



**Nightwing #23**  
Batkid

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## **Nightwing: Behind the Mask**

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Anton hung up the phone, annoyed. Nocturna wasn't in any of the hotels he'd just called! With a deep sigh, he dialed the number of yet another.

Dick put down the phone, frustrated. This was the third time he'd gotten a busy signal calling hotels to search for Night-Thief and Nocturna.

*Fourth time.* Dick gave up. He was getting sick of calling hotels only to hear an automated voice asking him to 'please hold'. He turned back to the computer.

Yes! It had finished its search! Dick eagerly leaned toward the monitor, observing the fingerprint that showed on the screen. He compared it to the prints he'd taken at the motel earlier.

It was a match! Dick smiled to himself, and took Anton's hair dye box out of the plastic bag he'd put it in. He scanned the photo of Anton he had, then edited it, to change the hair color to brown. He studied the newly printed picture and wondered if Anton had gotten a haircut to further disguise himself. Armed with the new information and picture, he decided to check at motels-in person this time.

Anton the name of a hotel to a growing list of places where women fitting Nocturna's description had been spotted.

Well, that was the last hotel in the phone book. Grabbing the list, he

opened the door of his room and stepped out into the hall.

It felt *weird*. Like being Night-Thief without the comforting anonymity of the mask. Shrugging the feeling off, he went to his car, determined to find Natalia.

At the fifth hotel he'd checked, Dick sighed. "This had better be it," he muttered. Smiling politely at the clerk, he said, "Richard Grayson, investigator for Green and Loring." He flipped the picture of Anton at the clerk, and ignored the muttering of the people behind him in line. "Have you seen this guy-Anton Knight?"

Behind Dick, a man suddenly ducked out of line. Dick saw him out of the corner of his eye and smiled at the man's impatience.

"No, I don't think so," the clerk said, handing the picture back.

Disappointed, Dick nodded. "Thanks anyway."

He went back out the door and walked over to his car.

*That was close!!!*

Anton ran a hand over his eyes and opened his car door. He'd been *right behind* an investigator searching for him. Out of all the hotels in New York...

He shook his head, and slipped into the front seat of his vehicle. As he put the key in the ignition he glanced up through his windshield.

The investigator was staring at him.

The two locked eyes for a few seconds before Anton hurriedly started the car while simultaneously locking all the car doors.

The investigator... what had he said his name was? Grayman? Grayson? ... ran for a motorcycle.

Dick could hardly believe his eyes as he stepped out of the hotel. There, right in front of him was the crook he'd been hunting down! He stared at the man for a minute, wanting to be sure it was he.

The way the man's eyes opened wide, and his panicky manner only confirmed Dick's hunch.

Dick ran for his motorcycle and started it as fast as he could. He almost collided with another vehicle as he backed out of the parking space. As he drove off, he punched the button on his Bluetooth. "Police," he said, listening for the ring.

As he made a hard right, he saw the car ahead of him and sped toward it as fast as safety allowed. Gradually, onlookers became aware of the chase and moved out of Anton's and Dick's paths, allowing Dick to move faster.

Unfortunately, it also allowed Anton to speed up.

Anton glanced in his rear view mirror. That darn investigator was still on his tail. *An investigator on a motorcycle?*

He bit his lip as he tried to get a mental map of the area. His escape plan presently consisted of one step: run. Or in this case, drive. He wasn't exactly sure where he wanted to drive to, but he knew that he couldn't pull a stunt like the one he had pulled earlier on Nightwing. No way was he leaving his car behind to escape in a taxi.

He was forced to slow down as the traffic became heavier, but he figured that worked both ways: Grayson would have to slow down, too.

Glancing in the mirror again, he saw that Grayson was only a couple of cars behind. Surely he'd try to keep Anton in his sight until the police

could get there?

Well, Anton would just have to escape before the cops arrived.

Abruptly, he swung the car to the right, pouring on speed as his anxiety grew.

Dick winced as Anton narrowly missed mowing down a woman. He considered temporarily quitting the chase to don his Nightwing costume, but decided against it. If Dick was ever going to show Rachel that he could handle being an investigator, he was going to have to do some things on his own.

Without the spandex.

Didn't mean he wasn't supposed to call the cops, though. He'd given the 911 operator his location, and updated her as he chased Anton onto other roads. Gradually Dick narrowed the gap between himself and Anton... five cars, four cars... One car turned, and the driver of the other decided that she didn't want to be in the middle of the chase. Only two cars left.

Dick passed them easily and came up behind Anton. There was no space for him to drive beside him, so for the moment he simply stayed on Anton's bumper.

A hand stuck out the driver's window, holding something. Dick swerved to the right to avoid the can of Pringles Anton threw.

He heard a *thunk* behind him and slowed, glancing back just long enough to see that the chips can had landed on the windshield of the car behind him. No one had been hurt, thank goodness.

He turned his full attention on Anton, and focused on catching up to the villain again.

Anton glanced behind, and felt a small amount of relief as he realized that the investigator had fallen back a little.

A very little.

His stomach growled, and he wished he hadn't thrown the Pringles. The flying snacks hadn't done much to stall Grayson, anyway.

Ahead, traffic slowed, then stopped at the intersection. Pressing one hand to the car horn and holding it there, Anton forced the drivers around and ahead of him to allow him more space. He went out onto the intersection, still blowing the horn to warn oncoming drivers.

Dick didn't slow at the intersection either. Instead, he simply wove through traffic until he got through. For a moment, he lost Anton in the sea of cars. Slowly, he scanned the area, looking for the crook.

There! Anton had gone right at the intersection instead of straight through. He was the maniac leaning on his horn! Driving the wrong way, Dick went back through the intersection and wound through the cars until he came up to Anton.

He was getting tired of the chase when he heard sirens in the distance, quickly growing closer. Hopefully, he looked toward the sound. Darn. An ambulance.

He sighed and wondered how long it would be until the cops arrived. Pulling over, Dick quickly pulled a magnetic tracker from his saddlebags. In a few seconds he was back after Anton.

Just as Dick caught up to him he heard sirens again-the cops this time. He leaned as far as he could over his 'cycle's handlebars and tossed the tracker. It locked on, and Dick allowed a tiny bit more space to come between him and Anton. A car from the N.Y.P.D. pulled up, followed by several others. Dick quickly advised the 911 operator and punched the button on his Bluetooth, ending the conversation.

He slowed and pulled up beside one of the cop cars, telling the officer which car was Anton's. The patrolman nodded and radioed someone, probably one of the other police cars nearby.

Dick fell behind the police cars, allowing them to pick up the chase. He pulled over and plugged an earpiece into his police band, listening for updates on the chase. Soon he heard a cop report, "we lost him."

Anton leaned back, closed his eyes, and sighed. *That was close.* He laughed mirthlessly. *The second time I've thought that in less than an hour.*

He waited a few minutes before he pulled out onto the road again. He'd barely avoided the cops and investigator—he didn't want to give them a second chance!

He cruised beneath a bridge and he looked at the graffiti covering it, barely registering its lurid hues as he tried to plot out his next step. Should he check out other hotels?

Yes, he decided. He couldn't avoid the cops in New York forever, but he refused to leave without Nocturna. So, he'd locate her as quickly as possible. Then the two could leave New York behind.

Leave Nightwing behind.

Dick grinned to himself. That was okay. He'd still been able to attach the transmitter to Night-Thief's car. The only hitch was that he hadn't been able to put it *under* the car. It was in plain sight on the back of it, so Dick would have to hurry and find him before he spotted it.

Anton walked up to the desk of a hotel, and without ceremony asked, "Has a dark-haired woman registered here recently? With extremely pale skin and dark eyes?"

The clerk raised an eyebrow. "Umm... do you have a picture?"

Anton growled-he didn't have time for this! But he dug in his wallet for a picture of Natalia. He held it out to the clerk.

"Yes... she's here." The clerk looked at the rude man suspiciously. "You're a friend of hers?"

Anton paused slightly, then grinned. "Yes... a good friend."

The employee studied him a second more, then said, "Why don't you take a seat while I see if Ms. Brooks will come? What name should I give her?"

Anton grinned again. "Mr. Brooks."

Anton walked over to the chairs, but he didn't sit. He couldn't; he was too nervous.

*What if the clerk's wrong, and this woman's not really Natalia? He'd simply have to check elsewhere.*

He looked up as he heard someone enter the room. The hotel clerk stood behind and just to the right of a woman.

*Natalia...*

The woman thanked the clerk, then strode over to where Anton stood, a little smile playing on her lips, teasing him.

"Well done."

*'Well done'*. Oh, how he'd loved to hear those words come from her sweet lips in the past. It had meant something special, it had meant that she approved of him, and that she was satisfied with his efforts.

Now? Now the words somehow seemed hollow.

He looked at huge, deep black eyes that expectantly stared up at him. He waited for the familiar thrill he'd always felt when he looked at her, or

even when he thought of her.

And waited. And waited.

Finally, he realized that that thrill wouldn't come. *Couldn't* come so long as he distrusted her.

Smiling sardonically, he said, "'Well done'? You sound as though you were praising an obedient dog."

Her smile nearly disappeared. "What's wrong, Anton?" She looked hurt. "You never complained before or I wouldn't have said it-I would never purposely hurt you."

"No?" His tone became more bitter as he listened to her. "Never hurt me? Boy, are you ever confused, babe."

Natalia's eyes flickered with surprise-oh, she'd known that her little kiss with Nightwing would hurt Anton, yes-but he had *definitely* changed since she'd been gone.

She assumed her hurt look again. "Anton, what do you mean? I-"

"You. *Everything's* about you." Anton was disgusted-she was impressed. "And did you think that kissing Nightwing wouldn't hurt me? That I'd look the other way?"

"Anton-"

"Did you think that I wouldn't *notice*? That I'm *blind*?" He forced his voice lower as hotel patrons glanced at him, some with annoyance, others with curiosity.

"Did you think that I wouldn't care?"

Nocturna feigned surprise. "Anton, listen to me. The newspapers say that I kissed *Nightwing*. But I didn't." Her voice lowered, and she forced hurt, angry tears to her eyes. "The truth is *Nightwing* kissed *me*."

Dick tapped a little blip on the receiver's screen. *I can't believe that he hasn't seen the transmitter yet.*

After he'd hooked two receivers up to the same signal, he'd left to follow up on some other clues.

Now he slipped into his Nightwing suit, while keeping his eyes on the little blip on the screen. It hadn't moved in a while now.

*I guess he was in a hurry to get out of the car and just didn't notice it.*

Tugging a mask on, he straightened it as he ran out to his motorcycle and hopped on. He slowly drew closer to the signal.

A hotel. The guy had switched hotels?

Or maybe... Maybe, just maybe, he was looking for Nocturna.

Anton had been at this location for a while-which hopefully either meant that he had either checked in or had found Nocturna. *Or both...*

With any luck it meant that he *hadn't* found the transmitter and left it there to throw him and the police off his trail.

Only one way to find out...

Anton sneered at Nocturna's tears. He was pretty sure they were staged, but if they were real...

Ha, if they were real, it meant he'd gotten his first sweet bit of revenge.

Wait, what... what was that she'd said?

"You didn't... of course you kissed Nightwing! You had your arms around his neck!"

"Anton, please... he lured me up there. He told me that..." She stopped.

"Oh, all right! *I kissed him!*" More tears streaked her cheeks, and Anton resisted a brief but strong urge to wipe them from her face.

"You've been getting all this... this attention." She spoke so softly now that only Anton could hear her. "Since we were arrested, all the media's been focusing on has been the *brilliant* Night-Thief, the *mysterious* Night-Thief." Her tears had stopped but her lashes were still wet. "I-" She stopped, clearly embarrassed, maybe ashamed. "I was jealous."

Anton could hardly believe his ears. *Natalia, jealous?*

Natalia studied Anton. He was surprised, all right. She wasn't completely sure he bought the whole story-he'd had days to build up his hate toward her, and had been thoroughly convinced that she'd kissed Nightwing. But at least she'd surprised him. If only he knew of her plans for Nightwing.

She bit her lip and studied his face. "Anton-I don't know what to say." She gave a little laugh. "I'm sorry. I never should have kissed him. I was jealous and hurt, and... well, I guess I wanted to hurt you a little." She looked at him ruefully. "Looks like I did. But I promise you: I have had *nothing* to do with Nightwing since that night. Right after I kissed him, I felt so... so ashamed, and I ran."

Nightwing saw Anton's car sitting in the parking lot of the hotel. He also saw several police cars half a block away. *Guess something must've tipped them off too...* He couldn't risk one of them getting trigger-happy. Not when there was a lobby full of bystanders. After wasting ten precious minutes he'd convinced them to give him some time to see what he could do. Alone.

He walked up to a window and peered into the lobby. There... Anton was talking to a woman. She had her back to Nightwing, but he easily guessed who she was.

Nocturna.

Nightwing bit his lip. Was either criminal armed? Probably. He punched the button on his Bluetooth and said, "Information."

*I love these things*, he thought.

He requested the number of the hotel, dialed it, and waited for someone to pick up.

Finally, someone did. Briefly, Nightwing explained the situation-that two criminals he was chasing were in the hotel, and he wanted all people out of the lobby except those two. And couldn't they get the people out *discreetly*.

The person on the other end was suspicious. Nightwing sighed, frustrated, and went to the back of the hotel. The suit definitely carried some weight-within moments the staff subtly emptied the lobby, leaving only two people-Natalia and Anton.

Taking a deep breath, he burst into the lobby from the inner office.

"Heya, Natty! Anton! Miss me?"

Anton looked up in surprise at the intruder. Recovering from his shock, he glanced at Natalia to gauge her reaction. Would she be shocked? Happy? Relieved? *Angry?*

Natalia *was* surprised. Noticing Anton's expression, she guessed what he was thinking and quickly assumed a shocked look and let out a little cry. She stepped back and bumped into a red chair.

"Anton, do something!"

Nightwing raised an eyebrow.

"What, you're not gonna pull a gun on me, Natty?"

Anton looked at Nightwing, then saw Natalia inching behind him. He glanced back at her as she cried out to him. He looked at Nightwing, studying what he could see of his face. The vigilante didn't act any differently than any other time they'd faced off-he wasn't aiming any looks of love or accusation at Natalia, anyway. Now he had to decide-would he protect Natalia, or abandon her?

Natalia watched Nightwing and Night-Thief intently. "Anton, please-I'm sorry for what happened before! But don't just let him-!"

"Shut up, Natalia, just shut up!"

Nightwing surveyed the scene curiously. At least his fears of Anton's bloodlust hadn't materialized-he didn't seem about to have his revenge on Nocturna. Well, on second thought, he wouldn't say that Anton didn't seem bent on bloodlust. The guy probably wanted *Nightwing's* head. But at the moment, Anton seemed to be hesitating about what to do. Nocturna was behind him, pleading with him. Nightwing didn't buy it.

"Come on, Anton. You gonna fall to her fake tears-her fake remorse? C'mon! She *used* you, and then, when she was done with you, she went after me!"

Anton tried not to show that Nightwing's words made sense. He *wanted* to believe that Nocturna really did want him, and need him. He wanted to be her champion again!

Caught between Nightwing's urging, and Nocturna's pleading, he yelled-to one of them or to both he didn't know, he just needed quiet for a minute, "JUST SHUT UP!"

Abruptly, the other two were quiet. He couldn't see Nocturna's face-she was behind him-but he could see that Nightwing was a little surprised.

Nightwing waited-if Anton didn't make a move soon, he would. He straightened when Anton finally looked up at him, hate burning in his

eyes. And he knew then what Night-Thief's decision was.

The fight lasted about five minutes before a blow to Nightwing's stomach knocked the wind out of him. He sprang up and saw the two fleeing through the door.

*Not again.* He chased them out to the parking lot and got on his 'cycle. They were already in their car. This time, the couple seemed to have an idea where they were going.

He shook his head. *Following Nocturna's orders already?*

Night-Thief raced down to the waterfront, past some warehouses. Nightwing kept pace before the two disappeared. The signal on his receiver abruptly became weaker.

*Ha! I'll bet they went into a warehouse!* Being in the building would interfere with the signal, he thought.

Leaping off his 'cycle he ran into the nearest warehouse. He crept in, looking around as he walked. A movement to his right caught his eye, and he headed for it.

"Heya, Natty."

Nocturna was nearly hidden by the deep shadows. She stepped into a slightly better-lit area, and he could see the glow of her pale skin. Her blood red lips curved into a mocking smile.

"Hello, Nightwing."

Before Nightwing could reply, another voice said, "Yes. Hello, Nightwing."

Nightwing turned. Standing in the doorway was Night-Thief, suit, mask, and all. A light from outside glinted on his black goggles.

Night-Thief laughed and sprang forward. Nightwing took a few small steps back so that Night-Thief landed directly in front of him. Dropping down, Nightwing swung his leg out under Night-Thief's. But Night-

Thief had guessed his intent and leaped back only to spring forward just after Nightwing ended his kick. As Nightwing recovered from the kick, Night-Thief jumped toward him, landing a hard blow on Nightwing's shoulder. Nightwing rolled across the floor, leaped up, faked a punch, and kicked hard at Night-Thief's stomach. Night-Thief collapsed, clutching his abdomen.

The sound of applause filled the room.

"Well done, Nightwing."

That was Nocturna's voice... but where was the woman herself?

Glancing around, Nightwing decided that she had left the warehouse-and immediately began to wonder *why*.

He raised an eyebrow as he spied a lone speaker on a box. "I don't remember asking for your opinion."

Nocturna laughed. "Oh, Nightwing. You talk big now-and I have to admit, you're quite the warrior-but I wonder."

"Yeah?"

"I wonder," the woman continued, "how you would act in a situation where you couldn't defeat the enemy."

Nightwing laughed shortly. "I'd say I defeated Night-Thief."

"Mmhmm. As would I. But that's not the enemy I'm talking about."

"No?" Nightwing asked as he looked to the warehouse door. She was probably outside, wanting him follow her, so Night-Thief could escape.

"No. Since you seem to be in the dark, I'll give you fair warning-and a choice."

"Then give it to me already and quit stalling."

Nocturna laughed. "All right. The truth is there's a bomb. In the

warehouse. Now, the thing is, you and Night-Thief are in there with it. I'm nowhere near it. So-you can either try to find the bomb and defuse it, which you won't. You can chase after me before I get too far away. Or, you can save Night-Thief."

"Huh." Nightwing's mind raced as he replied to Nocturna. "Interesting turn of events here."

No reply.

Nightwing turned around slowly, trying to determine where the bomb was, before deciding that, like Nocturna had said, it was hopeless.

*She's probably bluffing, but if she isn't... there's no telling when that bomb'll go off.* Nightwing crouched down and looked at Night-Thief.

"Anton?"

No answer.

"Shoot." Nightwing grabbed Night-Thief and threw him over his shoulder. He ran out of the warehouse as fast as he could. He made it about ten feet before he heard a boom and felt a burning on his back. He half-leaped, half-fell forward, to land face first with Anton right in front of him.

He kept his head down as he heard debris falling around him. After a moment he cautiously lifted his head.

The first thing he noticed was that no more debris was falling.

The second thing he noticed was that if he moved he ached.

The third thing he noticed was that there was no black-clad form in front of him.

"Nataliaaaaa!"

Nightwing turned at Anton's heart-broken scream.

"No!"

Nightwing sprang up and raced back to the burning building. Night-Thief stood in front of it, about to run in.

"Anton!"

The man didn't even look at him.

Nightwing ran toward him. He had almost reached him when a second bomb went off. He was thrown backwards and instinctively rolled onto his stomach, arms thrown over his face.

"Oh, man!"

As soon as he could he rolled over and sprang up.

"Oh, *man!*" He repeated, running over to where Anton's limp bloodied form lay.

He grabbed the man and started to put him on his shoulders again, but stumbled, wounded himself. Gritting his teeth he tried it again. He managed to get to what he deemed a safe distance from the warehouse before collapsing. Once he had caught his breath, he rolled Anton onto his back.

Hearing a car he turned around, hoping for an ambulance or something. He figured that by now someone would have called 911.

It wasn't an ambulance he was looking at. It was a black Porsche—the same black Porsche he'd been chasing earlier.

The driver rolled down the window to reveal a grinning face.

"Heya, 'Wing!" She mocked him.

Nightwing scowled. "This isn't funny, Nocturna. Anton might *die!* You may have killed a man!"

Nocturna shrugged. "And I may not have. Only time will tell."

Nightwing glared at her.

Nocturna smirked. "Oh, well. I have to go. I suspect the authorities will be here soon." She smiled. "Ready for another choice? You can either chase me," he heard her car doors lock, "or you can try and save poor Anton." She laughed. "Your choice, Nightwing. Justice or compassion." Still smirking, Natalia blew him a kiss and waved as she raced down the road in the car.

Nightwing paused, torn. Should he hunt down Nocturna before the trail grew cold, or should he stay with Night-Thief?

An agonized groan from behind him made up his mind. He turned back to Night-Thief. The man was ripping his mask off and looking around.

"Night-Thief? Anton?" Nightwing asked, crouching down beside the crook. He gave him a quick once-over, then scrutinized a particularly bad burn that covered the crook's chest and shoulder.

Anton struggled to rise on one elbow and fell back. "Natalia?" He asked weakly. "Is she alright?"

Despite himself, Nightwing felt sorry for the other man. "Yes."

The blood seeping from Anton's wounds shifted course as he rolled slightly to the right, searching. "Where... where is she?"

Nightwing pressed his lips together. With the state that Night-Thief was in, Nightwing didn't think that Anton needed to hear the news. Still...

"She's gone."

Night-Thief's eyes flickered uncertainly. Slowly, he laid his head back on the concrete and stared straight up at the sky. He was pale, and looked utterly drained.

Nightwing peered into the darkness, wondering when an ambulance would get there.

"What countries did you visit in the East?" Nightwing asked to keep Anton talking. He kept the concern he felt from his voice-Anton had lost a lot of blood. He pressed his black-gloved hands against Anton's chest and shoulders, applying pressure.

Night-Thief closed his eyes.

"C'mon, Anton." Nightwing urged. Where was that stupid ambulance? He needed to hunt down Nocturna before it was too late. His hands were already slick with Anton's blood, and the red liquid poured out from under his hands as he tried to stop the flow. Seeing Anton's mask lying where the crook had tossed it, he grabbed it and pressed it to Anton's chest and shoulder. Nightwing wondered if Night-Thief would survive the night. Frankly, he wondered if Anton would survive until the ambulance arrived.

"I never would have believed-" Anton started, then stopped.

Nightwing was silent-the man was already in enough pain. He applied more pressure to Night-Thief's chest, but the mask was already soaked.

Anton lifted his head slightly, trying to see what Nightwing was doing. Seeming not to care about his wounds or the blood he laid back again.

Nightwing heard sirens in the distance.

"Hang in there, Anton," he encouraged as Night-Thief's eyes slowly closed. "C'mon!"

He pulled a packet of gauze from a compartment in his left gauntlet and applied it to the wound on Anton's forehead... The sterile white strip immediately turned a deep red.

"Nightwing?"

"Yeah?"

"I'm going to die."

He said it calmly, a simple statement of fact.

"No you're not." Nightwing tried to flash his best devil-may-care grin. "You'll survive and be fine in no time."

Anton looked to his left. They were only a few feet from the water and a deep fog was rising. "Is that ambulance coming?"

Nightwing turned to look. It should have been there by now! There was a stack of crates blocking his line of sight so he stood up.

"Yeah, I see it. It'll be here any-"

*Splash!*

Nightwing whirled around. "Anton?"

He stepped past the bloody puddle on the dock, and ventured right to the edge to look into the water.

*"Anton?"*

He considered leaping into the water to find the villain, but decided against it. It was too dark; he'd never be able to find him.

He gave the dark water one more long look, turned and headed to the smoldering warehouse. He'd meet the fire trucks there and check to make sure Nocturna hadn't left any unexploded bombs.

Hours later, wounded, tired, and sooty, he stumbled into his apartment. All he wanted was to sleep-but he needed to wash Anton's blood off him first. After showering he collapsed into bed, knowing that the time would come soon for him to hunt down Nocturna.

A murderess.

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

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## From the same author on Feedbooks

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 #16 (2007)

Nightwing: Beauty and the Mess.

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 #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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