



Nightwing #8
Ellen Fleischer

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Nightwing
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Written by Ellen Fleischer
Cover by JrFan
Edited by Ellen Fleischer

Proofreaders: Charlene Edwards, Debbie Reed, Charlie Wilkins
Consultant: Charlie Wilkins
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... And there came a day, unlike any other, when the world's greatest heroes faced their greatest threat... Coveting the legendary Anti-Life Equation that would make him the Master of the Universe, the evil god Darkseid brought death and destruction to Earth... Now, the fiery, black planet Apokolips hangs above the Earth and the two worlds go to war! Separate and taken by surprise, the heroes of Earth struggle just to survive!

... First blood was drawn in Metropolis. Striking a deal with Lex Luthor for the comatose body of Superman's half-brother Kru-El, Darkseid's chief scientist Desaad transforms the Kryptonian into the rampaging killing machine called Doomsday! A fierce battle ensues and for the first time, Superman falls in battle! Dragged in chains to Apokolips, the Man of Steel is Darkseid's prisoner...

... On Oa, the Green Lantern Corps is sabotaged and betrayed by an agent of Apokolips. The Central Power Battery is destroyed and the Manhunters, ancient enemies of the Guardians of the Universe have launched a successful assault on the planet. Oa falls, and the mysterious new Manhunter Grandmaster sends a prisoner to his ally Darkseid—the Guardian Appa Ali Apsa!

Meanwhile, on Earth, Green Lantern Hal Jordan finds himself, inexplicably, in possession of the only working power ring in the universe, and uses it to save Coast City from a massive tidal wave threatening the Pacific seaboard—and to soundly defeat Kalibak, the son of Darkseid in a fearsome brawl!

... As the captured Guardian Appa Ali Apsa is taken to Apokolips, he escapes briefly before he is recaptured over Metropolis— but not before he can bathe one particular Earthling in a weird emerald light... changing Kyle Rayner's life forever!

... In Gotham City, the alien assault hits the hardest and the city falls to the brutal General Steppenwolf, but not before the Dark Knight Detective is able to smuggle out (with the help of Nightwing) the one man Darkseid wants the most: Scott Free, the vaunted Mister Miracle...

... Following the nefarious Virman Vundabar through a boom tube, the New Outsiders become stranded on Apokolips itself. And while part of the team launches a desperate mission to rescue one of their own from the clutches of the despicable Desaad, the rest of the team joins the Hunger Dogs in a bold uprising against Darkseid himself...

... At the same time, the Challengers of the Unknown also find themselves on the dark planet, battling Doctor Bedlam...

Heroes will rise and heroes will fall. And the DC2 will never be the same again... !

CRISIS: The Apokolips Imperative, Part 6!

*When you're way up high
And you look below
At the world you left
And the things you know,
Little more than a glance
Is enough to show
You just how small you are.*

*When you're way up high
And you're on your own
In a world like none
That you've ever known,*

*Where the sky is lead
And the earth is stone,*

*You're free, to do
Whatever pleases you,
Exploring things you'd never dare
'Cause you don't care,
When suddenly there's*

A big tall terrible giant at the door...

Stephen Sondheim, "*Giants in the Sky*"

Once in awhile, Dick thought to himself, it would be nice to be able to get through a day when somebody wasn't trying to kill me. How did he get into these situations? Oh, right. The answer came unbidden. I run around in a mask; I have more Kevlar than corduroy in my wardrobe... and when Batman tells me he needs me in Gotham, I drop everything and run back.

Normally, that made perfect sense. After all, Batman was the "man with the plan". Scratch that; he was the man with *ten* plans. And, if he went so far as to admit that he needed help, well then, the situation really did warrant it. So, if he called, you came running, you backed him up, and you knew everything was going to come out all right.

Except this time, it hadn't. This time, Nightwing had gotten back to Gotham just in time to see the city fall before Steppenwolf's invasion force. Bruce didn't have a contingency plan that covered an extra-terrestrial attack.

Dick didn't blame him for that. No matter how well prepared you tried to be, there was no way to anticipate every situation. You just did the best you could with what you knew, and when life threw you a curve, you improvised. Ironically enough, that was something Bruce had taught him. This time, it hadn't been enough.

Gotham was an occupied city, now.

I should have stayed behind to help him. I wanted to. But getting Scott Free to Metropolis was more important. Bruce risked... I don't even know what he

risked to get us out of Gotham. Part of Dick wondered whether Bruce had sent him away for his own protection. He banished the notion. With Metropolis collaborating, Gotham occupied, and the U.S. government in hiding, Dick wasn't sure whether there was a safe haven left in the country. Perhaps not even in the world. And of course, there was the mission that Bruce had charged him with. Getting Scott Free to Metropolis was absolutely vital to the resistance. This wasn't an assignment that you foisted off on someone in order to get them out of harm's way-this mission catapulted him directly into the line of fire.

Maybe Bruce doesn't care about me as much as I thought. Heh.

The motorcycle hit another stone in the dirt road, and Dick fought to maintain control of the vehicle. It didn't help that Scott's experience riding the thing could be measured in hours. His new companion hadn't mastered the art of leaning into the curves when Dick swerved. As a result, he was having a hard time steering the bike.

He fought to keep control of both 'cycle and temper. *It's not Scott's fault he comes from another world and doesn't know how to ride these things. YOU know how to steer. Flying Graysons don't back away from challenges.* His childhood mantra leaped into his mind. It was something that he had repeated to himself, whenever he became frustrated trying to master a new trick for the act, and later, trying to learn a new throw or hold that Bruce was trying to teach him. Whenever he thought about throwing in the towel, he could hear his father telling him that Flying Graysons didn't back down. Flying Graysons ate all their broccoli. Flying Graysons didn't talk back to their parents. Despite the situation, Dick grinned. He'd been in his early teens before he caught on to the nature of that particular manipulation. *Fine. Costumed vigilantes don't back away from challenges either. Broccoli's negotiable.*

"Move with the bike," he shouted, hoping that the man seated pillion behind understood. The motor was rigged for silent running, but the roaring wind made communication difficult. He didn't dare take his eyes off the road to glance behind him. They were less than ten miles from the Metropolis city limits. Ten minutes away from the nominal safety of the 'collaborationist government'. They were using country side-roads and dirt paths to get there, trying to avoid the attention of Darkseid's minions.

Suddenly, Dick's eyes widened. Standing in the middle of the road was a man.

Well, it was a humanoid, in any case, he amended. The figure wore white body armour that left muscular forearms and thighs bare. Red gloves, boots, and a mitre-like helmet with silver accents completed the outfit. The figure was wielding a nasty-looking spear with a blade that reminded him of a flattened-out shovel.

"You know this guy?" Dick shouted behind him.

Scott's answer was immediate, if meaningless to Dick. "Devilance".

Dick risked a quick glance behind him. "Who?"

"Devilance, the Pursuer. Tracker for Darkseid." Scott's tone was overly casual. It almost masked the apprehension lying beneath the surface. Dick hesitated, torn between needing to know the threat he was facing, and wondering whether he would be better off not knowing.

Devilance raised his spear aloft, reversed it, and pounded the gravel road once with its blade. There was a rumbling sound and the terrain seemed to tremble and buckle before them.

Dick swore. "Hold on tight," he ordered, as he swerved into a U-turn. "And move with the bike!"

He accelerated, hoping against hope that he would be able to outrun the energy wave. With their presence discovered, there was no point in continuing in stealth mode. Turning it off would help to conserve fuel as well. He did so. The bike roared, thundering beneath him. Dick permitted himself a brief smile, which died abruptly. Stretched across the road, a glowing barrier, which resembled nothing so much as a nine-foot-high chain-link fence arose to meet them.

He veered hard to the right, letting momentum carry them off the road. For once, Scott was obeying orders, hunkering down so that his head was level with Dick's, and leaning into the turns and twists as Dick tried frantically to get around the energy fence. It almost compensated for his

passenger's added weight impeding speed and manoeuvrability. Almost.

To his horror, Dick saw the fence extend heavenward. The energy field stretched over and around them, and began to close into a giant sphere. The ground shook beneath them as the net began to rise into the air, carrying them, the cycle, and a good chunk of the terrain with them.

It's matching speed with the 'cycle. Guess Devilance doesn't want me to crash against the walls of this thing. Well, Bruce had said that Darkseid wanted Scott taken alive...

"How fast can this vehicle go?" Scott shouted.

With Bruce's enhancements... "170 miles per hour, but... "

"Full acceleration! Do it!"

At any other time, Dick might have questioned that order, or the authority of his passenger to issue it. At the moment, however, he had no other option... and circumstances being as they were; there was no time to demand reassurance or explanations. He was going to have to pray that Scott knew what he was asking for, and that the results would be as the escape artist hoped... and that Scott's people didn't practise some version of kamikaze.

Hell of a lot of trust to demand from a guy you've only known for a few hours. But Bruce vouched for him. And Bruce, I'd trust with my soul.

All of this flashed through his mind in the split second it took his hand to squeeze the accelerator.

A luminous disc sailed past him, so close that, were it not for the visor on his helmet, it might have singed his cheek hairs as it passed. Dick saw it hang suspended for one instant in the rapidly closing gap in the sphere. Then, a hole appeared at its centre. The disc expanded, its edges thickening as the hole at its interior widened, leaving an empty space surrounded by a ring of pulsating energy. It pressed itself against the edges of the net and stabilised, leaving an opening wide enough to ride a bike through... if it held... if he was going fast enough... if... *was he airborne?*

"Don't slow down!" Scott shouted, his tone a blend of terror and delight... like a child on his first non-kiddie rollercoaster. "Aerodiscs are holding. Just drive!" He clapped his hands to Dick's waist and held tightly.

Dick obeyed, eyes crinkling as he grinned broadly beneath his helmet. *Flying Graysons don't freeze up before a major stunt. Especially not when they're really flying!*

The 'cycle arced through the ring with inches to spare, hitting apogee about fifteen feet north of Devilance's position. Dick pressed one of the icons on his onboard computer, an icon he'd never actually expected to use.

I can't believe Bruce included this feature in the bells and whistles. Either he meant to put glider wings on this thing at some point, or he thought I might end up driving it out of a jet or something. Probably the latter, Dick smirked. He knows me.

Then he remembered: they were also used as braking devices for high-speed surface vehicles. Whatever. He still liked the idea of Bruce thinking he might want to try skydiving on a motorcycle. With a mental shrug, he touched the appropriate part of the computer screen, and released the built-in parachute. It billowed out behind them, catching the breeze.

Devilance leaped into the air, spear at the ready. "Close your eyes, block your ears, and don't fall!" Dick shouted. He would have passed a pair of earplugs back, but between Scott's form-fitting cowl, and motorcycle helmet, he couldn't see how the man would be able to get them on in time. Dick's own helmet was equipped with sound dampers, which could be operated by remote control. One such control was built into the Nightwing suit, another into the 'cycle's onboard computer. Dick activated it now. He removed two flash-bang grenades from their storage bin and lobbed them at Devilance. The combination of light and sound staggered the hunter, and the Apokoliptian sank to the earth.

"That won't stop him for long," Dick stated, as the 'cycle touched down. "Got any ideas?"

Dick took Scott's silence for a negative response before he realized that Scott was probably still deafened. "Let's hope this works, then," he said holding up a device shaped roughly like a screwdriver. He pointed it toward the dazed hunter and activated it. The high-pitched whine that issued forth from the top of the device forced Devilance to clap massive hands to his ears in an attempt to drown out the sonics. Dick's own dampers were holding, and Scott seemed to be managing somehow. Dick stole a glance behind him and noted that the man's eyes were screwed tightly shut, and his lips were fixed in a tight grimace. No surprises there. If there were any wolves, dogs, or foxes within a quarter-mile radius, they were probably lying flat on the ground, whimpering in pain.

Finally, Dick switched off the device and deactivated his dampers. Then he turned the cycle around and resumed course for Metropolis.

"You okay?" He shouted behind him.

Scott called back an affirmative.

*I didn't think he'd recuperate so fast. He blinked. If **Scott** can recover that quickly, then...*

Glancing into his side mirror, Dick swore. The Apokoliptian was already stirring.

"That trick you did with the aerodiscs," he called behind him. "Can you do it again?"

"Mass... a factor" Scott shouted back. "The two of us... plus... the bike... it's risky."

Dick nodded his comprehension. They were going to have to outrun Darkseid's hunter, then. Or at least, they were going to give it their best shot. Dick glanced at the road before them. His gaze flickered from side to side. Then he looked up and his jaw dropped.

Flying toward them, came a stocky figure in red, sporting a blue cowl and an intricate golden harness.

"Who's *that*?" Dick demanded.

"Orion. Darkseid's son."

Oh... lovely. Wait... "Why are you so happy about it?"

Scott laughed. "Because he's on our side."

The figure approached them somewhat apprehensively. When he recognized Scott, he broke into a wide smile. "Brother! We had almost given up hope of your escape."

Scott didn't wait for his companion to brake before he alighted from the motorcycle and clasped hands with the large warrior. "If there is one thing to learn from the denizens of this world, my brother," he said, "it is never to give up hope." He beckoned to Dick. "This is one of my... teachers."

Dick felt his face grow hot. "Um... yeah... anyway, I hate to break this up, but Devilance is right behind us."

Orion nodded. "I can hold him off. You go into the city." He handed Scott a small iridescent pendant. "This will allow me to find you when I am done. There are many refugees arriving every hour. If you do not call attention to yourselves, you should escape notice."

Orion was right, Dick realized. Scott had to reunite with his people and they had to escape to "Supertown". Wherever or whatever that was. Much as he didn't like the idea of running from a fight, in this particular case, fighting would expose them to unacceptable risk. Not that he thought for a moment that he could take on Devilance alone. But... could Orion?

The New God gestured imperiously toward Metropolis. "Go!"

Scott should obey, Dick thought to himself, but maybe... maybe this is what gets you so angry with Roy when he tries to second-guess you. Orion has a plan and he doesn't have time to tell it to you. You've got your orders, not just from

him, but from Bruce: protect Scott. He sighed. He did have his orders. And second-guessing a commander in the field was a bad move. He wouldn't do it to Bruce, and he wasn't going to do it to someone else who seemed to have a better grasp of the situation than he himself did. He motioned to Scott. "Get on."

As Orion bounded forward to meet Devilance, Dick gunned the motor, and joined the line of vehicles heading into Metropolis.

He tried to ignore the Apokoliptian dreadnought parked in the sky over the city.

After thirty minutes in the downtown core, Dick had managed to tune out the pixel boards and television screens, all of which showed one image: Lex Luthor, looking calmer than anybody had a right to, demanding that refugees move in an orderly fashion toward the appropriate registration checkpoints. *Maybe he thinks if he seems relaxed, people will figure there's nothing to worry about.* Looking around him at the grim faces, the tent city that had sprung up in a nearby park, the bumper-to-bumper traffic, Dick guessed that most people just figured Luthor was out of touch or didn't care about the current situation. *If they riot, it couldn't happen to a more deserving guy.*

Immediately, Dick stifled the thought. Whatever his personal opinion of Luthor, anarchy in Metropolis was the last thing anybody wanted at this point. *Speaking of which...*

The sound of breaking glass drew his attention to a storefront. Someone had taken a baseball bat to the front window of an electronics store and people were helping themselves to merchandise. He frowned, reached into one of his pockets, and extracted the nightarangs he kept handy for emergencies. He only had to throw two of them before the would-be looters scattered.

"See anyone you recognize?" Dick asked.

Scott shook his head. "Too many people. I could try the anti-grav... "

"Please don't. We're supposed to be keeping a low profile, here." He spotted an alley, and somehow managed to manoeuvre the 'cycle into it. After parking it and engaging the anti-theft protocols, he carefully covered it with a tarp he kept in the storage compartment. At least now, its presence was less obvious.

More refugees were filling the park. Until they knew where to go, it occurred to Dick that joining the crowd might not be a bad idea.

"If we keep it too low," Scott said, "will our friends not miss us?"

Dick rolled his eyes. "You're dressed like a walking rainbow, for crying out loud. I think they'll manage!" *Right. He's head to toe in red, green, and yellow. Sound like anyone else you used to know?*

Scott grinned back. The grin vanished suddenly. He pointed upwards. "Look!" He gasped. "Up in the sky... "

Dick blanched. They were too big to be birds, the dreadnought was the only plane currently allowed in Metropolis airspace... and if there was one thing he was certain of, Superman was out of the picture. He pulled a small pair of binoculars out of an inner pocket.

Whatever the squat vaguely humanoid figures were, they seemed to be approaching rapidly. "Do you recognize them? What are they?" *Don't judge by appearances. Orion was on our side, remember?*

Scott's voice was bleak. "They're called parademons. They are among the most-feared of the soldiers of Apokolips."

Oh, lovely. And why do I have the strangest feeling that their being here might have something to do with us?

"People of Metropolis!" The stentorian tones emanating from the dreadnought carried clearly across the city. "There is no cause for concern. If you do not interfere, you will not be harmed."

While the voice spoke, parademons continued to emerge from a neat round opening in the sky. It reminded Dick of one of the 'portable holes' from those stupid Roadrunner cartoons.

How many of those things are there?

Dick suddenly turned to Scott. "Your helmet," he snapped. "Put it on. Now."

Scott looked puzzled for a moment. Dick's scowl deepened, and the New God hastily donned the headgear. Wordlessly, Dick removed his bomber jacket and gestured to Scott to put that on as well.

It's a good thing I came here in civvies. This is one time when we really do need to blend in with the crowd.

The disembodied voice continued. "Our foot-soldiers seek the individual known as Scott Free," a likeness appeared on the pixel board overhead, replacing Luthor's image. "Reveal this felon's location and they will depart as soon as he is apprehended."

"I thought that was coming," Dick said in a low voice. "Keep the jacket and helmet on, you won't look as obvious that way. And let's try to find some place indoors," he said with a shiver. "I'm freezing."

Scott nodded, looking stunned. "If you hadn't... when you did... when we were... we *are* in the middle of the crowd... "

Dick placed a hand on his new friend's arm. "Yeah. But I did, and you're fine." He squeezed, briefly. "By the way, sorry."

"You're sorry?"

"Yeah," Dick grinned. "You're supposedly an escape artist. Don't tell me you weren't looking for a chance to show off. Only my way, with any luck, you're not going to have any place to escape *from*."

Scott frowned. He was about to say something when he noticed Dick's smirk. A chuckle rose in his throat, only to die abruptly. He nudged Dick, who suddenly looked grim. Moving steadily toward them, were three Parademons.

The crowds thinned before them. Dick grabbed Scott's arm. "Quick," he

ordered. "Make like the others and clear a path." *And hope they didn't spot us. They're combing the entire area.* He steered his companion through the crowd, following the others...

... And spotted another parademon, approaching from a different direction. He changed course again, pulling Scott after him, but this time Scott didn't move. Dick turned back to look at him, and the Highfather's son gestured around them.

Dick groaned inwardly. More of the Apokoliptian foot-soldiers were approaching from every side, surrounding the area. They were trapped.

Wonderful, Grayson. What are you going to do, now, huh? Any second, they're going to take a good look at you and Scott, and that's going to be it.

No. It couldn't end like this. Bruce was depending on... Bruce! *You're beating yourself up over failing Bruce? How about Scott? How about... the planet? Sheesh!*

He flinched as a yellow-gloved hand squeezed his shoulder. "It was a fine attempt, Dick," Scott said quietly.

Dick shook his head. "I... I... "

"We're outnumbered," Scott continued. "Outgunned. Darkseid has been ahead of us from the very beginning. We did our best, but I think we both knew from the start that the two of us alone stood little chance. It's a miracle we've gotten as far as we have."

"No," Dick argued. "Bruce planned it out. He wouldn't have sent us if he didn't think this could work."

"People have been wrong before," Scott shrugged. He smiled wistfully. "I doubt that it will be as easy to flee Apokalips a second time. Not immediately in any case. Still, whatever else I might be, you were right a moment ago. I *am* an escape artist." He glanced about. The Parademons were moving closer. "You should go," he said. "It's probably best I meet them by myself. Alone, you have a chance."

Dick stood stock-still. *I'm an idiot. I'm a grade-A, top-ranked idiot. And, if that's true... considering his standard M.O., then what the hell does that make Bruce?*

"No," he said slowly. "No, I don't."

Scott stared at him, perplexed.

Dick grinned. "Don't you get it? *That's been the problem from the very beginning!* How has Darkseid been able to take over so easily? Why is he holding Superman? Why is Gotham a giant internment camp?"

Scott blinked. "He has the superior force-"

"NO!" Dick couldn't help it. It was so laughingly obvious, now. "It's because we-all of us... us... masked-types-we're all so used to looking after our own little corner of the globe that *it never occurred to any of us to team up!*"

Scott was shaking his head. "Perhaps, but the time for that-"

"-Is right this second!" Dick reached into the pocket of the jacket he'd given Scott and extracted a small communicator. He punched in a code from memory.

"Speedy here. If you're a hot babe, talk on, if not, please press... oh, sorry, Dick. Dick! Man, where are you?"

In the background, Dick could hear the other voices. "Roy! Give me that!" Donna came on the line a moment later.

"Dick, how are you? Where are you? Is everything-"

He interrupted. "Donna, listen to me. How fast can the Titans rendezvous with me in Metropolis?"

Someone tapped his shoulder. "Not now, Scott, I-" He whirled to see Kid

Flash standing before him.

"How's about half-a-second sound?" Wally smirked. "Rae's locked onto me. She's teleporting the team over."

They were there before he'd finished speaking. Introductions and explanations were quickly made. "Okay," Dick said. "Starfire and Wonder Girl. Take to the air and take down as many parademons as you can, before they touch surface. Speedy. Use your trick arrows to confuse the ones already on the ground. Gas, fog, flares... you know what to do. Scott, do they have any weaknesses we should know about?"

The New God considered. "They're neither particularly bright nor resourceful. They rely primarily on brute force."

Dick nodded. "Be extra creative, Bowhead. Kid Flash. Run rings around them. And watch Speedy. Once he has his 'demons on the ropes, pick 'em up and collect 'em." He gestured to the four teens. "All of you, once you've subdued your targets get them to Raven. Raven, teleport them out of Metropolis. I'm not fussy about where you land them, as long as they're away from any inhabited areas."

They nodded. "And you, Richard?" Raven asked.

Dick smiled. "I'm going to try to get Scott to rendezvous with his people. Until I find them, however, I'm going to keep an eye on the big picture. If I tell one of you to stop what you're doing and move somewhere else, do it. If you think I'm wrong, call me on it later. But trust me now."

The team looked at one another and back to Dick. "I think I speak for all of us," Kory stated, "when I say that we always have." As though by a prearranged signal, six hands touched. And six voices exclaimed:

"TITANS TOGETHER!"

It wasn't easy. Dick's strategy was sound, but parademon reinforcements continued to arrive. Finally, the boom tube closed, but another opened almost immediately. Dick groaned. No matter what they did, their

adversaries would eventually win by sheer force of numbers.

His eyes widened. Three figures emerged from the second boom tube and they were assuredly *not* parademons. The first man wore a formfitting white bodysuit, and a golden headpiece, which did little to restrain wavy red hair. The second was in red and green. The third... was Orion.

"Scott!" The red-haired man called. "Come on!"

Free broke into a smile. "Lightray?" He sobered. "But... my friends. Fastbak, Lightray, we can't just leave them-"

The man in red and green grinned back. "Don't worry. We're not."

Orion hurled himself into the fray, battering heavy fists against the parademon's green-and-gold armour. More troops fell Earthward by the moment, stunned by the force of the Apokaliptian's onslaught.

Lightray landed before Dick and inclined his head respectfully. "We can't keep the boom tube open much longer. You're welcome to accompany us to Supertown, but we must leave, now."

Dick shook his head. "We're needed here," he said quietly. "If everyone else in a position to resist Darkseid is already captured or in hiding, we can't abandon our people."

"I understand," Lightray said. "We may not be able to extend the offer again, you realize."

"I do. Get Scott out of here." He turned to the young man whom he had brought to Metropolis.

"Good luck, Scott," he said.

"And to you."

"Orion!" Fastbak shouted. "It's closing!"

Starfire waved him off. "Go. We can handle it from here. And thank

you."

Orion nodded. He raised one hand in a salute. The Tamaranian returned the gesture. Then, he and his companions passed through the boom tube, and it closed behind them.

Dick looked around. "Gang. I'm sorry," he confessed. "They were willing to take us with them. I turned them down. I mean, it was my choice to make for me... but I made it for all of you-

Roy rolled his eyes. "Puh-leeze, Batboy. You really think any of us were going to head off to some cushy hideaway and let you have all the fun? Get real."

Kory and Raven nodded. "If those in a position to fight," Kory stated, "refuse to do so, then they share in the responsibility for any evil that these tyrants would commit."

"We trust you to lead us," Donna said simply. "That means we trust your judgement."

"Yeah," said Wally. "So could we please not talk about it again? We're in this for the long haul, Titans together, the end. Capice?"

Dick exhaled slowly. "Alright. Give me a couple of minutes to get my costume and change into it. Then we'll discuss a strategy." His expression was sober. "And guys... thanks."

And let's hope that none of us regret that choice down the road.

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Nightwing: The Great Unknown, Pt. 1 (of 7): Breaking Down. Exploding from the pages of Detective Comics and Teen Titans! What caused Robin to leave Gotham and strike out on his own? Return to the night that shattered three lives, and spun them in directions they had never before considered.

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Still reeling from the revelations last issue, Nightwing plans to continue on to Loma Linda. But leaving Las Vegas may not be as easy as he thinks!

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Nightwing: The Great Unknown, Part 3 (of 7): Decisions in the Dark.

Nightwing's on his own in Metropolis... and he's about to find out that when you wear a costume, even if you don't go looking for trouble, it has a way of finding you!

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What exactly is "Project Venom"? Dick's off to California to find out. And with Loma Linda only two hours away from Las Vegas,

this might be the perfect time to hook up with a former teammate! Guest-starring the New Outsiders!

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EVERYTHING CHANGES WITH THIS ISSUE!

Nightwing: Historic Continuity.

A frantic call from Alfred sends Dick speeding back to Gotham to deal with the fallout from Batman's climactic battle with Ra's Al Ghul. The landscape has changed, and Dick will face more than one critical decision before the story's done!

Nightwing #28 (2008)

Nightwing: Twisted Logic, Bleeding Hearts.

There's a serial killer on the loose, and Batman won't rest until he's brought to justice. But will his determination prove his undoing?

Nightwing #29 (2008)

Nightwing: Heart of a Hero

Cornelius Stirk has Batman in his clutches! Robin's hot on the trail, but even if he gets there in time, can he prove a match for Stirk's metahuman powers? Tune in for the thrilling finale... and see!



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