[David Lance POV]

With the war on Earth against the Regime going in full-throttle and Wonder Woman dead, I continued my battle with Superman one-on-one without further delay.

As the fight raged on across the snowy terrain, I could see that wrath I had evoked after killing his... friend had made him stronger, making his attacks heavier and faster.

Alas, it was still not enough to give him an edge in this battle.

"Is this all?" I asked, dodging one of his attacks before punching the Kryptonian in his chest with enough force to double him over in pain. "No wonder everyone you love dies. This is pathetic."

At this, Superman growled in blinding rage, his eyes nearly alight with fire as he lunged forward, fist raised and ready to strike, but I was quick to move, easily deflecting his blow before kicking him into the ground.

"You can't beat me," I said, walking toward him. At this point, it was all a matter of ending the fight at any given moment, I had

the strength to, and after so many hits, he was weak enough to ensure such a task was easy to accomplish.

However, there was something I had to admit, a little sin of mine, I was enjoying this... a lot. I knew I was probably making a mistake.

After all, Wioska had taught me it was best to end things quickly, but the thing is... I was having far too much fun beating him up.

I wanted to savor this a little bit longer.

"I won't let you win!" Superman screamed in a mix of rage and determination, darting toward me with newfound speed, and power, catching me by surprise as he landed his first successful blow in a while, blasting me out of sight.

I had to admit this was an unexpected development.

Although downed and grievously battered, here he was, the man of steel retaliating against me, going above and beyond to try and beat me.

"I WON'T!" Superman roared, blasting me with his heat vision, with a beam big enough to completely engulf my entire body.

Covered under the red of his beam that burned through my skin, I grinned before flying through his beam, grabbing him by the head, and hurling him into the ground with devastating force.

"Now that's better," I said, with a wicked grin in place, giddy at the fact Superman was making things more interesting. However, he needed to up his game a few more times if he wanted to level the playing field. "But unfortunately, not nearly enough."

"I... will... defeat you," Superman said, his body shaking in pain as he tried to crawl back up. However, before he could do that, a portal opened before him.

A portal in the form of an ankh symbol.

Dr. Fate.

"That's enough, Black Bolt," Batman said, stepping out of the portal. "He's already defeated."

Hahaha...

HAHAHAHAHAH!

I don't know whether to admire Batman for saying that or rage at the fact he said that. This was so brazen of him that I honestly didn't know how to react at all.

"You don't have to do this," Dr. Fate said, being the second one to walk through the open portal.

"I don't?" I replied, tilting my head as my anger grew in power. "He killed her, and that's enough for me. So step aside, or die with him. Your call."

"Shouldn't that be my call?"

I froze in place as those words came through the portal, revealing Dinah, safe and sound, alive... But... that couldn't be, I saw her die...

"I know you want to avenge me, but you need to stop. You took the regime down; without Superman, without Wonder Woman, they have no ground to stand," Dinah said, looking at me with worry in her eyes. "I'm alive; Dr. Fate saved me; he revived me. You don't have to do this. Let us take things from here..."

As Dinah spoke, I found myself without words, unable to form a single sentence, simply staring at her as I battled a turmoil of emotions within me.

"You will regret this!" Superman spat, glaring at me, before turning his attention to Batman and the rest. His voice snaps me out of my trance, bringing my eyes to his.

No.

He didn't deserve to live.

No, after all, he had done.

No more holding back.

"He's a monster that needs to be put down, he's-" Superman growled, looking at the group.

However, before anyone could react, I moved forward, interrupting his speech, appearing behind Superman before ripping off his left arm with a loud crunch as Batman, Dr. Fate, Dinah, and someone else watched in horror.

"I am a monster," I said, tossing Superman's arm to the side. "One you created, now is time to reap what you sowed!"

"That's enough!" Batman shouted, running toward me.

I ignored him, flashing past him and taking his utility belt right off his hips. "Ah, there it is..." I said, plucking the item I was looking for from his belt, a shard of Kryptonite. "You can have this back."

Having gotten what I wanted from the utility belt, I hurled back at Batman just as Dinah reached me, standing in front of me, a few inches away, seemingly having no intentions to fight me or let me kill Superman.

"Don't make me fight you," Dinah begged, her voice trembling. "I know you're my brother. Which means you're the last thing I have in this world, alongside my son. Please, just stop this... don't make me fight you."

"Very well," I replied, knocking her out without hurting her in a motion so fast that no one around but Superman was able to perceive fully. "There, you won't have to fight me if you can't fight."

Seeing this, Dr. Fate snapped out of his trance, and using his magic; he started to attack me.

I dodged his attacks, closing the distance between us in the blink of an eye before grabbing his head and hurling him with all my strength into the distance.

Magic or not, the guy inside the helmet was still human, and by the time he recovered or managed to process what had happened and acted, it would be already too late.

With that done, I turned around to face Superman, seeing him on the ground, bleeding.

"Ahhh!" Superman gasped in pain, as his body convulsed in agony.

Time to end this.

Charging my attack to finish things once and for all, I moved forward to strike Superman, only to be blasted by a blue beam of energy, its power harming me more than it should've had.

"That's enough!" That voice... Ch'p, I remember him. One of the two blue lanterns that had tried to help me a long time ago.

To think someone so weak like him would be the one to hurt me the most. That attack just now was, without a doubt, weaker than anything Superman had thrown at me during this fight.

And yet, it had brought me down to my knees momentarily.

"Stand down. We just want to help you," Ch'p ordered, aiming his ring at me as the former glowed blue.

"Very well, I yield, but you better save the guy, or all of this will be for naught," I replied, pointing at Superman, who was currently bleeding out.

Ch'P turned to see Superman, and taking that opening, I moved forward, blurring past the squirrel.

"I didn't want to do this!" Ch'P shouted, turning around and aiming at me with his fist, just now realizing his fist was naked and that he no longer had the blue lantern uniform.

I can't believe he felt for that one.

"I will be taking this for the time being," I replied, holding the Hope ring in my hands, as I turned to face Superman once more, this time without any obstacles in my way.

"Black Bolt, if you do this, there's no turning back," Batman began with the same shit.

However, before the hypocritical Dark Knight can finish his speech, I move forward, ripping through Superman's body in an instant; while using the Kryptonite I had taken earlier to empower my attack, as everyone watched in shock as

Superman fell to the ground, bleeding out from his abdomen profusely.