

## [David Lance POV]

Finally, after so long, I had done it.

Superman was no longer. I had finally killed him. No more would his presence haunt my every thought, at least that much I dared to hope.

"You gave in..." Batman spoke, breaking through the silence. "You could have defeated him without killing him, but you decided to take the easy way out."

"And why are we supposed to take the hard path? Out of masochism?" I replied, my voice full of disinterest. "Spare me your words, and go evangelize someone else. I did what you should've done the moment he started killing everyone, one life, for the many."

Before Batman could reply, Dr. Fate arrived at the scene, seeing Superman's corpse on the ground, and though no words were spoken as he descended to the ground, I knew he was displeased with my actions.

"Was it worth it?" Dr. Fate asked in a cold and somber tone.

I looked up to the sky, snowflakes falling on my face as I pondered over the answer to that question. "It was. Not everyone deserves a second chance. Not everyone deserves the gift of life. Some people are better off not existing, and he was one of them."

"That wasn't your call to make!" Batman spat, his anger palpable in the air.

"Perhaps not," I said simply. "But someone had to make it. If you are expecting a higher power to make those decisions for you, then I'm afraid you will die waiting."

Taking a deep breath and leaving Batman in silence, I ordered my soldiers to stop, giving them a new order to wait outside Earth for further instructions.

"I can't stop you," Dr. Fate said in a low voice. "But if I must, I will die trying." He paused, glancing at Superman's body one last time before he continued. "So tell me, is your crusade over, or do I have to fight you to my dying breath."

"It's almost over," I replied quietly. My mission was complete, but now it was time to do what I had promised Dex-Starr, I

would, "But don't worry, I don't have another target. Not in the way you think, just someone I wish to meet, and if you help me, it will take no time."

"Don't do it, Fate," Batman warned. "You can't trust him."

"If I help you, you swear not to harm anyone else?" Dr. Fate asked, his gaze piercing through my soul.

I simply smiled and nodded in response, and it was honestly nothing but the truth. After all, I wasn't the one who would hurt this one; I simply wanted to talk with him or her and introduce them to Dex-Starr.

Nothing more.

Nothing less.

Reluctantly, Dr. Fate nodded. "Very well," he said. "It's against my better judgment, but I will help you. If anything, to stop this madness."

I smiled, pulling a tattered scarf from my suit. The only item Dex-Starr had of his former owner and the one he had given me to track was the one who had taken everything from him.

"I want you to track the one who killed the owner of this scarf," I said, handing it to Dr. Fate. "I wish to ask them why they did it."

Batman was about to protest, probably realizing I was manipulating Dr. Fate into something; however, Dr. Fate stopped him with a shake of his head. "How can I trust you won't harm this person?"

Thinking for a bit, an idea came to mind. The Lasso of Truth. "Wait here for a moment." Having said that, I walked past Batman, Ch'p, and Dinah's unconscious body, before extending my ring arm and using its power to grab the lasso of Truth from Wonder Woman's corpse.

Once the lasso was in my hands, I turned to Doctor Fate, handing it to him, "Use this on me. Then you'll know my intentions are true."

Hesitating for a bit, Dr. Fate nodded, and soon enough, the lasso began to wrap around my arm body as the power of truth-filled my body. "Do you wish to harm the person you want me to seek?"

"No," I replied, the truth residing in my voice. "I only wish to ask them why they killed a certain person, that's all." The thing

about the Lasso of Hestia was that unless you asked the right question, you could still be deceived.

Dr. Fate paused for a moment before removing the Lasso from my body and handing it back to me. He then gave me a curt nod, "Very well, I will help you."

"Good," I smiled. And with that, I gave Doctor Fate the scarf.

His eyes glowing in a gold hue, Dr. Fate started chanting in an unknown language, and before long, a scrying window opened in front of him, revealing a man working in a construction factory. "He is the man you seek."

I watched the man for a brief moment, my eyes going to the tattoo on his right arm, one that matched perfectly with what Dex-Starr had described to the best of his abilities.

"Bring him here," I said, giving the man one final look.

"Fate, he's playing you! Don't do it!" Batman shouted, trying to reason with Fate.

However, the latter refused to listen.

"Bring him here so that I might ask my question," I said, giving Dr. Fate a look.

Dr. Fate nodded, and with a wave of his hands, the man was transported from the factory to us in the blink of an eye. Startled, the man looked around, confused, before noticing us. "Where... where am I?!"

"I will send you back to your home after you answer a few questions," Dr. Fate said, his voice low and serious.

The man nodded in silence. He obviously was scared and, therefore, willing to do whatever it took to return home.

Taking a deep breath, I walked towards him, my gaze focused on his arm tattoo. "Years ago, you killed a black woman; she was around her forties and lived in a bad neighborhood. She had a black cat who tried his best to fight you, scratching your arm, before you tossed him out of the window."

The man's eyes widened, and his face grew pale.

"Tell me, does anything so far rings a bell?" I asked, my tone calm but firm.

The man shook his head slowly. "No... I have never killed anybody."

"Try that again," I said, my voice suddenly becoming colder as my eyes glowed red. Making Dr. Fate, Ch'P, and Batman tense.

The man gulped, his eyes darting around in fear. "Now that I think about it... yes, I... I killed her... It was a long time ago, and I was a different man back then. I got clean and even got a decent job in a... small town in Missouri."

Without a word, I scrutinized the man and his words, using my ring to detect and confirm everything. He was telling the truth in everything. He had both killed Dex-Starr's owner and had changed for the better.

Oh well, time to give Dex-Starr what he desired most. Taking a deep breath, I called Dex-Starr through my ring, sending him the information I had, informing him the one who had wronged him was in front of me, ready for him.

"Is that all?" Dr. Fate asked, standing beside me.

I shook my head. "On my part, yes, but now he has to answer to someone else."

Dr. Fate froze, finally realizing I had played with him. "I will-"

"You will do nothing," I replied in a cold tone, turning my gaze to him. "Go back to your Tower; this is a matter between

Dex-Starr and him. Interfere, and you will see just how low I have truly fallen."

If push came to shove, I would rip that helmet off his face and shatter it into a million pieces. That was the unspoken threat I had thrown at him, one Dr. Fate had understood.

And while it was true I was weak to magical users; I was considerably faster than Doctor Fate, his human part at least, which was the one controlling the power right now, meaning I could end a fight between us before he could even muster a single thought.

As I was now, I moved faster than thought. And he had no way to defeat if he couldn't cast a single spell.

"Your call, Dr. Fate," I said, giving him one final look.

Dr. Fate remained silent, unsure of what to do.

"If he won't fight you, I will," Batman said, stepping forward.

"Sure, why not?" I shrugged without even glancing at Batman.

Batman wasn't a threat. Right now, the only possible obstacle was Dr. Fate, so I had to keep an eye on him, for if I saw him



twitch a single muscle in the wrong way, I would attack without hesitation.

As the tension grew between all of us, Dex-Starr arrived, yowling and hissing in unwavering hatred, approaching the one he had been looking for, one paw at a time. His claws unsheathed and his fur bristling, he was more than ready to make the one who had wronged him pay.