

## [David Lance POV]

Having acquired what I sought from Darkseid, I sat in front of a bank of computer screens, my fingers flying across the keyboard as I worked. In front of me, there were two strange devices, both pulsating with energy.

A Fatherbox.

And a Motherbox.

Carefully, I reached out and touched the boxes, feeling a surge of energy as I made contact with them. They had been programmed to obey my commands, regardless of what they were, so all that was left was using these marvels of technology properly.

Taking a deep breath, I watched as the devices flickered to life, displaying a series of complex equations and diagrams in their tiny monitors, both awaiting for a command of any kind.

I had already ordered them to make a comprehensive pensum for Project Match, as well as the best way to deliver it without hurting him in the process.

Now it was time to take the next step.

Smiling, I stood before Project Match, the clone encased in the same glass chamber he had been trapped in for the last few months, his features blank and emotionless, though no longer deformed.

Match's healthy physique was proof he was cured, meaning now was time to program him with the necessary information to perform his duties, and the knowledge needed to act like a human, of course.

"Time to be born, Match."

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**[Second POV]**

In the dimly lit laboratory, the mindless body of Match lay motionless inside a glass chamber, with David by his side. The body was once broken, but now it had been fixed, nevertheless, it was still nothing more than a shell, lacking any form of consciousness or intelligence.

But that was about to change.

Carefully, David approached the chamber, connecting his Fatherbox and Motherbox to the machine keeping Match in stasis, then with a loud hiss, a long tube emerged from the device, inserting itself into Match's cranium.

"Being programming," David ordered.

Instantly, a stream of information began to flow from the machine, through the tube, and into Match's brain. As expected the body convulsed as the information surged through its neural pathways, filling it with knowledge and intelligence that wasn't there before.

"Impressive," David muttered as he watched as the Match's features began to change. Even in its sedated state, the clone's expression became more focused, and its muscles

twitched as if they were responding to the new sensations coming to them.

The boxes continued to pump information into the body, covering everything from basic motor functions to advanced calculus. The body's brain was being bombarded with a never-ending stream of data, and it was adapting at an astonishing rate.

It was no doubt a painful process, but one that was necessary.

Minutes passed as David continued watching in amazement as the body's transformation continued. It was like watching a newborn child grow into an adult in a matter of moments, at least in the details.

Finally, after what felt like hours, the boxes David had connected beeped in unison, signaling that the process was at last complete.

Ready to test how things had turned out, David pressed a few buttons on the terminal beside him, releasing Match from his glass prison as the tube retracted from his head.

Falling to the ground with a thud, Match began to cough before its eyes snapped open, though, unlike the last time David had seen them, this time they carried awareness.

Lost and bewildered, Match looked around the room, taking in its surroundings with a newfound sense of curiosity and innocence, before his eyes stopped on David.

"Who... am I?" Match asked, its voice raspy and unsteady.

"Match," David replied, barely containing his excitement at how things had turned out.

Match nodded slowly as if trying to make sense of its new existence. "What is my purpose?" He asked.

"You don't need to concern yourself with that," David replied with a beaming smile. "Take this moment to enjoy your awareness, in time I will tell you what your purpose is, but have no doubt you will be an invaluable asset to my organization."

Match nodded again, seeming to accept David's answer without question.

Match wasn't entirely sure what was happening, but he remembered rage, pain, and nothingness. This man, the one that stood in front of him, whoever he was, Match knew he owed him for giving him more than just darkness.

He didn't know what they wanted from him.

But he would serve regardless.

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## **[David Lance POV]**

After the procedures done to Match in order to fix his delicate predicament, he had returned to his initial appearance, being now almost identical to Superboy, with just one notable difference separating the two.

His eyes still maintained the same black sclera that distinguished him from Superboy at a first glance.

Beyond that, they were identical, at least physically.

Match, unlike Superboy, had full access to the entire plethora of powers that being a Kryptonian brought as a whole.

I estimated it would take him a few weeks under the sun for his body to repair whatever remained broken, in turn allowing him access to all of his powers.

How powerful would he be?

I wasn't entirely sure.

He was younger than Superman and hadn't been under the sun as long as the Man of Steel, meaning it was safe to assume Match wouldn't be as strong as him.

He would be close though, that much I knew already.

"Harley, please have a room made for-"

Before I could finish that sentence, Harley kicked the door of my lab open, screaming with joy, as she pumped her fists into the air while jumping up and down, running towards Match throwing her arms around Match in a tight

embrace, who remained still and quiet, slightly confused by her elation. "Our baby is cured!" she shouted, beaming with pride.

Match turned to me as if trying to find an answer to the question that was Harley on me. Not even I am that smart.

Still smiling, Harley pulled Match close, placing a hand affectionately on the top of his head. "Don't ya worry Puddin Jr, Mama's got you!" she cooed softly, gently rubbing circles on his hair.

I wasn't surprised Harley was acting like this, she was crazy, so... this was kind of within the realm of normal shit. That being said, I was surprised Match was letting her do all that.

Taking a deep breath, I looked directly at Harley and smiled "As I was saying before you interrupted me with your entrance," I sighed, "Please prepare a room for Match, make sure he's as comfortable as he can be."

"Aye aye puddin!" Harley smiled at me with her tongue stuck halfway out, doing a military salute before grabbing the 5' 11" Match, hoisting him up under one arm, and

proceeding to skip out of the room as if she was given a newborn pup for her to play and care for.

Honestly, I am surprised Match is just letting her have her fun. Even in his current state, which was considerably weaker than he should be, he could easily overpower her.

I guess he's way calmer than Superboy was upon awakening. Good, rage only serves as a momentary power boost, one that ultimately becomes useless.

Ivy stepped through the doorway, a crease between her brows. She paused and glanced over her shoulder at Harley who was merrily skipping away with Match under her arm, before turning back to me. "You do understand she thinks that's your baby, right? Like... between you and her?"

"I do," I replied with a sigh. "But is it really that bad? God knows she needs something to love, and perhaps having something to love without a romantic factor will do her good."

Ivy remained silent for a moment before her shoulders dropped with a sigh. "I can't argue with that. Perhaps this will help her, and him."

Most beings if not all need connections, friends, family, and more. Being a clone meant isolation for a start, I had seen that before in Superboy.

I would not let that isolation haunt Match.

I was no saint, I intended to use him. But that didn't mean I would treat him as a disposable asset.

I would give him what he needed, I would provide him the connections he would in time come to crave, and in return, he would give me his unfaltering loyalty.

"I have to say," Ivy looked up at me, her bright green wide with a turmoil of emotions taking place within her. I could see she was trying to keep her voice even, trying really hard to avoid giving me the wrong impression, but as hard as she tried she couldn't hide the note of awe that crept into her words. "I'm more than impressed that you managed to heal him. Especially so fast... The process should've taken more than a year, yet you... did it in a matter of days."

Knowing how prideful she was, I pretended I couldn't see what I was seeing, and simply nodded. "It helped that I... had all the tools I needed, alongside the data required."

Letting out another sigh, Ivy pressed her back against the curved edge of the doorway, her fingers wrapped around the brass knob. For a few brief moments, silence filled the room as she slowly closed her eyes and sighed before finally asking, "What now?"

So far I had focused on gathering the things I would need to see my plans through, from members I would require to information that would make my path easier.

For the most part, I was done with that.

Now, it was time to enter stage two.

It was time to improve myself, to really get in touch with my powers to the fullest extent of what they could offer.

I once saw my powers as a curse.

In order to fix that, I tried to see them as a gift.

Now, I saw them as a tool. The means to an end.

And like all the tools at my disposal, I would learn how to use them properly.

"Development, dear Ivy, that's what comes next."