



Ultimate Speed Force #3

Tim Abramo

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"Weather Wizard" "Captain Boomerang"

Last time:

The Top returned to the Sister Cities with an offer of assistance to the Rogues Union, an offer soundly rebuffed by Leonard Snart, setting forth a chain reaction the Union may be helpless to stop.

Impulse and the Flash both had run-ins with the mysterious Church of Speed, and Bart received cryptic comments from Max Crandal - the man who's re-appearance in Central City ended with the destruction of Gardner Street.

Ultimate Speed Force

#3: Zwischenzug

Writer: Tim Abramo

Artist: Hannes Klesse

Editor: Don Walsh

Interstate Highway 435, Central City

5 miles from the Kanigher Pier Exit

5:59 AM

“Oh you have GOT to be kidding me!,” Iris Allen shouted as she jammed on the brakes, her car just barely missing the SUV in front of her. It was the latest near miss this morning as people on both sides of the six lane highway jockeyed for position.

The Sister Cities were in virtual gridlock due to a major ferry accident that had nearly destroyed Kanigher Pier and it wasn't looking like things were going to get better any time soon. If you didn't have access to the Speed Force, odds are you were going to be stuck somewhere in traffic this morning.

If Iris was going to find peace of mind, she would have to get to the story on the pier, but that was easier said than done.

“Damn it!,” she cursed aloud as she slammed her fists against the steering wheel in frustration. Sheepishly she turned as she heard a muffled groan coming from the passenger's seat as her intern woke up.

The young woman rubbed the sleep from her eyes before looking over at Iris and mumbled "I'm up, I'm up. What'd I miss?"

"Nothing, Linda." Iris muttered, "Nothing at all."

"We haven't moved anywhere in the last hour, have we, Mrs. Allen?"

"We've moved a little" Iris responded, with a sigh.

"How are we going to get the story, if we can't get to the pier?"

Iris paused, and considered the intern's statement for a moment, and then made a decision. "You have your license, Linda?"

"Uh yeah, sure," the puzzled intern responded, only vaguely cognizant of the question she'd been asked.

"Good" Iris stated, opening the door and stepping out into the storm, hastily grabbing her bag and a camera.

"Mrs. Allen?" Linda asked when she realized what was happening and awkwardly tried to shift from the passenger seat to the driver's seat. A small pocket of space had opened up in front of her and another car was trying to squeeze into it.

But Linda recovered quickly. "Over my dead body," she muttered as she quickly threw the car into gear and it lurched forward, cutting off anyone trying to slip in. The other driver wasn't exactly thrilled, and let Linda know in a barrage of obscenities, but Linda was able to give as good as she got, and actually left the man blushing as he conceded the space and the argument.

Iris only had to look back once, knowing Linda had this well in hand. She now had to focus on the fact that it was going to be another seven miles in the deluge to get to the scene of the accident.

She wasn't the only one of course – before long, Route 435 resembled an REM video, but Iris was by far the most determined, and the only one who didn't turn back to their cars to wait things out.

That's what separated Iris from most people.

Kanigher Pier

Central City Side

6:24 AM

Only a few miles away Jay Garrick removed his helmet and wiped his brow, attempting to keep the mire from his eyes. He looked to the slowly rising sun and sighed, on any other morning it would be a comfort to see, but today it just indicated time running out.

He'd been working in overdrive for several hours now, helping to reinforcing the badly damaged pier and keep the wreckage from affecting local wildlife.

Jay looked down to the waterfront as he saw Wally West, the most recent man to bear the mantle of the Flash, emerge from the water. Wally was gasping for breath, his face as maroon as his uniform. .

The younger Flash had focused on getting the wounded to local hospitals and had been assisting the search-and-rescue operations for the missing. Of the 135 people believed to be in the area this morning, most had been accounted for, most suffering only minor injuries.

"I'm still good, Jay, I'll take another turn." Wally said between deep, gasping breaths. He turned to prepare to enter the water once again, but Jay moved over and put his hand on his shoulder.

"I'm sorry, son. It's over"

Jay gestured towards the other side of the riverbank, on the Keystone City side, where several medics were moving a stretcher, and a body bag, up into an ambulance. "We weren't fast enough."

Wally exhaled forcefully as he watched the action on the other side as Jay offered him a blanket to assist in his drying off.

"Who was he? Do we know?" Wally asked as he ran the towel over his

costume and shuddered in the morning air, something of a pained expression on his face.

Jay just shook his head. He felt it too.

“You just saved 130 people.” a young woman commented, almost absent-mindedly, “I don’t think we could have asked for more from our city’s protectors.”

Jay and Wally both looked up in surprise to see a young woman standing before them, clad in blue and holding two cups of hot cocoa, steaming in the morning air. Wally recognized her almost immediately from their encounter the day before.

He quickly stepped between her and Jay, extending a handshake and a warm smile. “Nice to see you again, Christina.” He tried his patented eye twinkle routine, but he couldn’t get a read on the young woman, who gently pulled her hand away from his, breaking the contact.

“I wanted to thank you personally for your... understanding yesterday,” she to him said as she pulled back slightly, “the girl really didn’t mean the scion any harm. You have my word that she has been severely disciplined.”

Jay looked quizzically at Wally, but decided to stand back as they chatted. As he watched, another member of the Church of Speed brought some cocoa to him, which he took with a warm smile.

Jay looked around to see a group of people similarly dressed that were attending to the other rescuers and citizens, handing out drinks and literature. “Our mission is to be here for the injured and those who died, but I couldn’t resist the opportunity to bring this to you personally.”

“Your mission?,” Jay asked, cocking his head slightly as he looked at the group, before his eyes fell back on Wally and Christina. He watched as she reached into a small bag and produced two pieces of paper and handed them to Wally.

“We who have been touched by the lightning must do what we can, isn’t that right?” the young man said enigmatically as he walked away and

disappeared into the crowd.

Jay approached Wally and they watched as Christina returned to the group, leaving the two speedsters to look over the piece of paper she had handed Wally.

“The Church of Speed?” Jay questioned aloud, as he studied the paper carefully. “And what’s a scion?”

Wally, lost for a moment as he enjoyed how the young woman’s perfume still hung, ever so lightly, in the air. “Let me tell you all about it.”

The Allen Residence
Infantino Apartments
8:02 AM
Carol Bucklen sighed.

It was times like this that she regretted accepting Iris’ offer of a key to the apartment, and her promise to help make sure Bart got up for school every morning. “Come on Bart, wake up!,” she called out in a partial whine. “you’re going to go if it kills me!”

She’d rather be fighting the traffic, or the Rogues, or the common cold. Anything but this.

“Bart, so help me God!,” she started to shout before allowing her voice to trail off in frustration as she stamped her foot. It seemed Bart’s childish tendencies could be contagious.

But Carol quickly realized she wasn’t going to get anywhere outside his bedroom door. She was going to have to get in there.

“Oh Baaaa-arrrrt!,” Carol called out in a gentle sing-song fashion as she slowly opened the door and quickly covered her eyes. They were good friends, but she couldn’t be too sure what she might find entering the room uninvited.

Hearing no reaction, Carol crept in. “Time to wake uuuuu-uuup!,” she

continued as she removed her hand from her eyes, and looked in the room.

She found him much as she expected she would, sprawled across the bed snoring loudly. Forced to step over piles of clothes and soda bottles, Carol walked over and tapped the sleep button on the alarm before approaching the boy, oblivious to the intrusion.

Grabbing Bart by the shoulders, she shook him violently, watching his arms flail wildly and his head rock back and forth. ten seconds, fifteen, twenty...and still nothing. Bart was snoring peacefully without a care in the world.

“Wake Up!” she bellowed, right into the young man’s ear. And got no response, not even a flinch. “I’ll give you twenty bucks?,” she half asked, half stated.

Nothing.

“Hey, is that Jessica Alba, naked?,” she called out in an attempt to play to the young man’s hormones.

Just snores.

“Ok, fine. I give up,” she called out in frustration and began to walk out the door, “miss the field trip. It’s not like you were going to learn anything anyway.”

As she walked, she narrowly missed stepping onto a controller that was laid out on the floor. She looked over to the game unit, still on, and bent down to pick up the controller, resting it on top of the system. “Can’t even turn off his video games,” she muttered to herself, “doesn’t he know these things can catch fire?”

She reached over to turn off the console.

“Don’t touch that!,” Bart called out, darting up and staring right at Carol, “I got to level 150 and I have to get to a save point first.”

Carol just sighed and reached down, grabbing the first cleanish shirt and

pants she could find on the floor and tossed them over the bed, the clothing landing on Bart's head, "Get up. "

"I am up," Bart stated simply as he gave the shirt a quick sniff-test.

Carol just stared in disbelief, before turning to leave, in order to give Bart some privacy, so he could find some clean clothes to put on. "You were just messing with me that whole time, weren't you?"

"If you have to ask, you'll never know"

Carol looked back to the bed, only to realize that the voice was coming from the doorway behind her. Bart was standing by the open door. leaning against the doorjamb with a smile on his face, wearing the very clothes she had tossed his way.

"You're not actually going to wear those are you?"

Bart ignored her question, then looked down at the watch on his wrist.

"Hey, we've gotta go. Field Trip Day!" Just like that, he bolted down the stairs. He then raced back up to see Carol still standing there in disbelief. "You don't want to be late, do you?"

Then he was gone again.

Carol sighed again before following Bart out the door, slamming it shut on his way out.

Iron Heights Penitentiary
High Security Wing, Section E
"Pandora's Box"

9:05 AM

Mark Mardon groaned as he eased himself off the floor to assess the damage. As his fingers trailed his face, he could feel the trail of blood left across his broken nose, and his tongue could find the place where three of his teeth had been prior to his "cell check".

But at least the Iron Heights brand of TLC was over with, for the moment at least, and all that was left was to nurse his wounds and battered pride, and hope any broken bones would set themselves. He managed to pull his badly beaten frame up onto the hard cot mounted into the wall, and laid down.

As tempting as staying in the fetal position might have been, he knew he had to get up and quickly. He might be a prisoner, but he was also a Rogue, and Rogues simply didn't go down like that. The fetal position was just not conducive to plans for revenge.

Through the pain-filled haze, he could look across the dark hall and see Max Crandal, sitting in the opposite cell.

The older man was sitting in the lotus position and seemingly deep in meditation, but Mardon could see the older man's eyes, fierce and determined, boring a hole through Mardon with an almost unnerving gaze.

"Like what you see, Grandpa?!" Mardon muttered loudly, his voice raspy and subdued. "You think you're bad, wrecking one street? I've leveled city blocks, brought this city to it's knees! Ran the female Flash right out of town!"

"And still got beaten down by two glorified rent-a-cops this morning."

Mardon's face went flush with white-hot rage, as his gaze left Crandal and followed the sound of the voice to the cell next to him. "When I get out of here...!"

"You'll inevitably do something to get sent right back here again. Sunrise. Sunset," the disembodied voice continued.

Mardon practically dove for the bars, pulling himself upright, leaning against them as if oblivious to any injury due to the rage.

"Let me tell you something, Crown, my getting out of here is not an if, but a when. The Union is coming for me, that's a fact."

Max didn't respond as the two continued to bicker between their cells. He just stared.

Mardon's knuckles started to go white from the strain of gripping the bars so tightly. "And when they do, I'll even be sporting, and let you decide whether you want to burn, fry or freeze to death. You too, Old Man!"

Max simply returned to his meditation, as Mardon continued to fume, so irate that he didn't even notice as tiny arcs of electricity began to emit from his eyes. At least not in time.

Mardon looked up in horror as it was enough to trigger the power suppression systems built into each cell. Power suppression systems which tore through the cell and incapacitated Mardon almost immediately.

Max seized on the moment, having waited until just the right second. As the power consumption in Mardon's cell reduced the amount flowing into his own, he tapped into the Speed Force and shot forward, vibrating his molecules through the bars of the cell and out into the hallway.

By the time security came to give the next beat down, Max Crandal was long gone. Everything was going according to plan

Kaninger Pier

9:15 AM

The police were out in force, as always, and had now established firm control of the area. The rescue equipment had been removed, the crowds of people were shooed away and the attempts to shore up the remaining pieces of the pier were already underway.

If Central City had one defining characteristic **all** their heroes, costumed or uniformed, had a habit of working quickly.

"The police department and the mayor will have an official statement later this morning, and you will all be contacted about the time and location," the press agent spoke, as dry in tone as ever. "For now, we're going to have to ask you to leave the area so we can concentrate on getting the pier secure and our commute back underway."

Iris sighed. She'd just walked almost seven miles and this was the end result, a police line and a promise of information later on. It just wouldn't do, but as she assessed the area, she couldn't see any obvious ways of slipping around them.

And then came the sirens. Everyone in the crowd looked over as Iris' car pulled into the parking lot of the pier, followed by two squad cars of Central City's Finest. "Oh no! I've been trying to get here for THREE HOURS!"

Most of the crowd shifted over as the cops approached the car and attempted to remove the young woman from it forcefully.

"No! Wait, what are you doing?!" Linda shouted as she wiggled and squirmed, attempting to pull herself out of the grasp of the officers. "I just wanted to get to the pier!"

Iris watched in horror, until she caught Linda's gaze, and could see the unmistakable "Go! Go!" signals she was attempting to send off. Taking advantage of the chaos, Iris made a beeline to her primary source of information, Julio Mendez, hard at work.

"I'll say this for you Iris, your schemes to get onto these crime scenes are getting more and more inventive," Julio deadpanned as he ushered her off towards a quiet corner of the pier, "shame you get so much damn practice at it."

"That was all Linda, Julio. Please tell me you'll be able to talk them down to a fine or something."

He thought about it for a moment. "I'll do what I can, but it'll cost you."

"Anything."

"Good." he said, "Go back with the others and wait for the press conference."

"No."

Julio sighed. "Oh well, I tried."

Iris finally got a good look at the destruction of the pier, and the damage to the river ferry itself. It was massive, metal and wood twisted and contorted in horrific ways. She couldn't believe only five men had died.

"What do we have here?"

He sighed. "We're going to be here for a week at least picking through the damage to the boat and the pier. It won't be usable for another few months, they're going to be making a temporary station down on Faulkner."

"This is horrible. Do you have any information on the deceased?"

"Not yet, but what's more important is the how. They didn't drown, they didn't burn."

Iris was shocked. "Then... how?"

"Toxicology and the autopsy results won't be available for a few weeks, I can't tell you how, but I'm reasonably sure they were dead before this accident took place."

"Who would set up so much just to cover up a few murders?"

Julio paused for a moment. "That's the million dollar question, isn't it?"

They both looked back to the destruction and shook their heads.

"In other news," he continued, "we got some of the work back on the blood they pulled out of that apartment on Gardner. It's metagene active."

Iris' jaw dropped for the third time this morning. She was immediately concerned at the prospects. Someone harvesting blood from her son, her nephew, Jay, maybe even her late husband. "Speedster blood?"

"We haven't got the DNA results back, but anything's possible. I don't know that we'll be able to narrow it down specifically."

“Life in this city just gets more and more complex, doesn’t it?”

“Have you found anything in your investigations?” Julio asked, figuring it was time for some information to flow the other way for once.

“Nothing yet, but believe me, you’ll be the first to hear about it once I do.” That revelation, plus the destruction of the pier, and Gardner Street – something was amiss in her city, and she was going to put a stop to it.

Iron Heights Penitentiary

Level 1

10:42 AM

“And we’re walking, we’re walking.” the tour guide droned as she lead the group of thirty school children and chaperones along the hallway of Iron Heights Penitentiary’s Level 1, before stopping short.

The tour guide then gestured to a series of pictures, depicting Iron Heights in it’s various incarnations over the years, starting with sepia tone pictures depicting something little more than a shack running to the present day, full-color panoramas of the hulking structure it is today.

“Iron Heights was founded as far back as 1822,” the tour guide narrated in monotone, “though it was a far cry from the structure you see today. It was initially designed to hold frontier criminals: gunslingers and horse rustlers. It wasn’t until after World War II that Iron Heights was repurposed as the premier metahuman containment facility in the Midwest.”

“When do we get to see some bad guys?” one child shouted.

“Yeah, I wanna see a super villain!” another added.

This was immediately followed by the clamoring of twenty-six additional children, drowning out the vain attempts to explain concepts like “danger” and “insurance liability”. Only two of the group seemed uninterested in seeing the worst Iron Heights had to offer.

But then again, that might have been because Bart Allen tended to see them before they arrived there, and Carol heard all the horror stories

firsthand.

That, and they had other things on their minds.

"I'm telling you, something is up with that guy," Bart opined, gesturing towards one of the chaperones at the front of the line, particularly intent on what the tour guide was saying. "He's acting all weird and shifty."

"For the last time, Bart, he's not a spy," Carol cautioned, "he's just someone's parent."

Bart paused for a moment, and furrowed his brow. "Just look at the way he's studying everything, like he's casing the joint."

"He's just paying attention, like we're supposed to. You know there's going to be a test on this."

But Bart wouldn't relent. "He wasn't on the bus with the rest of us."

She looked at him as if to consider the statement, before rejecting it. "Not everyone came on the bus, some of them came by car like Preston and Rolly.."

Suddenly the duo were ripped out of their conversation as Preston called out to them in a hushed shout. "Hey, are you lovebirds coming or what?"

Carol looked up and noticed the group had started to move on, grabbing Bart's arm and pulling him forward. They had quite a bit of distance to make up, but they moved quickly and caught up before anyone else noticed they were lagging.

"... on Level 1," the tour guide continued, "containing administrative offices and sleeping quarters for the staff. You'll also notice the gift shop on your left." The tour guide paused only for a moment, and then spoke again, to head off the inevitable questions. "Prisoner quarters are located below ground so as to minimize risk to the general public, and though the tour will not be visiting any occupied wings of the prison..."

She then paused, so as to not speak over the collective "Awww" that

would emanate from the students.

“...we do have a complete mock-up so that you can experience first-hand what it’s like to be a prisoner here at Iron Heights, because I’m sure this will be the only time you’ll be in one of our cells, right?”

She waited for the kids to respond, but knew that they wouldn’t. It would be a few minutes before they got back into the tour again, so there was no coincidence that she paused right by the gift shop.

“OK, let’s take a break from the tour, and everyone can either grab a bite to eat or browse the gift shop for a souvenir of your trip to the premier prison operating in this country, if not the world. “

Her sales pitch over, the kids all clamored and rushed towards the gift shop, while the chaperones helpfully offered “No running!” warnings, that were gleefully ignored.

Bart, on the other hand decided to take this opportunity to get closer to the suspicious man with the notepad, dragging Carol along behind him.

*Stagecoach Diner
Burnley Section, Keystone City
11:00 AM*

Roscoe Dillon paced in a back alley, looking at his watch. He couldn’t abide lateness and his partners were supposed to be professionals. This was not at all professional and it made him nervous.

One being late he could abide, maybe two – but all five was no coincidence.

“G’day.”

And with two syllables, his greatest fears had been confirmed.

Dillon spun around to see Digger Harkness, smiling. It was a most disturbing sight, that smile – toothy and predatory on a scale not seen outside Shark Week.

“You’re wanted inside. I suggest you don’t keep the man waiting.”

With an extra push for emphasis, Harkness marched his former ally into the back room of the Diner, right through the kitchen. The staff behind the scenes didn’t even bat an eye as the two men walked into the main dining room, where Leonard Snart, better known as Captain Cold, was waiting for them.

“Funny the sort of trash you find out in alleys, isn’t it?” Cold deadpanned as he invited Dillon to sit down at the table with him. When he hesitated, Digger was quick to shove him into the seat. “You were so nice to show up, uninvited, to my home the other day. I thought I might return the favor.”

“Su casa es mi casa, am I right, Dillon?,” Digger prompted.

“This is foolish.”

“Quite the assortment of allies you brought to the party.” Snart commented as he tossed a folder across the table towards The Top. Surveillance photos, ID cards, and numerous other pieces of data spilled out and splayed across the table and onto the floor. “Disgraced surgeon, in-deep card player, construction worker... ”

“Like the Village People of Crime, eh Cold?” Digger offered with a laugh. Both men ignored the joke and Digger fell silent once again.

“I see you managed to keep Jesse on staff after all,” Dillon replied, with a bit of surprise, “reports of his redemption must have been greatly exaggerated. Tragic.”

Dillon then paused for a moment before continuing. “I should have assumed you would misinterpret my gracious offer of assistance as a threat, Leonard. It was always personal with you.”

“You’re trying to talk to **me** about personal?” Cold retorted, “It’s not personal, it’s just business. As in you not being allowed to conduct business here. So I had to illustrate my point.”

"By destroying the ferry?"

"Reminds anyone who might have forgotten who runs this town. A minor inconvenience to those who have already accepted Rogue rule, but we went out of our way to assure no one innocent would be hurt. Besides, Snowball Recovery will be making a bid to repair the docks. Central City's new ferry is already en route from the Gulf."

"A fool's game, playing both sides like this."

"I prefer to think of it as giving back. Dangerous," Cold snarled as he spoke, "is coming where you're not welcome and bringing ringers in to help you. That's not Rogue style."

"That, my failed protégé, is the exact line of thinking that will get us all killed," Dillon noted as he sipped from a cup of tea sitting on the table. "You have no idea of the powder keg your house of cards rests upon."

"It's still my house." Cold replied as he brought his cold gun up from the holster and aimed it at the Top. "And there's nothing you can do about it, is there?"

Church of Speed Building
Wieringo Boulevard, Central City
1:19 PM

"Please, have a look around and make yourself comfortable, I'll get us some refreshment." The young woman disappeared into the back room, purple hair waving behind her as Wally looked around the small and sparse storefront.

"Okay," he replied simply, trying to hide disappointment that the young woman that had invited his alter ego to the church was not present. Wally had actually taken the time to find a stylish change of clothes and to clean himself up for her, rationalizing it by saying it wouldn't do much good to go undercover still smelling of river funk.

Trying to shake his disappointment, he walked around the main room, which appeared to hold the services. There were little folding chairs

arranged on one side of the room to hold the participants, arranged in full view of a faux stained-glass windows depicting speedsters of myth combined with the various heroes that protected the Sister Cities over the years: Jay Garrick, Johnny Quick, Barry Allen, Jesse Quick, and Wally himself were all depicted in various poses of action.

Another panel had been recently added to the display, depicting Impulse, but Wally made the conscious decision, with a bit of an evil smile, that if he related this story to his young cousin he would leave that last part out.

“It is beautiful, isn’t it?”

He hadn’t even heard the young woman walk in, but the light perfume she wore had given her away. She was just as stunning in artificial light as she was in natural, he thought to himself.

“It was a true labor of love by the people of this church. It’s important to remind us of how blessed we are, and how the lightning touches all around us.” She spoke with an almost absent-minded devotion. Sensing that she might lose the young man with her reverie, she chose to change tactics.

“I had hoped the Flash himself would deem us worthy to come and see what we have to offer firsthand.”

Wally responded by putting on a very warm smile. “I hope you’re not too disappointed. The Flash asked me to investigate your... organization, personally. He wants to know more about your beliefs.”

She slid towards him, hovering very close before gesturing him to sit down at a small table where several cups of tea were already laid out. “And I hope your report will be... favorable, Wally. I’m Christina.”

“A religion, based around speed, that’s sort of interesting. It’ll play big here I bet.”

He chuckled at his attempt at a joke. She didn’t.

“We seek to spread the truth about the lightning,” she said earnestly. It

seemed fairly obvious she legitimately believed in what she was saying.

“The lightning?” he asked, as the memories of the bolt arcing through a sea of chemicals spread across his mind. “It’s just electricity, isn’t it?”

“Oh, it’s much more than that. The speedsters of this city may be avatars, but even the most every-day of people can be touched by the lightning. We hope to help the people of the Sister Cities see that.”

“And what happens when they do?”

“Paradise,” she said as she leaned forward, staring deeply into his eyes. They stared at one another for a long moment, before a ringing cell phone interrupted them. Neither wanted to break the gaze, until Christina asked “You want to get that?”.

They both laughed a little as Wally brought the phone up his ear. “You got West.”

“Wally!,” Bart screamed from the phone, “you’ve got to get down here. All hell has broken loose!”

He got up quickly, to the surprise of his Russian compatriot, and walked towards the door. “What happened?”

“It’s a riot, Iron Heights is going crazy! You’ve got to get down here, like NOW!”

In the background of the phone it certainly sounded like it, chaos abounded as he could barely hear his young cousin over the din.

“I’ll be right there!” Wally called back as he pulled the phone from his ear and turned to Christina. “I’ve got to go, family emergency. You understand”

“I do understand,” she responded, “there’s nothing more important than family.”

Wally then grabbed for his coat, accidentally pricking his finger on his way out.

He yelped, but didn't stop, pulling the coat sharply and tearing it a little as it came loose from the stand he had rested it on. Coat finally in hand, he moved quickly out the door.

"Where are you?" Wally asked in mid-stride, halfway into his costume before the words left his lips.

Just then a loud siren tore through the morning sky, emanating from the Iron Heights structure. Explosions and loud clamoring could be heard as people and cars raced away from the scene.

And with that Wally West, the Flash, was gone.

"Oh yes, " Christina commented as she watched the maroon blur tear down the road and approached the little stand, scraping a little of the wet blood with her finger. "I shall have to let the Master know, he's chosen well."

Next Issue:

Iron Heights is in lockdown as various factions battle to control the chaos within and the only thing keeping a riot from erupting into full-blown crisis is Bart Allen? God help us all.

Can Wally and Jay get there before the chaos spills out onto the streets? What can prevent Iris and Linda from being caught in the crossfire? Who will come out on top, Captain Cold or Roscoe Dillon?

The fate of the Rogues Union and perhaps the Sister Cities hang in the balance when Speed Force returns in "Cadence to Arms"

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

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From the same author on Feedbooks

Ultimate Speed Force #1 (2008)

Ultimate Speed Force: Family Ties.

Wally West is the Flash, the Rogues are a force to be reckoned with, Iris is struggling to raise her son after the loss of her husband, and the patriarch of the speedsters, Jay Garrick, watches over all in his twilight years. In a flash of lightning and a crack of thunder, it will all change! Come and find out how!

Ultimate Speed Force #2 (2008)

Ultimate Speed Force: Speed Kills.

Something is stirring up the Rogues as an old face returns to threaten a schism in the ranks, but all that may pale to insignificance in the face of the mysterious arrival, now locked in the heart of Iron Heights! Or considering the dark words of the Top, maybe there's more connection between the two than meets the eye!

Ultimate Speed Force #4 (2008)

Ultimate Speed Force: Cadence to Arms.

The boiling cauldron that is Iron Heights has finally exploded, leaving two cities threatened as hundreds of the nation's worst prisoners threaten to spill out onto the peaceful streets of Central and Keystone.

Speedster or Rogue, no one is safe as rival factions join together, but to what end? Is this what Max has been warning about? Bart Allen may find out the hard way!



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