

## [David Lance POV]

Leading my army through space, I reached Earth's solar system within moments, finding Sinestro and Hal waiting for me alongside several hundred Yellow Lanterns.

It seemed someone had told them I was coming... And If I had to take a guess, I would say without hesitation Granny Goodness had been involved in this less-than-favorable development.

No matter, I had already accounted for this kind of scenario beforehand, I will simply push forward and adapt as I go.

"We seek to talk," Hal spoke first, his gold aura emanating bright.

I stopped, halting my army with one hand as Dex-Starr hissed at the Yellow Lanterns, earning a glare from Sinestro, who seemed ready to use his ring at a moment's notice, probably should I reject their terms.

"Talk? Oh no, no, no, we are beyond that," I replied, my tone dripping with malice. "There's nothing to talk about, and your leader knows that."

"Do not be stupid, kid. You can't win this war," Sinestro spat, his voice full of contempt. "And if you think otherwise, you are even dumber than I had imagined. And believe me, that's a lot."

I smiled at the insult, finding it rather amusing that he thought so lowly of me. Especially considering how weak he was compared to me, it was... poetic in a way.

"Then why talk? Destroy me, and claim victory for your master Sinestro," I replied, looking him dead in the eye. "Don't let my army deter you. They won't interfere should you decide to take me on; in fact, I will even allow Hal to help you."

At this, the atmosphere shifted to one of unease as the space around us seemed to crackle with tension, rage evident in Sinestro's eyes. It seemed my words had struck a nerve with the Yellow Lantern's leader.

"We don't have to do this," Hal replied, his voice calm and steady.

"Yeah, we don't," I smiled, my voice cold and unwavering. "In an ideal world, you would simply let me fight Superman and

Superman alone. But you won't do that; none of you will, so here we are."

"Superman is not the monster you think he is," Hal replied, his gaze determined. "The only reason we meet you like this, looking for peace instead of simply attacking you, is because he knows what you're feeling right now; he knows better than anyone the kind of pain you are enduring."

I snorted at that. There was devotion, and then there was stupid naivety, and it didn't take the loss of a loved one to know Superman needed to die. How could so many former heroes not see that was simply beyond me.

"If you value your life over complete annihilation, listen well, brat. Superman is offering you an easy way out of this. Not out of fear for your pitiful army, no, why would he fear them?" Sinestro said, his voice dripping with contempt. "He leads a force, an army so massive, so powerful that not even all creatures in the universe could oppose him should he decide to subjugate them all."

I snorted, taking this time to give my army some commands in order to prepare.

I had lost the element of surprise, but this talk they were offering me was giving me time to recalculate my approach. I even dare say my plans were even better now than before.

"You would be wise to accept his mercy," Sinestro added, anger clear in his eyes.

"You should really brush your teeth more often, or at the very least use better dental products... I mean, even from here, in the void of space, I can smell him inside your throat, Sinestro." I replied, not even attempting to hide the contempt in my voice.

The two men looked at each other before Sinestro growled, taking a step forward in a rage only to be stopped by Hal. What a shame, so close to making him throw his life away.

"Superman wants to come to a compromise. He understands your loss and is willing to compensate you for it. All he requires is a token of your goodwill, a token of your submission," Hal replied, holding Sinestro back for a moment until the former calmed down.

Submission? Was Superman really trying to 300 his way out of war, Xerxes-style?

"Submission?" I chuckled, finding his offer so preposterous, so laughable, so insulting on more than one level that I could feel my skin crawl in anger and bewilderment. "Well, that's not gonna happen."

"Then you will die," Sinestro replied, his eyes like cold steel as he stared menacingly at me.

"And who's gonna kill me?" I asked, tilting my head as I approached the duo slowly, my mouth forming a thin line. "You two? Hahaha! Certainly not, last time, I almost killed Hal, and I was at my weakest, meaning you must mean Superman will kill me, which also means you two won't live long enough to see that happen. It almost feels like your great leader sacrificed the two of you. How cruel of him."

Without another word, I continued approaching the two. And once I was around forty feet away from them, Sinestro lashed out in anger, or perhaps fear, throwing a few fear-based constructs at me, but with a single hand, I slapped his constructs away effortlessly, shattering them one by one without breaking my pace toward them.

Hal, realizing there was no turning back, started aiding his ally, hurling with him construct after construct at me, but again and again, I continued shattering their efforts, tearing through

their combined attacks with ease, keeping my pace slow and steady to show them they had no chance of winning.

"What are you all doing?! Attack!" Sinestro screamed at his troops from the top of his lungs. However, before they could follow his commands, I gave my first order, and my army moved forward without hesitation, intercepting them.

"Asking your soldiers to attack me so soon? Where is the bravado you had a few moments ago?" I asked, breaking through Hal's and Sinestro's combined effort with ease as both grunted with effort.

"I won't be insulted by a child!" Sinestro roared, darting at me at full speed with a construct at his ring hand, a sword.

However, just as he was about to reach me, I lunged forward with terrifying speed, thrusting my left hand straight through his chest. "Remember when I said you two wouldn't live long enough to see Superman kill me?" I muttered, slowly pulling my arm out of his chest.

Sinestro, trembling in shock, stares down at the hole in his chest in disbelief as blood pumps out of the hole, pouring down like a river in the void before he topples down, the once bright yellow aura that surrounded him gone.

"That was... honestly, very... disappointing," I said, turning my gaze to meet Hal's before vaporizing Sinestro's corpse and his ring with a crimson beam without breaking eye contact. "But I suppose it will do as a warmup before I get to fight Superman. Do me a favor, though, and believe I know it's a difficult request, but... try to last longer than Sinestro did; I need to get in the zone, so to speak."

Hal said nothing.

His eyes were wide, and his face was pale in shock. He looked at me with a mix of horror and disbelief, and without even realizing it, he found himself taking a step back from me, one that was soon followed by another and another until he simply found no other option but to cave to his instincts, blasting out of at full speed, in a pathetic attempt to escape.

"So that's your decision," I chuckled, cracking my neck from side to side. "Can't say I blame you for it."

Watching in glee as Hal flew away and my troops overwhelmed the lanterns he had left behind, I could feel my heart racing in excitement. Just as well as I could feel the fear in him as he ran from me, trying his hardest to escape me, to escape his death.

It was almost... commendable if it wasn't for the fact he had no way to escape me.

Which is why I was allowing him to get a good head start before I started to close the distance between us. So, as my army tore through the lanterns, I waited in place, patiently, watching as my prey kept going forward, watching him fly with all his might in a desperate attempt to escape.

And with each second I gave him, my rage and my heart raced in anticipation, the thrill growing more and more as I waited for the perfect moment to strike. Finally, when the time was right, and he was far enough, I smiled, taking off after him with overwhelming speed.

Reaching him in a matter of seconds, stopping right in front of him, cutting his path.

Seeing his shock, I couldn't help but remember our first fight before everything happened; I couldn't help but remember his involvement in stopping me from helping Dinah in his attempt to save Superman.

With each memory, I could feel the anger bubbling up inside of me, and before he could move another muscle, my hand shot forward, grabbing him by the throat. Using all of his strength, he struggled under my grasp as I squeezed his throat as hard as I could, relishing in the feel of his windpipe slowly crushing under my fingers.



He tried to attack me, in desperation, trying with all his might to break my hold. But it proved futile, which only made his fear and despair grow larger.

I paid his desperation no heed, continuing to squeeze his throat, as his eyes bulged, and his face turned red, as all I could think when I saw him was the pain he had caused me. He kicked and thrashed, blood coming out of his eyes, mouth, and ears, but no matter what he did, I didn't let go. I simply continued to squeeze harder and harder until his body went completely limp under my hand and he stopped moving.

By the time that had happened, my army had already eliminated the lanterns they had brought.