

[David Lance POV]

After contacting Batman about Ivy's situation with Waller and coming to an agreement with him about using one of the League's safe houses for her stay momentarily, I moved to retrieve Harley from where she was hiding at the location Ivy had given me.

According to Ivy and the information she had given me, the two of them had been staying in an abandoned warehouse in Gotham near downtown.

Using one of the Zeta tubes at Star City, I reached Gotham City within seconds, walking from there to the warehouse, reaching the place in a few minutes.

Upon arriving, I realized one thing, and that was the fact I had been in this place before. The warehouse, the place Harley and Ivy had been using to hide until now, was no other than the one where I had faced Deathstroke all that time ago.

The mere sight of the place brought a bitter taste to my mouth. Taking a deep breath, I pushed through my conflicted emotions, entering the warehouse.

As I walked inside the place looking for Harley with my footsteps echoing in the silence, I noticed right away that the windows were boarded up and that most of the doors were locked, changes that appeared to be quite recent compared to most things in the environment.

Taking note of those changes, I walked deeper into the warehouse, feeling as if someone was watching me from somewhere, but as discreetly as I tried to find the culprit at every turn of my body, I couldn't see anyone.

This was either good news or bad news for me, a fact I would discover sooner or later. Because while I knew I was being watched by someone skillful enough to hide from me, I didn't know who or what was watching, and sadly the options didn't end with Harley herself.

'One would think that finding a clown in a warehouse is easy, but shit, I am wrong,' I thought with a shake of my head when all of the sudden I felt a cold chill run down my spine, and it wasn't one out of fear. 'The fuck... was that?'

Before I could ponder deeper into that line of thought, I heard something behind me, that made me turn around, only to find a red balloon floating a few feet away from me.

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Was... Was Harley, IT clowning me?

I really hope is that, and not that IT is real. I am not mentally prepared today to deal with a demonic clown; that's more Raven's alley.

I could always text her if IT happens to be real; she would enjoy playing with a demonic clown...

Hm.

Now I kind of want for IT to be real.

I draw the line at Freddy Krueger, though; that's one demon I don't want to fight; I need my three to four hours of sleep to function as a hero.

Then again... Freddy Krueger might not even be a threat to me, my mind is quite hard to break in, and that's his whole shtick, but... Demons use magic, so maybe he can enter my mind.

Taking a deep breath, I shook my head as I turned around, snapping out of my stupid thoughts, only to find Harley a few inches away from me.

I blinked, finding myself momentarily frozen at the sudden encounter, feeling unsure of what to do now that I had found her. After all, this was the first time we had ever seen one another since I beat her half to death.

As for Harley, she simply stared at me with her wide, crazed eyes and a happy grin plastered on her face.

Getting back to focus, I waved at her, taking a pre-written note for her to read that had all the information she needed to know before moving forward.

However, before I could give her said note, she leaned in and kissed me over the mask, breaking the kiss with a triumphant giggle.

"Our first kiss, and it was under the moonlight, isn't that romantic," Harley said, still grinning.

I took a step back, handing her the note, as my mind tried to make sense of all this, as this whole situation was so surreal. I mean, Harley Quinn had just fucking kissed me.

Oh fuck... I can't let Oliver find this out, or I will never hear the end of it.

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What the fuck is wrong with me? a crazy murderer just kissed me, and the only thing that worries me is Oliver finding out?!

“So, Ivy was with ya,” Harley hummed at the paper. “Who the fuck is Waller? Wait, no, this is my chance to be a damsel in distress! Wait... I mean, save me, Black Bolt, carry me out of this place with your handsome muscles!”

~I’m a teen!~ I signed before a frown came to my face; I mean, was I really sixteen? This was my second life, after all, meaning I could be older than her.

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Why am I even humoring these thoughts? Harley has killed more people than most high schoolers can even count, which, granted, is not that big of a number as most high schoolers are basically illiterates, but still.

No matter how hot she was, I had to remember she was a psychopath. Maybe I needed to check my hormone levels; I mean, I have no idea if Human puberty and Inhuman puberty work the same; for all I know, I might need help to avoid becoming a sex-crazed teen.

“Psf, you won’t be a teen forever. Besides, let’s be honest, this wouldn’t be the worst thing I have done,” Harley shrugged.

~Don't say a word, and let's move; Ivy is waiting for you,~ I replied, keeping the reply to the point at hand.

“Ohh, so you like being in control, ok, ok, Harley can play, Harley can be a good girl,” Harley replied, adding an unnecessary amount of sexual tone to each word.

I should've sent Raven for her; why did I come here alone?