



## **Birds of Prey #3**

Matthew Davies

**Published:** 2006

**Categorie(s):** Fiction, Fan Fiction

**Tag(s):** "Black Canary" "Green Arrow" Comics DC2 Batgirl Huntress  
Omen Zatanna Vigilante

***Birds of Prey***  
Issue 3 (of 4): "Divided We Fall"  
Written by: Matthew Davies  
Cover by: ArtTeach  
Edited by: Mark Bowers

*"Hey, Dad!"*

*Oliver Queen grinned widely at his son's cheerful greeting as he stepped into his mansion, his hair ruffled slightly by the cool summer breeze. A small, red-haired boy leapt into his arms, chuckling lightly as he fidgeted and hugged his father tightly. Ollie set him down gently and rubbed his head affectionately.*

*"You're gonna be crushing me with that hug soon, Roy!" he said with a satisfied grin and a small laugh. "Honey, I'm home!" he called.*

*"Dinner's almost ready, handsome!" a feminine voice replied, and a beautiful, blonde-haired woman stepped into the hallway. "Good day at work?"*

*"So-so, Dinah," he responded. "But the highlight of my day is always seeing you."*

*"That line's getting old, Queen," she mumbled. "But I still kinda like it."*

*"I wouldn't have it any other way, pretty bird."*

*"Daddy, come and see what I made!" Roy pleaded, tugging at Ollie's trousers and gazing upwards imploringly.*

*"Sure!" Ollie replied with a grin, and allowed his son to lead him up the majestic staircase and into his cluttered bedroom.*

*"Look! Look!"*

*Ollie crouched beside his son and his smile grew even wider as he saw the*

*picture Roy had painted. It depicted a young, black-clad woman labelled 'Mummy', an emerald archer labelled 'Daddy', and a second archer branded 'me', standing before a house with a masked villain on the floor beside them.*

*"That's great, Roy!"*

*"Wanna know their names?" Roy asked. "I made us all into superheroes!"*

*"Great! I'd love to know..."*

*"Something isn't right."*

Huntress' statement was simple, yet caused both of her costume-clad companions to become alert. Black Canary was still in Batgirl's arms, physically and emotionally drained from their ordeal; her eyes were visibly bleary and sore from her weeping. Personally, Huntress would never have allowed such a display of weakness before anyone, let alone her comrades, but she cast those thoughts aside as Batgirl gave her a questioning glance.

*"What, Helena?" she posed.*

*"See for yourself," Huntress responded, motioning to the desk before her.*

Batgirl rose to her feet, Canary shakily doing the same and studying the table that Huntress had gestured to. It was completely covered with notes and discarded test tubes, scraps of paper with chemical formulas scrawled across them and glass jars filled with unrecognisable powders. Atop one sheet was written, 'The Paradise Formula'. Batgirl grimaced, the expression accompanying Canary's gasp.

*"She wanted us to know what she's up to," Batgirl stated.*

*"Think further," Huntress pressed, pursing her lips. "She took the rest of our team, the ones that she's supposedly already infected" – she glanced at Canary suspiciously; the heroine's grief could have dulled her senses and her assumption could've been wrong – "and it appears that she's got*

more of the formula.”

“She wants to infect Vegas,” Canary completed, her voice slightly tinted by a horrified awe.

Huntress frowned. “But how?”

“You think further, this time,” Batgirl stated. “If you wanted to spread a plague throughout a city, how would you do it?”

A silence fell between them for Huntress replied sullenly. “The water supply.”

### Black Canary

*It was irresponsible of me, really, breaking down in front on everyone at the casino. I saw the look Helena gave me, and couldn't help but feel ashamed. My thoughts strayed to Ollie, and how I was letting him down by being weak when I should have been strong. I'm going to make up for that when I come face-to-face with Omen again. Telepathy or no telepathy, I'm gonna grind her to paste beneath my boot if it's the last thing I do!*

*That, of course, is my irrational side speaking. Heroes don't kill, although I'm severely tempted sometimes. It's hard to resist when you've got a creep like The Joker breathing down your neck. Omen may keep silent, but she enrages me almost as much as him. But no matter how angry I become, I can't cross the line. Once you do that, you're no longer a hero. Huntress and Vigilante are already approaching that line, and I try to convince myself that one of the reasons for my tears back in the casino was the fact that Chase may never live to learn that lesson, but I know that the only thing I was thinking of was that I may never feel my lips brush against Ollie's ever again.*

*And that scared me.*

*For most of my superhero career, I was a loner, independent. Now, I find myself part of a team, and everything's changed. I've felt safe, under Ollie's command. My leader, my lover, my knight in shining armour. Ever since we met in that hotel room back when he was hunting Roulette, ever since I first laid eyes upon him...we developed a connection. A passion. I'm truly terrified of losing him. Of losing that passion. Of losing that camaraderie...it'd be bizarre without him at*

*my side. Truly strange. Still, I know I have Barbara to turn to. Barbara is the best friend you could ever ask for. She's strong, reliable, supportive...at least I've got her beside me in this situation...*

It didn't take long for the Birds to reach the nearest water treatment plant. Batgirl led the way, Huntress and Canary a respectable distance behind. The trio began to wade through the sea of unconscious bodies, completely alert. The sheer amount of destruction littering the place didn't surprise them; they had already learnt, far too well, of the havoc Omen could wreak. A tense silence enveloped the entire complex, broken only by the light *pitter-patter* of water dripping from a shattered pipe.

"There," Canary murmured, her voice hushed.

Her two companions followed her gaze, and grimaced as they settled their eyes on the perpetrator of the scheme. Batgirl's hand fell to her belt, and Huntress unsheathed the blade she had secreted inside her cloak. Canary cast a disapproving look at the vigilante, but Huntress merely ran her gloved hand over the flat of the sword. Batgirl rested her palm on Huntress' forearm.

"No killing, Huntress," she whispered.

"I'll do what I need to do," Huntress hissed, "but I will only kill if driven to it."

Batgirl nodded, content in the knowledge that it was as good a response as she could hope for from Huntress. She would just have to trust her, as a teammate and a hero, not to cross the line that so many had fallen prey to before. Drawing and unfolding a golden batarang, the fiery-haired Bat hurled the projectile in one fluid motion...only for it to pass through 'Omen'.

"Predictable," a cold voice spoke out from behind them. All three swivelled to see the real Omen, coated in telekinetic energy, levitating metres above the concrete. "You are too late."

Batgirl cursed inwardly as she realised that the figure she had assaulted was nothing more than a telepathic illusion. "We know your game, Omen, and we plan to stop it."

"Stand down, or I make sure you don't get back up when you fall," Huntress growled threateningly.

Canary didn't waste time with words, and allowed her jaw to drop. Sonic waves erupted from the back of her throat, tearing through Omen's shield and carrying her through the ceiling of the structure. "That's for Ollie!"

Batgirl exhaled audibly as Huntress followed the blonde bombshell as she sprinted towards the entrance, and darted after them.

### Batgirl

*It's hard, being the strong reliable leader. Especially when normally, you're not. Everyone is feeling the lack of our real leader, Green Arrow, Dinah hardest of all. Helena doesn't really show any emotion, and I don't ask how she feels. Too dangerous. I don't want to lose her, as well; she's extremely unpredictable. That trait scares me, at times. Scrap that, all the time. It's great against enemies, but makes it hard for her to make any friends.*

*Maybe this whole experience will bring her closer to us...yeah, fat chance, Babs! I'm glad Dinah's here, although it's evident Helena is bored with her public displays of emotion. I don't think she's used to sharing feelings, but that's what makes Dinah so strong. Each to their own, I suppose. I keep thinking it should be the other way around – me as the heartless leader, and Helena as the comforting friend – but I don't want to let my new role change me in any way.*

*I suddenly have a newfound respect for Ollie, as well; it's really hard just keeping these two together, let alone an entire group. I suppose he's helped sufficiently by having Dinah so close to him, but still...getting so many people to respect and follow you like that is no easy task. I really could use someone here, my 'Dinah'...oh, God, I'd just love to have Dick here right now. I really shouldn't be thinking that, but I am. He could make me feel better.*

*Come on, Babs, focus!*

Canary grunted in shock as Omen sent a stone slab spinning into her chest. She fell with a rush of air as oxygen was expelled from her lungs, and winced in time with a sickening *crack*. A searing pain shot through her chest and a sudden shortness of breath overcame her. Huntress dashed past her, ducking and dodging the following slabs that were being sent her way, leaving Batgirl to drop to one knee beside her fallen friend.

“Dinah? You okay?” she questioned worriedly.

“I swear that cow just cracked one of my ribs,” Canary panted.

“By the sounds of it, she did more than that.” Batgirl gripped her shoulder. “Dinah, you were pretty smashed up before we even came here. We won’t judge you if you want to sit out –”

“Don’t ask me to do that, Barbara,” Dinah hissed, and hauled herself to her feet, taking off at a run and ignoring the agony racking her body.

Batgirl reluctantly pursued her, another batarang clenched in one fist. She couldn’t wait for this entire ordeal to be over, for Omen to be defeated; a surge of adrenaline increased her speed and a reddish haze fell over her surrounding. Suddenly, killing didn’t seem so bad after all, and she wished that the blade Huntress possessed was in her hand. She shook her head vigorously...it was all too easy to go down that path, and she had to set an example.

Several metres ahead, Huntress brought her sword across in a left-to-right cut, sweeping aside the miniature hunks of debris Omen was assaulting her with. Grinding her teeth together, she cursed savagely as her opponent vanished in a flash of white light. Batgirl and Canary slowed and stopped on either side of her, both weary from their trials.

“It’s just battle after battle after battle!” Canary exclaimed. “I swear, when I catch that Omen...”

“Dinah.”

Batgirl gestured to the concrete expanse before them, filled with citizens...each and every one of them completely still. Canary swore vehemently under her breath and stepped back in disgust. In less than an hour, the effects of Omen's virus had already been devastating. They were all pondering the consequences if it was left to spread for much longer...but none spoke of them. There was no point in stating the obvious; in some areas, at least.

"We've got to stop her," Batgirl said determinedly. "Now."

With that, she took to the rooftops with her grapple hook, throwing herself through the air with a practiced efficiency and what could be looked upon as a reckless desperation, tearing across the silent city with her eyes set on the casino they had left but minutes ago. The car that they had hijacked to transport them to the docks would be of no use to them when the roads were cluttered by victims of the 'Omen virus'. Occasionally, there would be shrieks from the uninfected below – and there were many of them – but the costumed girl couldn't stop.

There was far too much to lose.

### Huntress

*I tightened my grip on the hilt of the weapon as I sprinted after Batgirl. It was almost as if, should I let go, I would die. It was my anchor to life, to reality. Little did I know that, soon, it was literally going to be. I found it hard to follow Batgirl and keep my eyes ahead – the motionless bodies around me kept averting my eyes. In a strange, twisted way, it was breathtaking. The primal side of me wanted to stop and secure the view in my memories; the rational side then told me that I was sick and pushed those strange musings aside.*

*I was finding it increasingly harder to find a motive. Seeing your friends torn apart by a vicious girl in a cloak doesn't exactly work wonders on your drive, especially when they are supposedly stuck in their perfect lives. It didn't seem that bad to me...anything would be better than this. My dad's a mob boss that is responsible for at least fifty percent of the crime in Las Vegas - as crooked as they come - and I am forced to battle my family on an everyday basis.*

*A fantasy world didn't seem so bad. My stride faltered. After all, why fight perfection? Then, I took a glance at Black Canary, and saw the passion in her gaze. And I realised that we weren't fighting perfection...we were fighting for freedom.*

Omen reappeared in the basement of the casino, fumbling with the notes on the table. Her hood fell down, gathering around her neck. It revealed pallid skin contrasting deeply with her almond eyes and rouged lips. Beads of sweat were drenching her forehead after her exertions from utilising her telekinetic powers in such rapid succession.

"Master," she murmured breathlessly. "There are still survivors, and my challengers have not been affected." She did not need to say it out loud, for, simultaneously, she was transmitting a telepathic message of the same content. It simply served as a lightning rod to focus her powers.

"Very well," a guttural voice responded, echoing throughout her skull. "Use the telepathic measures. I will be arriving soon to dispose of these pests."

"Of course. I shall prepare," Omen responded obediently, and cut the telepathic link. "If they won't drink the water, they will feel it in their minds!"

Batgirl reached the casino first, bounding over the various tables with Canary and Huntress but metres behind her. Almost hurling herself down the staircase, Batgirl stopped only when she laid eyes upon her target, and embedded a batarang in the wall beside her. Huntress whirled her blade in an impressive and imposing display of swordsmanship, leaving Canary to kneel beside them, her hand clasping her chest as she spluttered uncontrollably.

"This ends now," Batgirl stated simply.

"Indeed it does." Omen steepled her fingers against her temples and allowed her eyes to flutter closed. "This is what you suffer for fighting

perfection!"

"This is what you suffer for fighting us!" Huntress retorted, and brought her sword back for a final lunge...only for the blade to clatter to the ground with a metallic clang. The three Birds followed it, shrieking in pain as Omen's telepathy dug into their minds.

"Your fantasy will taint you," Omen barked, her tone sending shivers down the Birds' spines, "even if you don't want it! *You will be infected, along with every other mongrel in this damned city!*"

A telepathic wave spiked outwards from the robed figure, rippling through the city. The few not already infected froze in their frantic positions, falling almost instantly to the power of perfection. Their eyes glazed over as they sunk into their new lives...and settled in almost immediately.

"Las Vegas...is perfect." Her master was beside her, his voice like thunderclaps. "And so are these defiant trio."

*I can't do this, I don't have time for this,* Batgirl thought anxiously. The world around her was gone, replaced by blades of grass caressing her back and the Sun bathing her in its magnificent golden glow. *This isn't real, it isn't real, and I –*

"Babs?" A familiar masculine voice broke into her thoughts.

*I can't open my eyes, can't get sucked in...*

But then, Richard Grayson pressed his lips against hers, and the perfection overcame her.

*To be concluded...*

---

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

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

## From the same author on Feedbooks

*Birds of Prey #1 (2006)*

*Birds of Prey, Part One (of Four): Elimination Process.*

The New Outsiders have fallen. A mysterious prophecy is at hand. Las Vegas is under threat. An Omen has struck. And there's only a trio of heroines that can prevent disaster... if they don't kill each other first. Black Canary. Batgirl. Huntress. The Birds of Prey.

*Birds of Prey #2 (2006)*

*Birds of Prey, Part Two (of Four): Dissension in the Ranks.*

The Outsiders are defeated, content with their greatest desires...but hope has not yet faded. Batgirl, Black Canary, and the Huntress attempt to rescue their teammates, but find themselves at odds with each other, as well as cornered by their strangest foes yet! Meanwhile the mysterious Omen hatches another plan...

*Birds of Prey #4 (2006)*

*Birds of Prey, Part Four (of Four): Salvations and Revelations.*

Las Vegas' last hopes for salvation – Black Canary, Batgirl, and Huntress – have been infected with the Omen virus. With only their willpower keeping them awake, how will they fare against the super-powered Omen and the mastermind of the plot... the deadly Overmaster?!

*Teen Titans #3 (2006)*

*Teen Titans: The Killing Game, Part 1: Clubbed.*

The Titans are pushed to their limits when one of their own is beaten into a coma, with only a black club spray-painted on the victim's chest as a clue. But the mysterious assassin has now targeted the rest of the team...

*Teen Titans #7 (2006)*

*Teen Titans: Fading Star.*

Determined to trace his lineage, Speedy embarks on a journey of mystery and self-discovery as he strives to find his real mother and be part of a family again. This emotional and brutal tale tells the true story of Roy Harper's heritage...and helps him to reconnect with an old friend.

Teen Titans #4 (2006)

Teen Titans: The Killing Game, Part Two: One by One.

Deathstroke has announced the Titans' death sentence...now, he is going to eliminate them, at any cost! He has the perfect strategy for each and every one of them...But has he planned for the blinding rage of Nightwing?

Teen Titans #5 (2006)

Teen Titans: The Beast Within, Part 1.

Starfire reaches Miami, only to find herself facing deadly danger with a strange new ally! Meanwhile, the Titans search out the mysterious telepath that attacked Speedy last issue, and Kid Flash ponders his future...Featuring the first-ever appearance of a new DC2 character, as well as guest-starring the Flash!

Teen Titans #6 (2006)

Teen Titans: The Beast Within, Part 2.

With Speedy's life hanging in the balance, Nightwing, Donna Troy, and Raven face down the terrible might of the Royal Flush Gang! Garfield Logan confronts his fears as the Gordanians approach the new Citadel homeworld...and plan the execution of Starfire! Also: Kid Flash has a heart-to-heart with his aunt and gets comfortable in a familiar costume...

Teen Titans #8 (2006)

Teen Titans: Fatal Attractions, Part One.

As a drug ring spreads throughout the city, the Titans intensify their attempts to break it up and find the ever-elusive answer to a mystery of missing contraband. Meanwhile, two teens grow closer, whilst another two grow apart...

Teen Titans #9 (2006)

Teen Titans: Fatal Attractions, Part Two.

Starfire is devastated by her shocking discovery at the end of last issue, and struggles to cope with the deadly new knowledge she holds...before it destroys her fast-growing relationship with Nightwing. Also: Wonder Girl develops a mystery crush, and Kid Flash attempts to assuage Raven's fears.



**[www.feedbooks.com](http://www.feedbooks.com)**  
Food for the mind