

## [David Lance POV]

I knew as the ring changed my body to a mass of seething anger and hatred that I would never be the same.

I knew in my short moments of clarity.

Of reflection.

That I was probably making a mistake by taking this power without a second thought.

I tried to keep my rage caged; I tried, I really did, but I just couldn't control it. And as the power came to bear within me alongside the unbearable pain, I found myself caring less and less about such thoughts, about such a fragile morality of ideas.

Rage.

Was intoxicating.

A curse that numbs all sensations, leaving a monster that wants no escape from its situation.

But even in pain, both physical and emotional, I stood still, not daring to utter a word. I would not sully Dinah's body by my pathetic laments of weakness; I would instead honor her with the corpse of her murderer.

So, in her honor, I remained in place, taking my punishment as the crimson shine of ever-lasting rage continued to consume me, melting my heart into nothing, replacing my blood and heart with a flow of scarlet hatred, finalizing my transformation.

I looked up at the sky. The battle was still raging on.

I stared at the sky for a moment before raising my fists above my head as a sickly red aura appeared around me, covering the ground with red. The crimson aura extended at least a few hundred meters in every direction, getting the attention of a few above me.

Without wasting another second, I blasted out into space, ignoring everyone as I took flight directly to Superman, who was dealing with what appeared to be a dwarf, no... a Guardian of the Universe?

No matter.

"A red lantern?" Ganthet muttered.

"Who are you supposed to be?" Superman asked, his clothes yellow as he emanated the power of fear.

**"YOUR END!"** A powerful force ripped through space, shattering anything in its way, Green Lanterns, Yellow Lanterns, and the very fabric of space as well, blasting Superman back in surprise.

He had forgotten about me already.

I would make him remember.

"You are letting your anger control you," Ganthet said, trying to reason with me.

"His life is mine to take. I won't be denied of my vengeance," I replied, using my power ring to reply at the Guardian. "Leave or blow yourself up. Either way, I don't care." With that said, I blasted toward Superman, who had landed on Pluto.

"I remember you," Superman said, getting up from the ground as I reached Pluto. "Even with all of this power, your voice still hurts. Be that as it may, with the power I wield now, you won't be able to defeat me."

"Enough prattle!" I roared at him, destroying Pluto in a single strike, as Superman flew out of the planet, escaping my voice.

Seeing this, I blasted toward him at full speed, reaching him in a fraction of a moment, where I tried to strike him with all my strength using my right fist. Superman, however, took a step back, easily dodging my attack.

Growling, I turned as quickly as I could, trying to deliver a kick to his face. However, once again, Superman slipped under my attack, this time blasting me with a beam of yellow that sent me to Jupiter in an instant.

"I meant to kill you with that attack," Superman noted as he flew over me. "That attack would've killed Ganthet. This shows how much of a treat you really are."

"Shut it!" I screamed or tried to because before I could even open my mouth, I was pushed back with intense strength, cashing a violent right hook on my face, followed by a knee to the stomach, a kick to the chin, a blow on his head, and a new kick, each and every single strike chained instantly one after the other.

I was losing.

I REFUSE TO LOSE!

NOT TO HIM!

I DON'T CARE WHAT I HAVE TO GIVE.

AS LONG AS HE DIES!

Suddenly, as if waking up from a trance, I pushed forward through a newfound power, headbutting Superman as I grabbed him by the wrists, where I proceeded to deliver several knee blows at the Kryptonian.

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## [Superman - Kal El - Injustice POV]

When was the last time I had felt such pain?

The answer to that was. Twice today.

Both at his hands.

With this power I had now, I should be unstoppable, a God amongst Gods. Doomsday, even Darkseid, would pose no threats to me as I was right now, but somehow, with each strike this kid delivered, I found myself breathless!

How could this be?!

I had the fear of an entire planet on my side, above the powers I had been bestowed at birth.

How could the fear of billions struggle against the anger of one man?!

"DIE!" He screamed, right at my face as he had already done once. Immediately after, I was thrown around space so hard that by the time I had come to a stop, I had crossed halfway through the Milkyway.

I had to kill him before he actually became more powerful than me.

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**[David Lance POV]**

I would show Superman a strength that just can't be defied. He would hear my roar and know I am alive and that his life is mine to take. I would stop at nothing; I would show him that MY RAGE WAS INVINCIBLE! That as long as my hatred burned bright in my heart, nothing was beyond my control!!!

[Ring battery at 95%... 103%... 104%... 120%...]

"COME KAL-EL! I'M NOT DONE TEARING YOU APART!" I roared, destroying a few stars and planets around me. I could feel my body boil, I could feel the hatred coursing through my veins, and the pleasure it was giving me to fight the object of such emotions.

I will avenge you, Dinah.

Soon.

Soon...

Just wait, sister.

I will send him to hell in your name.

[Ring battery at 157%...]