

## [Lucifer Morningstar POV]

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“Don’t be a baby Lucifer,” Death chuckled, a cocky smile on her face. “I won the bet, so pay up.”

I...

She...

“Fine...” I muttered, arms crossed as Death brought the clothes she wanted me to wear for... a week. Clothes bought in... Hot Topic, oh Presence just KILL ME!

“It’s just for a week, you don’t have to pout that much,” Death giggled.

“Easy for you to say, you dress up like you gave up on life,” I huffed.

“Well that’s just mean,” Death sighed.

“I dress for success, with class, with sexyness in mind!” I declared, for I, Lucifer Morningstar, was the best dressed creature in all of creation! AND if you don’t believe me, ask the readers, they know I’m the best.

Go on, ask them, I’ll wait.

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Did you ask them already?

Was I right?

Of course I was right, that was a stupid question.

“It’s either you let me dress you for a week, or you let me burn your favorite suit,” Death smirked, reminding me of the terms of our bet.

“Fine, let’s get this over with,” I sighed, snapping my clothes away, letting Death have her naked canvas to ruin.

“That’s one way to get your clothes off,” Death whistled.

“For your information, I am a master of undressing, I could take your bra off without you even knowing,” I nodded, crossing my arms proudly.

“Please don’t,” Death replied, taking a step back.

“Don’t flatter yourself, my pale friend, not only you’re not my type, but you're like a cousin to me... a little sister I would even say, and this handsome devil isn’t from Alabama,” I replied, rolling my eyes at her.

“An incest joke,” Death said, giving me a look that said, really?

“Please, I’m hilarious, and humans will quote everything I say,” I grinned at her, giving her a small wink.

“Maybe, but that joke is factually inaccurate,” Death replied, crossing her arms. “I mean, if you are to make an incest joke about a state in the us, wouldn’t Kentucky be better than Alabama, I mean, their incest rate is higher according to research.”

“First of all, Death, if you have to use scientific research for a joke, it makes the joke terrible, and second of all, why in the name of me, do you know that?” I asked, taking a step back

from Death. “That seems like a... rather strange bit of knowledge to carry.”

Death deadpanned at me. “Lucy, we are basically omniscient, you more than me, so we know it all, for the most part, even the parts we would rather not know.”

Yeah.

Being all powerful it's not always funny.

Especially not when you know how many furies exist at any given time, in any given reality.

I have seen things, I will never... NEVER unsee.

“Oh well, get to dressing me,” I sighed, giving Death a smirk. “As promised, I'll be your terribly dressed doll. Worry not though, there's nothing I can't pull off.”

“Glad to know your ego is still intact,” Death chuckled, bringing up the... Hot Topic clothes.

“So, do you think the kid will win?” I asked, as Death began to do my makeover, no, makeunder, yeah that's better.

“Sure, why wouldn't he?” Death replied.

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## **[David Lance POV]**

After things had cooled down, I talked with Raven about my feelings, asking her out on an official date when all of this was over.

She accepted.

With that out of the way, we moved to meet with Batman in the Tower of Fate.

Once there, we went over our ideas with us, pushing our differences aside for the moment as we provided recommendations and insight based on what we knew.

To his credit, he remained calm, through it all, showing that at the very least he was determined to see this through before trying to do anything against me.

If I could have any other way though, I would have left Batman out of the picture, but as much as I hated him. This version of him at least, he was a genius.

One I needed, no... one this universe needed.

Planning tactical warfare requires a certain finesse, an attention to detail he excelled at.

If anyone was through with his plans it was him, even if his idiocy didn't let him see beyond his set imposed rules. I was certain he was one of the very few that would look at our situation from every angle.

"You said the Yellow Lanterns attacked you, but what about the Blue Lanterns?" Batman inquired.

"I didn't try with them, seeing as they don't have any reason to believe my words," I replied.

"I will send Dr. Fate to speak with them," Batman replied. "He should be able to convince them to join us in this fight."

As we continued discussing about our plans, I was struck by how hard this would be; at least for everyone else. I would play the role of Superman in this war, the heavy hitter of the team, but for the rest of the team.

The amount of focus and precision they needed to maintain reminded me why waging war can be such a difficult undertaking, where even the smallest miscalculation can result in drastic consequences.

“Batman, there’s something approaching earth,” Dr. Fate announced, at the same time my rings were alerting me of the same.

A single ship.

A shuttle.

Intrigued by this, I asked the rings to elaborate and the answer shocked me.

“A kryptonian shuttle,” I announced, getting everyone’s attention. “Depending on who's inside, this can either be bad news or good news. I wonder which one it will be...”

Batman narrowed his eyes on me.

“Take a picture, it will last longer,” I replied, standing up from my chair. “Raven, please open a portal to Alaska. There’s a Kryptonian we need to catch before it kills someone.”

Raven nodded, and before Batman could say another word, we left.

I wonder if the person inside this shuttle is Supergirl, or someone else. I also wonder how the Kryptonian girl will react once she learns what I did to her cousin.