

[David Lance POV]

It seemed that in the end, I would have no need to play with Metron to acquire what I desired.

After a thorough examination of what defeating Despero had given me, alongside other factors, I had finally reached the technological goal I was after.

I had to visit a few planets here and there, and considering my busy schedule on earth and the limitations of the same, things weren't so easy at the beginning.

That being said.

After two months of research and technological growth throughout on-and-off travels to immensely more advanced civilizations.

I had finally acquired the tools to pursue all of my goals.

"Puddin our deformed little baby is waiting for you right inside," Harley flashed a playful grin at me as she opened the door to my lab.

As I entered my lab, I was greeted by the sound of machines whirring and humming in the background. The walls were made of a sleek metallic material, with neon blue and purple lighting illuminating the room in a seemingly artistic manner.

The lab was generously spacious, with several workstations positioned at regular intervals in order to allow me to multitask.

The workstations were equipped with advanced technology, some from Earth, others from beyond our galaxy.

In the center of the lab, there was a large glass chamber with Project Match. In the last few months, Match's deformations had grown in shape, its limbs were twisted beyond recognition, and its skin was covered in strange repulsive growths.

Tubes and wires lined with Kryptonite were attached to his body, feeding data and monitoring its vital signs. Needless

to say, Match was unconscious, in a medically induced coma to avoid any problems, suspended inside the glass chamber in a liquid that was pretty similar in color and texture to amniotic fluid.

As I approached the chamber, I noticed Ivy, and L-Ron huddled around a computer screen, both analyzing the data from the tubes and discussing their findings.

"Finally, I was starting to think you would leave me to fix this mess alone," Ivy said, noticing my presence.

L-Ron's head swiveled slowly toward me. His small, robotic body hummed and whirred loudly, lights blinking methodically. He greeted me with a high-pitched voice, "Master, it's a pleasure to have you back!"

"I left you alone for a week, Ivy, don't be dramatic," I replied, giving the green lady a smile.

Ivy released an exasperated breath and shook her head before swiftly pressing a few buttons on her computer to reveal what she was working with. "Thanks to the data and technology you acquired, alongside your research in Kryptonian genetics, we have begun the process of regeneration. We've isolated the defective genes and are

using CRISPR-Cas9 to cut them out and replace them with healthy genes. Once the procedure is complete, we'll have to have your pet and monitor its progress."

Perfect.

That's step one out of ten, but we are making good progress.

"Even if we manage to fix... him, there is no guarantee we will be able to completely fix the damage already done to his body," Ivy sighed, her eyes glued to the glass chamber that held the limp form of Match, her tone showing a hint of hesitation alongside pity. "Not only that, there's a good chance he won't be as powerful as Superman."

I chuckled, surprising Ivy who didn't expect me to laugh at that. "You think I want Match to defeat Superman? If that was what I wanted, I would've used the Kryptonite at my disposal to kill him a long time ago, or I would've sent Deathstroke after him with a super-pill, God knows he's itching for a fight with the Man of Steel."

Ivy cocked an eyebrow and crossed her arms. Her voice was low and measured as she said, "You are a confusing

man, David, you are clear about what you want, but you're very tight-lipped about how you plan to get there."

I turned to Ivy, my face breaking into a faint smile. "First rule of war, dear Ivy," I said in a solemn tone, "never reveal your full hand." My gaze intensified and I winked at her knowingly.

Silent, Ivy turned to match, watching as the machines around him continued manipulating his genetic material, breaking it and rebuilding it from the debris.

The process being worked on Match was rather delicate and intricate, requiring more than just data and technology to accomplish, more than that, it required great skill.

[Second POV]

After a long day, Deathstroke parked his motorcycle outside the high-tech laboratory complex hidden beneath an abandoned mine and dismounted it with a sense of purpose.

He was here to deliver what his employer had tasked him with retrieving: Ray Palmer's data in molecular physics.

Deathstroke's lips spread into a wide grin as he chuckled. He scanned the area, taking in the details of the seemingly impenetrable fortress his boss had made. The place was heavily fortified, from the electric fencing surrounding the perimeter which was invisible to the surveillance cameras that seemed to be everywhere, but never in sight. "Not even the Bat is this careful, I don't know if I should be proud or scared," he muttered under his breath as he glanced around one last time.

Once inside, the place was a marvel of modern technology, with advanced machinery and intricate instrumentation lining every wall, from top to bottom, leaving the air thick with the hum of the various machines and devices in operation.

Without stopping, Deathstroke moved through the corridors with ease, his mind already wondering what his

boss would have him do next. He could only wonder in excitement where the tides David was making would take him.

As he arrived at his destination, he could see David, Ivy, and L-Ron, dressed in their white lab coats, huddled around a computer screen, poring over data. They were so focused they barely acknowledged his arrival, so he walked up to David, and with a scoff, he handed over the data chip.

"It was hard, but I have what you asked for," Deathstroke said, his voice cool and detached. "Everything Ray Palmer had in molecular physics. I hope it was worth the amount of problems I had to deal with."

David nodded curtly and inserted the data chip into the computer. He quickly scanned the contents and a broad smile spread across his face. "As always, excellent work, Slade," he said, unable to contain his grin. "This data is priceless. You've earned your payment, and then some."

Deathstroke's expression turned amiable, letting out a prideful scoff. He was used to the high-stakes game of espionage, but with David, everything was simpler, no games, no lies, just work, and challenges that kept the old mercenary happy.

Deathstroke took a step back and bowed his head, saying, "If that is all, I shall be on my way." He began to turn when David's voice stopped him.

"Wait, Deathstroke," David said. "There's one more thing I need you to do for the time being. I have reason to believe that someone may be trying to track us. I have a few guesses as to whom it may be, but I need you to confirm."

Deathstroke's mind raced as he considered the list of possible targets ahead, The Light, The Team, The Reach, and depending on how much attention his boss had gathered with his many endeavors, maybe even Darkseid.

Deathstroke adjusted the straps of his mask and the corners of his eyes crinkled under it as he smiled, the eagerness radiating from his body. He nodded confidently and declared, "I'll be happy to take on that quest."

No matter the job, no matter the enemy, no matter what, once Deathstroke had an assignment there was no other option but success, and succeed he would.

[Second POV - The Light]

The members of The Light gathered through a secured connection, their faces obscured by masks and their voices distorted by voice changers.

After some recent events, they had come together to discuss about the new threat that was emerging on the horizon, a danger that could threaten everything they had worked so hard to accomplish.

"I've been monitoring his moves since Despero's incident," said one member, his voice sounding metallic through the voice changer. "But beyond the moves of his attack dog, there hasn't been much to find."

In the cameras, it could be seen as the others shifted in their seats, sensing the gravity of the situation. No one had managed to stay hidden from The Light before, at least not so long.

They knew that the only reason why this unknown was so good at avoiding them was because whoever that person was, he knew about them, more than they knew about him.

His carefully planned moves and controlled actions had shown this unknown had the potential to upset the delicate balance of power they had established, and that was something The Light couldn't allow.

"What do we know about their goals?" asked another member, her voice also distorted, hiding only who she was, but not her gender. "Do we have clear proof they are a threat to our goals?"

The first member nodded. "From what I've been able to gather, their goals are rather murky, but they're definitely up to something. They've been recruiting some interesting individuals, Ivy, Slade Wilson, Rose Wilson, and others we have yet to identify. They're building something, but we don't know what."

The group fell silent, each member deep in thought. They knew that for a threat of this level, they had to neutralize it before it was too late.

They already knew what to expect from The League, but from this unknown, whose goals, reach, and everything was unclear, they didn't, and that made him all the more dangerous.

"I don't think moving against this unknown is in our best interest right now, especially seeing we are completely in the blind when it comes to them. Before we move, I suggest we start gathering more intel," said another member, his voice tense with urgency. "While attacking would be a bad approach, we can't let this threat go unchecked. We have to move fast."

"We've been using the pronoun He/Him a lot," A member said, her voice sounding deep in thought even through the distortion. "Are we certain we are dealing with a male? Because if we are, I might be able to fix our situation."

"We have reason to believe he's a male, yes, but we could be wrong," another member replied. "He defeated a being that was making quick work of Shazam in a matter of seconds, so there's also the possibility he's an outsider."

"Worry not, this shadow we are facing is good, but nothing stays out of The Light forever."