

## [David Lance POV]

The door to Darkseid's throne room hissed closed behind me as I walked to the barracks, my mind reeling about multiple things at once.

My desire to destroy Superman, the fact I was getting closer and closer to accomplishing said desire, and the moral dilemma all of this represented, and I didn't mean my intentions when it came to Superman; I didn't care about morality with that one, I meant using Darkseid's help to do so.

Deep in thought, I walked through the empty halls of Darkseid's castle, my boots echoing on the floor as I made my way to the barracks. Eventually, after a minute or two of walking, I arrived at the place where I saw Granny Goodness waiting for me.

Her eyes were cold and hard, and her mouth was set in a cruel line. "Oh dear, granny was starting to think you wouldn't show up," she said after a moment, her voice as sharp as a knife.

"I'm glad to disappoint," I said with a cold tone, my eyes daring her to try me.

"Truly heartbreaking, seeing a child in need of discipline, and not being able to provide said discipline," Goodness said, crossing her arms across her chest. "Oh well, sometimes a Granny can't do it all, so let's get down to business." She gestured towards the door of the barracks. "Shall we?"

Ignoring her antics, I stepped past her and into the barracks, taking in the sight of thousands of obedient monsters Darkseid had commissioned for me, marching in formation.

In a twisted way, I couldn't help but smirk at the sight of it all, feeling a sense of satisfaction knowing that soon I'd be able to complete my mission. But with that satisfaction came a deep sense of regret, for I knew that if anyone I cared about ever found out about this, their eyes would never look at me the same.

A most dreadful risk, one I was willing to take.

"Four million soldiers," Granny Goodness said, her voice cutting through the silence as she stepped up beside me. "All loyal to you, and only you, all willing to do your every bidding."

Four million soldiers?

Looking at the creatures, I found myself without a word as I nodded silently.

Granny Goodness smiled at me, her face lighting up with a sick joy. "You should be proud. This, all of this, every single being down there, is a gift to you, a gift for having exceeded Darkseid's expectations."

I couldn't help but feel a chill run down my spine at that comment, but I kept it off my face as I nodded again. "Wioska sends her regards."

At this, Granny Goodness tensed up, her face showing the slightest signs of fear. "Oh my, that's a name Granny hasn't heard in a very long time. I hope she's doing okay; Granny wishes her only the best."

I smiled at that. You fool no one Granny Goodness, I can almost taste the fear around you, and that's not even my emotional spectrum right now.

"I'm sure you do," I replied, turning my gaze back to the army. "Now, let's get back to business."

Granny Goodness nodded, her face returning to its usual expression of cruel glee. "Of course, follow me."

I nodded as I followed her down into the barracks, marching terrain. "How strong are these creatures?" I asked, my eyes scanning the monsters as they marched.

"Strong enough to fight your average Green Lantern," Granny Goodness answered without missing a beat. "They are loyal, obedient, and will fight for you until death."

"I see," I replied, my expression showing nothing but grim determination. I knew that there was no turning back now; I had taken the first steps on this dark path, this quest to destroy Superman no matter the cost. From here on out, there would be no mercy given, no room for failure; only victory would do.

"It was a hard task to make them in only six months," Granny Goodness said, her voice almost reverent. "But Darkseid's orders were clear, and his words are law, so here we are."

I froze.

My head going over her words carefully, over and over again.

Had Granny Goodness truly said six months? But that couldn't possibly be; I only spent a week at Wioska's.

"Granny Goodness, how long has it been since we last saw each other?" I asked, looking at her.

The old woman's face remained cold and twisted as she replied with cold indifference. "Six months, deary." Having said that, she turned to face me, her eyes holding mine in an unspoken challenge. "Granny is very worried, sweetie. Do you want dear ol'me to take you to the infirmary?"

"Keep the act, and you will be the one going there," I replied coldly, turning away from her. Asking my ring to confirm this finding.

[Time irregularity on user's log detected.

The planet of **-UNKNOWN-** where the New God known as **Wioska** resides, shows multiple anomalies in the atmosphere, which combined seemed to have created spatial mutual, one that allows the planet to compress the flow of temporal energy, stacking the currents into multiple layers, creating inside the planet a pocket dimension of extremely high density of time.

Inside this subspace dimension of increased density of time, time flows differently than that of the outside dimension.

Further data is required for a more thorough report.]

Six months.

I wasted six months!?

Raging at this revelation, my ring started to glow with rage.

"Oh, deary, don't be angry now," Granny Goodness said, her voice dripping with fake sweetness. "At the end of the day, you got what you wanted, didn't you? I mean, what are a few extra days here and there if you can see your enemies dropping to their knees?"

I glared at her, suppressing the urge to lash out. "Where's Dex-Starr?"

Granny Goodness paused for a moment as if calculating what she was going to say. "He's... resting."

Without a word, my hand shot forward, grabbing her throat before slamming her against the ground, pinning her with such strength that moving was impossible for her. "I will ask the same question again, and I will advise you to answer to the best of your ability... if you want to continue servicing Darkseid, that is. Where. Is. Dex-Starr?" I said, my voice low and deadly.

Unable to move, Granny Goodness smiled at me before answering, her voice barely a whisper. "Such cruelty, such power, you make Granny proud, very proud. He's in his room, resting. You can check for yourself and see Granny isn't lying, sweetie."

Using my ring, I expanded my energy until I reached another signal similar to mine, one from another Red Lantern ring, the ring of Dex-Starr, confirming his whereabouts and the truth behind Granny Goodness' words; I released my grip on the old woman before getting back on my feet.

"I assure you, darling, he was treated with the utmost respect, the kind only Darkseid himself can demand," Granny Goodness said before standing up, brushing off her clothes, the marks of my hand clear on her neck.

I nodded once in acknowledgment, my gaze cold as I spoke. "I will go and check on Dex-Starr. Once that's done, I'll be back, so you can tell me what these monsters can do and how to best use them."

Granny Goodness smiled, her eyes beaming with twisted joy. "Of course, deary. Granny will be here ready for you."