

[David Lance POV]

I walked out of Lucifer's bar, leaving Raven in charge of Kara, as I took some time to think things out.

I needed to start planning for the upcoming war, and I had no idea where to start, with Superman time had been on my side. This time, however, fortune wasn't so kind as to smile at me.

At least this time I wasn't fighting alone.

As I pondered about my situation, I felt a chill in the air alerting my senses. Something had changed in the atmosphere, bringing a feeling that each second grew and tightened until I felt like I could reach out and touch it.

I don't know how I knew it, but I knew something was approaching earth, and it was coming for me.

And it had to be Brainiac. I knew Darkseid, better than Brainiac at least, and if wanted to kill me, he would not resort to a surprise attack, not with me.

As darkness descended over this feeling of inevitability, I ordered my troops, the ones I had acquired at Apokolips to get into formation to face the oncoming threat, giving them clear orders through my rings.

“What happened?” Raven asked, appearing through a portal with an alarmed expression, one that clearly implied she had felt my sudden switch of emotions.

“Brainiac, he’s coming,” I replied, giving Raven a small glance before turning my attention to the sky. “We are severely underprepared, you must find Batman, and start evacuating people to shelters.”

“I won’t let you fight him alone,” Raven shot back, understanding what I was intending to do without needing me to tell her.

I smiled at her. “Last time, Brainiac captured me because he had caught me off guard, at the time I hadn’t been aware of his existence or his intentions with me. Now I am, so don’t worry, I will disassemble that over-glorified toaster.”

Raven frowned, feeling the lies and the truths between my words mix. The truth was, I wasn’t entirely sure how I would fare against Brainiac, but that didn’t matter.

I would win.

Regardless of the cost.

I refused to lose when I was so close to finally go back home, to finally break out of this hell that little bastard had sent me.

I wanted to see my sister.

Oliver.

I wanted to have the normality that had been taken from me.

“You die on me, and I will kill you,” Raven threatened in a way that really had no bite, but that showed how much she cared, how much I meant to her.

I smiled once again. “A good luck kiss?”

“Ask me later,” Raven replied with a faint, yet playful smirk, before teleporting to do what I had asked her to do.

I sighed, so much for Knight’s blessing from a maiden’s kiss. Oh well, I guess that’s alright. I’m no knight, no hero, no villain, just a guy who wants to go fucking home.

Shaking my head, and pushing my thoughts aside, I cleared my mind readying for battle, and once my head was empty, I took off to face Brainiac.

I flew into space, reaching my army within moments, and waited.

“Good kitty here, good kitty sent by mate, mate scary,” Dex-Starr said, hovering around my legs for a moment before brushing against them.

“You mean Raven sent you?” I asked, holding a smile from taking over my face.

Dex-Starr nodded. “Scary mate sent me, good kitty here, good kitty ready to kill.”

I cracked a smile at that, petting the little rascal for a few moments before turning my attention back to the horizon, after all, Brainiac was finally here.

“Unexpected,” Brainiac spoke, his voice breaking through the emptiness of space like a hot knife through butter, as his seemingly endless armada came into full view, showing I was

heavily outnumbered. “It was not within calculation for you to be waiting for me. No matter, the result will still be the same.”

“SHUT THE FUCK UP!” I shouted, blasting everything in front of me, destroying in the process millions of his soldiers.

At times like this, I was really glad I had these powers.

“A futile endeavor,” Brainiac said through the debris, shooting at me with some sort of projectiles that moved faster than light itself, however, before they reached me, I destroyed them by sending a wave from my Rage ring.

“Impressive, those projectiles were specifically made to counter the emotional spectrum of the rings, and their energy, yet it seems that you still managed to overload their circuits with your ring,” Brainiac praised, his eyes scanning over me, literally, I could see his pupils change colors, and my rings confirming he was inspecting me.

On another note, I just now realized something, Brainiac was perfectly fine, he had tanked my earlier scream, and his body was showing no signs of damage, at all. This didn’t bode well.

“Three rings, rage, will, and hope,” Brainiac said, his tone cold and detached. “Subject reveals an energy output of 291% over normal capacity, adapting data.”

“Kill them all Dex-Starr,” I said, before charging at Brainiac, however, just as I’m about to hit Brainiac, he moves to intercept me, stopping my incoming punch with his hand.

“Resistance is futile but is highly educative, so I will allow it,” Brainiac said, staring into my eyes.

I give him no reply and move behind him, punching him, into Jupiter, where I had just now decided we would battle. On that note, punching him had felt like punching a wall of steel, but as a human.

I might have to use something more than brawn to win this fight.

“Any type of physical force has no effect on me,” Brainiac said, showing once again my attack had done nothing. “Your rings won’t work on me, and your power lacks the focus to work on me as well, be that as it may. Show me the limits of your existence, an anomaly.”

I cracked my neck, side to side. “Don’t you tire of hearing yourself? Honest to God, you’re annoying.”

Once again, my powers prove to be useless against him, but like before he's giving me more than he should have because now I have something to work with.

“Don't worry, you won't be hearing my voice once I start to dissect you,” Brainiac replied, taking a step forward.