



Rogues Gallery #6
Mischief

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Poster's Note: This is *not* a well-written story. I'm only posting it for the sake of those who want to collect the entire run of this series. If you can't stand bad fan fiction. **DELETE THIS NOW!** Trust me on this. I won't hold it against you.

Rogues Gallery #6: Concrete Jungle

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One late night in Gotham City, the weather had been kind to those who venture out at 12:07 in the morning. The nightlife in the better part of the city is still going strong and may not stop till about four in the morning. The establishment that has drawn me back to Gotham City closes at two in the morning. One of my old acquaintances told me that this particular establishment has the best cooked steak in the city. So since I was coming back to the states, then I guess I can try out the steak.

I had to fly into Star City and cross over the Aparo Expressway to get into Gotham with little or no fuss. I heard that Star City has a new wave of kids with powers that they dubbed 'Baby Bang'. I wondered where the hell these news outlets get their ideas from. That city is turning into a cesspool. It was a decent city, but now it seems like it is going to be a Gotham junior. My memories of Star City are truly not good ones either, but I don't want to think of that now. At that time of night, the cops were in the middle of a shift change so that made every thing easier for me. The sky was surprisingly clear and one could see the Statue of Justice in all her stunning glory as a faded tan 1988 Buick Cutlass drove across the Aparo Expressway.

"I thought that I'd never return to this town. Too many bad memories, too much humiliation and too much of everything that this damn city can ram down your throat."

BEFORE

A clean shaven man with short dirty blonde hair is walking out of a

lions' cage. He is wearing sweat soaked khaki shorts and a white sweat drenched sleeveless t-shirt. A petite brunette wearing light brown sweat pants with dark brown strips going down the side and a matching sleeveless sweat shirt hands the man a towel. "Here you go Mr. Blake."

"Remember it's Tom or Blake, you can drop the 'Mister' part Sarah. You make me feel old."

"Ok Mist..er uh Tom," Sarah stammered. Blake wipes the sweat off his face with the towel and is approached by two men who appear to be in their early sixties, both wearing expensive looking black suits. Blake shakes the hand of one of the guys. "So what can I expect with this visit, Mr. Jemas, Mr. Buckley? I don't see the third member of your little trio, Mr. Quesada. But I hope you fellas aren't still mad that I won't sell my company's extensive library?"

Mr. Jemas stood in front of Blake who looked to be in his mid-fifties and wearing a black suit and a very bad hair piece. "Joe had to oversee the release for the animals for your final episode."

Blake walks away from Jemas and Buckley and motions with his left hand for them to follow him. "Come with me gentlemen and take a look at the product that will be my final episode of Animal Safari. I know that you two with Joey Q. are my company's most vocal executives opposed to that decision. So the question is," Blake turns to look at his two executives, "What are you doing here while I'm working on my final episode of Animal Safari?"

"Mister Blake, we were hoping to see you finish this last episode. We just thought that we would bring you the final paperwork that you need to sign. We have all the necessary releases for the network and the rest of the things that go along with the business," said Mr. Buckley who also wore a black suit, but he had short silver colored hair and worn thick glasses that made his eyes larger than they were.

Blake chuckled to himself every time he attempted to look Dan Buckley in his eyes, "heh heh heh. I hope there are no hard feelings gentlemen, but I've done it all. So I need to find a new thrill."

Blake sat down and signed the contracts and releases that the two

executives brought with them. The two executives left after Blake signed all the paperwork. Blake was handed a clipboard by Sarah. "Okay Tom, we've got to get this finished and here is what is left on the schedule."

The next day, Blake awoke in his expensive apartment in Gotham Village. Lying next to Blake was his assistant Sarah; she snuggles up to her lover's bare chest. She runs a single hand over the three deep scars on his chest. Blake kisses her on her forehead and says in a soft and gentle tone, "Morning sweetie, you know that this relationship of ours may turn into a scandal."

Sarah kisses him on his lips and says. "But you know no one will ever know or find out about us."

Blake turned on the radio that is on his night stand. Blake got out of bed and started stretching and said, "Well maybe its time I went public with the relationship that we've had for four years now. You know I'm about to enter a new stage in my life, so why not have you out there with me?"

Sarah just had a surprised look on her face, but this tender moment was interrupted by a radio news broadcast. "Animal Encore, Inc. had been sold. ...in other news, Thomas Blake's company has been sold to Star Outlaw films, a Las Vegas film studio for an undisclosed amount of money. Included in the deal was Animal Encore's extensive documentary library that last year generated fifteen million dollars in sales, marketing and licensing..." Blake grabs the radio and smashes it on the hardwood floor. "THOSE...AAARGH!!!"

Sarah was visually shaken by her lover's raw animalistic rage. She threw her arms up and in front of herself towards Blake. "TOMMY CALM DOWN, BREAKING STUFF WON'T HELP MATTERS," she yelled at Thomas Blake, who looked like he was searching for something else to break.

About twenty minutes later Sarah left Blake's apartment. Sarah walks out of the buldin looking up towards the top. She always thought she would see him later that day. The reality is that would ever see...each other ever...again.

Back in Blake's apartment, an expensive looking crystal statue was thrown out of the bedroom and shattered against a wall in the living room. Blake paced in his room. Blake's rooms looked like a war zone with various items broken and scattered around the room. Blake's eyes were filled with rage as he yelled at his attorney, "WHAT DO YOU MEAN I CAN'T DO ANYTHING, YOU'RE MY LAWYER, SUE SOMEBODY?" Blake's life changed.

Blake was told by his attorney that the executives of his company secretly got him to sign over more and more control his company to them, giving them the power to sell his company from underneath him. Blake dropped the phone and dropped to his knees. Everything that Blake built was now gone. He glanced at an award that proudly sat in a glass case. In a fit of rage, Blake shattered the glass case and threw the award at his thick custom oak head board, which left the award embedded into the wood.

After the rage had subsided, he remembered that his attorney told him that all he had left was a million dollars in his account and a lot of people calling in their loans. Blake declared bankruptcy and left Gotham City broken and humiliated. Blake never said good bye to his assistant and his lover Sarah Kincaid.

NOW

GOTHAM CITY

As the faded tan Cutlass pulls up to a gentlemen's club called on the corner of Dini and Timm, the driver's thoughts dwell on his past love. The neon lights of the script fonts of Kuberts' glow a bright blue with the word CLUB glowing yellow below it. The driver quickly gets his eyes focused on something else. The outside appearances looked decent compared to Grell's Bar in Star City. The tan Buick drives around to the parking lot on the side of the club. The lot looks like it can handle about 25 or so cars and may be 20 or less SUV's. The lot is rather poorly lit. The Buick is parked in the farthest corner of the lot, away from the 1999 Black Porsche Boxster S convertible and a dark blue 2000 Ford Excursion. The driver of the Cutlass exits out the vehicle. He notices the vanity plate on both vehicles. The Excursion's plate read SWT-LOU and the Porsche's plate read Elbe 22. The driver closed the car door and just shacks his

head left to right. His single thought so that this was going to be an interesting night. The driver is a male who stands about 6'4", with an athletic build and his wide shoulders are not hidden by wearing tan and worn Timberland boots, a pair of khaki pants, a form fitted black t-shirt and ragged looking blue flannel shirt with a Gotham Knights baseball cap to cover his shaggy looking dirty blond hair. The man's facial features looked rugged with a face full of dirty blonde stubble. His green eyes narrowed as he looked toward the top of Kubert's Club. He saw shadowy figure standing atop of the gentlemen's club. The driver noticed that his presence in Gotham may of brought out it's Dark Knight. He inhaled the night air and smelled a distinctive odor of Kevlar and disinfectant. His eyes narrow as he focuses his eyes on the lone figure standing at the edge of the building. Just as his eyes finally adjusted to the lighting and distance, he was able to see Gotham's nocturnal protector turning away with his black leather cape flowing in the wind. He confirmed that the Batman was watching. He just grins to himself as his left hand grabs the brim of his baseball cap and lowers it a bit.

The man enters the Gentlemen's Club and surveys the lay out of the place. To the left of the parking lot entrance is a hallway that leads to the rest rooms. The rugged man enters the establishment and is greeted by a well muscled bouncer wearing a black suit and a black t-shirt with a bald head and patch of black stubble hair on his chin. The new patron of this establishment hands him a fifty dollar bill and continues into the club. The bouncer looks at his hand with the crumbled up fifty dollar bill with mild astonishment. To the right of the rest rooms are at least three small circular tables. One of the tables has three guys appearing to be in their late twenties with clean cut black hair. They are wearing khaki pants with various colored collared short sleeve shirts. The jackets that are on the backs of their chairs are Gotham Knights Jackets. The new patron walked by them picking up the scent of sweat and alcohol. Passing the stage area for the dancing entertainment, one can view a DJ standing behind two turntables. To the right of the DJ is the Champagne Room. Continuing his way to the bar, this individual passes another group of males who all look to be the size of small tanks. If it wasn't for the different colored eyes and some minor facial feature differences, one would think these three guys were triplets. The stench pouring off them smelled of Vodka and Tequila. Finally the Buick driver reaches the bar. The bartender looks to be in his late fifties with short silvered hair around the

sides of his head and a bad comb over. He is out of shape and wearing a white button down shirt with the sleeves rolled up to the elbows. The bartender asks this new customer, "Wha will it be pardna?"

"I'll have two shots of Jack and a Corona ta start off with," He states while looking at the stage as a girl standing five foot three inches tall with straight brunette hair and wearing a black and white velvet cowboy outfit. She has the perfect hourglass figure. The groups of three guys that are sitting by the stage start waving fists full of twenty dollar bills at the brunette.

At the bar, the guy who had ordered his drinks grabbed the first shot of Jack Daniels and tosses it back and flips the shot glass down onto the marble bar top. He picks up the next shot of Jack Daniels and tosses that one back too. The customer places that shot glass on top of the other one. He looks at the bartender and states, "I also want a steak cooked medium rare." The man with a Corona beer bottle in his left hand walks over towards a table that is farthest from the stage but closest to the bar and sits down.

Within five minutes, the next female dancer comes out wearing a cop's uniform. This six foot tall woman struts out onto the stage and quickly tosses her cop hat off behind her letting her long straight blond hair fall pass her shoulders. Those same three guys that are close to the stage are joined by two more guys that stink of alcohol. The dancer continued with her routine as the steak was brought out to the stranger, who is sitting alone at a table. The youthful petite short-curly haired woman who had a naivety that would make any man over the age of sixty want to go hunting for the fountain of youth.

The plate with a sixteen ounce sirloin steak was put in front the Buick driver. The driver hands her a crisp hundred bill. "Here, I'll have another Corona and keep the change."

The barmaid's face lights up when she hears that she can keep the change. As she walks away the driver notices that the barmaid's hips are swaying a bit more than she did before. The barmaid looks over her shoulder in a seductive manner, looking in the driver's direction and sees that the driver is admiring her movements. The driver turns his

attention to his juicy steak. The driver takes a bite out of his meal, tasting the different herbs and spices that were used in the cooking of the steak. He thinks to himself, "I got to admit that this is a pretty damn good steak."

The driver finishes off his first Corona just as the barmaid comes over with his second Corona, strolling past the solo drunken football player. The player grabs her by her waist and pulls her onto his lap, "Hey cutie, why dontcha sit on Big Lou's lap and see whatta gonna pop up, burp!?" said the drunken line backer. The guy looked like he was about 275 lbs and possibly about 6'4" in height. This must be one of the three new guys that the Gotham Knights signed in the off-season. Big-Sweet Lou Tyson, the new star linebacker for the Gotham Knights. This guy has been in the league for three seasons and now is one of the highest paid linebackers in the entire league. The Knights reportedly signed this ox to an eight year, eighty million dollar contract that includes twenty-two million dollars in guaranteed money. Last season, he led the league in sacks and fines for unsportsmanlike conduct and from the looks of it; he has a drinking problem too. The driver thinks about whether it's a Mossberg shotgun or a .38 caliber Smith & Wesson revolver that the bartender has under the bar and thinks about how fast he can get to it. The driver quickly eyes the two bouncers that looked to both be about 6'6" in height, weighing about 280 to 310lbs, both with clean shaven heads and wearing black dress pants with black short sleeve collared shirts. The driver noticed that one of them has a small bulge on the left side of his waist. The other one's right pant leg at the bottom appears to be a bit worn, guessing that he's carrying a small revolver on his right ankle. The driver's attention returns to the linebacker who's grinding the barmaid's butt onto his lap. The driver thinks about several different scenarios in his mind before the bartender yells over to Big Lou "Hands off the help there Big Lou!"

Big Lou flips the bartender the middle finger and says, "Screw off Dom, I'm just trying ta have sum fun here and I think yer bar wench likes it a bit rough."

The driver finishes his steak and stands up in front of his table with his head slightly tilted to his left so that his baseball cap is covering his eyes. "Why dontcha let the lady go so she can give me my beer. Hell, I'll even pay for a round for you and yer buddies," he said in an even tone.

Big Lou looks at the man wearing the opened flannel shirt. "Why dontcha...burp...mind yer own gawd damn biz ness." He replied with a drunken slur.

"Look I know that you and yer buddies are just looking for a good time," said the flannel shirt wearing individual who took a couple of steps closer to Big Lou, "but I just want her to give me my Corona and she can't do that if you are trying to dry hump her."

"Well I think ya steppin' out of yer wit' class der bud...dee," Big Lou slurred as he shoved the barmaid off his lap and stumbled to his feet.

Quickly the music stopped and the female exotic dancer stopped her performance and quickly walked backstage. Big Lou's teammates looked in his direction and gathered behind their new teammate. The driver noticed that the club's bouncer had their attention focused on the drunken linebacker.

"Look guys, I don't want any trouble here. I hear the Knights have a serious shot at the playoffs this season, so why don't I just buy you guys a round and we'll call it a night, huh???" The man stated with his hands up and his head down.

Big Lou turns around with his large back towards the man who has stuck his nose in his business. Big Lou reaches for one of the many empty beer bottles that are on his table. Big Lou's big hand grasps the bottle neck and swings over head towards his antagonist. His target sidesteps the blow with cat-like quickness. The glass bottle that was in Big Lou's hand shatters against the bar top behind his target. Big Lou's target speaks to him, "Remember that you had too many drinks before you started this fight."

Big Lou attempts to injury that man by stabbing him in the stomach. His target shows Big Lou how very agile he is by dodging the deadly blow that was meant for his abdomen with the jagged edges of the broken bottle. Big Lou stumbled as he lunged with that stomach shot. His sense of balance had been drastically impaired by alcohol. In one fluid motion, Big Lou stumbled, slipped, twisted and then finally landed face down on the floor. Big Lou's would-be victim turned to the bartender and handed

him three crisp hundred dollar bills and said, "Here you go, and I'll have another shot of Jack, please." He tossed back the shot of Jack Daniels and placed it bottom side up and left saying, "By the way, that steak was the best I've eaten in some time."

The driver exits the club. He walks by the dark blue Ford Excursion, when he hears liquid splashing against thin glass. He only stops when a beer bottle hits the ground behind his right foot. From behind him he hears the taunts from six drunken football players. He slowly turns around and says, "Now that we are all outside, all bets are off. So that I know whose ass I'm whooping, let me take a good look at ya. So who do we have here with the drunken linebacker?" The boisterous man slowly turned to see the six professional defensive football players from the Gotham Knights. "Looks like Mister Lou Tyson travels with the Knights' key to a winning season. Lord knows that their quarterback can't do it all by himself. May be if they would of gotten that kid from Metropolis University...what's his name...oh yeah... Masoud House. That kid has an arm on him. I hope the eighty million for Tyson pays off . But that won't happen if you all don't just go home right now. I'll forget that ya threw an empty bottle at me when my back was turned." After that long speech he starts to turn away from them when one of them yells at him.

"YOU %*\$\$\$^!"

Before the roughed man can completely turn his back to the football players, he sees River Elbe, the Knights new strong safety who played four seasons with the Metropolis Monarchs, charging at him. This guy was about 6'2" and weighed in about 220 lbs. He thinks to himself, "Damn, I was hoping to put a few bets on the Knights this season, but I guess I won't be doing that now." Once the flannel shirt wearing man finished his thought, he pivoted on his right foot and raised his left knee to connect with the strong safety's chin. He quickly grabbed Elbe by the back his Gotham Knights' jacket and tosses him into the rear window of the Excursion, shattering the glass. The next player to try and attack him was the Knights' free safety David Wilder. He is the only player in league history to ever record a sack, an interception, a fumble recovery and a touchdown reception in the same game. The unfazed man thinks to himself, "Wilder has been with the Knights for two seasons. This guy combines speed with hard hitting capabilities at 6' tall and 216 lbs. A

true jewel in football is what he is. Too bad I got to put him on the disabled list. Wilder tried to swing a left hook to the driver's head. The driver that would have been on the receiving end of a devastating hit to his face, countered by grabbing Millar's left wrist with his right hand. With quick twist, Wilder's wrist gets broken, and then Wilder's nose is broken with the palm of his opponent's hand. Wilder's broken nose is pouring blood like a broken faucet. Wilder falls to his knees screaming, "YOU...YOU BROKE MY NOSE!!!" The driver hits Wilder with an uppercut that flips him backwards on to his stomach and unconscious.

All that remains are three members of the offensive line and they look like they are going to rush the man all at once. To the left is Left Guard Ramon 'The Brick' Wilkins, standing at 6'4" 290lbs. To the right is Right Tackle Charlie 'The House' Villalobos, standing at 6'3" and weighing about 279lbs. In center and a bit behind the two of them is the team's Center Brian 'The Star' Lord, a beast of a man standing at 6'4" and weighing in about 350lbs. The man with the flannel shirt gestures to them with his right hand to 'Come get some'. Wilkins and Villalobos rush towards the guy that has already beaten up two of their teammates. Villalobos, who is on the right side, gets a hit with a back hand across the right side of his face, dislocating his jaw by the sheer force of the hit by the man wearing the flannel shirt. The right hand that dislocated Villalobos' jaw is the same hand which is balled up into a fist which connects with Wilkins' left side of his face. The impact fractures Wilkins' eye socket with a loud crack.

Lord manages to grab a hold of the driver with a bear hug. The driver is in the strong clutches of Lord. The driver attempts to get out of the hold with a few right elbows Lord's neck. This only frustrated Lord even more; he then responded by slamming the man in his arms on the hood of the Excursion with a loud crash. Lord starts to strangle his adversary with his bare hands. The driver lying on the hood manages to hit Lord in ribs on his right side with his left knee, followed with a hand slap to the right of Lord's head, connecting with his right ear. The ear shot caused Lord to release his grip on his antagonist's throat. Lord stumbles backwards awkwardly. His equilibrium is now out of balance, but he manages to reach out to his foe's black t-shirt, ripping it in the process revealing the man's chiseled physique with three scars the runs at a forty-five degree angle from left to right in the center of his chest.

The man with the now ripped t-shirt uses his left foot to kick Lord's right knee from underneath him causing Lord to drop to one of his knees. He follows that move up with spinning heel kick to the right of Lord's face and finished him with a rear naked choke hold. Within two minutes, Lord was rendered unconscious and dropped on the pavement of the parking lot. From behind the so-called winner of this parking lot brawl, Tyson drunkenly raises a beer bottle over his head. The driver quickly twists around to the right and reaches with his left hand behind his lower back. He pulls out a six inch knife with a black and ivory pearl handle to break the glass bottle. Tyson looks at his broken bottle and passes out from all the alcohol that had drank this night.

The driver surveys the area and is the clear winner of this brawl. He looked towards the roof again and as he sheathes his knife, he whispers, "thanks for not interfering".

Then the driver saw the barmaid that serviced him his steak, standing by the exit and strutted her way over to the winner of the brawl. The driver can smell the pheromones that her body was giving off. The driver saw her body language speaking louder than words. She touched and caressed the Driver's muscular chest and said in a seductive voice, "My name is Rachel...do you want to finish off this night...the right way?"

The driver grins at the petite barmaid and says, "Why not." The Buick Driver rips off his t-shirt without removing his flannel shirt while he walks with Rachel. He pulls out a lighter from his flannel shirt's right breast pocket and lights the black t-shirt on fire, kicks in the window of the Porsche, and then tosses the burning t-shirt into the sports car's passenger's leather seat. Blake and Rachel get into his Cutlass and drive off. As he is driving he glances in his driver side mirror and could see the Porsche engulfed in flames. His attention turned over to his passenger's thighs and licks his lips. The aroma of her perspiration is a sexual intoxication for the driver. They drive to Rachel's apartment. Once they are in her apartment, Blake pounces on his sexual prey. Blake is like an animal as he rips apart Rachael's clothing.

The driver is in bed with Rachel as he awakes to the first rays of sunlight that is passing through the bedroom window. The driver shifts Rachel's body off his own. As the driver is getting dressed he notices in the mirror

that he has several bite marks on his chest and several scratches on his back. The driver looks on the floor and sees all of the opened condom wrappers and the all of the used latex contraceptives. The driver quiet and quickly like a cat, picks up both the wrappers and the contraceptives off the floor. The driver thinks to himself, "I don't need any of my DNA being used for god knows what."

Time passed and the Driver walked out of Rachel's apartment. The Driver quietly closed the door as he looked to his left and right. Making sure nobody saw him leave her apartment. The Driver cautiously exits Rachel's apartment building and gets into his Cutlass. The Driver pulls out a black clothing box from underneath the passenger seat and places it on the seat itself.

The Driver stares at the black clothing box that is opened enough to see a dark brown mask in it. A cell phone rings with the ring tone of Linkin Park's "Breaking the Habit". The man answers the cell phone, "Blake." Blake's eyes narrow as he listens closely to the instructions that he was receiving. Blake stared straight ahead, "Understood, Cat-Man...out."

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