

## [David Lance POV]

Dr. Serling's research and study in the area of Nanotechnology was extraordinary, it was very extensive and through even when it was clear she was barely scratching the surface this science had to offer.

Though I was glad we were in the stone age of Nanorobotics, the last thing we needed was an Amazo like the one that came to be in the Justice League Unlimited universe.

I honestly doubted anyone but those who governed reality could stop such a being.

But that was beyond the point.

I neither intended to reach that level nor it was my goal to use Nanorobotics that way.

My interest in Nanorobotics was another.

What I intended to gain with them was the ability to disassemble and reassemble matter.

If you asked the average person they would say. 'But isn't that something they can already do?'

And the answer is yes, but not as you think they do it.

Most people think Nanobots can make anything out of anything, and that's fundamentally wrong.

To elaborate on that. Nanotechnology can't transform living tissue into materials that aren't found in said tissue, you can program the nanobots to take what's there and utilize it in a different manner, but you can't make them turn the materials at hand into something entirely unrelated to them.

That same example applied to everything when it came to assembling and disassembling matter with them.

Another misconception was that Nanobots can take over everything or impart limitless energy, without any source of power. That was simply not the case.

Nevertheless, even if the usage of Nanotechnology was more limited than most would assume, it was still a very powerful tool. One that I intended to use.

I had already memorized all of Dr. Serling's data, some of which she wasn't aware I had taken. In fact, I was already working on some prototypes, trying to recreate her work.

So, I had managed to recreate her first experiments with little to no problems, not that I expected any.

Her first experiments were as anyone would expect very rudimentary, basic in essence. The difficulty would only increase from that point on.

But I had time to work things out.

"You've been busy," Ivy said as she entered my lab, her eyes fixed on my screens.

"A busy mind is a productive mind," I replied, turning around to greet her. "I didn't expect you here so early, is there anything wrong?"

Ivy shook her head. "Not exactly."

I remained silent waiting for her to continue.

"While we were investigating the Kroloteans, we became aware of an island they were inhabiting as their base," Ivy continued, taking a seat in one of my chairs. "Slade, his spawn, and I entered the place unseen, and remained in the shadows gathering as much information as we could."

"I feel a but, coming," I interjected.

Ivy nodded. "In our time there, we discovered that The Light was founding the Kroloteans, with Black Manta and his little brat as their representatives."

I was wondering when Aqualad would make his debut as a fake villain. I knew he had been undercover for a while now, but to the eye of the heroes, he was simply missing.

Though the timing of it all was off. If I remembered correctly this revelation should have come a bit earlier.

I suppose alterations to the timeline as I know it; are to be expected, seeing the version of this universe I knew was one without me.

I will keep that in mind from now on to avoid any surprises.

"I suppose heroes are simply turning bad nowadays," Ivy chuckled, looking at me.

"Adorable, but no," I replied. "Aqualad is still a hero, he's just deep undercover. I informed Slade of this, I would have expected him to tell you."

Ivy rolled her eyes. "We don't really talk unless it is absolutely necessary."

"I know you don't like him, or anyone outside Harley, but do try to get along," I replied with a sigh.

"That's not entirely true, I don't hate you," Ivy replied.

"Unlike most of the planet's population, you are tolerable."

Well, that's a compliment, I suppose.

"Thanks, I guess," I replied.

"So, as I was saying, in our time there we discovered The Light was funding the Kroloteans," Ivy resumed, taking back her report where she had left it. eventually escapes.

"And well, we weren't the only ones to find our way to that place. The team, as you call it, arrived. To summarize the

rest, the team confronted Aqualad, but he managed to escape, not before planting a bomb to obliterate the entire place."

That's a shame.

The information those little bastards had was quite useful, and I had wanted to collect it before this event happened.

"That's a shame," I sighed.

"Ivy I'm glad you managed to escape before the explosion turned you to dust," Ivy said, crossing her arms.

"To congratulate you on that would be to insult you, and everyone that went on that mission," I replied with a shrug. "Or you mean to tell me your life was really in danger?"

"Fair enough," Ivy chuckled lightly.

"Did you guys manage to collect any data in your time there?" I asked, not really keeping my hopes very high.

"Some," Ivy nodded. "Though I seriously doubt it will push your research in any shape or way."

Back to square one with the Kroloteans, it seems.

"Well, there's always another base waiting," I replied, already having a few ideas about where to send them to find the Kroloteans. I knew for a fact Queen Bee was working with them.

"I suppose," Ivy replied, turning her attention to one of my computer screens on the wall. "How's your deformed little pet doing?"

Honestly, it was getting old the fact that everyone was disgusted by Match's appearance.

"Isn't part of the feminist movement not to judge others based on their appearance?" I replied in an amused yet annoyed tone.

"I find most meat-based life forms utterly disgusting," Ivy shrugged. "You are barking at the wrong tree here."

Barking at the wrong tree? Was... was that a pun?

"Was that a pun?" I asked.

Ivy rolled her eyes. "I won't dignify that with an answer."

I chuckled.

"So how is your pet doing?" Ivy asked again.

"I haven't done anything to him yet, so I'm keeping him in a stasis to slow further genetic deterioration," I replied.

The pod he was at, which I had modified to improve its performance, kept his body in the best state possible, slowing down the unavoidable side effects of the bad craftsmanship behind his creation.

Sadly, as I had stated before all this did was slow down the aggressive deterioration of his cells. Which was something that would not stop until I found a way to fix him on a cellular level.

I estimated that I had at most a year before the damage done to his body so far became irreversible, and around two years before fixing him became impossible.

"Do you honestly believe you can fix him?" Ivy asked. "And I don't mean this as an insult. I find your research brilliant as a scientist myself, but even then..."



Two compliments from Ivy in a day, well that's something I wasn't prepared at all to receive.

"I know what you're trying to say, and the truth is... that even if I managed to become an expert in Kryptonian genetics, the technology available to us makes that knowledge useless," I replied with a chuckle.

Ivy frowned. "Then what's the point?"

"One step at a time, Ivy," I replied. "First, I become an expert, then I tackle the next problem."

Ivy sighed. "At this point I don't even know why I bother, you are a very stubborn individual."

"The world wasn't built by compliant people," I replied.

"I suppose that's right," Ivy conceded. "Anyway, I'll leave you to do your research, I will go and see what Harley is doing."

"I will be contacting you for your next mission soon, and before you ask, yes, Slade will be there so don't bother trying to convince me otherwise," I replied as Ivy left my room with an annoyed expression at my last comment.

Oh well, back to my work.

However, I froze, mid-keystroke, as my phone buzzed from the desk. Taking a deep breath, I glanced down at the screen and saw a notification from my Raven.

A text message.

Smiling, I opened the text.

[Do you want to watch a movie tonight?] Raven Goth Babe  
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Chuckling at the name I had on my phone for her, one she wasn't particularly happy about, I replied. [Sounds good, I'll pick up the snacks on my way home. My apartment or yours?]

Around five seconds later.

[Mine.] Raven Goth Babe ---

[Very well then, I'll be waiting for you in my apartment.] I replied.

[Let me know once you're there. Love you.] Raven Goth  
Babe ---

I smiled, sending her a thumbs-up emoji before putting the phone down, and looking at my screens.

I guess I will continue with this another day.