

## [David Lance POV]

For weeks, I researched about everything I could without moving too much from my temporary base, keeping my radius of operations small and easy to control.

During this time, I had also discovered I was being tracked, even though I had been extra careful not to leave any traces of my existence behind, meaning whoever was tracking me was using whatever I had left behind during my arrival.

I thought for a while about my options and the best way to get rid of my pursuer. Eventually coming to the conclusion that doing nothing would be the best course of action; seeing as my pursuer clearly had no idea who I truly was, inaction was the best path.

Back on the subject of my research, I had managed to discover a bit more about my situation, timeline-wise, after connecting a few dots here and there. Sadly, I wasn't entirely sure of when I was, but I had narrowed it down to somewhere within the second year of Injustice and the third, seeing as events such as Superman outing Batman by revealing his identity to the world through social media, and the death of Oliver had already come to pass.

I sighed.

Superman was in control.

Batman was on the run.

The world was in total chaos.

And I was in the middle of it all, lost, and without any idea what to do.

Maybe I should focus on finding a magical solution to my predicament; I mean, Magic had brought me into this situation; perhaps it could take me out of it as well. But that was a task for another day, unfortunately, for now, I needed to focus on more pressing matters. Namely, how to stay alive and not get caught in between this war.

I had seen enough during my research to confirm a few alarming facts, like the fact the Superman of this world was leagues above the Superman of my world in every aspect. He was stronger, faster, and more resilient.

I was well out of my depth, and I knew it.

I mean, just to name a feat, this Superman had been able to have a full conversation with the Flash while both of them

were fighting an alien, and all of that happened before a single second could even come to pass.

This was one of the reasons my primary goal right now was to lay low, at least until I could get my hands on some 5-U-93-R pills. A Kryptonian nanotech drug created by the Regime to enhance the strength and durability of non-superpowered troops serving the Regime.

When taken, the pill increases the tensile strength of bone and tissue structures by a factor of several thousand percent, giving an average human, superhuman strength and durability. The effects of the 5-U-93-R pill are almost instantaneous, taking a few seconds to take effect after swallowing.

The strength and durability levels acquired through this pill are, according to some raw data I had collected during my investigation, comparable to that of super-humans like Superman and Lobo. However, according to my research, these pills were not exactly easy to acquire. In fact, they were extremely hard to come by right now, so my chances of getting my hands on them anytime soon were slim to none, at least if I didn't take any risks.

I mean, I knew where to find some of these pills. However, the where wasn't exactly a safe place, or easy to reach for that matter, as Superman and his troops were in control of such places, keeping a close eye to them because of his never-ending war with Batman.

I sighed, deciding to take a nap before continuing with my research. Maybe some rest would give me a clearer head to think about my options and what to do next. Taking a deep breath, I lay down on my sleeping bag, resting my tired head on the pillow and closing my eyes, letting sleep take over me. Hopefully, when I wake up, I'll know what to do.

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## [Harley Quinn POV]

I giggled as I skipped through the streets of Washington DC, feeling more carefree than I had in months. It felt good to let loose and just have some fun for once, especially after everything that had happened recently.

I mean, sure, the world was a total mess right now, what with Superman in charge and all, but that didn't mean I couldn't enjoy myself every once in a while. Besides, who knows? Maybe things would get better soon. I mean, they couldn't get any worse, right?

Hmmmmmm, maybe I shouldn't be thinking that; I mean, I'm tickling the nuts of bad luck right there.

Oh well.

Where was I?

Right! I was tracking a mysterious individual that had been avoiding me for weeks. Isn't that fun, voice in my head?

Yes, it is Harley! But keep your focus; you're getting sidetracked again, like always!

Ok, ok, geez, don't worry! I'm totally focused! Scout's honor!

Anyways, like I was saying, this enigmatic individual had been avoiding me for weeks, but even though he, or she, was good, I had a feeling I was finally closing in on them, and once I did, kapow! I can wait to capture my target, Batsy will be so proud of me when I finish this assignment!

I mean, sure, Batsy is not exactly the most talkative person out there, but that doesn't mean he doesn't appreciate my efforts. Or at least that's what I like to believe.

Harley... the voice inside your head talking, one of them at least, just letting you know that one, you are getting sidetracked, and two, you're still skipping and laughing like a

maniac in the middle of a busy street, and people are starting to stare...

They are?!

Oops! Gotta go!

I quickly ducked into an alleyway, pressing my back against the wall and peeking out to see if anyone was following me. "Thanks, crazy voices!" I giggled to myself before quickly darting out of the alleyway and making my way toward the sewage.

I would take a nap there and then start my search again when it was nighttime. After all, that's when my target would be the most active...