



Maximum Batman #1
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Maximum: Batman!
An Earth Maximus title!
Issue #1: "War on Crime, Part One: The First Night"
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"He who profits by a crime commits it."
—Seneca (Roman philosopher, mid-1st century AD)

"There are two main types of vigilantes: the lone wolf; and the instigator. The lone wolf is commonly portrayed in the media, but the more common and classical type is the instigator. A lone wolf is likely to be disorganized, and easily caught or killed. Sometimes, a lone wolf is seeking martyrdom or "suicide by cop." However, the vast majority of lone wolves abandon their plans and channel their energies into some other type of self-protection, such as arming themselves with guns or taking up some activist cause. On the other hand, an instigator is the kind of person who is not only well-organized themselves in their preparations, but they involve others (a significant other, a small group, or sometimes a mob) in their plans. This is the classic vigilante profile — one who instigates a posse, gang, crew, or mob into action. Vigilantism as a group activity is much more common than vigilantism as a solitary activity."

—Tom O'Connor

Bruce Wayne awoke on what was to be the most important day of his life.

From the moment his parents had been murdered, everything had been building up to this. Every day, every hour, every second.

Usually, maintaining the facade of a normal life was easy for him; in many ways, his entire existence as Bruce Wayne was merely a means to an end. But today that end was about to be realized, and going through the motions of his existence as one of the idle rich was going to be especially galling. His hands trembled in frustration as he entered the shower. But, as he knew all too well, needs must. And he would have to continue to do so, every day from now on.

Besides, as Alfred so often pointed out, he could do as much good with his parent's money as he could with his Quest to become a symbol of terror for all criminals. Bruce smiled briefly as he got dressed.

Yes... Alfred, son of his parent's butler, nearly Bruce's own age, faithfully and guardian of his secret. Alfred had helped in every way he could, from listening to police band radio, to using his acting talents to walk amongst the criminal element as one of their own and pick-up information.

He ate breakfast hurriedly, hardly tasting it. Eggs and something. He barely recognized it. While he had occasionally been forced to deal with a limited menu during his training— particularly his years in the Far East— food was now easy to come by in quality and quantity. What he would miss, every night from now on, was sleep.

"Have a good day at work, sir," Alfred said politely.

Bruce gave an unpleasant smile. "Work's hardly begun."

Bruce sat through three long, boring, unimportant meetings, one of them with the Board of Directors. Which was not to say that important things weren't discussed here, and Bruce's analytical mind noted all of them; but on each and every one he had already decided a policy, which would be implemented by Lucius Fox, his CEO.

When Bruce had first returned from his travels, he had considered, then abandoned, the notion of behaving as though he were a playboy fop with no understanding of the world. Instead, he played up the

personality a sad man shattered and distracted by his childhood tragedy. Most bought it. A few saw past this facade, but none realized the truth, save Alfred.

He was able to leave work by two in the afternoon and headed back to the Manor, just on the edge of city limits. He had been pleased by that, as his strategy had taken shape, he found it would be easier to do what he needed if he was closer to the city, at least to start with. The car was not yet ready, wouldn't be for months; and he wanted to hone the skills he had trained to use.

For him that had been the hardest part; not the martial arts training under various masters and in various styles down the years. Not the detective work, the forensics training. No, it was learning to fly— in as much as any mortal man could. That was the only part that still gave him pause, that made his heart thrill. And tonight he would do it for real.

"You're not planning to start before nightfall, I trust?" Alfred asked when he returned.

"Crime doesn't wait for the night shift," Bruce answered. "But tonight, at least, I will wait for sunset. Daylight operations will have to wait until I know what I'm doing."

"You do know," Alfred said. "You've always known. Knowing is not the issue, sir."

"Then what is?"

"Random chance, of course. The dangers fate will place in your way. No plan survives contact with the enemy, as the saying goes."

Bruce nodded. "That risk was one I accepted years ago, my friend. I can't let myself worry about it."

"Yet you are... excited?" Alfred suggested, smiling thinly.

"Keyed up, at least," Bruce allowed.

He retreated to the cave. It was not yet complete by any means; while the

main computers had been quietly installed by the two of them, there was still much to do. The cave itself stretched for miles, but even of the parts of it he intended to use, they had not touched even half of it yet.

So many years... so many long years waiting for this moment...

He went to the track of uniforms and, almost reverently, slipped into costume for the first time. Oh, there had been fittings before this, of course. But this was it—the real thing.

Batman was being born in this moment.

He slipped the cowl over his head, closed his eyes, and took a deep breath. Deep in his chest his heart seemed to freeze, and his mind became a brilliant focus of concentration.

“Yes, very fetching,” said Alfred dryly from the stairwell up to the Manor.

“Close the passageway,” Batman said. “No unnecessary risks.”

“And minimize the necessary ones,” Alfred agreed. “It is already closed.”

“Good.”

He checked his grappling gun and line, and nodded in satisfaction. All was prepared, or at least as prepared as he could make it.

He strode towards the network of tunnels that led under Gotham itself.

“Good luck, sir,” Alfred said softly.

“Luck has nothing to do with it, old friend,” Batman answered as he stalked off into the darkness.

He walked through the passage until it connected with an abandoned

stretch of sewers beneath Gotham itself. And he knew exactly where he would come up.

Crime Alley.

He pushed open the manhole and climbed up into the dirty, narrow alleyway where his parents had been killed.

For a long moment he simply knelt, head down, in silent mourning for every thing he had lost. Then he looked around. There were no criminal acts going on here tonight. Aside from one poor drunk asleep against a wall, there was no one here. Tonight, at least, the criminals were plying their "trade" elsewhere.

How very fortunate for them.

Batman looked up to the narrow stretch of ashen twilight he could see between the rooftops. Squinting one eye and aiming carefully, he lifted his grappling hook gun and fired.

The hook connected successfully, with a resounding thunk. Batman zipped up to the rooftop, cape fluttering behind him. He was going a little faster than he had anticipated, and grabbed at the rooftop as it lunged towards him at speed. His hands banged painfully as they clutched the ledge. His momentum was not stopped, however; merely altered in its trajectory. At the last possible moment, he let go of the roof edge and allowed himself to flip over it, spinning upside down, until his boots slammed hard into the roof. He stumbled forward three steps, then righted himself.

That... had been harder than expected. The reality, of course, was always different than the theory. But now would come the real test; where he used the same technique to swing from one building to the next.

He turned around slowly, until he saw the radio tower. Nodding to himself, he aimed, fired, waited for the reassuring thud of the connection vibrating down his line, and shot off again.

This was much more exhilarating. Soaring through the air over the cityscape, the first stars beginning to show through the darkening sky. The

sounds of the vehicles on the streets blurring together as he whipped overhead. For a moment, it seemed that he was truly alone, soaring over a galaxy of lights beneath him.

Then he began to close in on the radio tower, and reality asserted itself once more. He shifted his weight on the line, and whipped around the tower, instead of crashing into it, slowing his momentum. At last, he impacted it on the side with the soles of his boots, and was able to absorb the shock easily.

Nodding in satisfaction to himself, he clung to the tower with one hand, detached the grappling hook, and took aim once more.

After several more minutes of familiarizing himself with swinging between buildings, he began searching for signs of crime.

There was a crunch beneath him, then a crash. He checked his swing and landed on a tenement rooftop, and looked down. There— a jewelry shop. A man was disappearing through the shadows of the open door.

Batman's eyes narrowed, and he launched himself down into the street without the aid of his grappling line, aiming at the man's back, total focus and precision.

He went head first—not, perhaps, the wisest move. But it worked, and his shoulder connected with the small of the criminal's back with speed and power. The man yelped in surprise and pain as they collapsed in a tangle of limbs.

"Jerry?" asked a voice.

Of course, Batman realized, the crook had not been alone. He rose slowly, staring. The man he'd ambushed remained down, moaning in pain.

Within the darkness of the jewelry store, two more thugs stared at him. Both were well muscled; one somewhat taller than the other.

They laughed at him. “What are you, some kind of S&M freak?” one of them asked. “Keep that stuff down on Milligan Street.”

“Sadism, definitely,” Batman responded, and hurled a batarang at the face of the nearest.

The man’s nose broke with a satisfying snap, and he went down, holding his face and screaming.

“You sick bastard!” shouted the other, and opened fire with his semi-automatic.

Batman’s cape, woven with antiballistic fibers, absorbed the bullets with some difficulty, though Batman felt the shocks of the bullets through his body, none of them actually touched him. The thug fired six shots at him, then stared in horror as Batman charged, leapt, and slammed him into a display case.

Before the man could recover, Batman threw him back out through the shattered front door and into the street. To give the thug credit, he was fast and resilient. He had somehow managed to hold on to his gun through all that abuse, and came up firing. Four more bullets flew towards Batman. Two went wild; two embedded themselves in his cape.

Batman threw another batarang, and connected with the man’s skull, and that was lights out for the thug. He considered tying them up, but heard police sirens in the distance. Of course—the jewelry shop had a silent alarm. But the crooks might have gotten some gems and made their getaway, or worse yet, got in a gun battle with police. Despite the rarefied statements in the media, cops often lost such gun battles. But then, the crooked cops in this town often just shook the crooks down for money anyway.

Nodding to himself in satisfaction, Batman fired his line and shot up to the rooftops once again.

Twenty minutes later, he heard screams from an alleyway on the north side.

Landing hard on one side, he shifted awkwardly with his balance for a moment, wavering over the edge, staring at the filthy ground below. He righted himself.

A pair of young toughs—members of the Demonz street gang by the look of them— had pushed a young girl up against the alley wall. She was screaming for her life; their intentions were obvious.

“Boys,” Batman thundered, extending his cape like wings, the moon behind him.

The thugs stared for a moment... then began to laugh.

“Who’s this freak?” One asked.

“Some loser in his PJ’s,” the other laughed.

The girl tried to take advantage of their distraction to run, but one of them grabbed her and shoved her back against the wall. “Unh huh, honey, we ain’t done with you yet.” He turned to look up at Batman and sneered. “This ain’t the movies, dude. You better recognize our turf, and get out.”

Batman frowned inwardly. This was the second time tonight that the criminal element had not only not been afraid, they hadn’t even taken him seriously. At least... not at first.

Instead of answering, as he had earlier, he leapt down to meet them.

Both thugs fired, giving the girl another opportunity to escape, of which she took full advantage. Again, his cape absorbed the bullets, but it could only take so many before it gave out.

He landed between them, and flashed out with his fists, catching one in the groin, and one in the solar plexus. The one on the left, the groin-shot, went down instantly. The other gangbanger wheezed painfully, leaned against the wall with one hand, and swung clumsily with his gun hand,

trying to pistol whip him.

He blocked the shot easily, twisting the arm until the thug was forced to let go of his weapon. Then he lashed out with a kick, which not only connected but knocked the thug's head into the wall. He went down.

This time he did tie them up, and left them at the alley mouth where they could be easily seen. Their would-be victim had already fled, and rightfully so. He returned to the rooftops and scanned for her, nodding in satisfaction when he saw she had run into a church for sanctuary.

On the Perez Bridge, five of the city's criminal Consortium had tied a man up and given him "cement shoes." The man was one of their own, who had been skimming off the top.

They were preparing to throw him off the bridge when Batman, who had been observing from the top of the bridge pylons, threw down several smoke grenades. As they coughed and sputtered, Batman swung down to meet them, his feet impacting one of the men in his extensive gut. That one whooped and went down.

The other four had only the vaguest notion that someone was there; one of them fired blind, hitting nothing but the bridge itself. Batman kicked that one in the head. He grabbed the next two and brought their heads together with an audible clunk.

That left one, who had managed to see him dimly through the smoke. He tried the same trick as the would-be rapist earlier tonight, and swung his gun rather than shooting it, aiming to pistol whip Batman. He was partially successful; his clubbing blow connected with Batman's left tricep, painful impact that would leave a bone bruise.

Batman rewarded him for his efforts by whirling and throwing a punch right between his eyes.

He dragged their victim out of the smoke, untied him, and used a batarang to smash up the concrete. Batman loomed over the thug and stared

into his eyes.

“You seem to be in the wrong business,” Batman said, his voice like ice.

“Y-y-yeah,” the relatively young man agreed. Sweat trickled down from his blonde hair. Finally, someone was appropriately afraid of Batman.

“Leave town, start over, and clean up your act,” Batman said.

The man nodded, hobbled painfully to his feet, and got moving.

For the first time tonight, Batman felt he’d made a tangible difference. Maybe it was because he’d saved a life... .or maybe it was just the fear in the man’s eyes.

Maybe both.

There were many drug labs throughout the city, but this one, on the corner of Atlantic and Grummett, was the largest; a multiple-addiction operation; crystal meth, cocaine, heroin.

There were forty seven “employees” in this factory of death. Granted, not all of them would fight; four of them were children under the age of nine. This was counter balanced, however, by six dogs, trained to kill.

Batman, thanks in no small part to Alfred’s spying abilities, was prepared for all of this.

The criminals, one and all, gave a shout of bewilderment when the power went out. One thing they didn’t have was a generator. It was darker than night in here; even night goggles wouldn’t serve adequately. But it was the perfect opportunity for Batman to use his infrared goggles.

Rather than dramatically smash through a window as was his first inclination, he snuck up from beneath after he cut the power. Already he had come to the conclusion that coming up from the sewers and subway tunnels was an ideal form of surprise.

Two of the dogs came for him immediately, their sense of smell leading them to him. Sleep capsules took care of them; Batman could do little harm to them that their cruel owners had not already inflicted upon them.

But their attack had drawn the attention of four guards, who shot blindly in his direction. He went down into a roll along the floor and ended by lashing out with both feet, taking out two of the guards at once. Batarangs took care of the other two, and through his goggles he saw their red-heat silhouettes fall.

Another dog came, and this one lunged for his throat. He caught it on his reinforced arm-gauntlet, its teeth held at bay. He cracked another sleep capsule under its nose, turning his own head away. It fell peacefully to sleep.

After that it went exactly as he wanted for a time, and he took out more than two dozen of the enemy. They never knew he was there, until it was too late; for them it was wandering in the darkness, until a punch or kick felled them. Occasionally, one of them would let loose with a choked-off cry as they were yanked back into the blackness.

Finally, the culture of fear was being formed.

Then, much to Batman's astonishment, the power came back on!

As the lights blinded his infrared goggles, he frantically closed his eyes and shucked them off, dropping and rolling beneath a table as he did so. Two thoughts chased each other through his mind; that someone in charge had done some quick thinking, and that the criminals were smarter than he'd given them credit for.

He opened his eyes and found himself face to face with an astonished woman with a pistol in her trembling hand. He knocked it aside and punched her into unconsciousness. With her down, there were fourteen viable crooks left, and four of the killer canines.

He powered up, knocking the table over, and its assorted chemicals with it. Criminals shouted and opened fire, but by then he was already rolling

along the floor, until he reached a criminal and bowled him over. Another crook cried out in pain as one of his fellows accidentally shot him in the leg. Twelve left.

The bullets slackened as the enemy realized their predicament, but this gave the remaining dogs the opportunity to close in. All four of them pounced at once, tearing at his cloak and costume. At first the criminals began to cheer, thinking their beasts would do the work for them; Batman struggled long enough with the hounds that one enterprising thug even suggested a betting pool on how long he would last. But then he sent the dogs flying, one by one. The last collided with the best “cooker” of the chemicals among them, and he too, went down. Eleven left.

They closed warily now, putting guns aside, drawing knives, clubs, and in one case, a swinging weighted chain. Batman ducked, spun and whirled, taking most of them down by breaking legs or knees. Finally there were six left.

One of them looped a garrote around his neck from behind and began to squeeze. He had a throat guard in the neck of his cowl against just such a contingency, but it would only buy him a little time. Using the man choking him for leverage, his feet shot up and kicked two down. When he landed, he bent and hurled the garrotter into another of his fellows.

This left two, one wielding a wicked, rusted machete; the other swung the weighted chain. Batman backed away from them for a moment, still a bit winded and dazed from the choking attack. Machete man closed in, and Batman almost contemptuously threw a stun pellet into his face. There was a flash, and machete man grunted and collapsed.

That left the chain wielder. He advanced slowly, cautiously, swinging the chain. He lunged once, twice; Batman ducked the first swing, and on the second put his head down and charged like a bull. He caught the man in the solar plexus. The man wheezed but did not let go of his weapon, slamming the chain down on his caped back instead. Grunting in pain, Batman wrapped both arms around the man, picked him up and slammed him into the ground hard.

The man finally let go of his chain and rolled painfully on the floor. When he made signs of getting up, Batman stomped on his head.

Breathing heavily, feeling aches and pains in seemingly every bone and muscle, Batman turned and surveyed the scene. Only two thugs had recovered from his beating, and they wisely had taken to their heels.

That left the children. Batman found three of them hiding under one of the tables. But... where was the fourth?

He turned. The oldest of the children, an eight year, old, stood in the doorway that led to the basement. He must have been the one to restore the power. In his hand was a knife, and his eyes were hot.

The little boy charged him. Batman caught his knife arm and lifted him, staring. The boy did not waver, he screamed and cursed at Batman, trying to kick him. Shaking his head, Batman took the knife with his free hand, then dropped the boy. Before the eight year old could recover, Batman held the blade in front of his eyes... ..and broke it.

"You still have a choice," he told the boy.

Now the boy was intimidated, yes, but also defiant. "We ain't got no place else to go!" he shouted.

"Try the orphanages," Batman suggested, knowing that he ran most of them through Wayne Enterprises.

The boy spat at that suggestion.

Batman smiled dangerously. "Would you rather face me again, in a few years?"

The boy thought about that. "Not really," he conceded.

"Then go. And take your friends with you. Make the right choice. Or else."

The children needed no further persuasion. They fled, the eldest looking back as he ran, his eyes unreadable.

One of the thugs who had fled earlier had reported the situation to someone further up the chain. That man in turn had made a report, and now, in a building on the south side, an elegant office door opened, and a well dressed man entered and stood before the desk of one of the ranking members of Gotham's criminal Consortium.

"We have a problem," said the visitor. "A vigilante problem... ."

To Be Continued!

If you enjoyed this story, you can find more alternate universe tales of your favorite DC heroes at DC3 Multiverse.

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From the same author on Feedbooks

Batman #18 (2007)

Batman: Feline Persuasion, Part 1 (of 2).

Batman #19 (2007)

Batman: Feline Persuasion, Part 2 (of 2).

Suicide Squad #13 (2007)

Suicide Squad: Who Do You Trust? (A Justice League vs. America tie-in)

Suicide Squad #15 (2007)

Suicide Squad: New Blood, Part 2.

The Squad find Wilkerson and Malthus' lair, but things only get worse from there as the mad scientists release their nightmarish prisoner...

Suicide Squad #16 (2007)

Suicide Squad: New Blood, Finale.

The Parademon is on the loose! The Mad Scientists make a mad dash for freedom! And Killer Frost's friendship with Terra takes a turn that Terra doesn't like at all...

Suicide Squad #17 (2007)

Suicide Squad: Africa, Part 1.

When one of the few US-friendly nations in Africa nearly loses their leader to an assassination attempt, the Squad is sent to deal with the problem. But there is more going on than would first appear...

Suicide Squad #18 (2007)

Suicide Squad: Africa, Finale.

The Squad's trip to Africa concludes as the attempts on the lives of King Twaba and his Queen reach a fever pitch, and Terra faces an uncomfortable truth about herself.

Teen Titans #23 (2007)

Teen Titans: Not of This Earth, Part One.

Dagon returns to Titans Tower just in time to confront an alien consciousness. Starfire finds it familiar but doesn't know why; Cyborg is haunted by it, and Dagon himself is tempted by it. And that doesn't even begin to describe what it does to Raven...

Teen Titans #24 (2007)

Teen Titans: Not of This Earth, Part 2.

Possessed scientists run amok in STAR Labs, the Titans fighting back as best they can. Cyborg and Kid Flash each work on their own plans to resolve this nightmare. Will their ideas conflict, or does each have a part of the puzzle?

Teen Titans #25 (2007)

Teen Titans: Not of This Earth, Part Three (of Three). The "Not of this Earth" saga concludes! Cyborg's technical know how is put to the test against the alien menace, whilst Kid Flash is in a literal race against time to save Raven's soul!

Maximum Batman #2 (2008)

Maximum Batman: War on Crime, part 2: "Law and Disorder."

James Gordon is a tough-as-nails SWAT squad captain, best cop in a city where almost every cop is bad. His efforts to fight corruption are frustrated at every turn....and then he meets....the Batman!

Maximum Batman #3 (2008)

Maximum Batman: "Anger Born of Fear."

The Consortium has had enough of Batman's interference; they send Bane, who lays a trap from which Batman, bruised and battered and exhausted, may not be able to escape.....

Maximum Batman #4 (2008)

Maximum Batman: "The Bat Rises."

Batman and Bane square off in a brutal fight to the finish, with Gordon waiting in the wings....

Suicide Squad #19 (2008)

Suicide Squad: Enchanted.

We learn much about the secret history of the Enchantress as she offers June a dreadful bargain she may not be able to refuse...

Suicide Squad #22 (2008)

Suicide Squad: Live for the Hunt.

Catman goes on a solo mission in order to re-establish his credibility, and runs headlong into Catwoman! But this will most definitely not be a friendly meeting of costumed felines...

Teen Titans #34 (2008)

Teen Titans: Mission to Zanda, Part One (of Three).

While Dick is away in Gotham being Batman, he sends Robin to the Titans to further Tim's training. But what neither Dick nor Tim could expect is that Speedy would come to the Titans with a top secret Checkmate mission to Zandia...

Suicide Squad #27 (2008)

Suicide Squad: Hurricane, Part Two (of Two).

The power of the living hurricane is finally unleashed and Katana and the Squad may have to worry more about survival than winning...

Teen Titans #26 (2008)

Teen Titans: Strategy.

The Titans go about their daily business, but the HIVE has targeted them....so who else would they hire for the job.....but Deathstroke?!

Teen Titans #27 (2008)

Teen Titans: Shifting Loyalties, Part Two (of Four).

The Suicide Squad/Teen Titans cross-over continues!

Following on from the events of Suicide Squad #20, the Teen Titans come face to face with the Suicide Squad as Cyborg tracks down his father. But this is not the only problem, as one of the old man's experiments is in the hands of a bitter Markovian king, and Speedy is torn between his loyalty to the Titans, his orders from Checkmate, and a ghost from his own past....continued next month in Suicide Squad # 21!

Suicide Squad #20 (2008)

Suicide Squad: Shifting Loyalties, Part One (of Four).

The Four part Suicide Squad/Teen Titans Crossover begins here!

Assassination in Markovia calls Terra back to her unwanted home, dragging the whole Suicide Squad with her. The situation is more complicated than it first appears, with enemies on every side; a recalcitrant new King, a shifty pair of scientists, a group of dangerous insurgents, a sentient killing machine, and not least another super powered team on the way.....Continued in Teen Titans # 27!

Teen Titans #28 (2008)

Teen Titans: Shifting Loyalties, Part Four (of Four).

The "Shifting Loyalties" Titans/Squad crossover concludes as Terra, Cyborg, and Speedy must each face their personal demons; and King Gregor is confronted with the reality of the monster he's helped create. Battle rages on, for Cheshire and her soldiers are determined to conquer all...

Suicide Squad #21 (2008)

Suicide Squad: Shifting Loyalties, Part Three (of Four).

Cheshire steps forward with her troops and her plan to take Markovia. Speedy is haunted by her, and King Gregor unleashes his weapon...but there may be consequences he does not expect... concluded in Teen Titans #28!

Teen Titans #29 (2008)

Teen Titans: Wickersham Isle, Part One (of Three).

Wonder Girl first feels a terrible pain, and then vanishes. Who has taken her, and for what sinister purpose?

Teen Titans #30 (2008)

Teen Titans: Wickersham Isle, Part Two (of Three).

The Titans track Donna to a remote island off the coast of the Carolinas, but are not even remotely prepared for what awaits them there...

Suicide Squad #23 (2008)

Suicide Squad: Ride the Lightning, Part One (of Three).

The team gains two new members, but the spotlight is on the Electrocuter as his past comes back to haunt him...

Teen Titans #31 (2008)

Teen Titans: Wickersham Isle, Part Three (of Three).

Donna's fate hangs in the balance as the Titans fight the malevolent old wizard of Wickersham Isle.

Suicide Squad #24 (2008)

Suicide Squad: Ride the Lightning, Part Two (of Three).

More flashbacks into the Electrocuter's past, as he leads the team to Baja California and makes a shocking discovery!

Teen Titans #32 (2008)

Teen Titans: Choices, Part One (of Two).

Some time passes. Nightwing struggles to deal with recent events in Gotham as they put an additional strain on him. As Terra settles in with the team and her relationship with Beast Boy deepens. But just as all seems to be going so well, she receives a mysterious and threatening email that will put her Titans membership to the test...

Suicide Squad #25 (2008)

Suicide Squad: Ride the Lightning, Part Three (of Three).

The Squad chases the shadowy supremacist organization to Curaco, where a bloody final reckoning is at hand!

Teen Titans #33 (2008)

Teen Titans: Choices, Part Two (of Two).

Terra confronts the man who sent the blackmailing email, and must make a decision that will affect not only her future, but that of the Titans as a whole as well...

Suicide Squad #26 (2008)

Suicide Squad: Hurricane, Part One (of Two).

A terrible force is unleashed when someone is granted the power of nature's most nightmarish storms. Katana from *Global Guardians* guest stars.

Teen Titans #35 (2008)

Teen Titans: Mission to Zandia, Part Two (of Three).

Tim Drake is exposed to superhero action on the big stage for the first time, as the Titans experience the criminal paradise that Zandia has become first hand...

Suicide Squad #28 (2008)

Suicide Squad: Down With the Sickness, Part One (of Two).
Malthus' past comes back to haunt him, and the team splits in two to deal with a viral outbreak and those behind it...

Teen Titans #36 (2008)

Teen Titans: Mission to Zandia, Part Three (of Three).
The situation in Zandia comes to a head but the Titans aren't fully aware of what's going on...

Suicide Squad #29 (2008)

Suicide Squad: Down With the Sickness, Part Two (of Two).
The conspiracy behind the virus is more convoluted than anyone thought and Malthus makes a personal decision.

Suicide Squad #30 (2008)

Suicide Squad: Fracture, Part One (of Four).
The magical pact that June made with Enchantress finally moves center stage. Enchantress goads June on a quest to make her hold on Mitch permanent. What neither of them realizes is the consequences of this decision may very well tear the Squad apart...

Teen Titans #37 (2008)

Teen Titans: The White Rose, Part One (of Five).
The Titans discover Deathstroke's own mysterious daughter, Rose. But what is truly going on between father and daughter?

Maximum Batman #5 (2009)

Maximum Batman: "Bad Business as Usual"

Maximum Batman #6 (2009)

Maximum Batman: Change, Not All of it Good.

Teen Titans #44 (2009)

Teen Titans: When Circe Comes Calling..., Part Three (of Three).
As the female Titans must battle their mind-controlled male counterparts, Wonder Girl must face Circe alone...and neither of them will be the same again afterwards.

Teen Titans #40 (2009)

Teen Titans: The White Rose, Part Four (of Five).

The Titans' conflict with the Lord of Time comes to a head....and they've barely had time to recover from that before Deathstroke makes his next move.

Teen Titans #38 (2009)

Teen Titans: The White Rose, Part Two (of Five).

Rose has had some small amount of time to settle in as a team member. But now comes the first real test, as the Titans face the return of....the Mad Mod?!? And they must do it without the help of a battered and bruised Kid Flash!

Suicide Squad #31 (2009)

Suicide Squad: Fracture, Part Two (of Four).

Enchantress, June and Mitch head towards South America in their search, unaware that they are being pursued...

Suicide Squad #33 (2009)

Suicide Squad: Fracture, Part Four (of Four).

Fracture reaches its conclusion. Neither June nor Enchantress nor Mitch nor the Squad as a whole will be the same again.

Suicide Squad #35 (2009)

Suicide Squad: War in the Corridors of Power, Part One (of Four).

"War in The Corridors of Power" begins, the last story in this era of the Suicide Squad. A conspiracy is brewing in the Pentagon, and former Squad member Malthus and his ally Wilkerson are swept up in it...

Teen Titans #39 (2009)

Teen Titans: The White Rose, Part Three (of Five)

With Kid Flash still injured, the Titans come across one of the most dreaded villains ever, a man who has crossed swords with the Justice League...the Lord of Time! What does he know about Rose's future?

Suicide Squad #32 (2009)

Fracture, Part Three (of Four)

Enchantress has found the staff. Now the Squad fractures.....and June and the Electrocuter must both make difficult, terrible choices.

Teen Titans #42 (2009)

Teen Titans: When Circe Comes Calling...

With Dick Grayson away in Gotham, Wonder Girl leads the team....just in time for Circe to show up. It seems that events in Donna's life are coming to a head...

Teen Titans #41 (2009)

Teen Titans: The White Rose, Part Five (of Five).

It all comes to a head as Deathstroke and the HIVE capture the Titans. Who are the people waiting in the shadows and what is their connection to Rose? And what secret is Rose hiding from Titans, Deathstroke and HIVE alike?

Suicide Squad #34 (2009)

Suicide Squad: Debriefing.

Amanda Waller has the unhappy task of making sense of the mess left behind in the wake of Enchantress, Frost, and Resurrection Man's departure.....and must also face a hidden threat within the walls of Belle Reve itself.

Suicide Squad #36 (2009)

Suicide Squad: War in the Corridors of Power, Part Two (of Four).

The final story of this era of the Squad continues as they must battle their way out of the Pentagon, when every soldier and officer present believes them traitors....but they may get help from an unlikely source...

Teen Titans #43 (2009)

Teen Titans: When Circe Comes Calling..., Part Two (of Three).

As the battle drags on, Circe makes a vital discovery that shifts the balance of power in her favor against Wonder Girl!

Suicide Squad #37 (2009)

Suicide Squad: War in the Corridors of Power, Part Three (of Four).

As Knockout and the Parademon take on the conspiracy's secret weapon, the rest of the team encounters the third and final conspirator. The revelation of that person's identity is something that Waller and Steel can barely believe...

Teen Titans #46 (2009)

Teen Titans: The Time That Shouldn't, Part One (of Two).

Who is the Professor? Why are Joseph and Grant Wilson working for him? Where did Lillith come from? Where did the girl with red wings come from? What does Checkmate have to do with it?

Where are the Titans? What is going on?!?

What is wrong with this picture?

A lot.

Teen Titans #45 (2009)

Teen Titans: True Heroism.

What makes a hero? How do you define a hero? The Titans, who are, met two who think they are, but are not.

Suicide Squad #38 (2009)

Suicide Squad: War in the Corridors of Power, Part Four (of Four).

The conspiracy's full extent is revealed, the Squad moves into action.....and a chapter closes in the annals of Squad history.

Nightwing Special #1 (2010)

Nightwing: Family Motive.

Suicide Squad #14 (2010)

Suicide Squad: New Blood, Part 1.

The exciting new Squad era continues here with a dramatic new story arc and an intriguing new team roster...

The Squad recruits a new member just in time to deal with the theft of a top secret weapon from the Pentagon. But of course, as usual, the Squad doesn't know everything they should about their target, or who stole it...



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