

## [David Lance POV]

Once everyone had left my lab, I stood before the glass chamber, studying Project Match. I had to admit, it was quite a grotesque sight, the poor thing was beyond normal, its limbs that were too long and fingers that were twisted and malformed.

Its skin was discolored and covered in strange patterns, and its eyes were large and vacant.

That being said, it was time to fix him.

With the tools I had in my hand, alongside my intellect I was certain I could complete what others failed to do before me.

Not that it wouldn't be a difficult task, but difficult or not I was determined to succeed. Taking a deep breath, I donned a pair of gloves and approached the chamber, my mind already working on a plan of action.

Seeing the previous step of the process was already complete, I had woken Match up, partially at least, keeping him heavily sedated to avoid unnecessary complications.

Inside the chamber, Match shifted and moaned, as if sensing my presence through his sedated state. Smiling, I reached out and touched the glass, studying Match's movements.

"Hello there," I said softly. "You might not be able to understand anything in that empty head of yours, but know that I'm here to help you."

Having said that, I spent the next following hours poring over the being's DNA, analyzing every strand and identifying the mutations that had caused its deformities.

It was a painstaking process, but as I had stated before, I was determined to get it right.

As I worked, I felt a growing sense of connection to Match. It was as if we were two sides of the same coin, both undergoing a process of transformation.

It was poetic, in a way.

Finally, after many long hours, I made a breakthrough. I had finally identified the specific genes that were causing the deformities and the genetic decay.

Now it was all a matter of editing them, using the samples I had acquired from the Fortress of Solitude as genetic templates.

Following where Ivy had left it, I began using the CRISPR system, making precise cuts and alterations to Match's DNA, correcting the mutations, and repairing the damage behind his creation.

This was a very delicate process, and one mistake could mean disaster, or a result even worse than the one Match had been subjected to, that being said, I was confident in my abilities.

As I continued working, the being inside the chamber began to slowly change. At first, its skin regained its natural color, then its limbs straightened out, this followed by the fingers growing back in a proper shape.

I couldn't help but watch with amazement as Match transformed before my eyes. It was a beautiful sight, a testament to the power of science.

Finally, after two days of working non-stop with Match, the process was finally complete. Taking a deep breath, I stepped back and gazed at the being inside the chamber, now a perfect specimen of genetic perfection. Through its sedated state, it let out a low groan, as if acknowledging its newfound freedom from its previous deformities.

I smiled, a sense of pride filling my heart. And how could it not? I had accomplished what many had thought impossible, and this was just the beginning.

I had completed the incomplete DNA sequences in him, and the many mistakes they had made with the DNA sequences they had managed to create.

Now all that was left was his programming.

Physically speaking he was cured, but mentally, he was still a mindless beast.

"I need a psychic," I muttered. It was certainly the easiest and fastest way to program Match.

Nevertheless, most psychics were very unreliable. Most of them had an agenda of their own, and with their powers, it was a complicated risk to take.

I hummed at that.

I could always make my own psychic I suppose.

I had all of Cadmus's research and data, having thanks to that all the tools I needed to recreate the Genomorphs, and perhaps maybe even improve them.

That being said.

The Genomorphs had betrayed their makers before, so I wasn't exactly eager at the possibility of dealing with an insurrection, easy or not to deal with it would be a waste of time.

I might have to turn my sights on a more technological solution.

Fatherboxes, or Motherboxes.

I suppose it's time to say hi to the King of Apokolips, once and for all. After all, Match or not, I needed their

technology to further my goals, this was just a welcoming opportunity to shake the nest of vipers.

“And what better moment to do something, than today?”

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## **[Second POV]**

Using the ship at his disposal, David arrived on the barren wasteland of Apokolips, wearing his high-tech armor, his suit emitting a loud hum as he touched down on the scorched earth.

Cracking his neck, David began making his way, his armor glinting in the dim light of the planet as he strode confidently toward the towering fortress at the center of the desolate hellish landscape.

As he approached the gates of the fortress, two hulking guards stepped forward, their eyes flashing with suspicion, ready to attack if needed.

David, unfazed by them, raised his hand before pointing at the castle. "I know you can see me, Darkseid. Care to invite me in?"

Before the guards could even say a word, the gates slowly creaked open, and the man in the armor stepped through, leaving the stunned guards behind.

Inside the castle, David scanned the dark halls of the fortress as he made his way to the King of Apokolips, finding the little differences between this castle and the one he had visited before as if he was playing Where's Waldo with the castle.

David wasn't completely relaxed though, he knew that he was walking into the lion's den, for a manner of speaking, but be that as it may, he was confident in his abilities.

More than he was the last time he visited this planet, or a version of it anyways.

After a few minutes of walking, he finally came face to face with Darkseid, the absolute ruler of Apokolips. The towering figure sat on his throne, his eyes flashing with a cold sense of detachment.

He carefully regarded the man that had brazenly entered his domain with a mixture of curiosity and suspicion. It wasn't a common occurrence for such a thing to happen, so for now, the King of Apokolips would humor this, if anything to sate his current interest.

"What brings you to my domain?" Darkseid asked, his voice booming through the halls of the throne room like a cold shiver on a winter night.

David stepped forward, his hands held out in a gesture of peace. "Greetings Darkseid, in order to avoid wasting your time, I'll go straight to the point, I came to offer you a deal. One that will benefit both of us."

Darkseid raised an eyebrow, intrigued. This mortal seemed to think he knew what a God like him wanted, more than not that was blasphemy, but he was interested in seeing where this was going. "Go on."

David smiled under his mask, knowing thanks to his time in that other universe and his knowledge of this, just what to say to get what he wanted from the King of Apokolips. "I come from a far-off planet, one you are quite familiar with,



Earth. What I'm offering is the same someone else has offered you, a winner takes all."

Darkseid leaned forward, his eyes gleaming with interest. This mortal knew of his arrangement with Vandal, impressive, but not enough to convince him. "And what makes you think that I would be interested in such a deal with you?"

David smiled. "Let's not fool ourselves, it's beneath us. We both know you have the power to take over the universe at any time if you so wanted, yet you don't. You don't seek power, you seek a challenge, and I offer you just that, a challenge."

Darkseid regarded the man in front of him for a long moment, considering his words carefully. If it was any other being saying what this unknown was saying, he would've killed them on the spot for their hubris, but this man, he was different, the Lord of Apokolips could tell even though he didn't know who he was. "You are an interesting individual, I don't sense any fear coming from you, nor blind hubris, it seems you have the confidence of a seasoned warrior. Good, otherwise this wouldn't be fun for me at all. We have a deal."

David shifted his weight onto one leg and crossed his arms behind his back as he spoke. Though his face was obscured by a mask, the smirk on his lips was unmistakable. "I'm glad we have come to a mutual understanding," he said.

The giant hulking figure of Darkseid stood before David, his red piercing eyes seeming to bore right through him as he spoke, his gravelly voice cutting through the silence of the room. "And what might I call you?" he asked, his gaze never leaving David's.

"Call me, Genesis," David replied, finding the name to fit everything he was doing, not only for his organization but for himself.

After all, what was Genesis if not the origin or coming into being of something new, and that was David's goal, a new world order.