

[David Lance POV]

I had fucked with Harley.

Not once.

Not twice.

Not thrice.

But eleven times in a single night.

I hadn't planned it. I had seen it coming, sure, but for the first time, I hadn't been prepared for it, so it just sort of happened. One moment, we were watching a movie side by side on our so-called date, and suddenly she was there in front of me with that mischievous grin on her face.

This time, I just couldn't help myself.

I caved.

And I'm ashamed to admit; I don't regret it.

It was an electric development.

With each touch, sound, and feeling, a shock of pleasure would run through my body, igniting every nerve I had. Harley's lips were soft and full, and her skin was warm, and to make her even more irresistible, she tasted like strawberries and cream.

It was a memorable experience, one that probably shouldn't happen, but I was glad it had.

Now, I had to deal with the consequences.

If I knew Batman as well as I thought I did, it was safe to assume he had my DNA by now, thanks to Harley.

[Harley Quinn POV]

I skipped on my feet towards Batsy's office with a to-go cup of coffee in my hand and a smile on my face. Harley had scored

babyyyyy, and completed her mission at the same time, aren't I just swell?

"Harley," Batman said as he looked up from his computer screen, giving me a tired look.

"You look worse than usual," I said as I sat down on the edge of his desk, swinging my legs a little. "Tough night?"

"Did you get the sample?" Batman asked, completely ignoring my question.

"Of course, I did," I said, handing him a vial with the sample "I always deliver."

"A strand of hair would have sufficed," Batman said as he took the vial from me.

"But where's the fun in that?" I asked, pouting a little. "Besides, you have your methods; I have mine."

"Do you even know how old he is?" Batman asked, looking at me with a raised eyebrow.

"Old enough to ka, old enough to tap it," I replied with a shrug, jumping off the desk.

"Have you figured out anything useful about him?" Batman asked, getting back to business.

"Not yet," I lied. Sorry Batsy, Doctor-patient confidentiality. I might be crazy, but I still have some principles! "But I'm still working on it."

"I need results, Harley," Batman said, his voice taking on a harder edge. "We don't know who he is or what his goals are, he could be a threat."

"I know, I know," I rolled my eyes, waving my hand dismissively as I did. "I'll let you know as soon as I find out anything."

And with that, I was out the door, leaving a very frustrated Batman behind. Then again, when isn't he frustrated?

He always is, Harley.

Thanks, voice inside my head.

[David Lance POV]

As Batman worked on whatever sample of DNA Harley had acquired for him, I decided to explore the base a little more to try and find anything that could give me some useful information about the Regime and the Insurgence.

The first thing I noticed was that the base was very clean and well-organized, yet it paled in comparison to any other base I had seen Batman having. The base only had the absolutely necessary and nothing more. No pictures, no personal effects, not even a plant.

Be that as it may, the systems running in the cave looked almost foreign to me, as if they were alien in nature. The machines and gadgets lying around the cave were also unfamiliar to me, which made me think that maybe the Injustice world had better technology than my own world.

I continued inspecting the base until the sound of footsteps caught my attention; someone was coming. Turning around, I saw a figure looming in the hallway, illuminated by the faint glow of the lights around.

My heart skipped a beat as I stared at the woman before me. I hadn't seen her, my version of her, in a while, not since that fateful night, not since Klarion had sent me here. The one

standing in front of me was no other than my sister or a version of her.

She looked different from the Dinah I knew, from my sister. She looked tired and wearier. But no matter how different she felt, there was no mistaking those bright blue eyes. This world had done nothing to dull the essence of who she truly was, but it had left clear scars deep within her.

But as shocking as it was seeing my sister, the version of her in this accursed world, nothing could compare to the mind-blowing shock as I stared at the baby in her arms. As she neared, step by step, I could feel my entire body tense as I fought the urge to hug her.

It would be so easy to just hug her, even if she wasn't my Dinah. That was all I wanted. To hug her, to ask about the infant in her arms. To hear her voice and the love, it would normally carry when speaking to me.

But no matter how much I wanted to move, flee maybe, but before I knew it, she was already in front of me, looking at me with those tired blue eyes. That even though they were tired, they still managed to hold a look of determination, a look that said she would fight tooth and nail for the people she cared about.

"Who are you?" Dinah asked, her voice laced with caution.

I was about to answer when I felt something tugging at my heart, and before I knew it, words were already coming out. ~Dav... Black Bolt. That's my name.~ I had almost given her my name; her mere presence alone was shattering my walls like thin ice.

"New to the insurgence, I suppose," Dinah said, her voice taking on a harder edge as she stared at me. "Where did you come from?"

I was about to answer when I saw the baby in her arms squirming, and my sister's grip on him tightened ever so slightly. I could see the love in her eyes as she stared at the infant, and it was here when my suspicions were confirmed.

That baby.

It was hers.

In this world, she was a mother.

Did that mean I was an uncle?

My heart tightened at the thought as I stared at the baby in her arms. This child was the product of love, an innocent soul destined to exist in a world filled with pain and misery, a fate that he didn't deserve at all.

He deserved a chance to live, to be happy, to be free. But without even giving him a chance, all of that was taken away from him the moment he was born into this world.

~I came from Washington,~ I answered finally, grateful that my hands didn't waver. ~And I'm here to help.~

Dinah looked at me for a moment. "Never seen a baby?"

I shook my head, going with the flow. ~No.~

"He's beautiful, isn't he?" Dinah asked, her voice softening as she stared at the baby in her arms with a love that promised to be ever-lasting, unyielding, unstoppable.

I nodded. He was.

Dinah smiled at me. "Wanna hold him?"

As those words left her mouth, my heart started pounding in my chest, threatening to explode as I stared at the baby. He looked so small, so fragile. A part of her, a part of Oliver, a part of two of the people I loved the most.

He wasn't really theirs. Not from my world.

But at the same time, it felt like it was theirs.

How utterly complicated it was to love, knowing you were loving something that didn't belong to you.

Dinah smiled, handing the baby to me without waiting for my answer. "His name is Conner."

My heart skipped a few beats as I took him in my arms, holding him close as I felt his warmth. Internally I was panicking. One wrong move and I would hurt him, right?

As I continued to look at the baby, I felt a lump form in my throat.

"Canary," Batman's voice rang out, causing me to jump slightly.

I turned to see him standing there, looking at me with an expression that was unreadable. "Is everything alright?"

Dinah nodded. "Just meeting the new guy."

Batman's eyes flickered to Conner for a moment before turning to Dinah. "I see."

Dinah smiled at him, giving him a small shrug before she turned her attention back to me. "Can you take care of Conner for a bit? I need to talk with Batman. It won't be for long."

Take care of him?! I stared at her in disbelief as my heart started pounding in my chest. I didn't know how to take care of a baby! I had no training, food, toys, OR DIAPERS! But even if I did, I should be a complete stranger; why was she trusting me!?

As my mind exploded in a fit of panic, Dinah walked away, leaving me there with the baby.

[Batman - Injustice POV]

As we entered my office, I turned to Dinah, giving her a look. "What was that about?"

Dinah sighed, pausing for a bit before answering my question. "I don't know how to explain it, but it just felt right. He kind of reminds me of Dad. Big eyes unable to hide the truth."

I frowned; so, she was allowing a possible threat to interact with her baby because of a hunch? I didn't like the idea of

leaving Conner with a complete stranger, no matter how trustworthy their eyes appeared to be.

"I understand your concerns," Dinah continued as if reading my mind, "But I really don't think he's a threat."

More than not, Dinah was never wrong when it came to these things. Perhaps this unknown was a possible ally, or at the very least, someone we could use to our advantage.

"Very well," I relented.

"Besides, look at him," Dinah said, her voice softening as she gazed at Black Bolt in the cameras, holding the baby. His entire body language surprised me. He was ready to protect Conner at any given moment, a baby he had just met, and yet he was ready to shield him with his life if necessary.

I narrowed my eyes.

Something here wasn't right, and I just couldn't put my finger on it.

The way he looked at Dinah.

The way he looks at Conner.

He's displaying clear emotional attachment.

But why?

He just met them.

"Have you ever seen him in your life?" I asked, my voice coming out harsher than I intended.

Dinah frowned at me, her eyes narrowing. "No, never."

"Are you sure?" I pressed.

Dinah sighed. "Pretty sure."

If they truly didn't know each other prior to today, then the answer to all of my questions lay in his emotional attachment to Dinah. Perhaps the tests I was running on his DNA would yield the answers I was looking for.