

## [David Lance POV]

My little internship with Dr. Donaldson began the very next day we had our talk at the café. Working with Dr. Donaldson proved to be enlightening, for as clueless as the Doctor was, he was a very brilliant man, with many useful connections.

One of them was Dr. Serling Roquette, the brilliant scientist who invented the Fog. Making her the head of Nanotechnology advancement at the moment.

During my internship with Dr. Donaldson, one of the many things I intended to do was learning as much as I could from Dr. Serling. I wanted to understand and master nanorobotics, and she was the best candidate to help do so.

"Dr. Roquette! What a pleasure to have you here!" Dr. Donaldson greeted us as the young scientist entered our lab.

Dr. Roquette rolled her eyes. "You called me here."

Dr. Donaldson chuckled, waving Roquette's attitude. "It's still a pleasure, nevertheless."

"It's an honor to meet you, Dr. Serling," I said before Dr. Donaldson could say another word. "I have read a lot about your work, and I find it most enlightening."

Dr. Serling smiled warmly at that, her eyes twinkling. "Thanks. I read your research about Metahuman Variants, and I find it fascinating. In a world where we don't know enough about superpowers, your study was groundbreaking."

I smiled. "Thanks, though I have to admit that If I keep getting compliments from such renowned scientists every time I meet them, I might grow an ego."

Dr. Donaldson laughed, a booming, loud laugh. "Well, that's good! A genius without an ego is no genius! I say!"

Dr. Serling sighed, shaking her head. "Don't pay attention to him, keep your head grounded, genius or not."

"I will," I replied. "So, would you like a coffee or something? We don't have much here in terms of beverages, but I'm sure I can whip something out."

Dr. Serling shook her head. "No, but thanks. I already had my dose of coffee for the day." She sighed at this. "I'm afraid that any more coffee might be detrimental to my brain."

I chuckled. "Understandable, I mean, I'm pretty sure the scientific community, every parent in the world, and college

students trying to finish their homework keep the coffee industry strong."

At this, both Dr. Serling and Dr. Donaldson laughed.

"So, what brings you here, miss Serling?" I asked, walking back to my station.

"Dr. Donaldson let S.T.A.R labs know you were interested in using my research to aid yours," Dr. Serling replied.

"Something about using the ability my nanobots have to collect information to help catalog metahumans and their powers."

I nodded. "Oh, so that's why you're here today. I honestly didn't expect much when I commented that to Dr. Donaldson." That was a lie, a blatant one at that, I know very well how hard it is for Dr. Donaldson to keep his mouth shut, just as well as I knew that the ones behind funding his research would be interested in such an idea.

Dr. Serling smiled. "Well, S.T.A.R labs is very invested in your growth in the scientific community, they think, as I do, that you will make great things in time."

I beamed at her. "Well, I'm about to blush."

"Oh, is this flirting I see?" Dr. Donaldson gasped like a parent trying to embarrass their kid just for the heck of it.

I rolled my eyes at him. "While there's no doubt Dr. Serling is a very attractive woman, I have a girlfriend. Not only that, but it would be extremely inappropriate to pursue such a relationship while working together."

Dr. Serling nodded in approval with a small blush. "I'm glad to know someone here understands the importance of such standards."

I guess Dr. Serling finds me attractive. That might work to my advantage, after all, people are more open to those they find in layman's terms, hot.

I would however keep it professional. Even if I wanted to exploit my looks for my own gain, I didn't want Raven castrating me. I like my bits where they belong, attached to me.

"You two are no fun," Dr. Donaldson sighed with a pout, before turning back to his station.

"Well, as I was saying, I got notice you were interested in my research, so here I am," Dr. Serling said, breaking the silence by clearing her throat.

I nodded. "I'm not entirely sure how your nanobots work, I read your research and most of your published findings, but I still lack a fundamental understanding of how they work." I

paused, making sure Dr. Serling was hooked so far. "But, I have read enough to understand the vast array of possibilities your nanobots provide as a whole."

Dr. Serling nodded. "I understand you wish to see if it's possible to make it so my nanobots collect bio information in controlled amounts, right?"

I nodded. "I know it's possible. Just not possible for me to do so, that would be more in your realm of expertise, but yeah, that's basically what I want to do."

Dr. Serling remained silent for a moment, contemplating. "You're right about it being possible. I would need to build an entirely new working model of my nanobots for that to work though, but I can do that. The problem is making it safe for people, a little mistake could mean the nanobots deciding to collect all organic matter instead of what was previously stated."

I nodded, that was an understandable concern. "Which is why I wanted to speak with an expert in the subject. The last thing we want is a swarm of flesh-eating nanobots."

"Indeed," Dr. Serling replied, shuddering at the thought. "That would be catastrophic."

"But if done right, we could help people before they... manifest their powers, creating contingencies to avoid the worst

possible outcomes," I replied with a sigh. "Just a year ago, a teenager in Colombia got his powers, and accidentally ended up killing his family. He burned them alive without even knowing what was happening."

Dr. Serling looked down in sadness. "I can't imagine how that must feel."

"Neither can I," I replied. "Which is why I want to find a way to help people in that kind of situation. Not only it helps the innocents, saving them from unnecessary suffering, but it would help prevent and identify crime more effectively."

"I think I understand what you two wish to accomplish now," Dr. Serling nodded. "I will let my superiors know I wish to be part of this research."

I smiled. "Thanks, we would be most fortunate to have you on board."

Good, all the pieces are falling into place one by one.

---

**[Slade Wilson POV]**

I ran through the shadows of the night, making no sound as I stalked my target.

I had been tracking him for weeks now and I was finally ready to make my move. He had been avoiding me with his various tricks and gadgets, making my mission harder than it had to be, but I was confident that I had finally cornered him.

My target was no other than Lex Luthor himself, who had been aware I was hunting him for a while now and had used his vast resources to stall the inevitable.

Having taken care of his many guards, I entered his office, leaving Rose to take guard.

Then, before he could use his silver-tongued mouth to try and say something, I grabbed him by the shoulders and spun him around before pinning him into a wall.

"Are you sure whatever you're getting paid is worth it?"  
Luthor inquired cockily.

I smiled under my mask. "Don't worry that pretty little bald head of yours about that. I'm not here to kill you, not yet at least."

Luthor sneered. "So you only came here to make an enemy out of me? Well, I'll say that super soldier serum has seriously messed you up."

"Maybe," I said confidently. "But that's not the point of today's visit."

Luthor looked at me for a moment before saying. "Fine, what is that you want?"

"I want Project Match," I replied. "I know it's somewhere in this city, and I need you to guide me to it."

Luthor raised an eyebrow. "So you are the one that has been looking for that. And pray tell, why would I help you with that?"

I chuckled. "Wanna find out?"

"We both know that if you kill me, you won't leave this building alive," Luthor replied with a smile. "And in the... rare occurrence you do, well, how long do you think you will be able to keep that head of yours in place with every bounty hunter after it? You do know that if I die, a large sum of money will automatically be put on your head?"

Right, one of the reasons very few attacked Luthor at all because if they did, his contingency plan would activate,



offering more money than anyone could hope to gain, in exchange for avenging him.

"I know that. I know that you think that alone would be enough to take me down," I replied, dropping Luthor to the ground as I began to walk around his fancy office. "And I'll be the first one to admit, it might have worked a year ago or so. But you see, my current boss is rather resourceful."

Luthor said nothing, simply staring at me.

"Go ahead, call your men, the beasts you have waiting for your command," I said, walking towards Luthor. "I'm waiting, Luthor."

"If you insist," Luthor smiled, before pressing a button on his desk.

One.

Two.

Three.

Four.

And nothing.

"Right about now, you might be wondering, why has no one come," I grinned under my mask. "Look at your cameras, and see why."

Luthor remained silent, complying with what I had said as he pressed another button on his desk to see the cameras. Each camera revealed what had happened to his many biological weapons on site, all of them butchered.

"Project Match you said? Right?" Luthor said after a moment or two. "That can be easily arranged."