

[David Lance POV]

After Granny Goodness had finished her explanation about my army and its capabilities, I proceeded to inspect every soldier I had been given, using my power ring to do so, examining every monster in my ranks as thoroughly as possible.

Making sure to the best of my ability that the old hag wasn't trying to trick me in any way.

Be that as it may, I knew that inspecting them wouldn't do much from a realistic point of view, as there were many things my ring couldn't possibly detect, but while that was true, scrutinizing them wasn't a waste of time.

At the very least, it would discard some scenarios from my table.

Once my inspection was done, I started planning.

My head running over a thousand scenarios at once.

Having an army didn't mean I had this war won.

If Kalibak's invasion of earth had proved anything, it was that Superman could deal with armies, even superpowered ones, with extreme ease.

This meant I had to plan my approach carefully in order to succeed, but at the same time, I had to do it quickly in order to minimize the chance of losing the element of surprise.

A very hard task on its own.

I had led people before, for a brief time, but nothing even close to this scale.

I knew I wasn't born a general, just as I knew I wasn't trained to be one.

However, that didn't mean I did not know how to lead an army into battle. Through the ring and my own life, I had seen enough deaths and battles to amount to a level of experience many would kill to have.

This world had hardened me enough to wage war efficiently.

I wasn't the same kid that had come to this universe against his will at the hands of a monster.

In my time here, I had killed more than enough individuals to give even the likes of the Joker a run for his money. The bodies I had piling up behind me could fill entire graveyards.

Like the Joker always loves to say, One. Bad. Day.

That's all it takes to change a man beyond repair, beyond morals, and it sickened me without measure that someone so vile and loath worthy like the Joker had proven to be right.

It was almost... funny. It really was. I could almost laugh at the irony of the situation.

I had never been a violent man.

I was raised to believe, no... trained to believe that killing was never the answer, no matter what the question might be. But then I made a mistake, I lowered my guard, and because of that mistake, I was sent to this... world.

Here, I quickly learned how wrong I had been. No matter what you stand for, some lives are simply not worth saving. Not worth the effort.

Haha.

Perhaps all of this was nothing but thoughts of a man who had openly embraced his rage, and through that rage, through that tiny lens of the spectrum, through that filter, was seeing the world differently.

Perhaps without the ring, I would feel disgusted at the man I have become.

I honestly didn't know. All I knew with certainty was that no matter the answer to that question, I would simply have to wait to find out.

"Are you quite done planning your little invasion, sweetie?" Granny Goodness asked me from the corner of her room, jolting me back to reality. "If you need help, Granny is here for you."

I glared at her for a moment before replying with a cold tone. "Bring a Mother Box to open the boom tubes."

I didn't have a masterful strategy or a sure way to ensure the best development of things. But I had enough to start this.

Granny Goodness smiled in a twisted yet condescending manner before giving me a quick nod, vanishing out of my sight and the barracks, leaving me alone with my thoughts and Dex-Starr, as I waited for her to start.

I had finally done it.

I had nothing else to do.

Nothing to delay me any further.

It was finally time to do what I had set out to do.

"Let's do this," I growled with hunger, my hands bawling into fights as Dex-Starr yowled in approval from the back, his anger and body language showing clearly that he was excited with the war I was about to unleash upon the Regime.

It was time to show Superman that no matter how powerful he is or how untouchable he thinks he is, retribution always comes. Sooner or later.

"Ready?" Granny Goodness asked as she came back into the barracks, a Mother Box by her side.

"Yes," I replied with a bloodthirsty grin, ready to march into battle.

I had waited for this moment for so very long. Ever since he had killed Dinah, and now, after so much, the time had come. I

would make him suffer as he had made me suffer. He would know the full extent of my wrath.

There would be no escape for him this time.

I would have my revenge. I would have my justice.

"I will open the boom tubes near your solar system in order to avoid... unnecessary attention to us," Granny Goodness said before the Mother Box and opened the tubes with a loud pulse of energy. "It should take you no time to reach earth from where I opened the portal. Good luck, sweetie; Granny wishes you the best."

Without a word, I walked past her as I used my ring to scan every single tube and the locations each one led to in order to confirm whether or not Granny Goodness was being truthful. Better safe than sorry, as they say.

After confirming the locations behind all of the tubes and seeing all of them lead to the same coordinates, which matched with what Granny Goodness had said, I ordered my army to go through them.

Until eventually, there was no one left around but me, Dex-Starr, and Granny Goodness in the barracks.

For a brief moment, I simply looked at the tubes without moving, feeling within me a whirlwind of emotions, of things I couldn't quite explain. Taking a deep breath, I closed my eyes and imagined Superman at my feet, fallen, broken, finally defeated.

With his demise. I would be free.

Without him, there would be no more suffering, no more pain.

Only peace.

Exhaling loudly, I opened my eyes with determination and conviction, and with Dex-Starr on my side, I walked through the tubes, leaving Apokolips behind.