



Ultimate Supergirl #5

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Houngan Amalgamax

“And here we have a special collection of handcrafted figurines of the Justice Society of America, on loan from Gotham History Museum. The outfit on each figure is actually made from pieces of the actual costumes, donated by the various members themselves. The figurines were originally auctioned off as part of the war effort, but later gathered together by WayneTech head Bruce Wayne, and donated to the museum.”

The tour guide continued her speech as she led the latest group of tourists and other museum-goers past the display and on toward the next room. She was unaware that one of her group, a dark-skinned man, had fallen back, still looking through the glass at the small statues.

“It won’t be long now,” he said to himself, a grin forming on his face. “Tonight,” he told the figures, “you will be mine and then I will become the most powerful man on the planet.” He held back a laugh and he moved to rejoin the tour.

Ultimate Supergirl
#5: *World’s Finest, Pt. 1*
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Kara had just finished her latest repair job, wiping the oil and dirt from her hands when Richard walked up to her. “So what’s next on the list, boss?” she asked.

“I’ve got a rush job for you, Clara,” Richard replied. Even after a week, Kara still felt weird being called by that name. While she was not overly thrilled with having to constantly remember her ‘other’ identity, it was required if she wanted a chance at a normal life and (more importantly) if she wanted to help Linda out with the bills. And deep down she really did find the idea ‘cool’. “Mr. Grayson only expects to be in town for a few days and he needs his motorcycle ready before he leaves. Of course, he’s offered additional payment.”

"Of course," Kara nodded as Richard led the way into the main office.

"Mr. Grayson," he said. "This is Clara Danvers. She might look young, but she's quickly becoming one of my best mechanics."

"Damn!" Kara whispered under her breath as she saw the client.

"Please, call me Dick," the man said as he offered his hand to Kara. She was so caught up in sizing up the handsome man in front of her, she didn't notice how grimy her hand was as she shook his until she pressed grease into his palm.

"Oh... I'm so sorry about that," she said, blushing as she realized what had happened.

"That's okay," Dick replied with a smile, as he cleaned his hand off with a rag offered by Richard. "I'm used to getting my hands dirty. Would you like to check out the bike?"

"Yeah I'd like to check you out... it out!" Kara responded, quickly covering her mistake. Dick led her to his motorcycle.

"Something's wrong with the motor," Dick told Kara while she looked over his machine, as impressive as the man who owned it. "Normally I'd tinker with it myself, but I'm rather busy."

Kara nodded, starting the bike up. "Sounds like the carburetor," she commented after a moment of listening, shutting the vehicle off. "But I'll make sure everything's looked over. Should be ready to go this time tomorrow."

"Thanks," Dick told her, giving her that smile again. "I'll be back here tomorrow afternoon, then." Kara's eyes were glued to Dick as she watched him walk off.

"A real life celebrity, right here in my shop. I'll have to ask for his picture when he returns," Richard said.

"Huh?" was Kara's reply, turning to look at Richard as she cleared her thoughts.

"That's was Dick Grayson," Richard told her. "Bronze medal winner at the last Olympics, not to mention cousin of *the* Bruce Wayne."

"Well I'd certainly like to get his autograph," Kara commented.

"Yeah, you and every other single woman in the U.S." Richard chuckled while Kara rolled the motorcycle back into the shop.

"I'm home," Kara called out as she entered Linda's house, making sure the door was closed before she pulled off her wig, tossing it onto the couch.

"How'd your first week at work go?" Linda's voice answered, coming from the kitchen.

"Great!" Kara told her. "I love working there and Richard's a great boss. And you'll never guess who I meet today."

"Who?"

"Dick. Grayson," Kara said.

"The Dick Grayson," Linda said, poking her head out around the corner. "The bronze-medal-winning, hunk-of-a-man, Dick Grayson."

"Yep," Kara replied with a smile.

"No way!"

"Yes!" Kara said. "He came into the shop to get his ride fixed."

"Is it fixed yet?" Linda asked.

"No, he's coming back for it tomorrow afternoon."

"Aw man! I've got a presentation at work then," Linda muttered

jokingly, before she went back into the kitchen to finish preparing supper.

It was shortly before sunset when Dick Grayson slipped into his costume and, as Nightwing, swung through the city, a grin on his face. Dick had always loved the feeling of the air rushing past him as he flew through space. It reminded him of his training with his family for their circus act, the Flying Graysons, and the stunts they had all loved to do. Until his parents had been murdered.

His body passed between skyscrapers, hands released his grapple rope and his body rolled into a forward flip, showing off despite the lack of an audience before landing on a rooftop above where his targets were to arrive.

Drug dealers. Dick had spent most of the last two weeks tracking them, all the way from Gotham, to here, in this dark alley in the middle of San Francisco, to meet a 'client'. He perched on the roof, looking like some kind of gargoyle to those below that would only see a glimpse of a shadow should they look up. The darkvision attachments in his mask let him see the alley below as if it were as bright as day.

Yet despite his preparations, despite his training, despite his senses seeking any possible dangers, the young man was unaware of the person that approached from behind until he heard her speak.

"I hope you're one of the good guys, cause I'd hate to have to kick such a cute butt."

Jean-Louis Dreo waited for an hour until the museum had closed before he made his move. Accompanied by his assistant, the dark-skinned man quickly walked towards one of the building's side entrances.

"So why didn't you grab them when you were here today?" his partner

in crime asked as Droo placed a hand on the door, opening it after they heard a soft click.

“Because Joseph,” Jean-Louis replied. “I needed time to prepare for the spell. The last thing I need is this Supergirl breathing down my neck. Understand?”

“Yes sir,” Joseph said with a nod as the pair slipped into the museum.

Kara flew high over the city. Below, the streets were already lit up, although at her altitude she could just see the final rays of the sun slip below the horizon. It had been a quiet evening; so quiet she had even taken a moment to help a young boy find his lost dog. She used her telescopic vision to give one final look across the city when she noticed him, kneeling in the darkness on a rooftop. Not a normal sight, especially given the outfit he was wearing.

Without a sound Kara ‘fell’ towards the roof, letting gravity pull her along until she reached her destination. She slowed as she neared, not even the slightest breeze making him aware of her presence while she looked him over, muscular and fit, wearing a dark, skin-tight costume.

When she was just a few feet away she finally spoke, drawing his attention to her. “I hope you’re one of the good guys, cause I’d hate to have to kick such a cute butt.”

As soon as Dick turned towards the voice he realized why he hadn’t heard her sneak up behind him. She floated there, a full foot above the rooftop, arms crossed below the large ‘S’ on her chest, her skirt and cape fluttering slightly in the cool evening breeze and a cocky smile on her face.

“Supergirl, I presume,” he said, his voice giving away none of the relief he’d felt at seeing who it was.

Kara nodded. “And you’re Nightwing, aren’t you?” she said as she landed gently on roof, reaching out to shake his hand. “A pleasure to

meet you, although I do wonder what brings you to sunny California."

"Likewise," Nightwing replied, explaining to her about the drug dealers. "Of course I'm just glad I don't have to fight you," he added, joking.

"Of course not. Well unless it's a tradition..." Supergirl commented, giving him a wink as she made her own jest. "Feel like having some company?" she said after a second.

"Not as long as you don't mind waiting," Nightwing told her. "Although I don't know how long it will be."

"That's fine," Kara responded as she took a position near him, the two settling in to watch, and wait.

"My name is Kara-El, I'm an astronaut, sort of, from the planet Argo," Kara explained, "I got shot through a wormhole and landed here. My ship was damaged and right now I'm working on a way home." The two had spent nearly half an hour watching before Nightwing broke the silence, their conversation quickly leading to where she came from.

"Do all your people have these powers?" Dick asked.

"No," Supergirl told him, shaking her head, before she paused. "Well maybe they do," she added. "I mean I never had them back home on Argo so..." She shrugged. "There's something about this planet, or system that gives me these powers," Kara continued. "B3, that's my ship's computer, thinks it's your yellow sun."

"So where do you live?"

"Oh, can't tell you that," Supergirl said. "Secret identity and all that. And I respect you enough not to see through your mask."

"See through my mask...?" Nightwing started, confused.

Kara nodded. "Yeah one of my powers. I can see 'through' things, as if

they weren't there. Sort of like x-rays, but not quite. It took me a bit to get it to 'focus' but now I can peel away things like 'layers'. I've been able to see through anything I want, people, walls, clothing."

"Clothing," Nightwing said, despite it being covered by his mask, Kara could tell from his motion that he was raising an eyebrow.

Kara felt her face flush. "Well I haven't... I mean... not really," Supergirl stammered. "You know it's not like your outfit 'hides' much!"

Nightwing just shook his head, chuckling. Kara gave a weak laugh of her own before she stopped, seeming to listen to some distant sound. "I think they're coming," she told him.

The two looked back over the edge of the roof and as Kara expected they saw a dark vehicle rolled to a stop in the alley below.

The two heroes watched the exchange take place. Kara used her super-hearing to keep Dick informed of what they all said, especially those with their backs to the pair. Finally the meeting neared its end, with the dealers being told where the rest of the drugs would be exchanged.

"Shall we crash this little party?" Nightwing asked with a smile.

"I thought you'd never ask," Supergirl replied as the two heroes leapt from the rooftop.

Nightwing was the first on the ground, his acrobatic skills allowing him to easily descend to the ground without injury. He landed between the dealer and the supplier, knocking the latter out cold and only just missing the former. The dealer stepped back, hand halfway to the gun under his coat before Dick's second strike had him stumbling back towards his vehicle. The goons present began to fire, but Nightwing easily dodged their scattered shots as they tried not to hit their bosses. He took one down before Supergirl quickly dealt with the others, the entire fight taking mere seconds.

By now the dealer had stumbled to his car, the vehicle starting to pull

away. "I've got 'em," Kara said, grabbing a gun from the ground, leaping into the air. She whipped it down toward the front of the car. It struck the vehicle with such force that it went straight through the engine and sunk nearly a foot into the pavement. Its engine destroyed, the car sputtered to a stop.

"Impressive," Nightwing said, tying up the men unconscious in the alleyway while Supergirl walked to the car and idly ripped off one of the doors.

"Well that's the advantage of growing up tinkering with stuff, you know exactly where to hit things to do the most damage," Kara replied with a laugh as she led the rest of criminals toward Nightwing. The two heroes finished tying the men up before giving the cops a call and leaving a note, informing the police where they could find the rest of the drugs.

As the two heroes got out of earshot, Kara turned to Dick. "So... I know this might be kind of forward, but now that this whole thing is over, would you like to get a cup of..." she paused, listening to some far off noise. "Alarm," she told him.

Nightwing nodded, pulling out his grapple gun. "Let's go."

"I told you not to touch them!" Jean-Louis growled as the alarm sounded throughout the museum.

"You said the alarm was off!" Joseph shot back, standing in front of the broken display that had set off the alarm.

"I said this alarm! This one!" Jean-Louis shouted as he pointed at the display holding the other half of the JSA statuettes. "Nothing to do about it now. Let's just grab them and get out of here!"

The two quickly pulled the figures out of their display cases, tossing them into a nearby bag that Joseph picked up, before they started to make their escape.

“Going somewhere?” Supergirl asked as she arrived in a blur of red and blue.

“Supergirl!” Joseph shouted, jumping back in shock.

“The one and only,” she replied confidently. “Now how about you both just surrender and no one will get hurt?”

“It’s too late for that,” Jean-Louis said from where he stood. The dark-skinned man muttered something, and the next thing Kara knew, it felt like she’d been hit by a truck.

Nightwing had just approached the museum, having fallen behind the speeding Kara, when he saw the red-blue shape burst through one of the building’s walls, flash past him and crash into the shop behind him.

He turned in mid-swing, dropped down to the rubble and began to pull away bricks, but they slid away on their own when his new ally sat up. “I’m... I’m okay,” Kara told him, brushing some dust off of her uniform and slowly standing. “Ow,” she muttered.

“What happened?” Dick asked, concern filling his voice.

“No clue,” Supergirl said, shaking her head to get her bearings. “One moment I was stopping the thieves and the next... wham!”

Nightwing nodded before the two cautiously approached the museum, but their quarry was already long gone.

“Hurry up!” Dreo shouted to Joseph as the two started placing the stolen statues in the places Dreo had marked. “Supergirl’s probably already looking for us! We don’t have much time!”

“I know, I know,” Joseph muttered. It wasn’t long before the final

preparations were complete.

"Now stand in the center of the symbol," Jean-Louis told Joseph.

"Me! I thought..." Joseph stammered as Jean-Louis all but pushed him into position.

"I've yet to cast a spell of this magnitude," Droo explained. "It will take all my concentration. Besides," he added in a quiet voice as he walked away, "it might go wrong."

"Wait! What?!" Joseph shouted, but it was already too late, Jean-Louis Droo had started to cast the spell.

Supergirl was carrying Nightwing as they flew through the sky. Nightwing had recognized the description of the dark skinned man as Houngan, a villain who used dark magic and twisted voodoo to reach his ends. Realizing they might have little time to find him, Dick had Kara carry him so they could move faster, and the young woman was using her x-ray vision to scan the city below.

"Not there. Not there. Whoops! Definitely not there," Kara said as her face turned red, eyes quickly glancing elsewhere. "Found them," she finally said, pointing to a house below.

"Let me knock," she told Dick as they landing in front of the building, her 'knock' taking the door right off of its hinges. "Anyone home?" she called out as she entered the house.

"Too late, Supergirl!" Houngan shouted from farther back in the building. "Oh, and I see Nightwing is with you as well. Wonderful, two heroes for the price of one." His laughter filled the building as it began to shake. The wall in front of them collapsed revealing the two villains, one the familiar form of Houngan, the other wearing a hodgepodge uniform that looked to be taken from pieces of the Justice Society costumes.

"Yes, too late!" the other man shouted, "For now you face, Amalgamax!"

To be continued...

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