

[David Lance POV]

I continued researching about the events happening in the world, now adopting a new strategy to shake my pursuer off. My strategy was simple, changing my base once every two weeks, leaving crumbs for the pursuer that would lead him or her to nowhere.

When I wasn't gathering data about almost anything, my efforts were directed to finding an accessible shipment of 5-U-93-R, and while my efforts had not been in vain, as I had been able to locate multiple ships over the weeks, none of them were within my reach.

At least not if I wanted to keep my life.

Because of this, I had considered multiple times contacting the Batman of this world. However, I knew that if I did that, if I approached Batman, I would be pulled into this war, putting a target on my head.

I truly didn't want that.

Perhaps I was being a coward, I sure felt like one at times, but the truth was; that if I wanted to stay alive long enough to find

a way home, to see my family again, my friends, I needed to stay out of this conflict.

I sighed.

I was getting tired.

Tired of running from place to place to avoid detection.

Tired of being alone.

I never thought it would be possible for me to hate someone more than the Joker, but here I was, hating Klarion with every fiber of my being.

If it wasn't for him, I would be home right now. But no, he had to come and ruin everything; he had to come and give me perspective. Now that I think about it, perspective about what?

I never questioned the why behind all of this; I mean, I did, but never beyond a surface level.

Why did Klarion go out of his way to send me to this universe? Why here, of all places? And what did he mean by perspective?

My powers are destructive, sure, but nothing Klarion can handle with his magic. Besides, if the Light really wanted me

out of the picture, Klarion would've killed me instead of sending me to a different universe altogether.

This wasn't them getting rid of me.

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This was them giving me perspective...

All of this, it was the Light trying to show me something, something this world can show me. The question now is, what?

I sighed.

It would be far easier to figure out their motives if I could remember everything about them.

Before I could continue giving my situation more thought, the alarm I had set up close to my base went off, alerting me on my computer that someone was approaching.

I carefully and quietly rose from my seat, making sure not to make a sound, walking to the computer to see the cameras I had installed, trying to get a look at the person who had triggered the alarm.

Harley Quinn.

So, she was my pursuer all along.

I guess it makes sense now; I mean, who else would be so relentless in their efforts to find me?

I shook my head, putting my laptop in its bag.

That didn't matter now; what mattered was that she had finally found me, and I needed to move before she reached my base, which, based on the alarm she set off, means I have between two to three minutes.

Taking a deep breath, I quickly but carefully placed all my belongings in my bag before making my way to the nearest window and jumping out. Once outside, I started running, not looking back until I was a good distance away.

"What's the rush toots?" Harley called out, her voice carrying through the alleyway I was currently in. "Aww, come on now, is that any way to treat your number one fan?"

How did she catch up with me so fast?

Knowing there was no point in running, especially if she had access to 5-U-93-R, I turned around, coming to a full stop, finding Harley Quinn leaning against a wall as she chewed bubble gum, a smirk on her face.

Taking my phone out, I played a pre-recorded message. "I don't want any trouble, okay?" The message played out as I held my hands up in surrender, taking the brief moment my hands were going up to hurl a few explosives above her with a timer of thirty seconds to detonate.

Harley tilted her head to the side. "No trouble? Aw, that's too bad." She then reached into her jacket and pulled out a gun, aiming it at me. "I was really hoping to have some fun with you before I killed you."

A gun.

Good.

I'm being underestimated.

"Bang," Harley giggled, pressing the trigger only to show her gun was nothing but a prop that once the trigger was pressed, a flag saying bang would appear.

As Harley giggled, the explosives went off, and I took the opportunity to lunge forward, using my speed and momentum to knock her to the ground as I quickly disarmed her.

"What the-?" Harley exclaimed, trying to get back up, only for me to grab her and slam her against the wall, holding her there as I activated my taser with enough voltage to knock her out.

For a few moments, her body trembled as the electrical current coursed through her before she finally went limp, unconscious. It seems the Harley of this world is as empty-headed as the one from mine. Retracting my taser, I released my grip on her, letting her body slump to the ground as I breathed a sigh of relief.

Harley out cold; I began to search her weapons and other items as I tied her down, looking for items like 5-U-93-R, finding a few under one of the pockets on her rear as I finished tying her up.

I inspected the pill up close, and it matched every picture of the pill I had found during my research.

Good, now I just have to leave Harley in a place the Regime can't find her and leave this—

Before I could complete that thought, I was sent flying through the air, my body going through several walls of concrete before I hit the ground hard, pain coursing through my body as I tried to get up.

However, my body was in a state of shock, the amount of damage I had received kept me in place as my body refused to obey me; in fact, I was barely conscious as I was right now.

"Naughty, naughty, touching poor Harley," Harley chastised me.

But how? She was out cold a few moments ago.

"Though I will admit, I liked that electric shock," Harley giggled as she approached me. "Made my toes curl for a bit."

I grit my teeth, blood dripping into the ground as I tried to get up, only for Harley to step on my back, grinding her heel into my spine.

"Oh no, you don't," Harley cooed, pressing her heel down on my back hard. "You're not going anywhere."

I tried to move, tried to get away from her, but it was pointless; the pain was too much, and my body refused to obey me. Not only that, but she was clearly displaying super strength leagues beyond mine.

"Now, where were we?" Harley asked, leaning down close to my ear.

The pill, I took one from her.

I just need to take it.

If I moved, Harley would attack me again, and another attack of that magnitude I knew I couldn't take.

I had but one option, copying her and striking when her guard was down and seeing she was obviously on 5-U-93-R, then I had no need to hold back. Without delay, I dropped to the ground completely, pretending to be unconscious, just as Batman had taught me.

"Oh, you're no fun," Harley pouted as she prodded my side with her bat. Before turning my body around with her foot.

I inwardly smiled before muttering. "Surprise." The blast sent Harley flying into the air, giving me enough time to take the 5-U-93-R I had taken from her.

"That tickled," Harley said, a small amount of awe in her voice. "I can see why Batsy wants you so bad... wait, does he even know about your voice?" she paused for a few moments, pondering over her own question before she started laughing hysterically.

I pushed myself off the ground, and with each passing moment, I could feel the drug I had taken coursing through my veins almost. It was an intoxicating feeling, one that made me feel invincible.

I could feel my heart pounding in my chest, and the world around me seemed to take on a new clarity. Every sound,

every thought, every breath was amplified; hell, even the colors were brighter and more vivid.

Even the pain from a few moments ago seemed almost gone, leaving nothing but total exhilaration and a sense of power I had never felt before, nor I ever thought it possible to exist.

Cracking my neck, I turned my attention to Harley. It was time for round three.