



Nightwing #16
Batkid

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Nightwing

16: Beauty and the Mess

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"Hey, Tiff... wait up!"

He ran easily across the road. She waited for him to catch up to her. Dick was taken aback by her appearance. Dark circles ran beneath her puffy eyes. Her face was drawn and pale under her dark tan. She smiled wanly.

"Hi."

Pretending not to notice her appearance, he walked with her back to her office building. "Man, I'm stuffed... Sloan ordered Chinese. Again."

She glanced at him as they walked past a newspaper stand. "Speaking of Sloan... don't you have to get back to him?" Realizing how rude she sounded she smiled. "I mean, doesn't he have any more mountains of paperwork for you to sort?"

Dick laughed. "Probably. But right now, he had to go to meet a client, and I still have 5 minutes of lunch time left."

"Oh." They walked in silence for a few minutes, before stepping inside the cool building. Tiffany punched the button on the elevator and looked at him, obviously wondering if he was about to leave. When he didn't, she sighed and stepped onto the elevator. He joined her.

"So how about you? Is Ms. Green piling on the work?"

Tiffany shrugged. "It's okay." The elevator gave a *ding* and the two stepped off and walked down the hall. Tiffany stopped in front of the office administrator's door. The name plate on the door read 'Mary Bhaer'.

After she glanced pointedly at him, he feigned interest in the painting of a ship that decorated the wall. Reluctantly, she stepped in.

Closing the door behind him, he followed her as she went to knock on Bhaer's door. He waved at Dave, who returned the gesture absently, engrossed in something on his computer screen.

"Come in," came the reply to Tiffany's knock.

Tiffany entered and started to close the door behind her. Dick startled her when he caught hold of the edge of the polished wood panel and held it open. Her confusion quickly shifted to annoyance, but she didn't protest as he walked in.

The administrator was seated at her desk, going through a file. She glanced up as the two entered.

"Tiffany, hello! And, let me think... Dick! Did you need something?"

Dick grinned. "Hi, Ms. Bhaer. No, I'm fine... I'm still on break and I just walked up with Tiff."

The woman nodded and turned to Tiffany. "Do you need something to do, or is there something you need?"

Tiffany cast a nervous glance at Dick. "Well, Ms. Bhaer... I've been wondering... I haven't taken a vacation since I've been here, and I'd like to take some, if you can spare me."

Ms. Bhaer glanced at her desk calendar. "And when do you want to take this leave?"

Tiffany hesitated, then blurted, "Tomorrow."

Bhaer raised an eyebrow. "That's awfully sudden. You really should have come to me sooner... it would have been more convenient."

"I know, and I'm sorry to ask you on such short notice. It was kind of a last minute decision."

Ms. Bhaer studied her for a minute, taking in her demeanor, before nodding. "Fine." She turned back to her work, obviously giving a signal to them to leave.

Back outside the office, Tiffany let out a deep breath—one that Dick hadn't realized she'd been holding.

He grinned. "You're finally taking that vacation?"

Tiffany glanced over at him, giving him a faint smile. "Yeah."

"Where to?"

"Yellowstone National Park."

"Gonna check out Old Faithful?"

She grinned, a little of her old impishness coming back. "I couldn't visit there without seeing it, could I?"

"I've always wanted to go there... you'll have to be sure to send postcards or something, and take lots of pictures."

"Sure!"

Dick glanced at his watch and winced. "Ouch... Sloan should be back any minute... he may even be there now. I went over my break by 5 minutes."

"Then hurry up and get going!"

He gave one last grin before hurrying to Sloan's office.

Deciding that the stairs would be quicker, the teen ran up them, pausing outside Sloan's office to catch his breath. As he stood there, he listened for any sounds inside the office that would alert him to Sloan's presence. For a moment, he heard nothing. He grabbed the doorknob and turned it, entering. As he stood just outside the inner office, he could hear Sloan

walking around. There was a *clack* as the lawyer picked up the phone. Dick knew that the phone's bug would pick up anything that the lawyer said, but he didn't want the lawyer to come out and find him. He might suspect Dick of eavesdropping. Crossing back across the room silently, Dick opened the door, and then slammed it shut. Walking over to the mini fridge, he clacked soda cans together loudly before pulling out a Zesti.

Sloan's office door opened and the lawyer peeked out.

"Grayson, finally! You're late!"

"I know-sorry, Sir-"

"Never mind that! Go over to Betsy's Laundromat and pick up my shirts!"

The lawyer pulled his head back inside and slammed the door. Dick stood by the open fridge with his unopened Zesti in his hand. He sighed and put it back. Once outside, he hopped on his bike, and headed for the Laundromat.

Twenty minutes later he was back at the office. Sloan sat at his desk, tapping at a keyboard. The phone was on the hook. For the rest of the day, Dick listened for any calls that Sloan sent and received, but they were all useless to him-reservations for an expensive Chinese restaurant, a heated argument with a client over Sloan's fees, an inquiry he made about a matinee.

Shrugging off his disappointment, Dick left the office at the end of the day, and headed to a coffee shop on the corner. As he sipped his cappuccino, he watched the wall clock, waiting. Sloan had said that he'd leave the office an hour later, but had made it clear that Dick was to leave. Two hot drinks and a doughnut later, he left the store, leisurely riding up to the office. In case the lawyer had stayed later than intended, Dick took the stairs again. He knew that he had less of a chance of running into the lawyer there than on the elevator.

Sloan's suite was deserted-no light escaped from under the door. Checking to see that no one was nearby, he went in. After peeking in Sloan's private office, he headed straight for his recorders, leaving new ones and pocketing the old ones. He went through the drawers in the desk, making sure Sloan hadn't had any more 'special deliveries' while Dick had been out. Five minutes after he arrived he was on his way back to his apartment.

When he got there, he sprawled on the couch, and listened to the recordings. He recognized Sloan's and Marty's voices as they discussed their 'business' dealings. Sloan reported on his sales, happy that they had increased since the last report. Marty sounded satisfied, saying that he was glad to have some good news for 'the boss'.

As the tape reached its end, Dick went over to his computer and called up a search. He typed in the phone number that he used to call Marty. It came up blank. Dick tried running the number through the computer, with no luck. He sighed. He'd have to do this the hard way.

Hacking into the phone company's records and tracking down the phone number took a long time. Dick had a headache by the time he finished. But now, at least, he had an address-somewhere to start looking for Marty.

He jotted down the information and did a search on that, trying to pinpoint it on a map. The results weren't long in coming, but...

Frowning, he double-checked.

That was odd...

The address listed for Marty's number was in Wyoming. And that number was for a cell phone that was being billed to the Canyon Lodge in Yellowstone National Park.

He leaned back, staring at the computer's monitor. His screensaver came

on, and he absently watched the picture slideshow as it played across his screen. Yellowstone National Park. It was too much of a coincidence. Obviously, Tiffany had some information on the drug ring's whereabouts.

The questions were, how did she know? How much did she know? And, more to the point, what was she going to do about it?

Dick stood up and cleared his screen. He hid the recorders where no one would easily find them, and began to pace. If he went to Tiffany's house now, there was a chance that she'd already be gone. She would also wonder at Dick's sudden curiosity.

If he went as Nightwing, and asked why she was going to Yellowstone, she might suspect that he was Dick.

He tapped his fingers irritably. Then he got up to change clothes, putting his suit on under his street attire. He'd see if she was still home before he burst in.

When he got to Tiffany and Jake's apartment, he saw that the living room light was on. Adjusting his collar to make sure his suit wasn't visible beneath his clothes, he knocked on the door.

A head peeked through the old flowered curtains at him before cautiously opening the door a crack.

"Yes?"

Dick put on a smile. "Hi... um, is Tiffany home yet?"

There was a pause. "Yes... how do you know her?"

"I'm a friend from work."

The door opened a little wider. "Dave?"

"No, ma'am... I'm Dick. Dick Grayson."

After a moment's hesitation, the person reluctantly opened the door, to

reveal a middle-aged woman puffing nervously on a cigarette. "C'mon in. I'll get Tiffany. She's in the back."

A minute later, Tiffany came out, followed by the woman. "Dick?"

"Hey, Tiff."

"I guess you'd like some water or something, huh?" The woman, who Dick suspected was Tiffany's mother, interrupted.

"No, ma'am, thank you... I'm fine."

The woman nodded and planted herself in a stained armchair.

Tiffany glanced at her mother, then back at Dick. "Um... would you like to sit down?"

"Sure, thanks... I won't be long." Dick seated himself on the sagging couch. "I just thought that, since you're going to Yellowstone, you might like these." He handed her a pile of brochures and maps. "And to say, 'have a nice trip!'"

"Oh, thanks."

There was a pause, which Dick broke with, "so... are you camping in a tent or staying in a cabin, or what?"

"Oh, a cabin, definitely."

"'Fraid of bears?"

She grinned. "No!"

Dick laughed. "So, is it just you, or are your brothers or sisters going with you?"

Tiffany frowned. "I have only one brother, Jake... he's staying here with Mom." She managed a smile. "He's not really into camping... he'd be lost without his Gameboy."

Chuckling, Dick said, "I hear you... I love my PS3... couldn't live without it."

The two discussed games a little more before Tiffany's mother broke in.

"I hate to break this up, but Tiffany's plane leaves at 6:00 a.m., and she still hasn't finished packing. It's already 10 o'clock."

"Oh, I'm sorry Tiffany... I had no idea it was so late. I just wanted to bring those maps and wish you a happy trip. By the way, are you staying in the Wyoming part of the park?"

"Why do you ask?"

"Just wondering... the majority of the park is there, so I figured you would be."

"Well, you figured right... I'm hoping to stay at Canyon Lodge. It's close to an amphitheater, and I can rent a horse to try out the trails. I've loved horseback riding since I was a kid."

Dick grinned. "Sounds good to me!"

Tiffany stood up. "Well, I'd better go pack... thanks for the brochures."

Dick stood, too. "No problem."

As he headed out the door, he reflected on the conversation. *Canyon Lodge. Lovely.* Now, more than ever, he needed to find out exactly where in the Park that was.

Back home, he plugged the information into his computer. He found the lodge in a place called Canyon Village, which was indeed located in Yellowstone National Park.

He grabbed the phone by his desk and concentrated on making his voice sound raspy, explaining to the office administrator that he had a bad cold and couldn't come in to work the next day.

That done, he made reservations on the next plane to Yellowstone-one that left in 3 hours. Packing a bag, he set his alarm to wake him up in two hours.

Beep...

Beep...

Beep...

Groaning, Dick rolled over and slapped at the night table by his bed. After knocking the lamp over, he cracked open one eye.

The alarm clock was across the room on his desk.

Blinking, he looked out the window at the night sky. He forced himself out of the bed, and headed to the bathroom for a quick shower. Refreshed, he dressed, grabbed his bags from beside the door and headed out.

At the airport, he boarded the plane, found his seat and relaxed. He tucked into the breakfast a stewardess offered him, putting on his headphones as he ate.

The next thing he knew, the cheerful stewardess was waking him, asking him to please fasten his seat belt.

After landing, he looked around, bleary-eyed. He checked his watch. He'd caught the 2:00 a.m. flight to get there before Tiffany did.

If Tiffany was planning to stay at the lodge, then Dick would camp out.

After stocking up on food, he told the driver to head to the park. As they drove, he stared out the window, awed by the gorgeous forest and majestic mountains. The driver was proud of his home, and willingly

reeled off the histories and names of the various mountains and towns.

When he got to the park, Dick headed to the desk at the visitor's station. There, he was reprimanded for not having a reservation, but was able to cajole the woman manning the desk into letting stay at the campgrounds.

After pitching his tent, he gazed over the park. It was *huge*. In fact it would be almost impossible to find any one person. He studied a park map, looking for places that seemed most logical for the crooks to be hiding out. He didn't know what he was looking for, exactly. He didn't know where Marty was staying, nor even what the crook looked like. Sighing, he folded the map and stuck it in his pocket. There were just too many possibilities.

The first thing he decided to do after setting up camp was to get to know his surroundings. He wandered the park, familiarizing himself with the staff and paths. After a long walk, he decided to catch some sleep while he waited for Tiffany to arrive.

Two hours later he woke up, eager to get to work on his case.

Dick entered the lodge and looked around for Tiffany. He saw her reading a magazine near the telephones. He walked over to the desk, keeping out of her sight. Pulling a notebook from his pocket, he ripped a page out and folded it.

"Hi." He approached the desk.

The woman behind it turned to him, smiling. He recognized her as the same woman who'd been there when he'd first arrived. "Hi. Can I help you?"

"I hope so. I need to leave a message for Tiffany Weston."

"Sure." She took the blank paper, popping it into a box behind her. He memorized the number on it. "Anything else?"

"No, thank you."

The oldest trick in the book, he thought, smirking.

He walked away, matching the number on the box with the room that shared the number. Finding it, he looked around to make sure no one was watching. He waited for an elderly couple to pass by before picking the lock and entering.

As he checking through Tiffany's stuff, he could see that she had packed lightly. Her suitcase held clothes enough for only a couple of days-and the maps that he'd brought her. He checked them for markings, to see if she'd been looking at any spot in particular. Disappointed, he found that the only item circled was the lodge.

He left the room and locked the door behind him. Heading back to the telephone area, he found that Tiffany had gone.

His stomach growled. *She probably left to get lunch, he thought.*

There was a place where he could get food not too far from the lodge, but he didn't want to risk meeting Tiffany there. So he headed back to his campsite and munched on the cereal that he'd packed.

As he ate, he thought.

There's plenty of places in the woods around here that the ring could hide out at... too many. It'll take me forever to check them all. But maybe...

He headed for the stables. There, he rented a horse, a spirited one. The search would go much quicker if he covered all the area he could by horseback. Some places, he acknowledged, would be too wooded and overgrown to ride through. But others...

3, 472 square miles of park... He thought glumly.

Dick rode for hours, as he checked as much of the area he could before it

started to get dark. He'd reached the Lower Falls by then, the tallest waterfall in the park, looking for anyplace that could be a meeting spot. He'd had no luck so far.

For the next two days, he searched both on horseback and on foot. Tired and hungry, he returned to the lodge to check up on Tiffany.

She wasn't there. He looked around at the laundry area, the store, her room, the stables... she was nowhere to be found. Finally, he went to the front desk.

"Hello." The woman there greeted him. She didn't seem as cheerful as before.

"Hi... if you remember, I left a message here a few days ago for Ms. Weston. Do you know where I could find her?"

A furrow formed on the woman's forehead. "No, I don't... She's left."

"Left?" He echoed. But he'd just checked her room. It still held her clothes and other baggage... *untouched*.

"Do you mean she checked out?"

The woman bit her lip. "No, I mean... I don't know where she is."

Dick walked away, worried. It was dark now; he'd never find her.

Back at his tent, he tumbled onto his air mattress. He'd look again at first light.

Before dawn, Dick was up. He stuck a few energy bars into his pocket, went to the stables and rented his horse. Not bothering to stop for breakfast, he started the search.

The teen approached the shack cautiously. This was the third such

building he'd seen since he'd started. He guessed that at one point it had been a ranger station or some other administrative building. Now, the dilapidated hut looked like it was on his last legs, ready to fall on anyone who dared enter it.

He stood quietly in the woods out of the line of sight of anyone who might happen to glance out the shack's dirty windows. If there was anyone inside it at all. Crouching low, he ran across the clearing, stopping only when he was underneath a window. He listened for any sounds that would alert him that he'd been spotted. Low voices spoke inside, too quietly for him to understand the words. Dick held his breath as he slowly raised himself up just high enough to peer through the window.

Through the filthy glass he could make out four men engaged in conversation. In the corner of the shack, he saw Tiffany sitting in an old wooden chair, her arms behind her back. She seemed uncomfortable, and he guessed that her hands were tied.

He memorized the interior of the building, and the crooks' positions. He didn't have much to lose-if the men were allowing Tiffany to hear their conversation, they obviously didn't plan to let her live.

Making his way to the door of the shack, he paused. Should he go in as Nightwing or dressed as he was? It would certainly be suspicious for Nightwing to show up in the middle of a national park to break up a drug ring. He hid his street clothes and put on a mask, praying that Tiffany wouldn't suspect him. After all... Nightwing would be doing what he was supposed to be doing... tracking and catching the criminals!

Okay, Grayson... one, two, three!

Nightwing stood back, then leaped forward to kick the door in. The crooks' heads shot up in surprise at this intrusion. Recovering from the shock, they pulled their guns and pointed them at the doorway. By now, Dick was rolling across the floor, years of experience guiding him. From below, he plowed into one of them, shooting up to catch another one in a tackle. He threw his leg up, knocking the gun from the hand of one thug, and then stood up, delivering a chop to the shoulder of another. The man cried out in pain, holding his arm, as Dick KO'd him. One thug that

had been out of Dick's sight earlier managed to yell into his radio for back up before Dick reached him, shattered the radio and punched the operator.

The crooks beaten, he headed for Tiffany.

"Tiff! Y'okay? Look, we have to hurry... those guys' reinforcements could be here any second."

"Nightwing?" She whispered through her cracked lips. "What- what are you doing here?"

"Shh. We'll talk about that later. Right now, I gotta get you out of here." He worked at the ropes that held her to the chair. "Okay, hold on... they used separate ropes to tie your hands."

Before he could undo the ones that bound her wrists, a shadow fell over the doorway. His head shot up, and he again stepped in front of Tiffany.

"Get 'im, boys."

The order came from a huge man who seemed to be this new group's leader. Paying no attention to the unconscious men strewn about on the floor, the thugs made their way toward him.

Dick swallowed. It was obvious that the four were going to be trouble. And he Tiffany's safety to worry about, too.

He glanced at Tiffany, who upon seeing the newcomers, worked frantically to pull her arms off the chair back.

The teen stood away from her, afraid that if he got any closer, the trigger-happy thugs would shoot her by mistake. He threw himself into the battle. The small shack was filled with crooks; Dick was nearly overwhelmed. A man's gloating voice interrupted him as he drew back his fist.

"I've got the girl! Make one more move and this knife will make easy work of her pretty throat!"

Dick stopped, breathing heavily as he looked past some grinning thugs to the corner that he'd left Tiffany in. Wide-eyed and deathly pale, her eyes pled as they looked at Dick.

"That's right... stop... " The group's leader grinned.

Dick threw his hands up, and the leader waved at him, signaling his thugs to get him. Dick watched his hand... it lowered slightly as its owner seemed satisfied that his henchmen had the situation under control...

Dick leapt, somersaulting onto an old table, and throwing himself at Tiffany's captor. Landing directly in front of him, Dick delivered a chop that sent the guy into dreamland. Too quickly, the surprised crooks recovered from their shock and charged at him. Once more, Dick leapt.

Seeing Dick surrounded by thugs, Tiffany struggled again to lift her arms backwards off the chair-in vain. Finally, she rocked the old chair back and forth, until it collapsed on its side. The old chair shattered-and it felt to Tiffany as though her arm did, too. Old bottles littered the floor, and she struggled to drag herself backward so that she could reach one. Finally, her fingers brushed smooth glass. She grabbed the bottle and began pounding it on the wall behind her, doing her best to shatter it against the wall behind her. It broke a minute later, and she took hold of one of the shards and began rubbing it against her ropes, willing it to tear. She glanced up at the battle above her, wincing in sympathy as a blow landed on Nightwing's jaw. To her amazement, despite the odds, the youth seemed to be... winning? Feeling the ropes begin to give, she tugged at them, exulting as they snapped. Shaking her stiff arms loose, she grabbed her piece of glass and worked at the ropes that held her feet to the chair.

Knocking one of Tiffany's guards out of his line of vision, Dick glanced over at the woman. He smiled inwardly as he saw her, intent on freeing her feet. A blow glanced off his shoulder-the man who'd delivered it winced in pain as Nightwing's other arm flew up, catching the thug under his chin. He flipped back onto the table-only four left. By now, Tiffany was shaking her ropes off and rubbing her legs, trying to get the blood flowing again. As Dick kicked a guard off him, knocking him out, she stood, wobbly, but determined to help. He beat two of the remaining three, saving her the satisfaction of KO'ing the weakened third.

Dick jumped down to the floor, heading towards Tiffany. She collapsed, weak from her imprisonment. He knelt beside her, panting from the fight.

"You okay?"

She looked at him, and then nodded. "But what... how in the world did you know where I was?" Her face showed her disbelief.

Dick smiled. "If you're okay, we'd better get going. I want to have a doctor check you out."

She refused stubbornly, until finally, she gave in. "On one condition..." she said, as they headed out the door. "You explain what you're doing so far from New York City."

"What's there to explain? I've been following the drug trail. It led me here."

She raised an eyebrow. "So you haven't been following me?"

Nightwing looked away guiltily. "From the way you behaved the other night, I thought that you might have been involved with the drug ring. So I tailed you." He thought quickly. "Actually, I wasn't the only one. I found one of your co-workers camping out in the woods. He seemed worried about you."

Her jaw dropped. "You don't mean... Dick came after me?"

He nodded. "Yep. When you turned up missing, I knew something was up. But anyway, we won't have to walk back... I brought some transportation. So, as you can see," he added, "you'll still be able to get some riding in... ."

Tiffany laughed as Dick waved at his horse. They rode for a few miles before they finally reached the lodge. He picketed the horse and walked Tiffany inside before heading to the Ranger's station. He told the ranger there that a young woman had been kidnapped and confined in the old shack.

"And how do you know all of this?" The bewildered ranger asked.

"The woman's alright now... she escaped... but the men who kidnapped her are still up there."

The ranger turned, barking orders into his radio. He spoke over his shoulder to Nightwing. "If you'll just hold on a minute, I'm going to need you to explain everything over again." Getting no answer, he tried again. "Hey, you," he said, turning back. "Nightwing?"

There was nobody behind him.

Dick ran over to the stables and returned the horse he'd rented. A guy was manning the office-just like Trish, the girl who'd been running it earlier, had told him. He'd flirted with her in order to find out when her shift ended... after all, it would have been suspicious for Dick Grayson to rent a horse if it was to be Nightwing who returned it.

Kory had so better not hear about that, he thought, grinning as he headed back.

The doctor was just finishing up his examination when Dick came up. Tiffany grinned when she saw him.

"I am so glad to see you back here," he said. "Nightwing said you seemed okay when he dropped you off. So, what'd the doc say?"

"He says I'll be fine... some bruises and rope burns, but nothing serious. She wrinkled her nose. "And he prescribed lots of rest."

Dick feigned horror. "No... he wants you to kick back and relax... on your vacation?"

She gave him a playful punch, then turned serious. "Dick... could I... talk to you about something? It's about Jake... if you don't want to, don't worry about it, it's just-"

"No, no, that's fine. What's wrong?"

Tiffany headed over to a secluded table, and Dick followed. They sat while Dick waited patiently for Tiffany to start talking.

"Dick... you know about my brother, Jake? The one I told you about?"
He nodded.

More than you know...

She took a deep breath. "Well, Jake's gotten into some trouble lately. Don't get me wrong; he's a good kid. But he's gotten into some bad company. When I got back from Harvard, I was shocked at the change in him. I'm staying there at Mom's apartment now, while I look for my own, but also... I was hoping that maybe I could help him in some way... "

Dick looked at her sympathetically. "Tiff, when you say, 'trouble'... what kind do you mean?"

Brushing a tear from her eye, she said, "Well, he's gotten into some drugs, like, morphine, and stuff... I don't know what all. We-" She paused, looking at him. "You'll think I'm crazy."

"No, I won't... try me."

"You won't believe this, but... *Nightwing* knows. I came in one night when he was going through Jake's stuff. He found a pill bottle, and tried to tell me that Jake needed help, but I didn't listen... I couldn't! He-he left the bottle, and I woke Jake up to talk to him about it. I didn't say anything about *Nightwing* at first. Of course, Jake denied knowing anything about the drugs." She gave a humorless laugh. "After a while, I told him that I hadn't found it... *Nightwing* had. He was so nervous... He said that he was mostly just a delivery boy, taking drugs to buyers or whatever. I asked him who was in the ring, but he was terrified... he thinks the ring would kill him if they found out that he told." She looked at him with wide eyes. "I'm afraid of what'll happen to him when they find out. I was so stupid. I made him tell me everything he knew about the whole business, and he said that his 'boss' was a guy named Marty."

"Marty?"

"Yeah, and he gave me the number. It took me a few days to track it down. I hired this PI in Canada who's done investigations for the firm—tracing unpublished phone numbers is legal up there. He finally got back to me the day before I went to see Ms. Bhaer. He'd found out that the number was in Yellowstone National Park and that the bill for it was being sent to Canyon Lodge. So, I came here."

Dick put down his soda and looked at her in disbelief. "You came here expecting to break up the drug ring by yourself? Tiffany!"

"I know, I know... " She interrupted, crying. "I was just so scared for Jake. I thought that maybe I could find out where this Marty was, or anyone else connected to him. The calls were made from the lodge, so I hung around there, listening. I guess I looked pretty suspicious, because the next thing I knew, a giant of a man was holding a knife to my back... no one could see it, because he blocked it. He led me to the shack, and... " She shrugged. "That's where I've been ever since, until Nightwing rescued me."

"Look... while you were getting checked by the doc Nightwing tipped off the park rangers. They and the police will check out the shack for the crooks and anything they left behind. Maybe one of them will talk, and say where Marty is... "

"Talk!" Tiffany looked at him with blazing eyes. "Those crooks! They mentioned that they were going to go over to Old Faithful Inn, or maybe Old Faithful Lodge... . Anyway, I think that's where Marty is!"

Dick grabbed her arm. "Tiffany... did they say what time they were supposed to meet?"

Tiffany shook her head. "They just said that it was almost time to go there."

Grinning, Dick said, "then we still might have enough time." He stood. "You stay here... I'm going to go check it out."

Tiffany shot up. "You think that *you* can bring down a whole drug ring

by yourself?"

"Look, Tiffany... I'll just check it out. You can tell the rangers, and they'll probably radio someone at that end of the park to get there before I can."

"No way... I'm going with you."

"Stay here, Tiff. There's nothing you can do."

And what can you do, Dick? Nightwing can't conveniently show up in the same area Dick Grayson is... Tiffany's not stupid... she'll know for sure that it's you.

"It's my and Jake's problems, so there's no way I'm letting you go in without me." She was determined.

He sighed. There was no time to waste, and no way he could leave her behind, either.

"All right... but you have got to listen to me, okay? If I tell you to stay in one area, you *stay* there." He gave his best Bat-stare.

She shrugged. Racing to her room for her maps, she said, "Whatever. Let's get going!"

TO BE CONTINUED!

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Nightwing #10 (2006)

Nightwing: Black Friday Blues.

When terrorists take hostages at a busy superstore, it's up to Nightwing to save them. He dodges bullets and battles ruthless terrorists while racing the clock, coming face-to-face with a murderous madman who has no reservations when it comes to killing anyone in his way.

Nightwing #21 (2007)

Nightwing: Kiss in the Night.

They're back! Night-Thief and Nocturna are back in action after breaking out of prison, with Nightwing hot on their trail. But Dick had better watch his back--Night-Thief has a score to settle with him.

Nightwing #22 (2007)

Nightwing: To Catch A Night Thief

Nightwing is hot on Night Thief's trail... who is hot on Nocturna's trail... But finding a man who doesn't wish to be found is tricky when the usual wellsprings of information run dry...

Nightwing #11 (2007)

Nightwing: Lawyers and Other Slimy Things (Part 1).

Meth, crack, cocaine... they're on the street, and Dick, as Nightwing, is trying to make sure no one else gets hurt. In addition to that, he has to convince Rachel Green to let him become a P.I.... but runs into trouble with his supervisor. And what about the mysterious phone call his boss takes...?

Nightwing #13 (2007)

Nightwing: Ain't Never Had A Friend Like Me

Nightwing #15 (2007)

Nightwing: Hopelessly Devoted to You

Nightwing #17 (2007)

Nightwing: Psychotic Reaction (A Justice League vs. America tie-in)

Nightwing #18 (2007)

Nightwing: Heart of a Champion.

Just as Nightwing starts to close in on the drug gang, more problems arise. He and Tiffany will have to move fast if they're going to crack the case, but the team ends up with more than they bargained for! Can they solve the case before the crooks get away and before one character is written off—forever? Find out as the adventure continues in this exciting issue!

Nightwing #19 (2007)

Nightwing: Little Boy Lost.

Jake has disappeared and Nightwing's on his trail! But will he be too late?

Nightwing #20 (2007)

Nightwing: Be My Escape.

We pick this up right where Nightwing #19--left off-- with Nightwing in the gang's hideout! Dick is finally face-to-face with the mysterious Marty, and confronts him, Sloan, and the rest of the gang in this action-packed conclusion!

Nightwing #23 (2008)

Nightwing: Behind the Mask

A HUGE twist on Nightwing's case in this action-packed issue! Nightwing, Nocturna, and Night-Thief meet again--but with what consequences?

Nightwing #32 (2008)

Nightwing: More Than Useless

Robberies, shootings, and break-ins are all a part of daily Gotham life... Luckily, so are the crimefighters who stop them! That is... until now...

Nightwing #33 (2008)

Nightwing: Vengeance Served Cold.

When a Wayne Enterprises vice president is found dead - apparently by suicide - Batman becomes suspicious. He and Robin must piece the clues together to find out exactly how the man died - and who killed him.

Nightwing #14 (2009)

Nightwing: Something Wicked This Way Comes

Nightwing #37 (2009)

Nightwing: Dance of Death.

When a ballerina unexpectedly collapses during a performance, Batman and Robin dive into the investigation to find out who killed the dancer... and why.

Nightwing #39 (2009)

Nightwing: Living Nightmare

There's a villain loose in Gotham, and it's up to Batman and Robin to stop him. They may be in for more than they've bargained for, however, because the tables can be turned in the blink of an eye!

Nightwing #34 (2009)

Nightwing: A Scent of Danger.

A lead on a case takes the new Dynamic Duo to California... with horrifying consequences! Now the Boy Wonder is determined to make good--even if it means taking on Batman... and Alfred!

Nightwing #35 (2009)

Nightwing: Volatile Villainy.

Why is one of Nightwing's old enemies trying to draw him out? And can he be trusted?

Nightwing #36 (2009)

Nightwing: Over a Barrel and Under the Gun.

As the threat level rises, Nightwing races against the clock to find- - and stop-- whoever's out to get Sloan. Every second counts!

Nightwing #38 (2009)

Nightwing: Curtain Call.

Nightwing #40 (2009)

Nightwing: Formula for Fear.

Caught in the Scarecrow's trap, Batman comes face to face with his darkest terrors!

Nightwing #41 (2009)

Nightwing: Live and Let Die.

Nightwing #44 (2010)

Nightwing: Murder by Midnight.

With Bruce back where he belongs, Dick Grayson strikes out in a bold new direction! Brace yourselves for murder, mayhem, thrills and chills!



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