

[David Lance POV]

As I was getting ready to leave this damn place, this damn universe, I saw Kara pass by my room on her way to her bedroom. I hadn't seen her in a while.

I still hadn't told her what I had done.

The way I saw things, I had two choices right now. Tell her I had killed her cousin, or leave this accursed place without telling her.

I sighed.

She didn't deserve such cowardice from me, so far she was innocent and deserved the truth.

Taking a deep breath, I walked out of my room and made my way to her room.

"Kara," I called out to her from outside the room, seeing as I still had the blue ring in my possession to facilitate conversation.

A few moments after I had called out her name, she opened the door. She was still wearing the same clothes she had worn the last time I had seen her. Her hair was matted and she looked like she hadn't slept in days.

"What is it?" she asked me with a tired look. "Is there something you need? I thought you were leaving."

"I'm leaving, but before that I needed to tell you something," I replied, trying to find the right words to tell her about how her cousin had turned into a dictator.

"Tell me what?" she asked with a hint of impatience in her voice.

I sighed. "I needed to talk with you about your cousin. About Kal-El."

Kara's eyes widened in shock as she took in my words. "What about him?"

I hesitated for a moment before continuing. "It's difficult to explain, but if experience serves me right, things like this are better cut short, so I'll get down to the point."

"What?" Kara asked, her voice softening.

"Your cousin conquered Earth after going crazy, and I killed him," I replied.

Kara stared at me for a few moments before her eyes filled with tears of rage and sorrow as she lunged at me, screaming.

"How dare you!" she shouted as she hit me, punching me out of the building with a sonic boom, the punch had done little to no damage. "I don't believe you, he couldn't have done that, he was my family, an El! and you killed him!"

I allowed her to vent her rage on me, without fighting back. She was strong, but unskilled, meaning I had the luxury of letting her do as she pleased.

"You don't have to believe me, you can ask anyone about Superman, and they will tell you all about him," I replied, as she continued to hit me.

Eventually, after she was panting after hitting me so much, and the streets were empty of civilians, who had run in fright to hide, she looked up at me with a broken expression.

"Why?" she asked me, her voice barely audible. "Why did you kill him?"

"I did it out of revenge. But regardless of my reason, he had it coming. In the sorrow of his loss, he allowed himself to become a tyrant and a dictator," I said, cleaning the blood that was running down my broken nose. "To make it short, I didn't do what I did out of a noble sense of heroism. Though in the

end, what I did, even if it was for the wrong reasons, helped the world, more than it did for me."

Kara looked at me, tears streaming down her face. "I don't want to believe you. But it doesn't matter what I want, does it?" At this, her gaze turned to something behind me, a billboard that had Superman promoting the regime. "That the symbol of House El, it means hope. How ironic isn't it?"

I nodded slowly. "For what it's worth, I'm sorry. I don't regret killing him, but I do regret hurting you, you're innocent."

Kara wiped away her tears and looked straight into my eyes.

"I can't forgive you for this. But I understand why you did it," she said quietly. "If I were in your situation, I don't know if I could do the same thing. But at least I can understand."

"I am not asking for your forgiveness," I replied, giving Kara a look. "You are free to hate me, as I was free to hate your cousin. I suppose it helps when we won't see each other again. Before I leave, a piece of advice, don't trust Batman, out of all the heroes of this world, he's the one that less deserves your trust."

Kara nodded, before stepping away from me and returning to Lucifer's bar in silence, leaving me alone in the street with my thoughts.

“That went well,” Lucifer muttered, walking out of nowhere.

“It did, all things considered, it did,” I nodded. Sure, she had broken my nose and bruised me a little, but that would heal in a few hours. “Did you help me there, you know... making her accept the reality of things faster?”

Lucifer smiled. “Who knows? Maybe I did, maybe I didn’t. All I can say is that I am glad the street where my bar is located isn’t too damaged.”

“Sorry about your bar,” I apologized, after all, Kara had punched me out of the bar, so a few walls were now broken.

“Already fixed,” Lucifer replied with a wave of his hand. “So, are you ready to leave this universe?”

I nodded. “I am. I have been ready to do so since the day I came here.”

“In that case, let’s get your girl and your cat ready. But before that, one last drink?” Lucifer offered, summoning a whisky in the rocks to his right hand.

“Last drink? You talk like we won’t see each other again,” I replied, taking the drink.

“We will, but not as often. I met an interesting lady in a distant universe, a cop,” Lucifer chuckled, summoning a drink for himself.

“I pity the poor woman,” I replied, taking a sip of my drink.

“Pity? She would be lucky!” Lucifer chuckled.