on Jax and Rip. Without breaking stride he deflected Jax’s wild rush into the wall, rendering the young safecracker unconscious.

“Never understood why she wanted to go study in the one city more dangerous than Starling” Rip stood his ground, drawing his gun, only for Karl to lay his chest open bare to the bone with a single stroke of his sword.

“Guess she figured the employment prospects were good” Karl picked up Ray by the collar of his shirt, beginning to drag him towards a now moving Mick.

Mick, seeing what Karl was doing, tried to rush him, but as he rose to his feet he was shot in the shoulder.

“A little present from her father,” Karl informed him as Mick began to feel weaker and dizzier, “You don’t have long for this world, so I’ll make this quick.” He drew a katana, and laid the edge bare against Ray’s neck.
“Please,” begged Mick, “Don’t do this. Kill me if you want but let him live! Ray had nothing to do with it!”

Karl cocked his head, finally responding in a voice dripping with malice and pain, “Neither did Zoe,” and he slit Ray’s throat. To Mick it seemed to happen in slow motion, as Ray’s body fell to the floor.

Karl walked out the door. Leonard stirred from where he had been tossed, rushing over to his partner, “Mick! We’re gonna get you some help. Stay with me.”

“Not, not gonna make it,” Mick sputtered, “Promise me something Snart.”

“Anything,” Leonard vowed.

“Promise me you’ll leave this cursed city,” Mick whispered, “It’s what Ray wanted. Don’t kill yourself trying to avenge us. Leave this city, leave this life. Marry Sara, and live out the rest of your life in peace.”

“I promise,” Leonard replied as tears streamed down his cheeks for possibly the first time in his life.

Mick smiled, “You were always the better of us, Leonard. It’s been an honor and a privilege being your partner in crime all these years.” And the light left the arsonists eyes for the last time. Leonard held him and sobbed as police sirens began to sound in the distance.

Starling City Cemetery

Two brothers stood in front of a grave.

Oliver Queen approached the two figures. They were both dressed in street clothes. Karl had a leather jacket with the hood up and a scarf covering the lower half of his face while Floyd was dressed in a long-sleeved shirt. Without their weapons and armour the two brothers seemed almost normal.

“I trust you’ll find the terms of the contract met,” Karl stated hollowly once Oliver got close enough
“I was sorry to hear about Zoe,” Oliver replied.

“She didn’t deserve this end,” Floyd lamented solemnly, “She was supposed to be better, to transcend our ways.”

“Her mother wouldn’t let us attend the funeral,” Karl informed Oliver, “She blamed us for her death, and rightfully so. What are you doing here Detective Queen?”

“I was laying flowers for Felicity,” Oliver explained, “I’ve got one more, if you want to lay it by Zoe’s grave,” and he proffered a single rose to Floyd who took it.

“Thank you,” Deadshot responded, before kneeling to set it by his daughter’s grave.

“So what now?” Oliver asked.

“I don’t know,” Karl returned.

Across the cemetery two other figures were standing in front of graves.

“So the team is being disbanded,” Sara stated.

“Mick’s dying wish was for me to leave this city and this life,” Leonard replied.

Sara sighed, “So what now?”

Leonard got on one knee, “Sara Lance, will you marry me?”

“About damn time,” she smiled, nodding her affirmative so many times she thought her head was going to fall off. He swept her up in a kiss.
“Well I kept getting interrupted. Besides the other part of Mick’s wish was that I marry you and settle down, so now seemed like an appropriate time to honor it.”

“So what do you think,” Sara grinned mischievously, “A bungalow in Central City?”

“Ughh,” Leonard groaned, “I don’t know if I’m ready to go that suburban.”

“Leonard Snart,” she grinned, “You are the only person that could make me laugh after a funeral.”

“Well,” he smiled, “It’s gonna be part of my husbandly duties now, so get used to it.”

Chapter End Notes

Well this one was kinda long. I hope you liked it. I know the past two have been rather heavy but I tried to end this one a little lighter. This will probably be my second to last chapter, as I'll be adding max two more epilogue type chapters. As always let me know what you thought in the comments below!
Epilogue

Chapter Notes
See the end of the chapter for notes

Starling City Docks

The man ran. This was supposed to have been a simple exchange. The trip across the Pacific had gone smoothly enough, having picked up about 100 Chinese girls of varying ages to be sold in Starling City. He had a buyer lined up to be waiting at the docks. Instead when he arrived at the buy all he found was two dead bodies and a scary looking man in a black armoured suit wearing a panther mask on. The panther guy had drew a katana and pointed it at the man. Thus the present situation.

Speaking of the panther guy, the man stopped hearing footsteps following him. Turning around, he saw that he had lost his mystery attacker. Starting to leave the scene, he bumped into someone. It was the panther guy. The man’s stomach dropped to his ankles as he looked into those glowing green eyes.

“Going somewhere?” Karl asked, and then thrust his katana through the traffickers body, ending it.

“You done playing?” Floyd wondered peevishly through the comm link.

“It’s boring when you always end it before I even move,” Karl complained, “I wanted a kill this time.”

“Whatever,” Floyd sighed, “Just get what we need and let’s move on.”

Karl moved towards the cage where the girls were being held. Arriving at the cage, he quickly eliminated the two guards standing there. The girls in the cage all shrank away from the sight of the Panther in full glory. Karl realized this, and removed his mask, although he doubted his scarred face was that much less intimidating than the mask. He then broke the lock to the cage.

“You are now free to go,” Karl announced in Chinese, “where you go is of little consequence to me, but I will not hurt you, nor will I stop you. If there is a little girl under the age of 10 who is not scared of me, I will provide support for you.”
Most of the girls were more than happy to leave, some eyeing him with trepidation and fear. As they were filing out, one of the smaller girls walked up to him and announced, with little to no fear or tact, “I’m 9 and I want support, but I don’t want to live with you. You’re ugly and scary.”

Karl smiled, and crouched down, “What’s your name, little one?”

“Lin Wei, but the white man who came to my village would always call me Linda,” Linda announced, utterly fearless.

“Well, Lin Wei,” Karl continued, “My name is Karl, and today is your lucky day. Because I will provide you with support, and you don’t have to gaze on my ugly mug.”

Central City Suburb

“Ughhhhhh, Iris wants to have another girl talk about her and Eddie,” Sara moaned, looking up from her phone, “I swear if I have to deal with those two being dysfunctionally in love for another two hours I’m gonna puke!”

“You were the one who suggested we move to the burbs and make friends with the barista, not me,” Leonard pointed out while sipping his coffee and browsing the morning paper. Sara glared at him. It had been her idea to move to the suburbs after their honeymoon, but somehow Len had taken annoyingly well to civilian life, while she was the one feeling bored and restless.

“Well maybe then you could go talk to Professor Allen about the cold gun again while I’m busy?” She suggested with all the sweetness of a viper, and was rewarded with a glance that was equal parts horror and annoyance. Before she could press her advantage, the doorbell rang.

Sara went up to get it, opened the door; only to find the Lawton twins there. She almost didn’t recognize them, all dressed in civilian outfits, but the eyepatch and the hint of scarring showing at the top of the lower half of Karl’s face gave it away. She reacted quickly, getting a hand on the knife hidden in her dress and calling for Len who came running.

“What are you doing here?” Sara asked with menace. Karl and Floyd both held up their hands to show they were unarmed. Sara relaxed minutely. Floyd opened his mouth to speak, but before he could speak, a little voice piped up in Chinese.
“I thought you said these people were supposed to be friends,” Lin accused, “They don’t look very happy to see you.” Sara hadn’t even noticed the small child in baggy clothing.

“Friends may have been overstating it,” Karl admitted, also in Chinese, “They misunderstand our purpose.”

“What do you want?” Leonard asked, “I don’t speak Chinese.”

“We are giving young Lin Wei here to you for adoption,” Floyd announced, “We rescued her from being sold into slavery, and are giving to you two to raise. We will cover all her expenses, and ask that we be allowed to see her if we want to.”

“Why are you giving her to us?” Sara asked, “And why did you rescue her in the first place?”

“Well, you’re the only person we know who speaks Chinese, plus it’s not like you two are doing anything with your lives here,” Karl answered, “As for why we rescued her, after...what happened in Starling, we tried to go back to how things were, but it just wasn’t the same. Before, we had a purpose. We were providing for Zoe. But now that she’s dead, we just didn’t have that purpose that we did before. So, we thought that if we had a similar purpose, it could help make it easier.”

“So why not raise her yourselves?” Leonard asked.

“Because she’s not Zoe,” Floyd responded, “and she deserves to not be a replacement in the eyes of her guardians.”

“All of this still assumes that we agree to take her in,” Sara pointed out.

“Will you?” Karl asked.

Sara and Leonard exchanged a glance, and she knew he would support her in this.

“Yes.”
“Good,” Karl nodded. He then crouched down to Lin, telling her, “They’ve agreed to take you in.”

Lin nodded, then walked up to Sara, “I like you,” she announced, “you’re much prettier than Karl is.”

Sara laughed, then led Lin into her new life.

Leonard turned to the two professional assassins, “Any other ways to make my life miserable?” he drawled.

Karl smiled, “I’ll call you when I think of something.” And with that he and his twin walked out to their car and left as suddenly as they had come.

Chapter End Notes

So that's it! My first ever full fic. Please leave a review, let me know what you liked, what you thought could be improved, overall thoughts, etc. I plan to continue with more fics in this universe, so please also let me know whether you would prefer a series of prequels about how the Legends, Karl, or Oliver came to be; or whether you would prefer a sequel that focuses on what happens next in the lives of our heroes. Thanks to all who left kudos or comments, it always helps with motivation!

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!