



Danger Trail #1
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Danger Trail

Issue #1: "The Blood and Dragon Affair, Part One"

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Mortlake, England,

The past of 1609

The small house was quiet now, the gloom of night having drawn a final curtain on the events of the day. The desolation and the sorrow mixed in the air as the tall, elegant figure stepped through the rooms, red eyes shining in the dark and searching over each inch of the rundown, neglected structure. The clack of his heavy shoes, the "tock tock" of his cane on the wooden floor, all echoed through the rooms as he continued his search. He paused at one mantle, and ran a gloved hand over the frame of a picture, the painted image of the elderly man staring out at him.

"Ah, John. Where did you put it?"

"Not here, Andrew," the woman replied for the image. The man named Andrew Bennett turned sharply, to look at the vision of loveliness that appeared from the doorway into the emptied library. Slim, pale, dark hair framing smooth porcelain features, this woman held herself every bit as stately and refined as the man, and her own red eyes stared at him. "There is not a book to be found. Not one of true value anyway."

"Mary," Andrew said softly, a voice heavy with emotional pain.

"You didn't expect me here? Andrew, I find that so... short-sighted of you." She stepped up to the tall man and reached a hand out to stroke his cheek. Her dress of black and burgundy traced her path across the floor, and hung off her shoulders to give hints of the curves it hid. "But then, vision was never your gift, was it, dear husband?"

Andrew ignored the taunt, and tried to ignore the touch, the smooth cool touch on his own skin. Instead, he pivoted and followed her path back,

to see the shelves of the library, as heavily gapped as an old man's mouth. More taunts, he considered, and wanted to sigh heavily. Of course, he couldn't, and that just added to the mounting frustrations. "So the book isn't here?"

"No. I suspect Dee's daughter has made good on her promise to her father, and scurried off with it," Mary answered as she moved up behind Andrew, and looked over his slim shoulders. She brushed some dust from the back of his Prussian blue jacket. "Don't you fret at all, though, dear Andrew. I'll find it. You'll see."

"No you won't, Mary. I can't let you have it, and you know that. I can't... I won't... compound my mistake."

Mary pretended to swoon from the insult, a hand raised melodramatically to her forehead. "Oh, Andrew! You wound me! What has happened to the husband who swore to love me in all things, forever?"

Andrew stepped into the cannibalized library, feeling the weight of lost years, the regret and sorrow that comes from selling off pieces of one's self in order to survive. *The pain John must have faced in these last years*, Andrew thought. "And what of your promise to me, Mary? On that night, when... I granted your request, what of your promise to me?"

"I have kept my promise, Andrew," Mary countered, her voice tinged with an edge in response to the accusation from her husband. "I shall always love you. I shall always hold you dear to my heart, Andrew."

"You have no heart anymore, Mary. You and your followers and your quest for power, it's all sapped that heart away." He sounded angry, his teeth ground as he spoke, his lip cut by the clenched jaw forcing an elongated canine into his mouth.

"Wrong, Andrew. As long as you exist, I shall still have some of that heart, that you want me to so desperately hold on to." She took a step back into the other room, never taking those red eyes from her husband. Icy words drifted through the still air of house. "I will have that book, I will have my power, I will have my freedom. You will come back to my love... or I will find a way to cut my heart out."

Andrew spun back to look at the creature who resembled his beloved wife, the words cutting deep into his already twisted-up spirit. But there was only smoke, falling low to the floor and drifting from sight in the pale moonlight. *Run, Katherine, run fast and hard, for the Queen of Blood pursues you.*

Harbin, Manchuko (Northeastern China)

The near present of March, 1935

Cyril "Speed" Saunders moved through the crowded streets, balmacaan coat open and flapping at the edges in the late Spring breeze. Speed didn't really notice the cold though, a thick wool sweatshirt providing extra warmth as he threaded his way through the masses of people. He nearly bounced with each step, excited to be nearing his goal. He'd say at long last, but in truth, he was too young to be thinking that. He had the cocky gait of a young, immortal man, unafraid despite being thousands of miles from anywhere he'd call home, in a city in the middle of a brewing war. But for Speed Saunders, that was just life, and all he chose to remark upon mentally was how stylish he was compared to the drab citizens of this 'Pearl on the Swan's Neck'. Bright yellow sweatshirt, checked trousers, comfortable beige jacket, all topped in a light-colored Trilby hat; Saunders wove through the simple and dull-colored multitudes around him as a cheery and excitable popinjay, secure in his abilities and destiny.

And that destiny brought him to this place, a rundown storefront huddled within the cluster of old and tired-looking buildings, tucked under a straw awning. Speed took a jaunty leap over the three steps down to the small doorway, and pressed through the entrance in a single fluid motion. He stopped short, letting his eyes adjust to the grimy dim interior, piles of books and shelves of scrolls and tablets surrounding him. He took a step, then a second and then froze again. For the first time, that big grin on his face faded from view as he heard a conversation already underway, somewhere ahead. He knew Mandarin Chinese, and he knew to expect Mandarin Chinese, but he never expected to hear the halting words spoken with a heavy German accent. He moved more cautiously now, peering around the end of one bookcase to see the proprietor in animated discussion with another man. A tall man, with his back toward

Speed, standing at rigid attention as he spoke. He wore a pea green jacket that hid his actual shape from Saunders, but his bearing, and the short cropped brown hair indicated that he was military. And his accent was most definitely German. And worst of all, the two of them were discussing **his** book.

<"I assure you, good sir, that the book you are asking for is not available,"> the proprietor explained again, looking up at the nearly six-foot tall man. <"Please, unless there is something else you seek, I must ask you to leave.">

<"I know you have the Ineffable Libram,"> the German answered as he leaned over the table and glared down at the bookseller. <"Don't lie to me.">

<"No lying, merely... imprecise. The Libram is in my possession, but I should have said... it is **not** for sale. Not to you.">

<"Right, that would be me who's buying that book,"> Speed Saunders said with a confident voice and cocky stride as he stepped up and put a hand on the German's shoulder. <"So just back off, Fritz. Find yourself a pulp or something.">

The German turned smartly on his heel and faced off with Saunders, his own weathered, hawk-like features in sharp contrast to the blond-haired, fresh-faced young man. Ice blue eyes met sea-blue eyes, and Saunders gave a short, stifled gasp of surprise. He took a step back, immediately chiding himself for doing so, but continued to face off with the German man, and tried to understand how he could be here.

{ "I know you," Speed slipped into German as his mind raced for the name. { "The World War flying ace... Hammer from hell... " He snapped his fingers and then pointed, announcing, { "Hans von Hammer! You're Baron Hans von Hammer!"

{ "I am, and you speak my language well, American," von Hammer responded as he stood his ground, arms held at his side, hands curled defensively into fists. { "You seek this book too? Why?"

{ "None of your business, that's for sure, Nazi," Speed shot back, body

tense and alert, not sure what to do at this point. He'd not been prepared to meet one of the most dangerous men of the Great War.

{“I am not a Nazi,” was von Hammer's icy response. He turned back to the proprietor, who was watching the two foreigners with increased interest, an enigmatic smile on his face. <“You will not sell the book to me, are you planning to sell it to him?”> The German pointed at Saunders as the American stepped up to the table.

<“No. No I am not. It is not meant for sale to either of you, and there is no price you can offer, I assure you gentlemen. Both of you, leave now. Before it's too late.”>

“Too late?” Saunders echoed, a surprised look at the clear threat from the elderly Chinese gentleman.

Hans von Hammer was a noble-born and warrior-bred, and even before the bookseller had spoken his threat, he was sensing a closing in around him and the foolish boy at his side. He turned his head around, seeing the shapes moving at the windows, and against the curtain closing off the back of the store. “Too late, boy.”

Saunders looked at the enemy ace, surprised again, this time to hear the German speak English. Then he followed the warrior's gaze and caught sight of the incoming men. A half-dozen men entered the store, garbed in simple black garments, innocuous out on the streets of Harbin, but in here, in this light, with the argument over a book called the Ineffable Libram, they heralded a definite menace.

<“Too late,”> the aged bookseller announced to the new arrivals, signaling for the fate of the foreigners. One of the newly-arrived merely grinned wickedly in response, and the men prepared for battle.

New York City

Five days before the present of May, 1935

King Faraday moved through the tightly-packed streets of Chinatown, on edge and feeling very out of place. His thick build and broad

shoulders, wrapped up in his gray trench coat, helped him to power through the innumerable Asians swarming around him as he moved toward his destination.

A slim lead at best, he thought as he kept one hand in his pocket, securely wrapped around his pistol as eyes darted to and fro, scanning the mob and keeping a careful count of it all. But if it pans out... focus, Faraday, just focus. Worry about panning out when you wrap this up and get back to D.C.

His mind ran over what little information he had been given when the Treasury Department loaned him out to the Bureau of Investigation. *Or Department of Investigation. Or Federal Bureau, or whatever hell name they gave it this week,* he grimly chuckled to himself. A ring of saboteurs, running under cover of the Chinatowns out of major cities, but so far there had been no distinct links between them. *And with no good reason,* Faraday added. *It's not like we're going to get into any war over there, so what's the point?*

Still, like a good Secret Serviceman, he'd taken what little had been dug up, and bent his resources and contacts to the task at hand. This was his first big assignment, and he was determined to do it right. And that had led him here, into the Big Apple's Chinatown, and all of a sudden, standing before a well-kept, solid-looking little building of brick. He'd gotten so lost in his thoughts, and his eyes were so busy watching the crowds, he'd not realized that he'd reached his address.

He warily took each stone step up to the main door and reached out to hit the ornate, brass knocker shaped into a fierce dragon. Within, according to his sources, a large number of people had passed through, with various packages, and left empty-handed, and they swore to him up and down that most, if not all, of these visitors were newly-arrived. Suspicious enough indeed. He gripped the knocker, but stopped short when he heard a crash from inside. A second sound of scuffling convinced him to ignore pleasantries, and his thick shoulder battered through the door, his gun drawn out as he quickly took in his surroundings. A long, narrow hall, leading down to an open archway, the way lined with Oriental tapestries and weird figures leaping out and staring at any and all who might walk that way. Stairs were to his left, but the sounds had come from down the hall, and so Faraday gritted his teeth and crept along the wall to investigate.

He heard a stifled grunt of pain and the wall he had his back to shook, and then he spun around, gun pointed into the cavernous room. Lit only in Chinese lanterns, giving a weird reddish-golden glow over the small, ornate temple. Dragons, lotus flowers, scarlets and golds of all takes, adorned the room, and Faraday's eyes stung momentarily from the heavy incense hanging heavy in the air. He immediately noticed the two people laying on the floor, unmoving, and a third figure between them. "Don't you dare move, or I'll just plug you!" Faraday growled as he stepped forward, his nerves already eating at him, the bizarre scene just making it all worse.

The tall, lithe man turned to face Faraday, red eyes gleaming through the incense-laden smoke and dim light. Pale of skin, his face was drawn tight over his skull, but he remained handsome in his way. He was dressed in the finest silks and velvets, but Faraday couldn't help but immediately notice that the clothes had to be centuries out of date. He leaned on his walking stick, and despite impediment, Faraday's training picked out the nearly-invisible seam. A hidden weapon, which only made the government agent more anxious.

"You may shoot me if you wish, but it won't help you at all, I fear," the man said in a reserved English accent. "If only it could." With that, Faraday watched the edges of the man grow fuzzy and indistinct, and he was sure that some opiate must have been added to the incense. For next, the strange figure grew more indistinct, and then seemed to collapse into a pool of mist, mixing with the smoke of the room and Faraday was alone with the two victims.

"God damn," Faraday murmured, disbelieving. He quickly moved to one, then the other, body, and discovered a large hole piercing their hearts, straight through their bodies, but not a drop of blood to be found. And most startlingly, at least in this most Oriental of settings, Faraday noticed they were Caucasian. "English. I'm just gonna bet my bullets on it."

Harbin, Manchuko

Two months prior

“If I never hear those two words again, I’ll be a happy man!” Speed Saunders cried out as he leaped over a table, narrowly avoiding the wicked strike from the short sword that cracked the furniture in half.

Hans von Hammer calmly pivoted from a downstroke from another attacker, hands drawing out C96 Mausers. Without even pausing, he lifted the weapons and fired, then spun again and bent backward, sidestepping another thrust while avoiding a wicked slice, all the while his guns firing again and again into the small shop.

Saunders had grabbed up one part of the ruined table to bring down on his attacker, before laying a powerful right cross against the jaw of the next attacker behind the first. It was then that he watched, astounded as the German continued his ballet of gun play, and Speed swore he could hear music play in his head as he watched. That lasted no more than a moment when he spotted the bookseller trying to make off with his... *al-right, fine, our prize*, Saunders mused, and launched a powerful tackle that brought the old man down hard and then snatched the Ineffable Libram into his own hands.

“Run, boy!” the Hammer from Hell called out as he rolled one gun in his left hand and used the thick body of the pistol to block a wicked machete chop, while the other pistol blazed into the approaching three warriors, parting them for Speed to reach the door. “I am following!”

Speed tucked the thick, tattered book in his arms and nodded in agreement. He hurtled the table the old man had been behind, and charged up a full head of steam, his lean but solid body shouldering through the dispersed trio, heavy boots crunching over one of the attackers particularly cruelly as he darted onto the streets of Harbin. The crowds outside had heard the struggle, and so most of the passersby had run to find cover, to escape the area, while others who sought such voyeuristic enjoyment, provided another barrier to Speed. He'd not gained his nickname by random, and as von Hammer backed out of the shop, the older man could barely make out the wake Saunders had left behind in the sea of people. He wiped at the bloody gash on his cheek and growled at himself, before taking off after his grudging ally.

After von Hammer had likewise vanished into the crowd, the uninjured

of the attackers also stormed out of the storefront and sought the passage of their targets. No one in the crowd stepped up to offer guidance however; none willing to offer advice to the Japanese attackers. Instead, the small group broke up and also vanished into the crowds, seeking the fugitives.

Saunders met up with the German ace just a few blocks away, having backtracked to find the man. "Okay, what the hell was that?" Saunders spit out when the pair found each other.

"I caught a tattoo on one of the men I put down, and I think they are one of the Japanese secret societies," Hans von Hammer answered as the pair hurriedly walked down a narrow alley, and out onto a nearby street, putting more distance between themselves and the bookshop. "I'm not conversant enough to know which one though."

"I more meant you," Saunders said with a grudging admiration. "You didn't pause, you didn't aim, you were... I thought you were a pilot. Combat ace, sure, but that's up in a plane. Where did you learn to fight like that?"

"The Killer Skies know only the boundary of the Earth itself," Hans answered with a haunted voice. "Today, they flew lower than on other days. In war, you become attuned to the flow of combat, and if you are wise, you let your instincts move with that flow. To hesitate, to fight against that flow, means death rather than life. And if there is one thing I've learned in the fires of war, it's that victory only comes in life. That's the whole secret to life."

"It is?" Saunders remarked incredulously.

"Yes. Not dying. That's the whole secret to life." The Hammer from Hell looked to the American and let the slightest hint of a grin form as they continued their escape into the night.

New York City
Four days from the present of May, 1935

“Okay, explain this to me, will ya?” A burly man of fifty stormed into the records room, and slapped down the transportation voucher on the table. King Faraday looked up at his temporary supervisor, and hoped that it would become even more temporary.

“It's for passage, on a train, out to Chicago,” Faraday responded, in a sullen, tired voice, and then turned his face back to the large pile of records he'd been sifting through. He gave a heavy sigh and shook his head, thinking there had to be a better way to go through these papers. Tedium of office research always bothered him.

“We need you here, sniffing out the spy ring,” Saul Rubens grumbled in return. “You're not done. You got a good lead, we got a pair of stiffs, and we're onto something. You're onto something! Don't mess it up!”

“I'm not,” Faraday shot back, and snapped open a new folder, scanning the words quickly, trying to hold his temper. “I think the Englishman is the trail, and I'm following it. I got a good source, says he's going to be on the afternoon train out to Chicago. Got a name from our records and everything. Seems I'm not the only guy interested in this one.” He reached over and handed a different folder to Rubens, never actually glancing up at the irritating man. “Name is Andrew Bennett, and the International Crime Police Commission has built up quite a dossier on him. Only detailed descriptions, no pictures of any kind.”

Saul picked up the folder and flipped through it, and then tossed it back onto the table, frustrated by the sudden change in direction. “Listen, you're working for the Bureau right now, and everything we've come up with...”

“Everything you've come up with could be summed up in two sentences. You guys couldn't even make a full brief out of it!” Faraday shot up and pressed a finger into Saul's chest. “I'm pretty sure my real boss sent me over to you because he felt bad about how poorly you guys were doing your job! So let me do my job and bust this guy and take care of these saboteurs!”

Saul backed up a step and glared at Faraday, the sudden quiet hanging heavy between them. “Fine. You're the expert, then fine. You follow your Brit. We'll keep working on our case without you. When we're right, I'll

make it my point to be sure **my** boss ruins your career. Count on it!" Rubens stormed from the room and left Faraday alone now. He looked back down at the files he'd been reading, trying to find all that he could on this mysterious Bennett guy. The ICPC file was interesting, but sparse. A killer, from one end of Europe to the other. So elusive, no one could pin more than witness descriptions. So many of these witnesses refused to roll on him too.

What if I'm wrong? Faraday's teeth clenched so hard, his jaw hurt. Training is good, but experience... Rubens is a jerk, but he's a bureau chief; he knows what he's talking about. Do I?

His hand threw a file hard against a far wall, snatched up the voucher and stormed from the building to meet his train.

Crossing the Pacific Ocean

Two weeks prior to the present

"You're not looking very happy, von Hammer," Speed Saunders said as he strolled along the deck of the cruise ship, sipping at a drink and watched his partner, who was failing to rest on one of the lounge chairs. "Something to drink?"

"No, thank you," Hans replied as he stood up and found a regular chair to settle into. He stared forlornly at the waves, resting his chin on one hand.

"What's wrong? Nice ship, good service, we'll be in the States soon, and from there, we can figure out what to do about having the book. Things are looking up, I'd say." Saunders looked quite pleased as he kicked back in the chaise and sipped at the glass of scotch. "Are you still missing your plane?"

"It was very new. A prototype even. And it performed magnificently," von Hammer lamented, his other hand curling up into a fist.

"Yeah, it did. But I doubt we were in any position to try flying that baby across the Pacific. We deserve a nice relaxing trip anyway." He leaned

back into his seat, sipping more scotch and smiled.

"So what do we do about the book?" Hans finally ventured to ask.

"What do you need it for anyway? I've heard rumors about you Nazis digging up all sorts of mystic trinkets. This one of them?"

"I am **not** a Nazi. I am German, and proud of my heritage. But do not mistake me for the Fûhrer and his lapdogs. I am a noble of my land, the reigning baron of my estate, and am no Nazi. Do not paint all loyal Germans with your one brush."

Saunders looked over at the man, and then shrugged. "If you say. Of course, you didn't answer the actual question, I noticed."

"No. I want the Libram for my own. I have personal needs for it." Hans grew more quiet as he stared back at the young man. "Why do you want it? I thought you Americans were largely uninterested in the occult?"

"Some are, some aren't. I'm more interested in what that book has to say about a legend I've been following for about a decade now."

"Ten years? You're still a boy," Hans laughed and leaned back in his chair.

"I am **not** a boy, I'm nineteen! And yeah, so since I was nine. And I mean that. This old guy I knew, he told the most amazing stories, and he told me that he found this road, a long, long time ago. Further back than someone would think, and this road, it led him on all these adventures that he'd tell me. Decades of adventures."

"You want this book because of an old man's ramblings?" Now it was von Hammer who was incredulous, but he leaned forward to listen to more.

"No, I want the book because a couple of years back, I found a reference to this "danger-fraught road" in another book. And then another reference after I checked up on the first book's sources. And it led me to the existence of the Libram, and the fact that it contains how to find that road. And I want to find it."

“Interesting. You seek what I can't seem to avoid. Trouble and danger.” The German gave a deep sigh and looked around. Then he looked around again, and started to sit up straight. “Everywhere I go.”

“Yeah,” Saunders replied as he nodded. He too noticed it. Of the Asians to be found on this cruise, he noticed a pair of them pass by with markings similar to the ones Hans von Hammer described back at the shop. The two men watched, and breathed easier when the strangers walked on by, not seeming to even notice the adventurers. “Okay. Coincidence?”

Hans von Hammer smiled and stood up, giving a stretch of his limbs, warming them up in readiness. “Yes and no. I suspect, that if this road of yours exists, it has brought us to this signpost. So no, not a coincidence. On the other hand, I am certain those two are unaware of what we have, so in that regard, yes it is a coincidence.”

“Either way, I think you and I should figure out what these guys are up to. What do you think?”

“Agreed.” The pair followed the other two, being led into the ship, being led to the cabin of these two men, where they knocked on a cabin door twice. When they saw the door open, Hans and Speed nodded to each other and they charged.

The four Japanese men were surprised by the sudden attack, powerful punches from Speed sending two of the men reeling into the wall of the cabin, as von Hammer stormed in and rushed a third man, pressing him hard against a different wall.

As the last man moved to jump at Hans, the German pulled out his pistol in a fluid motion. <“Don't!”> The fourth man stopped short and put his empty hands up.

<“Who are you? What are you doing here?”> Speed demanded to know, as he gripped one of the other men in a tight arm lock. When they got no answer, Speed twisted harder and added, <“You here for the book? Are you? Answer?”>

The man with the gun pointed in his face stared in shock at Speed's

question, and blurted out, <"The book isn't our goal... "> before he was cut off with a hiss by the man von Hammer held firm.

<"You are all part of the same group then?"> Saunders tried to confirm, and the same scared man gave a nod. <"Who are you?">

<"We are part of the Black Dragon Society, and you have made a terrible, terrible mistake in forcing yourselves into our business, gaijin,"> sneered the man being held by Saunders. <"Our numbers are too numerous, our plans too far-reaching for fools such as you. If you have the book, then you only bring increased honor to our efforts!">

The last man turned and bolted from the room, but von Hammer elected not to shoot him, instead turning his attention to the man held by his partner. "We should bind them, and then you can tell me what they have said. And then we can figure out our next step."

"You didn't get that?" Speed said with a mischievous smile, as he let his prisoner go and started to look for something to bind the three remaining men up.

"Not Japanese. Seems you have a use after all, Saunders," Hans von Hammer replied, his face still a stoic mask, though he did let a small curl of his lips hint at his jest.

The State of New York

Less than 96 hours from the Present

King Faraday had searched the length of the train, and never was he more frustrated. Andrew Bennett was most certainly meant to be on this train. But there was no sign of the Englishman, not in any of the passenger cars. And he'd looked, and in a couple of cases, came across a lovely young traveler he'd need to apologize to for barging into her privacy. He did let a small grin out at that. But it evaporated when he thought of the dining car, and his failure to spot his quarry there, or in any of the service areas. He stalked back up through the passenger car again, and up into the next one, eyes raking over the travelers.

"Pardon me, sir?" Faraday heard from behind him, and felt a tap on his

shoulder. He turned and looked into the pale face of a short man, with very short brown hair. "Pardon me, sir, I'd like to get to my seat?"

"You're British?" Faraday heard the accent play over his ears and he took a step back. "You're associated with Bennett?"

"Oh. Oh dear, you're here because of that, are you?" The newcomer shook his head and the shrugged out from beneath his overcoat. "Dear, oh dear. Well, I guess there's nothing for it now, is there?"

Faraday tensed as he watched the strange little man fold the coat and place it to the side. Then the man lashed out with a punch, one barely blocked by Faraday, who bowled into the little man only to discover a far greater strength than anticipated.

"Good," the small man grinned as he threw Faraday forward, the stocky agent quickly pulling himself up as his attacker quickly lunged after him. "A challenge. You know how to fight. I'm so tired of Bennett surrounding himself with all of these nancy boys."

Faraday quickly pivoted and brought his arm out to grab the attacker by the shoulder and ram him into a seat, using his momentum against him. The man seemed unaffected, his nose broken and bleeding, but he back-handed Faraday and sent him sliding back up the aisle.

"Good evening, Maximillian," Andrew Bennett said as he appeared in the aisle behind where Faraday lay. The mists at his feet coalesced into the broad buckle shoes of old and Faraday lifted his head up to see the man he'd been chasing since that Chinese temple. "Are you being a bully again? You know that doesn't do you credit."

Maximillian grinned as he glanced out the window of the train. Indeed, the last of the sun had inched away during his brief scuffle with the agent, and he looked back at Andrew. "Oh, my dear, dear Master Andrew. You are in a bind now, aren't you? You and your friend." As one, a dozen of the passengers in the car stood. All were Japanese, all were drawing out silvered blades of various sizes, and all fixed their gaze on the two men at the rear of the car.

"Introduce me to your buddies, Bennett?" Faraday snapped angrily,

standing up with hands balled tight.

Andrew Bennett, on the other hand, stood there quite surprised, not sure of what to make of Maximillian's new allies. "I'm at a loss, good sir. For the first time in three centuries, I can say I am utterly surprised."

"Great."

TO BE CONTINUED!

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From the same author on Feedbooks

Danger Trail #2 (2007)

Danger Trail: The Blood and Dragon Affair, Part 2 (of 3).

Ninjas and vampires and diabolical plots, oh my! King Faraday, Speed Saunders and the Enemy Ace are joined by a masked crime-fighter as they face two secret societies with a monstrous agenda! Pulp action at its finest as we seek out...the Danger Trail!

Danger Trail #3 (2007)

Danger Trail: The Blood and Dragon Affair, Part 3 (of 3).

Learn the mission of the Blood Red Moon! Uncover the mastermind behind the Black Dragon Society! Watch our heroes try and work together when some can't trust others, and one has no clue that there's cavalry coming to the rescue! Who would have thought marital strife could be so much danger for the heroes, or so entertaining for the readers! It's the conclusion to "The Blood and Dragon Affair!"

Danger Trail #4 (2007)

Danger Trail: The Verdant Darkness Affair, Part 1 (of 2)

Mightiest Mortals #1 (2007)

Mightiest Mortals: With a Stroke of Lightning!

Mightiest Mortals #2 (2007)

Mightiest Mortals: In a Crash of Thunder

Mightiest Mortals #3 (2007)

Captain Marvel: Under a Seal of Six Gods!

Justice League #8 (2007)

Justice League: Lucky Number 7.

What are the chances that a rash of good fortune across the globe could be the League's next case? Pretty good when this luck starts rewriting the laws of the universe and threatening the existence of ages-old mystic defenses keeping ancient, primordial forces at bay!

Justice League #9 (2007)

Justice League: To See Tomorrow.

Why are there hawk soldiers of Thanagar on Earth? Who are the strange new superhumans appearing around the globe, testing and probing local governments? What exactly is the Justice League facing when a quartet of self-proclaimed heroes declares Earth "their last stand?" It's the beginning of an epic threat wrapped inside two strange mysteries that will leave the Justice League hoping that Earth survives "To See Tomorrow!"

Justice League #10 (2007)

Justice League: To See Tomorrow, Part Two (of Four).

"To See Tomorrow" continues as the stakes only get higher and secrets slowly start to unravel. Hawkman and the Martian Manhunter are caught between the Thanagarian invaders and their own satellite! The rest of the League is caught between Mon-El and Wandjina! And in the big picture, it's all symbolic of the Earth being caught between the enigmatic Overmaster and a still-hidden mastermind with dreadful intent!

Danger Trail #5 (2008)

Danger Trail: The Verdant Darkness Affair, Part 2 (of 2).

What connection lies between la Llorona's kidnapped children and Nyola's captured heroine Rima? What is drawing the natives of Central America and Mexico together? Speed Saunders, King Faraday and Midnight are joined by Doctor Occult to learn the truth before an Empire of Blood washes over the land!

Weird Western Quarterly #11 (2008)

Johnny Thunder: Steel Heart Iron Soul.

As Johnny Thunder, John Tane has evaded the deathbed oath to his mother never to do violence, and become Mesa City's great protector. Now he's about to be challenged on a whole new level when a powerful land baron makes a grab for greater wealth and glory, and the enigmatic renegade, Madame .44, has Johnny Thunder's heart in her sights! What might be his most dangerous mission yet will also be the first chapter in a ballad of love and gunslinging like the Wild West has yet to see!

Danger Trail #6 (2008)

Danger Trail: The Man in Stitches Affair, Part 1 (of 2)

Danger Trail #7 (2008)

Danger Trail: The Man in Stitches Affair, Part 2 (of 2).

The Revenant Program proceeds apace as Saunders and Midnight must struggle with former ally King Faraday to find the evidence that can shut down Doctor Zero for good! Maybe, just maybe, newcomer Argent St. Cloud can help out!

Speeding Bullet #4 (2008)

Bulletman: The Birth of Bulletman, Part 4 (of 4): Man Made Gods.

This is it! The mystery is revealed and the gloves come off as Bulletman duking it out with the Murder Prophet and his god of murder, the Nihilist! Can he come through his baptism of fire and blood intact? And even if he wins, does the Prophet truly get the last laugh?

Danger Trail #9 (2008)

Danger Trail: The Nation of Murder Affair, Part 2 (of 2).

As Speed Saunders and King Faraday join Argent St. Cloud to search for Michael Gallant, a wave of murders leaves the city of New York reeling as the heat rises, tempers flare, and Rue Morgue revels in the bloodbath!

Danger Trail #8 (2008)

Danger Trail: The Nation of Murder Affair, Part 1 (of 2).

Gangsters want Thomas Dewey dead at all costs, bringing Michael Gallant onto the case, Argent St. Cloud at his side! But when Murder, Inc. steps up to the challenge, can even he call on enough reinforcements to save the day?

Danger Trail #10 (2008)

Danger Trail: The Stolen Myth Affair, Part 1 (of 3).

It begins here! Threads woven from the start of the series, put into play centuries beforehand, all start to come together in this issue, as familiar faces return to the scene, dark forces gather for the attack, and the secrets of the Trail yawn wide and threatening! All this and a special guest-star...the Queen of the Amazons!

Danger Trail #11 (2008)

Danger Trail: The Stolen Myth Affair, Part 2 (of 3).

Things heat up for our heroes as the Dragon Queen and the Queen of Blood unite to betray Vandal Savage; Savage raids Washington, D.C. to acquire the Ineffable Libram; and King Faraday and Speed Saunders face off with Queen Hippolyta and Rima the Jungle Woman! Things couldn't get any worse than this, could they?

Danger Trail Annual #1 (2008)

Danger Trail: The Savage Sins Affair.

As the Stolen Myth Affair heats up, as a covert war rages on the Danger Trail, take a peek inside the history of the man who has set this all into motion...Vandal Savage! Balloon Buster Steven Savage is doing just that as he uncovers threads and connections surrounding the many figures of the age that all lead back to this diabolical mastermind, some stretching back centuries! If the truth about him can't be unraveled soon, those threads will choke the present day and continue into the future!

Danger Trail #12 (2008)

Danger Trail: The Stolen Myth Affair, Part 3 (of 3).

Vandal Savage begins his plan to bring the world into his control! King Faraday, Speed Saunders and Midnight, along with their assembled allies, make their bid to stop him, but there are three queens in this game, and each one has their own vision for how the endgame should play out! It's the end of the first year on the Danger Trail...is it also just the end?

Speeding Bullet #1 (2008)

Speeding Bullet, Part 1 (of 4): Modern Gods.

James Barr has developed a special device that allows him tremendous powers! Now he steps into a new world of masked men and heroic deeds, but is he really ready to take his place among the world's newest gods? Will the Murder Prophet usher in an age of blood first?

Speeding Bullet #2 (2008)

Speeding Bullet: The Birth of Bulletman, Part 2 (of 4): Deepest Secrets.

James Barr steps into costume for the first time, and Bulletman is on the case of the Obermyer murders. But so is another person...the actual killer, a mysterious being called the Murder

Prophet, who is paving the way for his master, and the police and the rookie hero struggle to catch up and stop him!

Speeding Bullet #3 (2008)

Speeding Bullet: The Birth of Bulletman, Part 3 (of 4): Bleeding Truths.

The race is on to uncover the real killer as Detectives Farley and Doherty try to dig through the murder mystery, Martin Obermyer meets the killer and Bulletman stumbles in a critical way, leaving him to face the fury of his wife!

Mightiest Mortals #4 (2008)

Mightiest Mortals: Wielding Fists of Virtue.

Captain Marvel is caught between a throwdown with Ibac and Sivana launching an all-out assault on our hero and the Fawcett itself! As bad as that is, though, it gets worse for Kit Freeman...much worse! Meet Sabbac!

Mightiest Mortals #5 (2008)

Mightiest Mortals: Scenes of a Day

Mightiest Mortals #6 (2008)

Mightiest Mortals: Between Opposing Forces.

Freddy finds himself having the most startlingly worst day of anyone's life! Can it be worse than losing a close relative? What about the dark secret within another relative? Or the secrets being held by his best friend? It all comes crashing down on him in a terrible avalanche of revelations! All this while the city moves on without him!

Mightiest Mortals #7 (2008)

Mightiest Mortals: From the Shadows of Twisted Minds.

Get ready for action and excitement! Freddy buries his cousin, Christopher Freeman, and has another showdown with his step-brother Tim Karnes. And we discover just how fiendish Sivana can be when he pushes Captain Marvel's every attribute in an issue in which the World's Wickedest Scientist...doesn't even appear! All this, and the fate of Beautia!

Mightiest Mortals #8 (2008)

Mightiest Mortals: To the Truth of the Matter.

Billy and Freddy have their confrontations on secrets kept, power hoarded and relations hidden, all the while the forces of the law struggle to keep Lady Justice apart from her new champion and Miss Minerva asserts her innocence!

Mightiest Mortals #9 (2008)

Mightiest Mortals: The Abyss of Blood Relations

Fawcett City goes on despite the gang war, despite the debut of new heroes, despite it all, Fawcett City goes on. Come and see how it does, as Chief Kitchens deals with the presence of Captain Marvel and what it means for his police force! And has Miss Minerva over-played her hand?

Mightiest Mortals #11 (2008)

Mightiest Mortals: The Tide of Heroism.

The beginning of the stunning two-part finale to Captain Marvel's first year! Sabbac has gone on a rampage, and Ibac is taking advantage of the chaos! Bulletman struggles to intervene, but everyone wants to know where Captain Marvel is! All this and more (and boy, do I really mean it this time)!

Mightiest Mortals #10 (2008)

Mightiest Mortals: The Punishment of Good Deeds.

Amazing origins issue as we discover the secret behind the magic words, and the history of Sabbac and Ibac! Freddy walks into a deathtrap, Victor Craize starts to feel the power of the people, and the police make a startling discovery about Miss Minerva!

Mightiest Mortals #12 (2008)

Mightiest Mortals: By an Act of Love.

This is it! Sabbac is on a rampage! Ibac sends his men out against the leaderless forces of his gangland opponent! Into the middle of this stands Captain Marvel and his allies! When the smoke clears, who will stand triumphant?

Nightwing #30 (2008)

Nightwing: The Riddle of the Sphinx.

Just when you'd think Dick's got enough trouble juggling Titans duties as Nightwing, solo duties as the Batman, and mentoring

duties with Tim, things get harder. There's a new villain hitting the streets, one with a dangerous delusion, and Dick's not happy to see that Nightwing is apparently on the case, without Dick's permission! Come and join us for "The Riddle of the Sphinx!"

Nightwing #31 (2008)

Nightwing: Riddle of the Sphinx, Part 2 (of 2)

Dick must try to get to the bottom of the crazed King Tut and foil his rampages, but he also needs to figure out how to deal with the new Nightwing! As he digs up more information on both, all three men spiral into a collision course of tragic proportions, and Professor McElroy might just be the ultimate victim in all of this!

Justice League #11 (2008)

Justice League: To See Tomorrow, Part Three (of Four).

Things are falling into place at a rapid pace now... for the villains! With the League stretched thin across the globe, friends come racing to the rescue and the action only heats up! Watch Hawkgirl lead the storming of the JL satellite; witness Superman confront Mon-El over his mysterious mission; and thrill to the throwdown between Wonder Woman and the Persuader, as the master villain behind it all draws closer to his goal! All this and more!

Danger Trail Vol. 1 (2009)

This volume collects Danger Trail #1-12 as well as Danger Trail Annual #1. This is the complete first story arc in which our pulp heroes confront the treachery of the Blood Queen, the Dragon Queen and their mysterious backer. Stay tuned for Danger Trail #13 coming soon!

Danger Trail #13 (2009)

Danger Trail: The Brown Lady Affair, Part 1.

In the wake of the battle with Vandal Savage, Speed Saunders has set his sights on finding the Sigil of Seven; that quest being his only remaining link to the missing (and treacherous) Harriet Cooper! His friends Argent St. Cloud and Michael Gallant, along with ally Doctor Occult, want to know what his intentions are, but first they must untangle a dark scheme involving the ghosts of Great Britain!

Mightiest Mortals #13 (2009)

Mightiest Mortals: Opening Passages.

As Fawcett City recovers from the fall of Ibac and Sabbac, our heroes find more things to be worried about. Susan Barr must prosecute the bloodthirsty Tim Karnes while reassessing her stance on costumed crime-fighters; Dudley must wrestle with what he should reveal to Billy, and Billy must deal with the fact that Freddy refuses to return to his crippled body!

Danger Trail #14 (2009)

Danger Trail: The Brown Lady Affair, Part 2 (of 2).

Speed Saunders must deal with the fact that the artifact Harriet had been searching for, the Sigil of Seven, is Doctor Occult's primary weapon against supernatural evil! In the wake of her treachery, what can that mean? And none of our heroes can take the time to figure it out now, as they struggle to save Michael Gallant from the Dagger of Koth!

Danger Trail #15 (2009)

Danger Trail: The Falkenstein Affair.

Once rivals of the air and enemies at war, now the Enemy Ace and the Balloon Buster must work together to penetrate the secrets of Castle Falkenstein and the strange mad scientist ready to bring two worlds together to fuel his rise to power!

Danger Trail #16 (2009)

Danger Trail: The Blood of Templars Affair.

Danger Trail #17 (2009)

Danger Trail: The Blood of Templars Affair, Part Two.

Things heat up for our heroes as they head into an ancient Knights Templar castle as one of three groups desperate to unlock its secrets and find a powerful relic that will decide the victor in the opening battles of a far greater war, one that has the attention of the enigmatic Sanguine Father! A far greater war that echoes across the decades!

Danger Trail #18 (2009)

Danger Trail: Affairs of Blood and Fate, Part Two: The Angel of Death!

The strangest crossover of all times continues here, as Rose Psychic, Eel O'Brien, Speed Saunders, Midnight, Trin Dee and Andrew Bennett find themselves caught in a holy war between the forces of the Order of St. Dumas and the Sanguine Father, who offers a glimpse into a terrifying future for the world!

Danger Trail #20 (2010)

Danger Trail: Affairs of Blood and State, Part 6 (of 6).

Danger Trail #19 (2010)

Danger Trail: Affairs of Blood and State, Part 4.

Weird Western Quarterly #18 (2010)

Weird Western Quarterly: Lust Faith Love Treachery.



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