

## [David Lance POV]

After Wioska defeated Atrocitus, I waited for him to wake up, and when he did, I had a talk with him. In that talk, I explained the situation in detail, and needless to say, he wasn't all that eager to help me at first.

But after a lot of talking and yelling from his part, he accepted to join this war, stating that he would be my ally, temporarily, and that one day he would claim my life.

I nodded at his threat.

Death would have me when it earned me, and Atrocitus wasn't going to be the one to deliver such.

With Atrocitus out of the way, two corps remained. The Yellow Lanterns, and the Blue Lanterns.

"Where next?" I asked Wioska.

"This is your war, so it's your call," Wioska replied.

My war.

I suppose in a way it was.

“Yellow it is then,” I sighed.

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With the help of Wioska, I flew towards the location of the remaining Yellow Lanterns were hiding at, hoping that they would listen to reason and help us in the upcoming battle. Politics wasn't my thing, but I had to adapt if I wanted to increase my odds.

As we reached the planet the remaining yellow corps were hiding at, I was met with a barrage of yellow energy bolts. Seeing this, I created an energy shield to block their attack.

I knew I wasn't liked by them, but for them to be more aggressive than Atrocitus, it was unexpected.

From within my shield, I could see the piercing yellow lights of the rings blazing from their hands.

"It seems you have a bit of work ahead of you," Wioska chuckled before disappearing out of sight.

I sighed, my shield fading as their attack came to stop.

I was being surrounded by hundreds, no... thousands. It seems a peaceful approach is not an option.

With each passing second, the yellow lanterns continued to close in around me, each and every single one of them brandishing their weapons, their constructs. Then, without any further delay, or in-between, the silent atmosphere of space was filled with shrieks of rage and battle cries as all of them attacked me at once.

"For Sinestro!"

Taking a deep breath, I remained still waiting for their strikes to come, and when they did, I moved deftly through them all, dodging and weaving with remarkable precision. With every shift of my body, I was like a ghost slipping between their blows, leaving the lanterns frustrated and bewildered in my wake.

"I didn't come for a fight," I declared, as I continued to evade them. Yet no matter how much I tried to remain peaceful in my endeavor, my words didn't reach them, if anything

Taking a deep breath, I closed my eyes, feeling the warm energy flowing through my body. As I opened them again, I was greeted with the sight of thousands of yellow lights surrounding me.

Sighing, I spread my arms out and let out a whisper that echoed throughout the entire area, consuming everything on its path.

The yellow lanterns were caught off guard as they were engulfed in this blazing inferno of energy I had unleashed with a single whisper, their fear powerless to stop it. In a matter of seconds, all of the yellow lanterns had been knocked down, leaving thousands of bodies to aimlessly float around the whims of space.

"I take it we won't recruit them," Wioska commented.

"No," I nodded, using my rings to take one of the yellow rings from one of the unconscious lanterns. Confirming first the alien I was stealing from was able to survive the vacuum of space without the ring.

"Collecting the rings?" Wioska asked, looking at the rings with a hint of dislike. "In time they will become useless trinkets for you, I hope you know that."

"I will use them until I no longer need them," I replied without missing a beat.

Every ring represented something I didn't want to remember from this accursed world, my rage, my lack of hope, my fear, and my tainted will. I didn't want them, as useful as they had been, I hated them, nevertheless I would keep them.

As reminders.

"Let's go," I said.

Wioska smiled. "Where next?"

"To earth, I will leave recruiting the Blue Lanterns to Sayd, I'm done with this," I replied. "Besides, I still have my army to recover."

"The one Darkseid gave you," Wioska replied. "You wouldn't be the first one to fight him with an army of his own creation, I wonder if you'll be the first one to defeat him."

"I intend to be," I replied, clenching my fists.

"Good," Wioska said.

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## **[Unknown POV.]**

### **[Apokolips.]**

In the halls of Darkseid's castle, two figures walked down a hall, one of them tall and imposing, the other looking like a harmless old lady, they were Darkseid and Granny Goodness.

"My lord, it seems that little red is planning to betray you," Granny Goodness said, as she calmly walked beside Darkseid. "What do we do? Should I send the furies after him?"

"No, let him be." Darkseid's eyes glinted dangerously. "I am quite content to let him play his little games, for now."

Granny Goodness nodded, her expression grim and resolute. "As always, Lord Darkseid," she said solemnly. "We all serve your will."

Darkseid nodded thinly at her words. "Indeed you do," he said, as he gazed off into the distance for a moment before turning back to his servant with a thoughtful look on his face. "Let us

see how far the young god's ambition will carry him. I am intrigued to see how his plans develop. In the meantime, prepare the armies to face Brainiac, that one will die before the week ends, I command it."

Granny Goodness gave a tight-lipped smile. "Very well, my lord," she said with a slight bow, before turning and walking away, eager to carry out Darkseid's orders.

Darkseid watched her go, his expression unreadable. Evil vs Destruction. He smiled thinly as the thought of it crossed his mind, and then continued walking in silence.