

[David Lance POV]

Pushing aside Lucifer's outfit, I carried Kara to an empty table to inspect her wounds. Her heart was beating fast, and her breathing was labored.

I carefully laid her out on the table, cautious to avoid agitating her further.

Once she was all set up, I took her pulse and monitored her breathing to confirm my previous findings, then began the process of cleaning and bandaging the wounds. After that was done, I cleaned out the cuts on her arms and legs as best as I could, trying to avoid causing any further harm.

Using my ring to scan her more thoroughly, I discovered without surprise that she had broken several bones and suffered from numerous contusions.

Luckily, none of the injuries seemed life-threatening, at least not anymore.

A few moments ago, her injuries would've been lethal for her. But it seemed like her anatomy was reacting to the sun faster

than expected, having already begun the healing process at an alarming pace.

Seeing she would recover perfectly without much intervention, I administered some painkillers to ease this process and applied ice packs to minimize any possible swelling.

"How long before she wakes up?" Raven asked.

"Not long," I answered, watching with my ring how her cells began to repair themselves, faster and faster with each passing second. I was genuinely impressed by her physiology and the amount of power it revealed. "She'll be back on her feet soon."

"So, how are the plans for the upcoming war?" Lucifer asked, breaking the silence.

I looked up to meet his gaze. I honestly couldn't tell what he was thinking, he was hard to read, hard to deal with, like a Lion waiting for a reason to snap. "As good as anyone can hope."

Lucifer nodded, a satisfied smile playing on his lips. "Fancy a drink?"

A drink.

That actually sounds quite nice.

"Sure, why not," I nodded.

"I'll keep an eye on her, go," Raven said, probably making sure I wouldn't feel guilty for leaving her side.

"Thanks," I said and began to walk away with Lucifer.

Lucifer smiled at this, pulling out two glasses from beneath the bar and filling them with whisky. Making sure to add two cubes of ice to each glass, before placing them on the white marble countertop.

He pushed one towards me and raised his own in a toast. "To the future," he said.

"To the future," I echoed with a smile, clinking my glass against his.

We both took a sip of our drinks and, for a moment, we just stood there, in silence.

"So, any idea what you will do once all of this is over?" Lucifer asked after a while.

"I haven't really thought about it," I said, taking another sip from my glass. It was hard to picture anything other than the now when life grows in complications.

"I get it, sometimes it is hard to see beyond the present. So, let's talk about the now then," Lucifer said, leaning in closer. "Ready to go back to your heroic deeds when all of this is over?"

"Can we not talk about this now?" I said, hoping to escape the conversation.

"You know what they say," Lucifer answered, his voice low and playful. "The future belongs to those who prepare for it today."

I sighed. "I know, but let me figure that out the hard way, can you?"

"Of course," he laughed. "I'm just making friendly conversation, Lance. Besides, it's not like the answer matters, after all, I trust you will make your future a quite interesting one."

Done with my drink and the conversation, I moved away from the bar and towards Raven, leaving Lucifer to his own thoughts.

"Everything going okay?" I asked as I approached her.

"You left for one minute," Raven deadpanned.

I smiled awkwardly. "Right, sorry about that. Just trying to keep my head occupied."

"It's okay," Raven said and nodded toward the slumbering girl on the table in front of us. "I have a question though, how do you plan on telling her you killed her cousin?"

I sighed and looked away. Like many things as of late, I hadn't given that much thought yet, and who could blame me, my mind was preoccupied with the upcoming war.

"I suppose I'll cross that bridge when I get to it," I said, placing a hand on Raven's shoulder. "On that matter, any idea how to teach her English, immediately? I sincerely doubt she will speak in any language we can understand."

Raven shook her head, before getting up and moving closer to Kara. "No idea, but I suppose I could make a spell to fix that ."

"Good," I nodded. As much as my rings could be used as universal translators, it was best if Kara knew how to communicate, even if that could result in her trying to kill me for what I had done to her cousin.

"Whatever her reaction is, you won't face this alone, she will face us both," Raven said, noticing the look on my face.

I sighed, grateful for her support, it really meant a lot. "Don't worry, Rae, I'm much stronger than her."

"I know," Raven smiled. "Be that as it may, I will be there for you when the time comes."

"Thank you," I replied, giving her a hug. It was good to feel like this, with Raven by my side, I felt at home.

As we hugged, sharing a moment of peace, Kara woke up abruptly, gasping and clutching her chest as if she had been startled by a dream. Her wild eyes darted around the room before they settled on me, and I could already feel anger coursing through her veins.

Kara jumped from the table, rage written across her face. Her fists were clenched, and she charged at me with surprising speed, not enough to be worthy of a Kryptonian, but enough to be considered superhuman.

Taking a step forward I readied to knock her out. But before I could do anything, Raven had already used her magic to lift Kara up in the air and pin her against the wall with a wave of her hand.

"She's scared, and... angry," Raven said calmly.

I can't blame her.

This can't be easy to grasp, I would know.