



Batman #19
Jay McIntyre

Published: 2007

Categorie(s): Fiction, Fan Fiction

Tag(s): DC2 Comics Batman Catwoman

Batman: Feline Persuasion, Finale
Written by Jay "Arcalian" McIntyre
Cover by Craig Cermak
Edited by Grant LaFleche

Bruce slept thinly for the rest of the night, haunted by both his sore ribs and Catwoman's face.

He knew there was more to this than there first seemed, and that Catwoman's role in it was far from over.

He was a rationalist of the first order, but he also believed in intuition, and the remainder of his sleep was filled with unspoken, dreamless dread.

Bruce woke late the next day, and got up slowly. His ribs were healing nicely, but he did not want to press them too much before he went out that evening.

"Breakfast, sir," Alfred said, with no trace of irony. He laid out a tray with eggs, toast, and an extra large helping of hash browns.

"Thank you," Bruce replied, and did not argue about the portions. He ate slowly but steadily, determined to eat it all and not miss the taste. Alfred had given him tea instead of coffee on this particular occasion; he washed that down without argument as well.

Alfred watched him, eyebrow raised and lips pursed. "You're usually not this appreciative of what I put before you," he said.

Bruce nodded. "After last night's events I feel like taking it a bit slow today."

Alfred's other eyebrow joined the first. "Sir, you do actually mean to tell me you have learned caution?"

Bruce smiled thinly at that, spreading egg yolk over the hash browns.

"Or maybe I'm just getting old." They shared a quiet laugh over that, then Bruce turned serious. "No, this whole business with Gotham First troubles me seriously. Anti-hero campaigns are nothing new. But the timing is all wrong. It's like someone has gone out of their way to stir up anti-costume sentiment, beyond the normal rise and fall of such things in public opinion."

"You suspect criminal involvement?"

"Not typical involvement, that's for certain. This seems equally directed at villains as well as heroes. Mind you, I know there's certain people in the DEO and the Pentagon that would agree with that view. But somehow this doesn't seem like their doing. Doesn't feel right."

Finishing off his toast, he took his tea cup downstairs.

He frowned at the computer screens in the cave. "Just as I thought. Gotham First sprung up two months ago, and only three of it's members are from Gotham. All the rest are from out of state, like McReady. Though they are holding rallies and trying to recruit people. It's a cat's paw for sure, but for what purpose?"

"I'm sure Catwoman would appreciate the sentiment," Alfred muttered dryly.

Bruce ignored that. "The really frustrating thing is, I know it's a dummy organization, but the paper trail seems to lead nowhere. Even their leader seems to have sprung up from nowhere last year. Joshua Freeman, originally from Charlotte, or so it says. But I have my doubts."

"False identity?" Alfred asked.

"Almost certainly. But the thing is, I can't find a paper trail that leads anywhere. It stops cold with a pair of dummy companies and a dead mail drop. How did they cover their tracks so well?"

"Perhaps there is government involvement after all," Alfred said quietly.

"Or at least someone with money and influence."

"Do you suppose that your business rival at LexCorp might be involved?" Alfred suggested.

Bruce blinked thoughtfully. "Luthor? Good guess, Alfred. But why start here? Why not Metropolis?"

"So that a certain other caped individual would not notice," Alfred suggested.

Bruce shook his head. "Luthor's not that subtle; he'd hide it from the law, but he'd want us to know. And lately he seems to be more into buying his way into the metahuman field. It's a possibility, I grant you. But it still doesn't feel right." His fingers continued their dance over the keyboard. "Times like this I wish we had a computer specialist."

"You do well enough, sir," Alfred said.

"You know me, Alfred; there's no such thing as 'well enough'."

Alfred hung his head. "Indeed I do, sir."

"Since I can't find anything out about the organization before they came to Gotham, let's see what else they've done since they came here... .. accessing credit card records... ..hmm... "

"There is no privacy, is there, sir?"

Bruce stopped typing and looked at him, eyes old. "No, old friend, there isn't. Except that which we create in our own minds. But as a weapon, it can cut both ways." He turned back to the keyboard. "Freeman must be wealthy beyond what is bank account indicates. He bought a... .." he froze and stared. "Oh, that can't be a coincidence. She's bound to see it."

"See what, sir?"

"Something tailor made to attract our feline friend." Bruce turned and stalked over to the costume rack, already more than halfway to becoming Batman. "I did say they were after heroes and villains alike, didn't I?"

And they know that Catwoman is one of my adversaries."

"Bait, for Catwoman?"

"Yes indeed. Take a look at the readout. I should've compared notes with her last night, curse me for a fool!"

"Perhaps between the bullet wound and her charms you were... .distracted?" Alfred suggested diplomatically.

There was a last gleam of humor from Bruce in his eyes; then he slipped the cowl on, and only Batman remained. "Perhaps," he conceded in his grim voice. "But this time I think it's her life on the line instead of mine."

"Perhaps your foes anticipated that," Alfred pointed out.

"No doubt they did," Batman agreed, as he leapt into the Batmobile. "That's why I've got to get to her first, before she makes her move."

"The sun's not even set yet," Alfred pointed out, mildly surprised.

"I have done daylight runs before, Alfred," Batman said as he gunned the motor. "Justice can't always wait for the night shift."

"Poetic," Alfred shouted over the whine of the turbines. "Where do you think you're going to find her?"

"In the ideal place to scout the prize, of course. Wish me luck!" he slammed the door and roared off.

"Always do, sir," Alfred sighed. "I always do."

Joshua Freeman, the leader of Gotham First, looked out the window. Bringing binoculars up before his eyes, he scanned the nearest rooftop.

"She's not here yet," he noticed with some surprise. "Must be waiting for nightfall. Are the men in position?"

"Yeah," his sandy-haired lieutenant agreed. "Maybe we should get out of sight, too?"

Freeman shook his head. "Not me, yet. This is supposed to look like a normal night in for me. But you should go with the men, sure. But I suppose I should stop looking for her, lest she see me with the binoculars in hand." Reluctantly, he put them away. "I'll come down once it's dark."

"What if the Bat comes?" The lieutenant asked.

Freeman smiled. "I'm hoping he will. We're being paid a lot of money to take him out, and after McReady wounded him last night, he should be vulnerable. Go on now."

The sandy-haired man left to join the others. Freeman clucked his tongue in distaste. No wonder the costumes had the upper hand for so long, when so many normal people didn't bother to think for themselves. Personally, Freeman didn't really hate the costumes as a whole; his enmity lay elsewhere. But he was being paid well to take them out, which would finance his own ultimate goals. And some of the costumes were worthy of his hate, oh yes; and the fact that the rest coddled them was reason enough to take the rest down, even without his recompensation.

Before they killed the Catwoman, he hoped to interrogate her; her methods as a thief would be good to know. Perhaps they could use her in other ways, as well.

As for the Bat... well... while he would like nothing better than to torture and interrogate that one, Freeman doubted they could hold him. He would simply be killed. The only thing to be wary of was not to go for a head-shot; they would, at least know who the Bat really was after it was over.

That information alone would be priceless.

Batman raced towards his destination, his thoughts moving at an even faster speed than his vehicle.

Who was really behind this whole scheme? And why? Why target villains as well as heroes? Was it a personal motivation? It had happened before; those who had been slighted or wounded by the metahuman or vigilante populations sometimes were repulsed by the very idea of donning a mask themselves, and became crusaders against everyone who did wear one. But this time, whoever it was had maintained a secret identity of sorts, by hiding behind proxies. Freeman, though a clever planner by all indications, was clearly being bankrolled by an outsider. Was it in fact one of his costumed foes, seeking to eliminate their own competition as well as himself? But then why target Catwoman? Her skills as a thief were useful. But then again, she would swear loyalty to no one.

Still mulling over the issue, Batman pulled into an alley three buildings over from Freeman's penthouse apartment. Not the nearest building, which was where anyone would expect Catwoman to go.

A mugger was in the alley, looming over a terrified young man. The mugger had stopped and stared as the Batmobile pulled in. When Batman got out, he dropped his knife.

"I'm feeling generous this evening, and I have other fish to fry," Batman said. "Go. And pray I never see your face again."

The thug bolted without a word. His would-be victim remained trembling against the wall for a moment.

"You're safe now," Batman said patiently, and fired a grappling hook at the roof.

"So... .Gotham First lied?"

Batman blinked, then nodded. "They did, indeed. Spread the word."

"I will!" the kid ran off.

Batman shook his head. Evidently Gotham First was having a bigger impact than he had originally thought. Things were getting crazier all the time now; so many elements out of his control.

When he reached the rooftop, he saw Catwoman laying prone on the roof's far side. He knew she must be using binoculars to look at the penthouse apartment.

"Good evening," he said.

She rolled on her back fast, grabbed her cat o nine tails and flashed it out at him in a singular, fluid movement.

A movement he had anticipated. With his cape wrapped around his left hand, he reached up and grabbed one of the tails, and the others whipped around his arm. But between the ballistic armor in the cape and the armor weave in his gauntlets, there was no laceration. He'd probably have a sore hand tomorrow though, just from the pressure. He yanked, and dragged her to him.

Catwoman let herself be pulled willingly enough, once she saw who it was. She almost ran into him. "My my," she said, slightly out of breath. "You are glad to see me. If that's what a girl's gotta do to get a date with you, I must say I'm willing to tolerate the ambush approach. Sorry about striking, but you startled me."

"Not a problem. You would've heard me if you hadn't been so focused on your 'job'. I knew you'd be here."

"Did you?" she smirked. "Of course you did. Brains as well as brawn, how could I forget."

"The Jade Cat statuette, found in Spain 27 years ago. Believed to be Egyptian in origin. Mr. Freeman purchased it at auction last week. Perfect target for you."

"And now you tell me to cease and desist," she sighed. "Give me one good reason why? Or are you going to... manhandle me?"

"It's a trap, Catwoman. It's a trap for you. Freeman's behind the sniper from last night. He's part of Gotham First. You may have heard of them?"

She wrinkled her nose. "Yeah, they hate all of us, no matter which side of

the law they operate on. He's their number one?"

"The front man, anyway. I haven't been able to trace his financial support yet. But be assured, they're waiting for you. Possibly me too, as I would try to stop you from taking the statuette, of course."

She nodded, and her face softened. "Tied up with the sniper from last night, you say."

"He's part of their organization, yes. But the whole thing's still new, and I suspect artificially created. But whoever's behind it is good at covering their tracks. Let me repeat one of my questions from last night; have you heard anything?"

"About these losers?" she shook her head. "No more than I've already told you. And believe me, I would say if I knew anything else. These guys are after my neck too, as you pointed out." She drew away from him, slowly. "Thanks for the tip, I guess." She started to turn away.

"Wait."

She looked at him. "Why Batsy, are you finally admitting you're interested in me?"

Batman remembered last night's dream and suppressed a shudder. "Save the banter, Catwoman. You pointed out, this group is after both of us. You can't have the statuette. But I'm sure you've an interest in taking them down, yes?"

She turned and stared at him straight on, her flirtatious air gone, at least for the moment. "You want to work with me?"

"In this particular case, yes. They've laid a trap for you and almost certainly anticipated my involvement; let's make them think they've succeeded, and bust their trap wide open."

She turned away, thinking about it. "And if I say no?"

"Then I'll go in without you," Batman said. Now more than ever, he missed having Nightwing... ..Robin by his side. But he was sure

Catwoman knew what to do.

Catwoman straightened her back and looked over her shoulder at him, grinning wickedly. "Then it's a date?"

"If you must call it that," Batman grumbled.

"Aw Batsy, so serious," she said, turning to him once again and putting her hands on his shoulders. "I think we'll work well together."

He gently cupped her elbows in his hands, giving what he hoped was a neutral gesture. "So do I," he said, seriously.

The sun was down. Darkness had come.

Catwoman landed on the penthouse roof, claws causing the glass skylight to fracture. Frowning thoughtfully, she got out her glass cutter and got to work.

Hiding in the shadows, clinging to the wall of the building two floors down, Batman watched and waited. He could not act too soon, or the enemy would know they'd spied the trap. If he waited too long, they might kill her.

But she finished cutting a hole in the skylight and dropped out of his sight.

He climbed up and peered over the edge of the penthouse's small outer balcony. Inside it was dark, but there was no activity. The trap had not yet been sprung. He hoped she was ready.

They had no way to know what exact form the trap would take, of course. This group, whatever else it was, was specifically set up to take them out; this would be no simple ambush. They had discussed several possibilities, and he had done his best to prepare her for each of them.

Then suddenly, there were two distinct thuds, and green smoke began to fill the penthouse.

Gas.

Fortunately that had been one of the plans they had discussed.

Hurriedly, Batman took his mask and rebreather from his utility belt and hoped Catwoman was fast enough to use the rebreather he had given her before the gas overwhelmed her.

As he vaulted over the balcony he saw it was so; she had already opened the doors to allow more ventilation. She rolled out of the apartment, eyes shut; she knew well enough that her goggles were not snug enough to keep the gas out.

He helped her to the side; they hunched down, and waited. He half-expected her to make some flirtatious remark; but she was focusing on staying alive, at the moment.

As the gas began to clear, there was a confused shout from below, and then gunmen came pounding up the stairs and into the apartment, wearing gas masks and wielding machine guns. Seeing no unconscious forms, they slowly began to approach the open doors.

"They've sprung the trap, you idiots!" a voice bellowed. "Fire!"

The thugs unleashed their bullets in a killer volley. Batman threw his cape over Catwoman and they lay prone.

Catwoman took off the rebreather and gasped, "Not as romantic as I hoped."

Batman didn't answer, but squeezed her hand.

The gas had mostly cleared by this point. Batman was more worried about the bullets that made it over the edge of the balcony, falling over the city like rain. A falling bullet could still kill a person. But there was no way he could control that risk.

So many things he couldn't control these days.

At last, the storm of bullets slackened. The thugs began to reload.

"Now," he whispered.

As he threw back his cloak, she sprang into action, charging for the doors, cat o nine tails whistling in the darkened apartment. He was right behind her, slamming a shoulder into one thug and then leaping towards another, left foot first. That one went down.

He felt more than saw Catwoman backing up towards him, and bent over. She back flipped, rolling across his caped back and planting her feet in a thug on the opposite side. He, in turn, straightened up and threw a batarang at the thug she'd been backing away from, who had almost succeeded in reloading his weapon. The batarang connected with the thug's head, and he went down.

Another thug knocked Catwoman's cat o nine tails away; she responded by kicking him where it would do the most good. Batman picked it up and cracked it at the legs of a thug who had tried to run; that one went down screaming. The one Catwoman had kicked was in no shape to scream.

He handed her the weapon back, and she smiled her thanks; they turned to face another gunman, a sandy haired man. This one had pulled a revolver from his belt. As he started firing, Batman went high and Catwoman went low. Their combined impacts sent the man smashing through one of the penthouse windows, to lay sprawling senseless on the balcony.

They turned again to leap as one at one of the remaining thugs. It unnerved Batman how well they were coordinating their moves, without planning or discussion. True, they had discussed certain possibilities beforehand, but not actual combat strategy. It hadn't been this way since the early days with Robin... so, so long ago now. Of course, been partnered with Catwoman stirred different feelings in him entirely. This unnerved him more than he could have said.

At last it was quiet, and the last thug was down.

"Door?" Catwoman asked, pointing the one that led into the building

proper.

Batman shook his head. "Remember, they came from below."

They found the stairwell easily enough, an open trap door.

"Give it up, Freeman!" Batman called down in his grimmest voice. "Your men are down. We saw your trap coming from a mile away."

There was a crack in response, and Batman ducked back; the shot didn't sound like anything he had ever heard before. The bullet, or whatever it was, slammed into the ceiling, making a tiny hole. Needle-like, almost surgical in its precision. Batman scowled.

"That," came a hard, assured voice from below, "Is my answer. I have a gas-powered nail gun down here, Batman. Diamond-tipped nails. It'll punch through whatever kind of body armor you have. And I doubt your girlfriend has any such protection. I've got the advantage. You try to come down here and you will die, I promise you."

"So we sit here and wait?" Catwoman countered. "For what? Nobody's coming to rescue you."

"All I need do is call the cops. They'll be most interested to come after you for breaking and entering. Or, if they're in your pocket as I think they are, my lawyer will have a field day with the corruption of the Gotham PD. I'll walk, and your buddies in blue will be ousted and replaced with people like me, who understand what justice is."

"If your reasoning weren't so flimsy and pathetic," Catwoman said, "I'd laugh."

"And besides which, we need not wait for you to try it," Batman added. "Your own strategy cuts both ways." He took a gas grenade from his belt and dropped it down the stairwell. "You tried to gas us, after all."

"You think I don't have a mask?" Freeman shouted back.

"Try making your call while wearing it. Try seeing us through the gas while we come for you." Batman flipped his cape over the stairwell

opening. Freeman took the bait and fired. Just as advertised, the nails punched through the cape's ballistic armor. But of course, Batman had not been fool enough to stand directly over the stairwell, and the needles flew upwards to join the other in the ceiling.

Freeman began to choke, gag, and splutter.

"He said he had a mask?" Catwoman frowned.

"By wasting time shooting at me, he didn't get it on in time," Batman said.

"Clever, Batsy," she said.

"I try," he said, without much humor.

They tied Freeman and his goons up, and put the ringleader in on the sofa. As he began to stir, Batman took a hypodermic needle from his belt and injected him.

"What's that?" Catwoman wanted to know.

"Sodium pentathol. He'll tell us everything we want to know."

It took Freeman a few more minutes to come around. He finally opened his eyes and stared at them blearily. "Costumes," he said, with contempt. "You'll never really beat us."

"We already have," Batman said. "Now talk."

Between the drug and Batman's intimidating presence—not to mention Catwoman's cat o nine tails—Freeman talked easily enough.

His real name was Joshua Greene, and he was from Alabama. He had been a member of a racist organization down south, and been instrumental in five racial slayings. The courts had never been able to pin anything on him, but things had gotten too hot for him, and he had fled north.

He didn't know who his benefactor was; he had been contacted anonymously over the phone, and whoever was on the other end was able to somehow block Caller ID. They had told him where his first payment was—a six figure sum—and told him how to spend it. If he wanted more, he would do what they told him. He had been glad enough to follow their instructions, using the same organizing principles behind his old hate group ties to set up Gotham First. The money kept flowing, and the others, including the sniper McReady, were drawn to him by their mysterious benefactor in a similar way. Gotham was only the first step; once Batman and all other Gotham costumes were dead, they were meant to move on to other cities and repeat the process, gathering new members as they went.

"It's not directed specifically at me, then?" Batman asked.

"Well... ." Freeman/Greene's head lolled on the sofa. "They never told me much... .but... .whoever it was on the phone seemed to really have it in for you personally. Going after other cities would be like... .a bonus. But you and your girlfriend here, and the other freaks of this city... you guys were first. And you were public enemy number one, Batman."

Batman stood and exchanged a long look with Catwoman.

"I think a little additional punishment is called for, don't you?" she said.

"A racist murderer who hoped to practice his trade on us in turn," Batman said. "Oh, yes. And it will send a message to his mysterious sponsor, as well."

Batman untied the man's arms and legs. The man was docile now, with the drug in his system. Batman picked him up and slammed him face first into the floor, then took him by one ankle, and twisted until there was a satisfying crack.

The man screamed in agony.

Batman rolled him over and gestured to Catwoman. "All yours. But don't go too far."

"Like I told you when we first met," Catwoman answered, "I'm a thief, not a murderer. But I'm sure he's earned a few scars, yes?"

Batman nodded.

Catwoman wielded her weapon with all her skill and practice. Greene/Freeman had much to scream about before she was done.

Catwoman drew the jade cat statuette out of the safe with practiced ease, but at Batman's advice handled it gingerly. She slowly turned it over, to find a small black plastic packet taped into the bottom. Wires could be seen sticking out of it.

"Bomb," said Batman. "I suspected as much. They wanted to take us out at all costs."

Catwoman pouted, but handed the statuette over without argument. Gingerly, Batman set it down and got to work. It was a simple device, with a timer that had activated once Catwoman had removed it from the safe. Batman defused it with little more than three minutes remaining.

They went out to the balcony together. "I'll call the police," Batman said. "You could have run while I was defusing the bomb, you know."

"Hey, I can't steal it, so you can't really come after me for it, can you? Besides, I helped you with all this."

"I helped you also, by warning you of the danger. And there's still the ring, too."

"Hey, I saved your butt on that one, didn't I?"

"That doesn't make it right."

"Are you sure that's your only reason?" she pouted and drew close.

"You may not believe it, but I am seeing someone," Batman replied.

"That doesn't mean you're not interested in me, now does it?" She drew closer still, and gently raked one claw down his Bat-symbol. "I bet I can compete with your mystery woman any day."

"Just return the ring, Catwoman."

Instead of answering, she embraced him, leaned up and kissed him gently. Slowly, she drew away, looking at him. "Let me go, Bats. Maybe you can really catch me... some other night."

She leaped away, and Batman—reluctantly—let her go.

He wondered what Vickie would say, if she had known.

He contacted the police, then swung away from the penthouse in his turn, down to the Batmobile. For all that they had gained here, he knew they still had no real answers. The financier, the mastermind, had covered their tracks really well. The longer Batman thought about it, the more certain Batman was that the whole case had been in some way tied to the slowly rising crime in Gotham. He just didn't know how.

For all that they had won a victory here, there were still far too many unanswered questions.

But it was as much Catwoman as those questions that occupied his mind as he drove away.

The End!

If you enjoyed this story, you can find more tales of your favorite DC heroes at DC2 Universe.

All characters are (c) DC Comics and no infringement upon their copyrights is intended. Support DC Comics by buying their monthly comic books and graphic novels.

From the same author on Feedbooks

Batman #18 (2007)

Batman: Feline Persuasion, Part 1 (of 2).

Suicide Squad #13 (2007)

Suicide Squad: Who Do You Trust? (A Justice League vs. America tie-in)

Suicide Squad #15 (2007)

Suicide Squad: New Blood, Part 2.

The Squad find Wilkerson and Malthus' lair, but things only get worse from there as the mad scientists release their nightmarish prisoner...

Suicide Squad #16 (2007)

Suicide Squad: New Blood, Finale.

The Parademon is on the loose! The Mad Scientists make a mad dash for freedom! And Killer Frost's friendship with Terra takes a turn that Terra doesn't like at all...

Suicide Squad #17 (2007)

Suicide Squad: Africa, Part 1.

When one of the few US-friendly nations in Africa nearly loses their leader to an assassination attempt, the Squad is sent to deal with the problem. But there is more going on than would first appear...

Suicide Squad #18 (2007)

Suicide Squad: Africa, Finale.

The Squad's trip to Africa concludes as the attempts on the lives of King Twaba and his Queen reach a fever pitch, and Terra faces an uncomfortable truth about herself.

Teen Titans #23 (2007)

Teen Titans: Not of This Earth, Part One.

Dagon returns to Titans Tower just in time to confront an alien consciousness. Starfire finds it familiar but doesn't know why; Cyborg is haunted by it, and Dagon himself is tempted by it. And that doesn't even begin to describe what it does to Raven...

Teen Titans #24 (2007)

Teen Titans: Not of This Earth, Part 2.

Possessed scientists run amok in STAR Labs, the Titans fighting back as best they can. Cyborg and Kid Flash each work on their own plans to resolve this nightmare. Will their ideas conflict, or does each have a part of the puzzle?

Teen Titans #25 (2007)

Teen Titans: Not of This Earth, Part Three (of Three). The "Not of this Earth" saga concludes! Cyborg's technical know how is put to the test against the alien menace, whilst Kid Flash is in a literal race against time to save Raven's soul!

Maximum Batman #1 (2008)

Maximum Batman: War on Crime, Part 1: The First Night

Maximum Batman #2 (2008)

Maximum Batman: War on Crime, part 2: "Law and Disorder."
James Gordon is a tough-as-nails SWAT squad captain, best cop in a city where almost every cop is bad. His efforts to fight corruption are frustrated at every turn....and then he meets....the Batman!

Maximum Batman #3 (2008)

Maximum Batman: "Anger Born of Fear."

The Consortium has had enough of Batman's interference; they send Bane, who lays a trap from which Batman, bruised and battered and exhausted, may not be able to escape.....

Maximum Batman #4 (2008)

Maximum Batman: "The Bat Rises."

Batman and Bane square off in a brutal fight to the finish, with Gordon waiting in the wings....

Suicide Squad #19 (2008)

Suicide Squad: Enchanted.

We learn much about the secret history of the Enchantress as she offers June a dreadful bargain she may not be able to refuse...

Suicide Squad #22 (2008)

Suicide Squad: Live for the Hunt.

Catman goes on a solo mission in order to re-establish his credibility, and runs headlong into Catwoman! But this will most definitely not be a friendly meeting of costumed felines...

Teen Titans #34 (2008)

Teen Titans: Mission to Zanda, Part One (of Three).

While Dick is away in Gotham being Batman, he sends Robin to the Titans to further Tim's training. But what neither Dick nor Tim could expect is that Speedy would come to the Titans with a top secret Checkmate mission to Zandia...

Suicide Squad #27 (2008)

Suicide Squad: Hurricane, Part Two (of Two).

The power of the living hurricane is finally unleashed and Katana and the Squad may have to worry more about survival than winning...

Teen Titans #26 (2008)

Teen Titans: Strategy.

The Titans go about their daily business, but the HIVE has targeted them....so who else would they hire for the job.....but Deathstroke?!

Teen Titans #27 (2008)

Teen Titans: Shifting Loyalties, Part Two (of Four).

The Suicide Squad/Teen Titans cross-over continues!

Following on from the events of Suicide Squad #20, the Teen Titans come face to face with the Suicide Squad as Cyborg tracks down his father. But this is not the only problem, as one of the old man's experiments is in the hands of a bitter Markovian king, and Speedy is torn between his loyalty to the Titans, his orders from Checkmate, and a ghost from his own past...continued next month in Suicide Squad # 21!

Suicide Squad #20 (2008)

Suicide Squad: Shifting Loyalties, Part One (of Four).

The Four part Suicide Squad/Teen Titans Crossover begins here! Assassination in Markovia calls Terra back to her unwanted home, dragging the whole Suicide Squad with her. The situation is more

complicated than it first appears, with enemies on every side; a recalcitrant new King, a shifty pair of scientists, a group of dangerous insurgents, a sentient killing machine, and not least another super powered team on the way....Continued in Teen Titans # 27!

Teen Titans #28 (2008)

Teen Titans: Shifting Loyalties, Part Four (of Four).

The "Shifting Loyalties" Titans/Squad crossover concludes as Terra, Cyborg, and Speedy must each face their personal demons; and King Gregor is confronted with the reality of the monster he's helped create. Battle rages on, for Cheshire and her soldiers are determined to conquer all...

Suicide Squad #21 (2008)

Suicide Squad: Shifting Loyalties, Part Three (of Four).

Cheshire steps forward with her troops and her plan to take Markovia. Speedy is haunted by her, and King Gregor unleashes his weapon...but there may be consequences he does not expect... concluded in Teen Titans #28!

Teen Titans #29 (2008)

Teen Titans: Wickersham Isle, Part One (of Three).

Wonder Girl first feels a terrible pain, and then vanishes. Who has taken her, and for what sinister purpose?

Teen Titans #30 (2008)

Teen Titans: Wickersham Isle, Part Two (of Three).

The Titans track Donna to a remote island off the coast of the Carolinas, but are not even remotely prepared for what awaits them there...

Suicide Squad #23 (2008)

Suicide Squad: Ride the Lightning, Part One (of Three).

The team gains two new members, but the spotlight is on the Electrocuter as his past comes back to haunt him...

Teen Titans #31 (2008)

Teen Titans: Wickersham Isle, Part Three (of Three).

Donna's fate hangs in the balance as the Titans fight the malevolent old wizard of Wickersham Isle.

Suicide Squad #24 (2008)

Suicide Squad: Ride the Lightning, Part Two (of Three).

More flashbacks into the Electrocuter's past, as he leads the team to Baja California and makes a shocking discovery!

Teen Titans #32 (2008)

Teen Titans: Choices, Part One (of Two).

Some time passes. Nightwing struggles to deal with recent events in Gotham as they put an additional strain on him. As Terra settles in with the team and her relationship with Beast Boy deepens. But just as all seems to be going so well, she receives a mysterious and threatening email that will put her Titans membership to the test...

Suicide Squad #25 (2008)

Suicide Squad: Ride the Lightning, Part Three (of Three).

The Squad chases the shadowy supremacist organization to Curaco, where a bloody final reckoning is at hand!

Teen Titans #33 (2008)

Teen Titans: Choices, Part Two (of Two).

Terra confronts the man who sent the blackmailing email, and must make a decision that will affect not only her future, but that of the Titans as a whole as well...

Suicide Squad #26 (2008)

Suicide Squad: Hurricane, Part One (of Two).

A terrible force is unleashed when someone is granted the power of nature's most nightmarish storms. Katana from Global Guardians guest stars.

Teen Titans #35 (2008)

Teen Titans: Mission to Zandia, Part Two (of Three).

Tim Drake is exposed to superhero action on the big stage for the first time, as the Titans experience the criminal paradise that Zandia has become first hand...

Suicide Squad #28 (2008)

Suicide Squad: Down With the Sickness, Part One (of Two).

Malthus' past comes back to haunt him, and the team splits in two to deal with a viral outbreak and those behind it...

Teen Titans #36 (2008)

Teen Titans: Mission to Zandia, Part Three (of Three).

The situation in Zandia comes to a head but the Titans aren't fully aware of what's going on...

Suicide Squad #29 (2008)

Suicide Squad: Down With the Sickness, Part Two (of Two).

The conspiracy behind the virus is more convoluted than anyone thought and Malthus makes a personal decision.

Suicide Squad #30 (2008)

Suicide Squad: Fracture, Part One (of Four).

The magical pact that June made with Enchantress finally moves center stage. Enchantress goads June on a quest to make her hold on Mitch permanent. What neither of them realizes is the consequences of this decision may very well tear the Squad apart...

Teen Titans #37 (2008)

Teen Titans: The White Rose, Part One (of Five).

The Titans discover Deathstroke's own mysterious daughter, Rose. But what is truly going on between father and daughter?

Maximum Batman #5 (2009)

Maximum Batman: "Bad Business as Usual"

Maximum Batman #6 (2009)

Maximum Batman: Change, Not All of it Good.

Teen Titans #44 (2009)

Teen Titans: When Circe Comes Calling..., Part Three (of Three).

As the female Titans must battle their mind-controlled male counterparts, Wonder Girl must face Circe alone...and neither of them will be the same again afterwards.

Teen Titans #40 (2009)

Teen Titans: The White Rose, Part Four (of Five).

The Titans' conflict with the Lord of Time comes to a head....and they've barely had time to recover from that before Deathstroke makes his next move.

Teen Titans #38 (2009)

Teen Titans: The White Rose, Part Two (of Five).

Rose has had some small amount of time to settle in as a team member. But now comes the first real test, as the Titans face the return of....the Mad Mod?!? And they must do it without the help of a battered and bruised Kid Flash!

Suicide Squad #31 (2009)

Suicide Squad: Fracture, Part Two (of Four).

Enchantress, June and Mitch head towards South America in their search, unaware that they are being pursued...

Suicide Squad #33 (2009)

Suicide Squad: Fracture, Part Four (of Four).

Fracture reaches its conclusion. Neither June nor Enchantress nor Mitch nor the Squad as a whole will be the same again.

Suicide Squad #35 (2009)

Suicide Squad: War in the Corridors of Power, Part One (of Four).

"War in The Corridors of Power" begins, the last story in this era of the Suicide Squad. A conspiracy is brewing in the Pentagon, and former Squad member Malthus and his ally Wilkerson are swept up in it...

Teen Titans #39 (2009)

Teen Titans: The White Rose, Part Three (of Five)

With Kid Flash still injured, the Titans come across one of the most dreaded villains ever, a man who has crossed swords with the Justice League...the Lord of Time! What does he know about Rose's future?

Suicide Squad #32 (2009)

Fracture, Part Three (of Four)

Enchantress has found the staff. Now the Squad fractures.....and June and the Electrocuter must both make difficult, terrible choices.

Teen Titans #42 (2009)

Teen Titans: When Circe Comes Calling...

With Dick Grayson away in Gotham, Wonder Girl leads the team....just in time for Circe to show up. It seems that events in Donna's life are coming to a head...

Teen Titans #41 (2009)

Teen Titans: The White Rose, Part Five (of Five).

It all comes to a head as Deathstroke and the HIVE capture the Titans. Who are the people waiting in the shadows and what is their connection to Rose? And what secret is Rose hiding from Titans, Deathstroke and HIVE alike?

Suicide Squad #34 (2009)

Suicide Squad: Debriefing.

Amanda Waller has the unhappy task of making sense of the mess left behind in the wake of Enchantress, Frost, and Resurrection Man's departure.....and must also face a hidden threat within the walls of Belle Reve itself.

Suicide Squad #36 (2009)

Suicide Squad: War in the Corridors of Power, Part Two (of Four).

The final story of this era of the Squad continues as they must battle their way out of the Pentagon, when every soldier and officer present believes them traitors....but they may get help from an unlikely source...

Teen Titans #43 (2009)

Teen Titans: When Circe Comes Calling..., Part Two (of Three).

As the battle drags on, Circe makes a vital discovery that shifts the balance of power in her favor against Wonder Girl!

Suicide Squad #37 (2009)

Suicide Squad: War in the Corridors of Power, Part Three (of Four).

As Knockout and the Parademon take on the conspiracy's secret weapon, the rest of the team encounters the third and final conspirator. The revelation of that person's identity is something that Waller and Steel can barely believe...

Teen Titans #46 (2009)

Teen Titans: The Time That Shouldn't, Part One (of Two).

Who is the Professor? Why are Joseph and Grant Wilson working for him? Where did Lillith come from? Where did the girl with red wings come from? What does Checkmate have to do with it?

Where are the Titans? What is going on?!?

What is wrong with this picture?

A lot.

Teen Titans #45 (2009)

Teen Titans: True Heroism.

What makes a hero? How do you define a hero? The Titans, who are, met two who think they are, but are not.

Suicide Squad #38 (2009)

Suicide Squad: War in the Corridors of Power, Part Four (of Four).

The conspiracy's full extent is revealed, the Squad moves into action.....and a chapter closes in the annals of Squad history.

Nightwing Special #1 (2010)

Nightwing: Family Motive.

Suicide Squad #14 (2010)

Suicide Squad: New Blood, Part 1.

The exciting new Squad era continues here with a dramatic new story arc and an intriguing new team roster...

The Squad recruits a new member just in time to deal with the theft of a top secret weapon from the Pentagon. But of course, as usual, the Squad doesn't know everything they should about their target, or who stole it...



www.feedbooks.com
Food for the mind