

[David Lance POV]

Today, some League's strongest members, Superman, Wonder Woman, Martian Manhunter, Batman, Hawkwoman, and the Green Lantern John Stewart, had left Earth to try and resolve the interplanetary dispute they had peacefully, accompanied by Hawkman and Icon.

The reason for this was that under Savage's control, they had attacked the aliens that were now invading earth, the Krolotonians.

I had no doubt they would clear their names.

Eventually.

But in the meantime, I would make the most of this.

Without the League at full power, some of the items on my agenda would prove easier to accomplish, like collecting what I wanted from Superman's Fortress of Solitude.

I had long ago discovered where the Fortress was, the problem lay in entering.

The Fortress was made so that only Kryptonians could enter, or more specifically, only those of the House of El. Though I doubted Superman had set the security configurations to block any other Kryptonians, seeing as was under the assumption Superboy and him were the only ones remaining.

I intended to exploit that belief today.

Using Match, I had collected Superman's DNA. It hadn't been a simple matter to do though, Match's genetic makeup was so deteriorated that I had to reconstruct most of the samples I had collected to acquire something usable.

It wasn't a perfect fix, but it would be enough to enter the Fortress, as it would read as Superboy's DNA, allowing me entrance under his permissions to the Fortress.

So, with my DNA sample, I traveled to the Fortress.

Once there I stepped up to the Fortress and inserted a small vial with a drop of Match's DNA blood into the panel of my suit before nearing the door.

The security system scanned me, for a moment before the light of the scanner turned blue, and the doors slowly opened. Glad it had worked, I stepped through the doors.

Inside I was greeted by a computer AI, that identified me as Kon-El, before politely requesting me to state my purpose for this visit.

"I'm here to collect all the data about Kryptonian DNA," I said, using a voice changer to sound exactly like Superboy. I wasn't sure how advanced the AI was, so it was better to be careful.

The AI remained silent for a moment before saying. "As you wish."

I smiled at the response under my mask before accessing the Fortress' computer, where I proceeded to download all the information I wanted with the assistance of the AI.

As the information was downloaded into my storage unit, I looked in mild shock at how much data was being transferred.

The amount of information I was downloading easily entered the realm of Zettabytes, meaning it was safe to assume the entirety of the Fortress data went leagues above that.

Perhaps all the information this Fortress had to offer entered the realm of millions of Yottabytes.

Such a waste.

If Superman really wanted, he could probably solve most of the problems this planet has, and I'm not even talking about villain problems.

From what I could gather by just going over some unrelated files to my current mission, Superman had the tools to cure every disease if he truly wanted, at least on Earth.

Granted, one could argue he was so stupid he wasn't even aware he could do such a thing.

I sighed.

One problem at a time.

"Download complete, is there anything I can assist you with, Kol-El?" The AI asked.

"Erase today's recordings and records of my visit," I replied, wondering if Superman had granted Superboy such permissions.

"I'm afraid that's out of your granted permissions. Without Kal-El's authorization, I cannot do that."

So he allows Superboy to access all data, but touching his recordings is a no-go? What a weird set of rules he has.

I chuckled. I suppose it was too wishful of me to think I would get all I wanted without leaving a trace, it doesn't matter though, by the time they figure out someone came here, it will be already too late.

"Duly noted," I replied, making my way to the door.

In my lab, I started to go over some of the data I had collected. It was easy to see why The Light's attempts to close Superman had failed so miserably, the more I read the more it became evident that without Kryptonian technology cloning a Kryptonian was simply out of the realm of possibilities.

The genetic makeup was marvelously complex. It was fascinating, extremely so.

Though to give the Light some credit, it was also out of current reach to perfect what they had failed to do.

I had no doubts that eventually I would be able to fully comprehend Kryptonian biology, that however, didn't mean I would be able to do something with that knowledge.

To make use of this, I needed two things. One, knowledge; which I had acquired, and two the right technology to make use of that knowledge, technology that sadly I didn't have at my disposal.

Even with the power rings, making use of what I was learning to the fullest extent of what it could offer was simply not doable.

I didn't have the necessary means to solve that particular conundrum, in fact, not even the Fortress of Solitude had what I needed to make use of this, sure, it had a massive collection of knowledge, but not the technological tools I needed.

I knew someone who did though.

Metron.

His inter-dimensional vault had a vast collection of artifacts that most thought were lost to time, his collection even extending to Kryptonian technology.

The question was, how to get what I wanted from Metron?

Making an alliance with him was in layman's terms a stupid endeavor, the man's sole interest was knowledge to the point everything for him was an experiment.

Meaning that if I approached him, there were only two outcomes that would come out of that.

One, he outright disregards me.

Or two, he would use what I sought as a path to experiment on me. And experimenting when it came to Metron went beyond strapping someone into a table.

A testament to his character is how he had dealt with Razor.

He had manipulated him for four years, giving him false leads to his quest, in order to both calculate how long it would take for him to lose hope and to get the opportunity to study the power of both the red ring and the blue ring.

His machinations to obtain knowledge were such that they had earned him quite a bad reputation among the New Gods to the point most of them don't even need any explanation for an altercation once they hear he is involved.

"I suppose I could play his game."

The one thing Metron had never had to deal with, is someone experimenting on him the same way he had with others. So, if I played my cards right, the New God might be taken by surprise.