

[David Lance POV]

After searching for weapons, and other items, I carried Harley's unconscious body to a hidden location, where I started to inspect her for damage to know what I needed to treat first, she had a few bruises, but they weren't severe. I decided to start with the more concerning issue, her stomach.

The hit I had delivered had caused enough damage to collapse blood vessels within her, causing her to vomit blood, meaning she probably had some internal trauma.

Taking a deep breath, I gently placed her down on the ground and inspected her abdomen carefully, which was swollen and discolored. She definitely had a few broken bones there, the worst part was, I wasn't sure I could treat her wounds without the proper medical supplies.

Perhaps I could rob a hospital to get what I needed, I wasn't sure if that was the best idea, considering the Regime could catch me, but this might be my only option to stabilize Harley, after all, internal damage is always tricky.

I sighed, turning to look at Harley.

I guess I'm robbing a hospital.

In the meantime, I needed to keep her comfortable and warm, so I grabbed my blanket and sleeping bag from my backpack, arranging Harley inside, before covering her with my jacket up to her neck.

There, I injected her with a sleeping agent to help with the pain and to keep her unconscious while I was gone. The last thing I wanted was for her to try and escape while I still wasn't sure how to deal with this world and its inhabitants.

Taking a deep breath, I opened my phone, connecting to the local lines, and searched for a hospital, the closest one being only a few blocks away. Memorizing the address, I closed the search and tapped into the Regime database, and looked up, for any alarms.

My battle with Harley had been less than subtle, meaning that it was more than likely that the authorities were on high alert in the area, in which case meant that I needed to be extra careful when moving.

Though seeing I had fought Harley, of all people, who was brazenly against the Regime, I could probably manipulate them into thinking I was on their side if I was caught, that is.

Taking a deep breath, I continued my search, finding several alerts for a 'dangerous individual in the area', along with a

description that fit me to a tee and a few dozen alerts to be on the lookout for Harley Quinn, alerts that prioritized mine.

Well, that complicates things; I guess our battle must have been caught by a hidden camera, which I suppose was how Harley found me. With the situation as it is, it would be safer to avoid being seen in public, but Harley still needs medical attention.

Besides, seeing as there were no mentions of any hospitals being on lockdown, my plan was still very feasible, just harder to complete. As I was about to close my phone, a new alert caught my eye; a curfew had been announced for the entire city, effective immediately.

Well, that just makes things more difficult.

I sighed, pocketing my phone as I stood up and stretched, preparing myself for what was to come. This was going to be a mission impossible, but without the plot armor Tom Cruise has in all the movies.

I was going to need to be very careful if I wanted to come out of this alive.

I swear to God, even in a different universe, Harley finds a way to make my day harder than it has to be.

Oh well, time to get to work.

As I made my way to the hospital, I couldn't help but feel like I was being watched, which, considering the circumstances, wasn't entirely unwarranted. The streets were eerily empty for a Saturday night, all thanks to the curfew that had been set in place.

To avoid being noticed, I changed my clothes to something simpler, blander, in order to keep my identity hidden, the cameras had seen me with my mask and hero suit, right now, if things went in my favor, I would appear like a normal guy, walking on the street on his way home to follow the curfew.

Taking a deep breath, I made my way to the hospital, ducking into an alleyway as I pulled out my phone, where I connected to the local cameras. The entire city was crawling with armed guards, both in the outer areas and in the inner areas, and the cameras showed they would reach my area within five minutes, making this heist of mine next to impossible, but not impossible.

For a moment, I considered my options very carefully. Getting inside the hospital and getting my supplies was the easy part, the hard part would be to get away without being seen, especially since the entire city was on high alert.

I could always try and find another way back into the base, maybe the sewage system, though that could damage the supplies, meaning all of this would be a waste of time, all and all, my options were thin, very thin, especially considering how well guarded the streets will be in a few moments.

If I failed, I would be captured and, depending on multiple factors, tortured for information. Sure, I could try to lie my way out of trouble, I had the Harley fight on my corner, but honestly, I didn't know how much I could lie, considering the Regime has the Lasso of Hestia on their corner.

Taking a deep breath, I hacked into the cameras in the nearby area, creating a loop on the path I was going to take as I made my way out of the alleyway and towards the hospital's back entrance, where I stayed in the shadows, waiting for my moment to move.

I had to confirm the coast was clear before moving in.

Once I confirmed the coast was clear, I slipped inside the hospital through the maintenance door, being grateful for the darkness that shrouded the place. It seems everyone had left the moment the curfew was set in place. Silently, I made my way through the halls, going to the medical supply room.

Which according to the map I had found before coming here, it was on the third floor, close to the maternity ward. A weird place to put their supplies if you ask me.

Following the map, I moved swiftly and silently through the hospital, eventually reaching the medical supply room, there, I reached for the door and quickly pulled it open, slipping inside. My eyes darted around the room, taking in the rows of supplies, before I grabbed what I needed, stuffing items into my bag, before quickly moving back towards the door.

I had to move quickly, the sooner I was out of here, the better.

In the hallway, I reached for my phone and accessed the cameras again, making sure the coast was still clear before making my way towards the back entrance again. Moving quickly but carefully, I made my way back to the maintenance door, slipping outside just as the Regime forces were reaching the place.

Taking a deep breath, I ducked into the shadows again, waiting for them to pass, to make an opening before making my move, which depending on how good these soldiers were, it could take hours, maybe more. Thankfully though, the soldiers were relatively clueless, and so, I slipped out of the alleyway during one of their mistakes and made my way towards the base, being extra careful to avoid any patrols or cameras on the way.

It was a long and tedious process, but eventually, I made it back to the base without incident.

I approached Harley, who was still sleeping in place, just as I had left her. Now all I had to do was treat her wounds and wait for her to wake up. After that, I would interrogate her for any information she could provide before setting her free.

Taking a deep breath, I opened my backpack and pulled out the supplies I had acquired from the hospital before getting to work on treating her wounds.

As I worked, I came to the realization that treating her would be a lengthy procedure, especially setting her bones into place; luckily for her, I had all the medical training required to treat such wounds.

As the hours went by, and I continued working, Harley started to stir awake. Which was honest to God, was very surprising. I mean, the amount of anesthesia she had was many times what her petite frame should be able to handle.

"Wha- where am I?" Harley asked groggily before her eyes widened in realization as she took in her surroundings. "Oh shucks, I lost, didn't I?"

I rolled my eyes at her as I continued treating her wounds.

Harley was quiet for a few moments, seeing what I was doing, my hands covered in her blood as I continued treating her. "So, you're not a bad guy, huh?"

I shook my head as I continued working. I was nothing but a guy in the middle of a war he should have no place in.

Harley chuckled softly before wincing in pain. "Well, I'll be damned. Looks like I owe you one, though you are the one that put me in this situation in the first place, so... even?"

I shrugged as I finished up with setting her bones before starting on the stitches.

"You don't talk much, do you?" Harley asked, trying to make conversation.

Ain't she smart?

"Ohh, is it because your voice can explode things?" Harley asked, suddenly excited. "That is so cool! I bet that would come in handy during sex."

I arched an eyebrow at her as I continued working, not really sure how to respond to that.

Harley must have taken my silence as a yes because she started talking about all the things she could do with my

power and how it would help me, help her reach orgasm during sex. Without much effort, I tuned her out as I focus on my work, making sure to do a good job, so she heals quickly and without complication.

Eventually, I finished treating her most critical wounds, sewing up the gashes, and setting all her other broken bones in place before wrapping everything up tightly.

"So, am I gonna live, Doc?" Harley asked with a grin, trying to lighten the mood.

I nodded, giving her a few painkillers for the pain.

"Not that I'm not grateful, but that dose won't do," Harley said, wincing in pain as she looked at the dose of Morphine, I was injecting into her. "I've got a higher tolerance to the thing than most."

Well, that was true; she did wake up mid-procedure. Taking a deep breath, I pulled out a second dose, injecting it into her.

"That's better," Harley said, her eyes starting to droop from the pain medication. "See you in a bit, handsome."

I sighed, why must the universe hate me?