



Rogues Gallery #2

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Rogues Gallery

Issue #2: Deadshot Vs. Deathstroke – **Most Wanted**

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Deathstroke despised drug dealers. Not enough of course to waive his usual fee but enough to travel a thousand plus miles out of his way to take this job. He typically avoided political situations all together, but this was much more than politics, it was borderline genocide. An aggressive group of militants, who were opposed to the African Union, hijacked a trade route, which allowed for wider spread distribution of food and water to the poorer states. They began to use the routes to transport drugs and in most cases, abandoning the basic supplies that many who already lived in poverty, needed just to survive.

Slade was hired to dispose of the drug runners and take back the trade routes that ran through the northern region of Congo in middle Africa. He learned that many of the drug runners were ex-militants who fought in the second Congo war. Hoping for a challenge, he was soon disappointed when he ambushed three trucks that were traveling the long trade route. At first count there were seventeen men. Three minutes later, after blowing up one truck and mowing down the occupants of the other, Slade counted only four.

His back was against the side of the abandoned truck as the four remaining men fired on him with rifles and shotguns. He was taking a moment to catch his breath when he felt his satellite phone buzz in the vest pocket. He reached down and pulled it out.

“How did you get this number?” He answered.

“I believe the fact that we were able to get it is enough. And the money we are offering will show how serious we are.”

Slade Wilson listened for a few more moments. "Sounds interesting. Tell your boss to double the amount and I will consider the job. Or you can find someone else and I will hunt you down and kill you for calling me at work."

There was a long pause on the other end of the phone. "Done."

Slade shut the phone and got back to work. He looked up over the top of the smoking hood and saw the four men as they continued to fire wildly at the truck he was using as cover. He stood up and smiled.

"Too easy." He said as he sprinted toward the remaining drug dealers with a weapon in each hand.

Air Force One

40,000 ft above parts unknown-

President Maxwell Lord reached out and tapped a button that cleared to screen in front of him.

"Curious but unfortunate," He said to Sarge Steel who sat across from. "And how current is this information?"

"It's no more then twenty minutes old sir. I gather that you want to act on this quickly?"

"Yes of course. But it appears we do have a slight problem don't we? As President of the United States I have officially stated that I will not support a country like Bogatago that continues to receive extensive support from South American drug cartels."

"But off the record, Estevan Uribe Vélez is a fellow member of the Ten and considering who has been hired to take him down, I feel it best to protect our interests without raising unnecessary suspicions on myself at the same time. We need someone who can do the job but won't be linked to us."

"There's Deadshot sir."

“Who?”

“Deadshot, formerly of the Suicide Squad. Floyd Lawton, the assassin.”

“Oh. I thought you meant the Deadshot who was Waller’s lapdog that...HELD A FREAKING GUN TO MY HEAD A FEW MONTHS BACK!” Lord snapped.

Sarge Steel looked up at Lord as he relit his cigar. “Your right sir, why send the man you ordered to shoot two people in front of live cameras on the White House steps?”

“Don’t be a smart ass Steel.” Lord said blowing smoke in Steels direction. “Fine. Make the call.”

A woman cautiously entered the *Paris de Noche* strip club just south of Third Street in Tijuana Mexico. She wasn’t certain what Floyd Lawton was doing here and she wasn’t too sure she wanted to find out. The main room was dark except for the bright lights that shone of several stages where the woman danced. It took a few minutes for her eyes to adjust before she was able to locate him sitting in the corner with his back to the wall. She walked over and sat down next to him at the small table.

“They said I’d find you here. Buy me a drink?”

“La Encatadora.” He said not taking his eyes off of the dancer on the stage to the side of him.

“You use to call me Lourdes, Floyd.”

“Sorry. I didn’t recognize you with you’re clothes on.” He said glancing over at her as he drank from his glass.

She bit her lip in an attempt to ignore his comment. “Well, I was just passing through town and I heard you were here. So I...”

Floyd interrupted her. “Tell Waller that I am out of the Squad. She can find herself another hired gun to do her dirty work.”

“Waller didn’t send me. In fact I heard she never recovered after what went down a few months back. I also heard you had something to do with that didn’t you, *Deadshot*? Is that why you been hiding out down here in Mexico?”

“Not hiding. Working.”

“Looks like it.” She said glancing over at the dancers on stage. “Sarge Steel has a job for you.”

“So why did he send you?”

“He knew that we had...history, and you probably wouldn’t kill me before I had a chance to tell you what the job was.”

“Don’t be so sure. You nearly blew the Asian job I was working a few years back. Getting you into bed a few months later didn’t mean I would forget that.” He said downing his drink and then waving to the barmaid across the crowded room.

“You’re a pig.” She muttered.

“Never claimed otherwise,” He calmly stated.

“You’re also a psycho who killed eight people to get to one man!”

“Listen sweetheart, you use voodoo magic to pull cons. I dig that about you. But I kill people. It’s my job.”

“And you enjoy that don’t you?”

“If I enjoyed it, it wouldn’t be a job now would it?”

“Well I don’t see...”

“Stop talking.” He pointed at her as the barmaid came to the table and sat down another drink. La Encatadora watched as Floyd motioned the barmaid to lean down toward him. He whispered in her ear and then handed her a hundred dollar bill and pointed toward the bar. He then

handed her two more bills and pointed to a table about ten feet away from them. At the table sat two men, rough types, obvious locals that were taking advantage of a couple a dancers while two other women sat off to the side and pretended not to notice. After the barmaid left he looked back up at her. "Talk fast."

"Umm...the deal is simple. Fly out tonight to this location and protect this man." She said sliding a picture across the table in front of him.

"I don't do bodyguard work." He said glancing down at the photo.

"How many bodyguards you know make a million dollars?" She answered.

"Some. But none that make two million." He replied. He then quickly downed his drink and reached into his coat pocket. "One million now and another million when I have successful done my job."

"How will we know when you've been successful?" She asked curiously.

"When you are paying me the other million."

She reached out and handed him a small envelope. "Everything you need to know is in this file."

"Fine, fine." He said stuffing the envelope in his other pocket. "Oh and by the way, I lied when I said I didn't enjoy my job. Now just sit tight for another moment, and then get ready to get out of here."

He motioned toward the bar and she watched as the barmaid delivered a couple of drinks to two men at the bar. It was obvious they were tourists, probably college students from the U.S. The barmaid sat the drinks down and motioned over to the table with the rough types and the bored chicás. The barmaid then turned and walked over to the other table and sat down a couple of drinks in front of the young women and pointed over to the bar where the men sat. The girls appeared to giggle and wave at the men, which forced the two rough types to take their attention off of the strippers and look over at the bar. The men slowly stood up, forcing the guys at the bar to turn back around in their seats.

“Floyd what did you do?” She asked as the two rough types walked over to the bar and began to shove the two college students. One of the rough types shoved one of the college guys and he fell into another man at the bar. That man turned and mistakenly began to yell at the man behind him. Within seconds the men were fighting and place erupted in violence around them as fists began to swing in every direction.

Floyd calmly stood up and pulled a small .45 caliber pistol from his coat pocket and screwed a silencer on it. He then pointed the weapon toward the fight scene and fired two quick shots. Amid the chaos the two rough types fell to the floor and the two college guys ran for the nearest exit. The crowd continued to fight and failed to notice the two men on the floor with bullet holes in their heads.

“When you said you were working I...” She was unable to finish and sat there stunned.

“It’s ok they were gun runners, *bad men*. Ten grand apiece from even *bad-der men*- who didn’t like the competition.” Floyd winked at her as he put the gun back into his pocket. “Do yourself a favor Lourdes, you are in over your head in this business. When Steel calls you again, don’t answer the phone.” He then moved toward the exit a few feet from the table. She quickly stood up and followed him toward the door. When she got outside she found that he was already gone.

Many years back, Floyd Lawton woke up and found that he was just going through the motions in his life. He was born into privilege and well into his adulthood, he found that he had allowed others to live his life for him. He had thought he had found a way to put his family’s tragic past behind him. He married a rich socialite and settled down in Gotham City to start a family of his own. He quickly discovered that his wife was more concerned with her status in society than being a mother to his children.

Floyd began to get bored with fundraisers and each new *social event of the year*. It wasn’t until one night when he, along with fifty other prominent citizens of Gotham were robbed at gunpoint, did he discover what he believed to be his true calling. The mysterious Batman swooped down

from above and foiled the plans of the would be robbers. Floyd soon after, adopted his own costumed identity and began a plan to one-up Gotham's rising savior of the night, Batman, and run him out of town. He would then be free to turn his attention on Gotham's underworld and eventually take it over.

His plan failed miserably because of Batman and he was sentenced to a three-year jail term. It was in prison that Floyd realized he was going about things the wrong way. Upon his release from prison, Deadshot designed a costume, equipped with wrist-mounted magnums and a telescopic infrared sight built into his mask. He hired himself out as an assassin and quickly gained the reputation of being one of the worlds best marksmen. With his old life behind him he found it easier to run from the ghosts of his past. Little did he realize that the events of his childhood were slowly driving him mad. He would always wake from the same nightmare of the night that changed his life forever. His own mother had convinced his brother Edward to kill their father. Floyd tried to stop the murder and in a struggle for the gun, Floyd shot his own brother killing him instantly. Something inside of Floyd died that night as well, but it wasn't until he adopted the Deadshot persona that the true impact of his brother's death had its most devastating effects on his psyche.

After several years, Batman finally took Deadshot down and he was convicted and then sentenced for his crimes. It was only fifteen months into his jail term that Floyd Lawton was offered a chance to commute his sentence to time served by participated in a secret government project called the Suicide Squad. Floyd jumped at the chance and was more reckless then ever on each mission that followed. But the death he dreamed of didn't come.

Now, he sat on a plane headed to South America, looking at a picture of the man he was destined to encounter. He wondered if this would be his final mission and he would finally be reunited with his brother Edward after all these years. He took the picture of Deathstroke and put it back in the envelope. He couldn't think too far ahead. It was a long plane trip and he was afraid to fall asleep.

Capital City of Bogatago:

La Ciudad de Salinas-

The black Hummer stopped as the gates swung open. It continued for another quarter of a mile until it reached the front of the eighty-five year old, thirty thousand foot estate of Estevan Uribe Vélez. From the back seat of the Hummer, Floyd looked through the tinted glass as a man with an entourage of over ten men stood at the end of a large cobble stoned walkway. He got out of the car and was handed his duffle bag. He then began the long trek up towards the group of men.

“So you are the famous American costumed hero who your president has sent to protect me? I am afraid you will be in for an uneventful stay here.” Estevan said as Floyd approached. “As you can see by your journey here, I am far from vurnable in my present location. Not only do I have a state of the art security system, I also employ over thrity of the most trained security men in my country.”

“I saw over six different ways to bypass your security measures and penetrate this compound on the drive in here.” Floyd stated as he threw his bag over his shoulder, “And as for your security detail, if they shoot like they drive, I am sure they must go through a lot of bullets.”

Estevan laughed and reached out to shake Deadshots hand. “Americans are as funny as they act on the television. I assure you Mister Lawton this is not the first time someone has been hired to kill me. We will deal with things as they have always been done. So come in and make yourself comfortable in my home. A room for you has already been prepared.”

Deadshot said nothing as Esttevan waved his hand and his entourage followed him through the large double doors and back inside the mansion. He looked out behind him across the yard toward the twelve foot stone wall and noted another weakness in the security. He turned around and walked inside as two men closed the doors behind him.

“I hope you will enjoy yourself while you are here Mr. Lawton. There are many plasures that my country has to offer, and at night, many women to fulfill your deepest desires.” Estevan said as he strolled through the long walkway and entered a sitting area with a large fountain that sat in the center of the room. He looked over at Deadshot and attempted to

interprete his silence.

"I understand that the rest of the world tends to flip their nose up at me and my country. They have said many bad things about me on your CNN. They say I am a dictator like it's a bad thing. In six years I have reduced public debt and increased the pension levels for workers. We are also now in position to compete with Columbia with expanded export trade in coffee beans. And our nation's borders are more secure then ever. But still my life is threatened every day both by killers and talking heads on American news channels. So why now would I choose to go into hiding? My life would be useless if I can't serve my people to my fullest capacity."

"Suit yourself." Deadshot calmly stated. "But if I say duck, you duck, understand?"

Deathstroke watched as Vélez went inside followed by his entourage and then finally Deadshot. He was almost spotted when Floyd turned back around and looked out toward the wall he was perched on. Slade wasn't surprised by the immense amount of security, but he was surprised to see Floyd Lawton. This wasn't his usual type of job. Slade climbed down the wall and stood there for a moment. He would have to rethink his strategy if he wanted this to go off without a hitch. He was confident that he could get in close enough to take out Vélez, but with the edition of Deadshot it would make his exit extremely difficult. He decided that another course of action would be required. He pulled out his sat-phone and dialed a number.

"Slade Wilson. What do I owe the pleasure?" The voice on the other end announced.

"I need information." Slade growled.

"No need to be huffy. I figured you weren't calling to order a pizza." The man's voice changed slightly to sound more professional. "OK, stardard rates apply-two thousand dollars a question. What do you need?"

"Estevan Uribe Vélez. I need to know how I can get to him. More

specifically, who it is I can get to him through. And Calculator...when did you raise your rates?"

Noah Kuttler was silent for a moment. "Tomorrow." He replied as he adjusted his headset and wiped the sweat from his forehead. "Alright, I have something here that you might find interesting..."

Nineteen-year-old Larissa Vélez walked across the University of Southern California campus on her way to her next class. She was giggling and smiling as she proudly showed off her newest *Dolce & Gabbana* outfit, and her *Prada* handbag, to a few of the other girls she walked with.

She was sent off to college in America to get away from the dangerous civil unrest that continued to haunt her country. At first she objected to the idea but was unable to tell her father why she didn't want to go. She had been having an affair with a man on her father's staff for over eighteen months now. She loved Miguel but was fearful of what her father's reaction would be if he discovered the affair.

She begged Miguel several times before she left to join her. But he was an ambitious man in his own right and often spoke to her about how her father ran the country. He believed that her father rarely looked at the big picture, feeling he was always thinking like a small dictator and not a world power. This made him weak and would someday destroy him. It made her uncomfortable to speak about her father's business so she usually kept silent to the fact that she knew her father had powerful allies and was anything but a weak man.

Miguel said that the distance between them shouldn't change the love in their hearts but Larissa knew that they couldn't continue with their affair.

She chose instead to end their relationship and she was off to discover America, three days after her eighteenth birthday.

She quickly embraced the American culture and loved being a popular college student instead of the feared daughter of a dictator. The only drawback was the around the clock surveillance she had to endure. Her father had hired a security firm to ensure his daughters safety. They were always just out of sight, watching her every move and the moves of

everyone else around her.

He watched her as she entered the library. He then followed her inside and waited. When he saw that she was finally alone, he walked up behind her and quickly cupped his hand over her mouth, pulling her over to an isolated corner of the room.

“Scream if you like but no one will come and rescue you Larissa Vélez. Your security detail is dead and I doubt campus security is equipped to handle the likes of me.” Deathstroke said as she continued to struggle in his grasp. “Now the choice to live is up to you. Come with me quietly and you might get out of this alive. Cause me any trouble and I will send your daddy his daughter’s pretty head stuffed in your designer purse here.”

Floyd looked out over the patio as Estevan Vélez received a full body rub down from a girl that didn’t look more than fifteen years old. Floyd walked up and sat down next to Miguel Lorenzo, one of Vélez’s advisors.

“Deadshot is it?” Miguel said looking over at Floyd who ignored his question, “I am insulted that you are here. I have been Estevan’s political advisor for over two years now and he has always listened to me. I don’t see the need to have you here.”

“And hopefully you won’t have to.” Floyd stated.

“This man who is after Estevan, he is American like you, yes?”

“American, sure. Like me, I hope not.” Floyd said as he stood up. “Tell your boss he should come inside soon. There is too much area to cover if he insists on staying outside.”

Deadshot stepped inside and felt something was wrong. He pulled his gun and spun around.

“I bet that file on me didn’t quiet stress how fast I was, did it?” Deathstroke said as he reached out and grabbed Floyd by the throat and

shoved him against the wall.

“Nor did the one on me.” Deadshot choked out as he held a gun to Deathstrokes head. “So unless I have you confused with someone else and you are faster then a speeding bullet, you have three second to tell me why I shouldn’t shoot you where you stand.”

“This isn’t going to happen here today Floyd. You and I both know it would only end messy. I am unarmed and only here to talk.” Slade said looking Floyd directly in the eyes.

“Nothing you’ve said has convinced me not to shoot you.”

“You would have shot me already if that’s what you were planning to do. So instead I am here to make you an offer.” Slade said as a smile began to form on his face.

“That bastard was here and you let him go!” Estevan Vélez screamed as he paced back and forth.

“What in the hell good are you?” Miguel Lorenzo shouted as he pointed his finger in Deadshot’s face.

“You have one second to rethink the mistake you are making.” He said shoving Miguel out of his face. “I didn’t sign on to protect a girl that was over a thousand miles away!”

“Miguel stop! He’s right, and we fighting amongst ourselves will do nothing to help Larissa.” Estevan said, as he began to shake. He sat down and put his face in his hands.

“What if that psycho already killed her and is just playing with us? What’s to stop him from killing all of us?” Miguel said and then quickly looked over at Deadshot and backed away a few more steps.

“He is a mercenary. He won’t kill anyone he hasn’t been hired to, that includes your daughter.” Deadshot stated.

“So you’re saying to consider his deal and trade my life for my daughters?” Estevan stood up and walked over toward Deadshot, “I love my daughter Mr. Lawton but I also love my country. There has to be another option.”

“There is.” Deadshot said. “Trust me.”

“Trust you? You aren’t any different then that maniac that has Larissa! And you want us to trust you?”

“There is one big difference between me and him. I don’t care who I kill.”

“That’s terrific!” Miguel shouted as he threw his hands up in the air and walked away.

“Do whatever it takes to bring my daughter home safely and I will pay you any amount you ask.” Estevan pleaded with Deadshot.

“Any amount?” Floyd stood there for a moment, “Where’s your phone?”

“Hello Floyd.” The woman on the other end of the phone said. “Can’t say I’ve been sitting by the phone waiting for you to call back all this time.”

“Adeline Kane.” Deadshot said as the other line picked up

“It only took you six years to call me back Floyd. I am sure your therapist will be impressed with your progress.”

Floyd pulled the phone away from his ear and turned his head. He took a deep breath before continuing, “Adie, this is serious. I need your help.”

“Right to business huh? Do you need my help or *Searchers Inc*?”

“Both. It concerns your ex-husband, Slade.”

“Wow! How deep are you in it, Floyd?”

“Deep. I need leverage.”

“So you call me up out of the blue and want me help you against Slade? What makes you think I would help you?” Adeline was obviously getting agitated.

“Well I thought since we... you know?”

“What? We slept together a few times a long time ago you think that means something now? You’re either crazy or stupid to go up against Slade in the first place.”

“I wouldn’t ask if it wasn’t important.”

“Important?” Adeline laughed through the phone. “Ok I understand now. What ever amount it is, I want half.”

“What do you think...?” Floyd paused again. This is ridiculous. He should just walk away right now. And go where? No, there was no other way to do this but to see it through to the end, however it ends. “Fine Adie, but it better be good.” He listened as Adeline Kane told him what she had and he smiled. Yeah, it was better then good. It was perfect!

Guiana Highlands:

Venezuela-

Floyd Lawton took a quick glance back at the passenger next to him before he stepped out of the truck and shut the door. He walked over and leaned on the hood of the truck and crossed his arms. He watched as a black jeep came down the hillside. He adjusted the infrared targeting device on his mask and identified the driver as Slade Wilson. There was a dark-haired girl in the passenger seat he assumed was Larissa Vélez. He should have gotten a picture so he could be sure. The jeep was about thirty feet away when Deadshot began to take a few steps forward and held out his right hand.

“That’s far enough Slade.” Floyd yelled out. The jeep pulled to a stop and Deathstroke stepped out and walked toward Floyd. He stopped

when he was about ten feet away. He firmly gripped his power staff in his right hand and pointed to the truck behind Deadshot with the other.

“Tell Estevan Vélez to step out of the truck and walk over to the side, until he reaches that clearing over there.” Deathstroke stated, “Then his daughter goes free.”

“There’s been a change of plans, Slade.” Deadshot announced as he motioned behind him. The door opened on the side of the truck and the passenger stepped out but stayed behind the door.

“What the hell are you doing Floyd? I am calling the shots here and...” Slade Wilson stopped in mid-sentence when it registered to him that it wasn’t Vélez that exited the truck.

Behind Deathstroke a frantic Larissa Vélez jumped out of the jeep and ran toward the truck. “Where is my father? What have you done to him?” She screamed.

Deathstroke pulled out a gun and aimed it at the girl, which forced her to stop and fall to her knees sobbing. “I never figured you for a stupid man Lawton. Crazy, yes, but not stupid.”

“This is how it’s going to work.” Deadshot said as he held out his left arm, aiming one of his wrist-mounted magnums at Deathstroke’s head. “You let the girl go back to the Vélez estate unharmed with me and this is over.”

“Just like that huh?” Deathstroke responded.

“Just like that. And in return you go home with your daughter Rose.”

“I don’t have a daughter you maniac.” Deathstroke watched as the girl took a step away from the door. Slade watched as the teenage girl stood there with her long flowing white hair gently blowing in the warm breeze. He knew right then that it had to be true. If not, there were plenty of people that would pay for a sick joke such as this. “How did you..?”

“I guess when I slept with your wife all those years ago when you were away on business, finally paid off! This little thing has been growing up

without your knowledge for over fifteen years!”

Deathstroke turned and fired one shot which hit Larissa Vélez in the side of the head. Deadshot watched as her dead body hit the ground. He fired three shot at Deathstroke but his hesitation forced him to miss as Slade rolled to the ground He spun around and fired his power baton. The shot hit Floyd square in the chest sending him backwards. He slid across the ground toward the truck.

“You are in way over your head here, Lawton.” Deathstroke stood up and dusted himself off. “You see, you are well trained with weapons. I on the other hand am well trained at ripping you to shreds and eating your remains.”

Deadshot was caught off guard by how fast Deathstroke moved toward him. He fired off several shots as he rolled over back to his feet. His chest burned through his protective chest plate in his costume. He couldn't afford another shot from Slades power baton.

“I told you this would end messy if you crossed me. I gave you a chance to redeem yourself and you couldn't follow simple directions. That girls death could have been avoided Lawton! Instead her death is on your conscience!”

“I don't have a conscience!” Deadshot yelled at the approaching Deathstroke. He waited until he was close enough, then executed a perfect shot at the base of Deathstroke's power baton. The shockwaves sent Slade flying backward and crashing to the ground. Floyd looked over and saw Rose who continued to cling to the door of the truck unable to move.

“I think you're more upset with the fact that I slept with your wife.” Deadshot gloated as he adjusted his wrist magnum and fired off two shots which connected this time; in Deathstrokes right ankle. He fired two more shots, shattering Deathstrokes right wrist bone.

“Now that you mention it, I did often wonder what that foul stench was when I came home.” Deathstroke jumped up and tossed the power baton to the side as he dove toward Deadshot. Floyd fired wildly as Deathstroke landed on him, forcing him to the ground. “No more toys!” Deathstroke reached out with both hands and ripped the weapons off of

Deadshot's costume and threw them to the side. Deadshot head butted Deathstroke, his targeting device shattered on impact. Floyd pushed Deathstroke off of him and took a step back. As Slade pulled a splintered piece of metal out of his forehead, Floyd pulled a small pistol out from the side of his uniform. He fired one shot that hit Deathstroke in the back of the head. Slade hit the ground.

"That was for the girl." Floyd said before he turned and began to walk toward the truck. Rose screamed as Floyd hit the ground face first. He spun around to see Deathstroke standing over the top of him and was unable to get out of the way as Deathstroke drove his boot into Floyd's sternum, shattering his protective chest plate.

"Don't cry Rose." Slade said as he took his hand and wiped the blood from his eyes, "You and Daddy have a lot of catching up to do. But first I want to finish thanking Uncle Floyd here for bringing you to me." He reached down and picked up Deadshot with one hand and flung him up against the side of the truck. Rose quickly moved out of the way as Deathstroke reached out and grabbed Deadshot by his left arm. He took Floyd's hand and twisted his arm. Floyd felt several bones break and nearly blacked out.

"Stay with me Deadshot." Slade sang as he took Slade's other arm, twisting it until it nearly broke in half. He then held the barely conscious Deadshot by the shoulders and looked at him through the blood that ran down into his eyes. "I am not going to kill you today Floyd. You know why? For one, it appeared that you kept my whore of an ex-wife entertained a long while back. I will kill her for that. And two, you brought me in touch with a daughter I never knew I had. And when the day comes, little Rose here will be the one to kill you for using her like you did today." Slade then released his grip and Deadshot collapsed to the ground.

Slade turned and walked over to where Rose stood cowering behind a tree. He reached his hand toward her. She was slow to take his hand. She looked over at Deadshot on the ground and then looked up at Slade. "It's time to go home now little Rose." Slade spoke as Rose embraced her father for the first time in her life.

Estevan Uribe Vélez stood on the balcony that overlooked several acres of lush tropical land on his estate. He tried to picture his daughter out there singing and dancing like she had so many times when she was young. At that moment he was unable to even picture his daughter's face. He began to weep for the first time since his wife died... twelve years ago. There was a knock at his door. He wiped away the tears and managed to speak "Come in."

Miguel Lorenzo walked into the room and Estevan quickly went over to embrace the man. Miguel quickly held his hands out to stop him. "Is it true?" He blurted out.

"Yes I am afraid so." Estevan stuttered.

"You stupid old man." He shouted as he shoved Estevan away from him. "You have no idea what you've done!"

"Please Miguel, I just lost my only child. Now isn't the time to debate..."

"I lost the women I loved!" Miguel pulled out a gun from behind him and pointed it at Estevan.

"What are you doing?" he demanded as he stepped backward toward the balcony.

"What needs to be done for this country to take its proper place in the world. Once it has mourned its ruler and his daughter." Miguel pulled the trigger and continued to shoot until he was certain that Estevan Vélez's bloodied body was dead.

Floyd Lawton found it painful to breathe, as he lay on the ground unable to move. His right arm twitched and his vision was blurred. His left lung had already collapsed and he knew it was only a matter of time before he bled to death.

It had always been just a matter of time, a matter of when, not if. People that seemed to know what he was about always seem to get it wrong.

They always believed that he had been suicidal, but that wasn't the case. He never wanted to commit suicide, he just never cared whether he lived or died...

The helicopter landed about fifty feet from where Floyd Lawton lay on the ground, waiting to die; except one person wasn't going to let that happen just yet.

Adeline Kane watched as four men jumped out of the helicopter with a stretcher and headed over toward Deadshot. When Floyd Lawton was secured on board she motioned to the pilot to take off. She then looked down at the unconscious Deadshot and smiled.

"I know you can't hear me you bastard but trust me, I am not doing this for you. I am doing this for your daughter."

Epilogue One:

Maxwell Lord was addressing a group of young republicans when Sarge Steel entered the auditorium. Lord watched as Steel took a seat in the back row and continued his speech.

"So when you are faced with your future you may find several paths in front of you. Many may advise against the path most traveled, but there is a reason why the other path has weeds growing on it." Lord paused as several members of the audience chuckled, "In closing, remember the words of famous American social writer, Eric Hoffer *'In times of change, learners inherit the Earth, while the learned find themselves beautifully equipped to deal with a world that no longer exists'*. Thank you all for your sharing your time with me."

The five hundred plus group stood up and cheered as Lord exited the stage. Steel moved through the exiting crowd and found Lord waiting for him off to the side of the stage. He walked up and whispered something into his ear.

"So that's it then?" Lord said as he crumpled up his speech notes and tossed them on the floor, "I will need to arrange a meeting with the other

members of the Ten and discuss the fact that we've lost our second member in over a year."

Epilogue Two:

A man sat quietly in a room by himself. At times like this he was content to be alone and reflect on what he'd accomplished. The plan continued to work out well. First he successfully orchestrated the death of Qurac's president, Marlo, over a year ago. Things didn't go exactly as planned, but the result was the same. Taking out the next member of the Ten was much easier and as a bonus, Slade Wilson discovered that he had a daughter and would be distracted for the foreseeable future.

He hoped that the remaining eight members would detect a pattern and begin to fear for their own lives. Maybe they would blame each other, let fear and paranoia feed their doubt, affecting their judgment and their ability to make sound decisions. Once they begin to suspect each other, it would be time to move on the next member on the list, Maxwell Lord.

The End... for now!

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

Suicide Squad #3 (2006)

Suicide Squad: Bang and Blame, Part 3 (of 3).

More than one member of the Suicide Squad must make the ultimate sacrifice to salvage a mission gone horribly wrong as the battle concludes. Secrets are revealed and hidden alliances come to light. And in the end someone on the Squad is changed forever when four little words are whispered.

Suicide Squad #4 (2006)

Suicide Squad: All Consuming Fire, Part 1.

"Bang and Blame" is over and the Squad begins to pick up the pieces. Rick Flagg looks into his past for clues to his death. Oracle returns and Amanda Waller wants answers! Also, who is breaking into Belle Reve and why? The answer will shock you!

Also Black Orchid's back-up tale begins here. Susan Linden doesn't know who she is, where she came from, or how she became Black Orchid. The search for the truth begins in Metropolis.

Suicide Squad #0 (2006)

Suicide Squad: Bang and Blame, Prologue.

Amanda Waller has taken on Washington and won! Now she's ready to take on a new challenge, forming a Squad of misfits, outcasts, and super villains to do the governments dirty work. The only thing standing in her way is The President of the United States himself, Maxwell Lord! Is the Suicide Squad finished before it begins?

Suicide Squad #1 (2006)

Suicide Squad: Bang and Blame, Part 1.

Events in Qurac lead to the Squad preparing for their deadly new mission. Manhunter and Vixen are on the trail of a killer. Rick Flagg is confronted with his past. And a classic member of the Suicide Squad makes their debut in the DC2 universe! Or do they?

Suicide Squad #2 (2006)

Suicide Squad: Bang and Blame, Part 2 (of 3).

The Squad enters a foreign country in hopes of stopping a deadly weapon, but run into the lethal team known as Onslaught.

Someone makes a shocking discovery that alters the entire mission for the worse. And a secret agenda leads to death for someone!

Suicide Squad #5 (2006)

Suicide Squad: All Consuming Fire, Part 2.

Someone has already broken into Belle Reve and now the break-out begins! Wade Eiling proposes a deal to Nemesis that could destroy the Squad. Rick Flagg rejoins the Forgotten Heroes? The mystery of Oracle deepens.

Black Orchid's back-up tale continues, as Susan Linden gets closer to discovering the truth about her secret origin. Will she find the answers when she travels to Gotham City?

Suicide Squad #6 (2006)

Suicide Squad: All Consuming Fire, Conclusion.

"All Consuming Fire" concludes as the final fate of Rick Flagg is revealed. Nightshade discovers her actions in Qurac, may well have had devastating effects. Someone locked up in Belle Reve makes a power play, but how will the recent breakout change their plans? Also, the Oracle mystery ends with a bang!

Black Orchid's solo adventure concludes. Does she discover how she got her powers? Will she find out who she was before becoming Black Orchid? Will she find out who's been behind the scenes pulling the strings? The answer is yes! Will she be the better for it? The answer is no!

Suicide Squad #7 (2006)

Suicide Squad: Gods of War.

Crisis: The Apokolips Imperative, Part 8!

As the war rages across the planet, the struggle against Apokolips reaches the halls of power in Washington, D.C. A coup in the White House puts the US government at the mercy of agents of Darkseid, and the countdown to nuclear annihilation begins! This one has it all: The Wall versus Granny Goodness! The Squad versus the Female Furies! And when the smoke clears, who will be left standing?

Suicide Squad #8 (2006)

Suicide Squad: Always With Me, Always With You.

The war is over and the aftermath begins! The Squad was changed forever by the events of the Crisis and a new team rises from the ashes of the old. Plus, someone faced down their destiny during the Crisis and now has discovered truth in the saying: Be careful what you wish for...

Green Lantern #4 (2007)

Green Lantern: Eye of the Beholder, Part 1 (of 3): Paint it Black.

Green Lantern #5 (2007)

Green Lantern: Eye of the Beholder, Part 2: Even Better Than the Real Thing.

Green Lantern #6 (2007)

Green Lantern: Eye of the Beholder, Part 3 (of 3): Be Yourself.

Suicide Squad Annual #1.5 (2007)

Suicide Squad Annual: Burning Down the House, Part 2.

Suicide Squad #9 (2007)

Suicide Squad: Die Hard the Hunter, Part One.

Manhunter, Mark Shaw's past finally catches up with him. Is he hero, villain, or something else? And will clues from his past give answers about why he left the Squad a year ago, not to be heard or seen from again? Part one of a three-part tale that exposes the Manhunter legacy begins here.

Suicide Squad #10 (2007)

Suicide Squad: Die Hard the Hunter, Part 2.

The events of his past are finally exposed as the origin of Mark Shaw continues. Shawn Marcus dies and Mark Shaw is born along with several identity's that will force him to decide what path he will ultimately follow.

Back in the present, Sarge Steel orders the Suicide Squad back into action.

And while Shaw is being held captive by Paul Kirk, he soon discovers that the Manhunters cult hold a bigger threat than anyone had ever imagined.

Suicide Squad Annual #1 (2007)

Suicide Squad: Burning Down the House, Part 1.

Justice League vs. America #3 (2007)

Justice League vs. America: False Pretenses.

A new organization is finally revealed! The President calls for all available heroes to support their country as the hunt for the Justice League reaches fever pitch. It's hero versus hero as the League struggles to reclaim their name and reputation. Yet, one question still remains: who is actually pulling the strings?

Blue Devil: Hollywood Nights (2008)

Daniel Patrick Cassidy is about to accept a role that will change his life forever on the new movie, Blue Devil. But soon after being trapped in a special effects costume, Cassidy finds he's in the battle of his life. When it's over his life will be changed forever. Will he be able to embrace his destiny when he discovers the truth about why he has become Blue Devil?



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