



Lobo: Dirty Deeds - Done Dirt Cheap
Grant LaFleche

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Hey you! Get yer greasy paws offa my space hog! Naw, I don't care that ya didn't touch it yet. Ya might have later and ain't but nobody touches my ride!

Aw, yer a human ain't ya? No offense, but the Main Man thinks you ain't nothing but a pack of naked monkeys. Yes he does. Hell, 'bout the only thing ya ever done right was AC/DC. Righteous that is. Cranked up on my space hog whenever I'm on the road....what's that? Ya can't hear hard rock in space? Why not? Cause ya can't hear in space? Stupid monkey! Don't push yer luck!

I'd probably kill ya right here, right now, but I got a business-type appointment. Can't figure why a soft skinned chimp like yerself would dare walk into a place like Vogon's Cantina. But I'm in a forgivin' mood, chimp. So ya can come along and watch the action. And there's always action at Vogon's. Just stay outta my way and keep yer head down.

My name? Ya better not forget it ya fraggin bastich. It might be the last name ya ever hear.

Lobo!

LOBO: DIRTY DEEDS - DONE DIRT CHEAP

Written by Grant "The Fraggin Bastich" LaFleche
Edited By Grant LaFleche & John "The Main Man" Elbe
Cover by Cover by Sylvain "Wild Space Hog" Swimer

I hate the cantina. Vogon's Cantina. Ta call this dump a dive is to insult every garbage scowl, trash heap, and two-bit whorehouse this side of Proxima Centauri. The pub scum on the floor actually moves and has been known to eat a customer or two.

But that ain't why I hate the cantina.

This dump is located on the 3rd moon of Spovik. It rains here. It rains all the frackin' time. It rains 792 days a fraggin year. Only an aquatic bastich would want to live here. And it's acid rain too, just for giggles.

But that ain't why I hate the cantina.

I hate the cantina because without a doubt, this dump serves the worst pan galactic gargleblaster on the outer rim. Ya can't even get a decent drunk on after two of these things. So what's the damn point really? If ya drink a pan galactic gargleblaster and can't wake up four days later and rememberin' nothin', yer better off chuggin' a keg of warm Khund urine.

I hate the cantina. But business is business, and I am here to see a lady 'bout killin' a man. And killin's what the Main Man does best. Yes he does.

Vogon, the fat slob who runs this dump, sits me at a table at the back of the bar. I like it this way. Keeps most of these bastiches in my sights.

"C-c-can I get you a drink, m-m-m-m-Mr. Lobo?," says Dex, the six eyed, six tentacled waiter Vogon keeps hanging around here.

"Whatca got on tap, kid?"

"Well, we have a Qwardian lager..."

"Ya had better be joking, squirt..."

"O-o-o-r a Raylien malt..."

"I'm thinkin' tentacle soup might be a good start..."

"O-o-o-o-or an ale from Earth. Something called Gin-Us"

See why I hate this place?

I order the Earth drink and light a cigar. My mark should be here shortly.

When the door swings open, the rain tries to scamper in like a pathetic alley cat. But no one is paying much mind to that. I sure as hell ain't. All eyes are on her. Even under that cloak and hood ya can tell she's trouble. The kind of trouble most men want - and can't handle.

But then, most men ain't the Main Man. No they ain't.

She wiggles across the floor and several men start to follow up behind her. Two bit losers looking for an easy lay. I figure one or two might pounce on her, and hell, that might make an interesting show. But then she pulls her hood and cloak off. That backed 'em off in a hurry.

Everyone whose anyone out these parts knows Lady Druuna.

She ain't wearing much. Ya don't need no imagination figure to out what's under the scraps o' cloth she calls clothes. Not that it matters to the Main Man. No, it don't. Still, I'd be a lying Czarian tree sloth if I said she didn't get my blood boiling. A tasty treat she is.

Druuna. Princess of Apokopolis. One of the most beautiful and dangerous bastiches in the galaxy.

"You. Lowly. You must be Lobo, yes?" she says with a voice that drips sex like hot honey. "We are for to be doing the business here, yes?"

"Yeah. Have a seat," I say blowing smoke rings at her fine bod. She might be hot, but ain't nobody calls the Main Man a "lowly." No they don't. I hate Apokolpis bastiches.

Dex wiggles over and tries not to leak too much mucus on her highnessness in the bright red, thigh high leather boots. Hot stuff I know. Too bad Dex don't know Lady Druuna carries a 12-inch guttin' knife in one o' them boots. And she loves seafood.

After gettin' her drink - some fraggin fruity thing with an umbrella in it - Druuna gives me the once over. The Main Man knows she likes what she sees. He's one fine hunk o' man, if I do say so myself. Yes he is.

"So, Mr. Lobo. You can do this job for me?"

I take a long so drag of my cigar, fire the smoke out my nose and put my size 24s up on the table. I love a broad that can get down to business.

"Depends. What's the job?"

"My husband. The stupid good looking must, how you say, go away. Yes?"

I nearly swallow my cigar.

"YOUR husband??"

"Yes. My husband. Desaad."

I'll give her one thing. The lady has a pair made out of deuterium. Desaad. The high executioner of Apokolips. Right hand bastich to Dark-seid himself.

"Unless I am come to wrong man," Druuna says, leaning across the table and purring into my ear. "I am told, big strong Lobo can kill anyone... "

Before I can say anything, a fat finger pokes me in the back. I hate that. Someone is going to get fragged.

"Well, well, lookie lookie lookie. I think you just made my day Lobo. You know the Guardians still have a price on yer head."

Jack T. Chance. The Green Lantern for these parts. Like all o' these ring totting pansies, Jack figures he is a big bad law man. Like I said, someone is going to get fragged!

"Still, huh?" I say without takin' my eyes of Druuna, who is now nibblin' my ear lobe. "What, the little dress wearin' gnomes still got that 'arrest without harmin' ' order out one me?"

“Sorta. They changed the bounty a few months back.”

“Ta what?”

“Leavin’ ya mostly functional”

“Ooh, I’m quakin’ my boots Jackie-boy. Beat it. I’m busy.”

Out of the corner of my eye I see the glow from Jack’s ring. He’s dumb enough to try this. Good. I ain’t killed anyone all day, and Druuna’s getting me all hot and bothered. I stand up and face the GL nose to nose.

“Listen, ring slinger, I ain’t got no problem polishin’ this floor with yer innards. So either spark that cheap jewelry in some other bastich’s face, or we gonna have a problem. A big, stinkin’ frackin’ problem.”

Jackie-boy takes a long hard look at me. The ring fades.

“We never had this conversation, Lobo,” he says and he walks to the door.

“Good boy,” I say, sitting back down so Druuna can pick up where she left off. But I get poked by another finger. This one as boney as a Talaxian mud hound.

“If that Lantern ain’t getting the b-b-b-bounty, I might has well, Lobo.”

One-Eyed Twitch. This loser is the single worst bounty hunter in the galaxy. A frackin’ disgrace to the frackin’ profession. I shoulda killed this bastich on principle years ago.

Last time I saw One-Eyed Twitch was on Qward. The dumb bastich had actually tried to cash a bounty on Sinestro. That would almost be a tough job for the Main Man. Yes it would. Almost. But for a Denebian slime devil like Twitch? Let me put it this way –when the bastich confronted Sinestro, he had three eyes. We just called him Twich then.

By a hideous twist o’ fate I was on Qward on business and Sinestro paid me to drag Twitch home. A job’s a job. But I told Twitch the next time I

saw him, it would be the last.

“S-s-s-so h-h-h-ands up, Lo-lo-lobo,” he says, reachin’ for his blaster. I lunge from the table and grab Twitch by the face. I crush his head in one squeeze.

“Gods below, Lobo!,” Druuna shrikes, tryin’ to wipe the bits o’ brain from her hair. “Even Darkseid has more manners than that!”

Women.

I sit back down, puttin' my blaster on the table. Gotta make sure it ain't clogged with Twitch juice.

“Yo, Dex!” I say. “Get me another drink. I got brains and itty bitty pieces of skull in mine! And ya better not charge me!”

Dex wiggles over and goes green when he sees the body on the floor. The pub scum will eat well tonight.

“Uh, y-y-y-yes. But Mr. Lobo, you killed that man...”

“Yeah.”

“You did that...”

“Yeah.”

“We-w-well, since you did that to your drink, I am going to have to charge...”

I snatch up the blaster and fire it into Dex’s face. His body slums on the floor over what is left of Twitch. Guess it ain’t clogged, huh?

“Yo, Vagon!,” I say. “Get me another drink! I got brains, itty bitty pieces of skull and squid juice in mine! And ya better not charge me.”

Vagon lumbers over and snorts.

“Did you have to shoot Dex in the head, Lobo?”

"Relax, Vogon. It'll grow back. Just get me a drink."

By now Druuna knows the Main Man is the man for the job. Yes she does. I can tell by the way her skin is changin' color. She's is getting excited. Happens to women who hang around me. Ain't my fault.

"So, Lobo dear. What for you are charging for making Desaad like squid boy?"

"Normally, I charge 10,000 for a hit. But yer husband ain't no regular bastich. No he ain't. He lives on Apokoplis. And then there's his boss. It's all gonna take special equipment. And I'm gonna have to do it all quiet like. Which, as it happens, I have a sale on for sneaky killin' this month," I say while reloading my blaster. "So that's 10,000 now and another 10,000 when you get yer husband's head in a sack."

Druuna giggles as Vogon brings me a fresh drink. She's gettin' off on this.

"So for 20,000 my stupid good looking will be for to trouble me no more," she purrs. "Yes, to this I agree."

She reaches into one of her make me drool boots and pulls out a credit disk.

"Ten thousand. I give you other 10,000 once Desaad is dead."

"Sure thing lady," I say. I finish loading the blaster, point it at Druuna and squeeze the trigger. She don't make a sound when she falls the floor. "When Desaad is dead."

I can hear the clapping of hands of behind me.

"Good. Good," Desaad says, slithering out of the shadows draped in a dark purple robe and hood. "You have fulfilled our agreement, Lobo. You indeed know the power of Darkseid."

"Give it a rest. You paid me first. And is the only reason I ain't fragged you, freak boy."

He walks slowly around me. By now, most of the other bastiches in the bar have seen him. They either flee or hide under their tables. Smart move. But the Main Man ain't runnin' from no dress wearin' pansie. No he ain't.

"Well once I learned my wife intended to have me killed, I knew she would execute order 66."

"Order what?"

"I don't actually know, to be totally honest. I just like saying that," he says. "I just rolls of the tongue. 'Execute order 66'."

"Freak"

"Oh yes," he says. "Well my dearest would only go to the most lethal killer in the galaxy and the only one with even a chance of reaching me in my citadel on Apokolips. It was only natural that I contact you. And this was worth every penny. Pity about Druuna though. She was beautiful. I suppose I will just have to create another."

"Whatever flips yer pickle," I say, as Desaad walks away. "Whatever flips yer pickle."

I go to pick up my drink and notice I got bits of Druuna juice in it. Fraggin' hell.

I hate the cantina.

THE END

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From the same author on Feedbooks

Batman: City of Crime #5 (2007)

Batman: City of Crime, Part 5 (of 5): Wrath

Batman: City of Crime #4 (2007)

Batman: City of Crime, Part 4 (of 5): Knight Fall

Batman: City of Crime #3 (2007)

Batman: City of Crime, Part 3 (of 5): Towering Heights.

Batman: City of Crime #1 (2007)

Batman: City of Crime, Part 1 (of 5): Shadows.

Gotham. The city with its soul on fire. A city of victims. A city of villains. A city of heroes.

For years Gotham Gazette reporter Marv "Mickey" Fynn has allowed the dark corners of Gotham to ruin him. Once a reporter who rivaled Lois Lane and Clark Kent, Fynn has become a lost in an alcoholic haze.

With his job hanging by a thread, the jaded Fynn takes on one last story. One last chance to see his name on front page. But when he investigates a murder that would turn even the Joker's stomach, Fynn enters a world he never thought he would.

The world of The Batman - a mysterious vigilante that has only just begun to appear in Gotham City.

Neither Fynn, nor Gotham will ever be the same again.

Set during the first years of Batman's career, Marv "Mickey" Fynn tries to keep his job by investigating a murder that is ghastly by even Gotham City's standards. Convinced he knows the dead woman, Fynn starts his investigation in the roughest part of Gotham, in it's roughest bar. The only person who might keep the jaded reporter alive is the mysterious underworld figure, Matches Malone!

Batman: City of Crime #2 (2007)

Batman: City of Crime, Part 2 (of 5): Into the Inferno.

Reporter Mickey Fynn's investigation into the ghastly murder of Nancy Hartigan takes him to the one place he knows he shouldn't go - the lair of the Penguin! Oswald Cobblepot might provide a critical lead on the case...if Fynn lives long enough to hear it.

Batman #20 (2007)

Batman: Partners.

The Justice League's world is coming down around them, so they desperately need their key strategist ready for action. Only Batman hasn't been seen in weeks! Superman is dispatched to find his long time partner - only to find he is in no mood to help the League!

Batman #21 (2007)

Batman: Trauma, Part 1.

Batman #22 (2007)

Batman: Trauma, Part 2.

Batman frantically tries to hunt down the Wrath, who has kidnapped Vicki Vale! Meanwhile, when another Gotham villain turns up dead, Batman is forced to come face to face with his greatest failure as a crime fighter.

Batman #23 (2007)

Batman: Trauma, Part 3.

Finally, the fate of Batman's first partner is revealed! What happened to Jason Todd, aka Redwing, after the events of City of Crime? Why doesn't Nightwing know who Redwing was?

Batman #24 (2007)

Batman: Trauma, Part 4 (of 5).

In the second to last story in Batman: Trauma, Batman, Nightwing and Alfred go on the offensive against the Wrath. But in doing so they find themselves trapped in the cross fire of lethal agendas. The ultimate fate of Jason Todd is revealed and stakes for Batman and Gotham are raised.

Batman #25 (2007)

Batman: Trauma, Finale.

The sequel to City of Crime ends here, shaking the foundation of Batman's world. 'Nuff said.

Batman #27 (2008)

Batman: A Mirror, Darkly Part 1.

Gotham City is under assault. Crime has changed and the old rules of the game no longer apply. Before Batman can even adjust to his new status quo, a ghost from his past returns threatening everything the Dark Knight has ever built or cared for. Be prepared for the DC2 debut of Batman's most lethal enemy.

Batman #26 (2008)

Batman: Agoge.

Things in Gotham are changing. A strange new twist to the Joker's behavior leaves Batman puzzled, but he isn't the only one keeping tabs on the homicidal clown. As Batman past and present collide we learn for the first time how Jason Todd became the Dark Knight's first partner.

Batman #28 (2008)

Batman: A Mirror, Darkly; Part 2.

The history of Ra's Al Ghul's connection to Bruce Wayne is revealed while Batman tries to protect Gotham from his former master. An unlikely alliance is formed under the city streets and the Joker comes face to face with...himself?

Batman #29 (2008)

Batman: A Mirror, Darkly Part 3.

War! The battle between Batman and Ra's spills onto the streets of Gotham City, causing Jim Gordon to question the actions of his long time masked ally in the war on crime. As Ra's makes a hard final push to take control of the city, Batman's new allies led by Black Mask strike back. And as if that wasn't enough, the Joker has decided it's time to go wild.

Batman #30 (2008)

Batman: A Mirror, Darkly Part 4.

It all ends here! The war between Ra's Al Ghul and Batman comes to a head as Gotham city burns! At stake is nothing less than the future of Batman and the fate of the city of crime! Nothing will ever be the same for DC2's Dark Knight after this!

Batman #31 (2008)

Batman: My Kingdom for a Horse.

During the climax of Ra's Al Ghul's attack on Gotham City, Batman's criminal allies led by Black Mask, Two Face and the Penguin were tasked with defending City Hall from the League of Shadows.

Batman #32 (2008)

Batman: The Grey Ghost.

Gotham's new Batman is determined to follow in his mentor's footsteps....if he survives. Dick Grayson is about to learn the cost of wearing the cape and cowl as he faces his most lethal enemy while being chased by the ghosts of Bruce Wayne's past. Meanwhile Black Mask and Harvey Bullock are forced to come face to face with their own demons....and each other.

Batman #33 (2009)

Batman: Sins of the Father.

As the Grey Ghost continues his assault on the criminal element of Gotham City, Dick Grayson learns about the price to be paid for wearing the cape and cowl. Meanwhile, on the run from Killer Croc, Black Mask and Bullock come face to face with a new player in Gotham!



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