

[David Lance POV]

Consumed by fury, Dex-Starr began to tear the object of his hate piece by piece while I kept Batman and Dr. Fate locked in place.

The man tried to scream, to run, but Dex-Starr's claws were around his throat, keeping him in place, choking off any sound. The man's eyes bulged in pain as the cat sunk its teeth into his flesh, tearing chunks of meat from his body.

This was his revenge, his justice.

By the time Dex-Starr had decided to stop defiling the man, the man had long since stopped screaming, having died a few minutes prior.

His enemy finally gone, Dex-Starr remained in place, standing above the unrecognizable remains of his victim, repeating over and over again that he was a good kitty, his fur matted with blood and chunks of meat.

Taking a deep breath, I approached the cat and, with my ring, removed the remains that tainted his black fur. "Time to go."

Dex-Starr said nothing. Instead, he simply moved out of the scene, flying to my side in an almost catatonic state.

"Well, as I promised, I will leave now," I said, giving the heroes a look, who, having no power to intervene, had been forced to watch the entire scene in horrified silence.

"If you ever come back to earth, I will take you down," Batman said, his voice strained but full of anger.

I nodded, giving Dinah, who still lay on the ground unconscious, one last look. I no longer had a reason to remain here. My new mission was to find a way home. "Goodbye," I said, preparing to fly away when all of a sudden a beam of light hit me, blinding me.

This development had caught me completely off guard because it hadn't alerted any of my senses at all. I had only reacted because I had seen it the moment before it had stricken me; otherwise, I would've realized about the attack before it had stricken me.

Eventually, the light died down; however, by the time this happened, I found myself in a strange place, trapped in some

sort of cage that appeared to be made out of glass. My first reaction to this was to try and blast my way out of it, but much to my shock, the cage seemed to absorb my attack.

Seeing that hadn't worked, I gritted my teeth, deciding to take a different approach to my situation by inspecting the area. I was trapped, but I could see beyond my cage thanks to the translucent nature of the same.

Outside my prison, the walls were lined with wires and strange pieces of equipment, all of which looked very advanced. Around the room, I could hear a faint humming sound that I was almost certain was due to static electricity.

Beyond that, I couldn't see more. Meaning my information was heavily limited.

Clenching my fists, I walked to the edge of my cage, touching the glass-looking walls. They felt malleable and fragile, yet they somehow had managed to fully absorb my attack without receiving any damage.

Perhaps it was an energy field of some sort, and energy-based attacks were not the way to go.

Deciding to test that theory, I reeled back my right fist and punched the wall with all my might, but just like before, my attack did nothing. Absolutely nothing.

I growled, frustrated with my situation. If physical attacks and energy attacks weren't the answer, my last resort was my voice.

"BREAK!" I shouted, my voice filling the air, making the cage vibrate; but just like before, when the silence came, I realized that nothing had happened. The cage remained intact; if anything, I had been the one that had taken some damage.

I took a step back, shocked. This wasn't possible, or was it? My voice could destroy planets, solar systems... So how was it that this cage was able to remain without any damage after a fully powered scream?

Could it be that this prison was made specifically for me?

If so, who was the one behind all of this?

As if ready to answer my unspoken questions, I heard footsteps approaching as a voice spoke from the distance. "Welcome, anomaly."

At this, I turned my attention toward the voice, watching as a green-skinned alien entered the room. One I knew as one of the greatest threats in the DC Universe, Brainiac. His eyes were cold and calculating, and he regarded me like a scientist would a lab rat.

"You might be wondering, why are you here?" Brainiac spoke, taking a few steps closer.

Screw this!

Taking a step back, I charged my ring with all the power I could muster before slamming my fist on the wall with a scream, mixing all of my arsenal in a single strike.

"Why do you continue to struggle when there is clearly no hope?" Brainiac inquired, standing in front of my cage, which still remained intact. "I find your actions illogical."

I gritted my teeth in frustration and anger as I slammed my fist against the walls of my prison once more. "I will find a way out of this cage, and when I do, I will dismantle you!"

"An empty threat and a futile endeavor," Brainiac replied in an emotionless tone. "I have studied your capabilities carefully, making the necessary calculations to make a prison from which you cannot escape."

That explains why none of my attacks do anything.

"Energy manipulation based on the emotional spectrum, high-level physical capabilities, heightened senses, and a unique organic mutation; located in your brain that allows you to generate a yet-to-be-classified particle that interacts with the electrons around you in order to create the phenomena you experience as your scream," Brainiac explained, his tone cold and detached. "There is no escape. This prison was made specifically to contain you, making your powers useless."

Maybe not now. But I will find a way out.

"Why am I here?" I asked, my voice filled with rage.

"Knowledge," Brainiac replied. "You are an anomaly, a being from another reality, which makes you a unique resource. One that I will use to further my understanding of the universe. And the universes beyond the cosmic veil."

He knows I'm not from around here. That complicates things and makes my escape an even higher priority. This was bad, very fucking bad. I'm not sure if he can use me to open a gate back to my world, but I would rather avoid the chance of that happening.

"Initiating biological research on subject 1XR/-999TR, designation, Anomaly," Brainiac said as he stepped away from the cage. Immediately after he did this, I was electrocuted by some unknown means with enough power to bring me to my knees as tubes protruded from my cage, piercing my skin.