



Danger Trail #17
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Published: 2009

Categorie(s): Fiction, Fan Fiction

Tag(s): Comics DC2 "pulp fiction" pulp mystery adventure "Speed Saunders" "Rose Psychic" "Plastic Man" Azrael

Previously...

... Rose Psychic gathered a group of people centered on grifter and ne'er-do-well Patrick "Eel" O'Brien, stealing a mysterious copper skull that offered them the First Prophecy of St. Dumas before it could be acquired by international criminals Black Beauty and the Gimp; now in England, Rose's group is joined by Speed Saunders just as agents of the Order arrive to stop them! Andrew Bennett met up with Midnight to rescue Trin Dee from the Gimp as part of the effort to thwart the mysterious forces hoping to lure the masked man into a trap to start the First Prophecy early! And in Germany, Hans Von Hammer and Steven Savage, Jr. reluctantly teamed up with Aryan hero Sun Koh and his ally Jan Mayen to try and avert an invasion from a parallel Earth by the Iron Chancellor and his minion, Doctor Tock! But slowly, the group is finding there is more to this whole arrangement than meets the eye, on...

The DANGER TRAIL!

Issue #17: "The Blood of Templars Affair, Part Two"

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Cyril "Speed" Saunders threw himself into the three menacing figures with a hearty grin and a "Whoop!" of excitement. The sudden arrival of the young blond-haired man threw the three agents of the Order of St. Dumas off-balance, and he scattered them with his initial shoulder tackle. The man in the middle was brought to the ground hard as the other two stumbled away. "Man, it's been a while since I got to punch solid people," Speed chuckled as he grabbed the collar of the downed man and threw a vicious right across his jaw.

Eel O'Brien wasted no such time on his opponents, as he grabbed up a chair that he then quickly brought down on the man to Speed's left. "More of that serendipity road thing you were talking about, Rose?" he asked as he pressed his sunglasses up the bridge of his nose, turning now to face the third attacker, who backed up slowly.

"Danger Trail, and yes, Patrick," Rose answered. "As for you, sir, we are not your enemy. Let us talk, and we can sort this out without further

harm.”

“Witch! We know you have the skull, and we know you’re after the suit,” the man replied as he glared back into Rose’s deep purple eyes. They shimmered as they spoke, but he was defiant, and refused to back down. Neither person blinked as they faced off, Rose’s allies watching with interest.

“Are you so sure of that, sir? That we’re your enemies? That we mean you harm, mean to stop you? What is this suit you talk about?” Rose asked softly. She took a step forward, then a second, only an arm’s length away from the third agent now, the purple of her iris swimming around the deep black void of her pupil, so captivating.

“The Suit of Sorrows,” he replied quietly as his eyes locked onto hers now. Rose’s gaze was in command now and she smiled sweetly at him. “The armor of our champion, Azrael.”

“A champion has been named?” Rose asked with a voice tinged in concern. She continued the gaze as she moved closer now, their heat mingling, her soft fingertip stroking his cheek tenderly. “He seeks the Suit?”

“With the skull stolen, the elders felt it prudent, that other forces now knew the First Prophecy, and the Order had to move fast,” the man replied in his dull, emotionless voice.

“Where? Where has Azrael been sent?” Her finger slid up the man’s face to stroke the short hairs at his temple soothingly.

“Atlilt, in the Palestine Mandate,” the man answered almost groggily now. “Somewhere inside Chateau Pelerin.”

“Thank you,” Rose said softly as she tapped her finger against his temple. “You can rest now, and your friends will wake you up when they’re ready. Understand?”

He nodded his head and slumped to the ground as Eel peered out over the edge of his glasses in surprise, and Speed leaned on a table with a smirk. “Well, gentlemen, I guess we know where we’re headed next.”

"Yup." Speed turned to follow Rose out of the cafeteria door as Eel swallowed hard and walked behind the pair, sparing a glance back at the three agents out cold on the floor.

Castle Falkenstein, Germany

"How did you get into my castle?" The grating mechanical voice of the Iron Chancellor sliced through the hissing and clanking of the machinery that filled the room. "The Dimensional Veil should have remained impregnable! There is no way you could have entered until we were prepared to sweep forth!"

"Doesn't really matter now, does it? I am here, and I'm bringing your house of cards down around your metal head, whoever you are!" Sun Koh replied as he snapped up his gun from his holster and fired. It proved as useless as he suspected when the bullets cracked off the metal monstrosity before him.

"No, I suppose it does not. All that matters is that I slice you to ribbons and proceed with my plans," the mechanical fiend responded, as a small servo spun and a wicked blade wheeled out of the forearm and into position, the tip pointed at Sun Koh. "You will be this Earth's first victim before the Iron Chancellor!"

Sun Koh leaped back from the initial swing of the sword and glanced around for a weapon of his own to wield. "Iron Chancellor? As in Bismarck?" The man of bronze's huge hands wrapped around a lever and pulled, iron-hard muscle bunched up at his shoulders. The metal creaked in defiance before a resounding snap ended the struggle, and Sun spun the metal up in an arc to block the Chancellor's own mighty sword stroke.

"I was that man, now I am greater, and now I have the chance to lead my German Empire to even greater heights of unity!" The grating mechanical voice raked over Sun's ears as the metallic man slashed again, stepping in with each attack. "As I brought all the petty kingdoms of my Germany into a unified whole, so shall I bring all the Germanies of creation into a grand pan-dimensional fatherland!"

“Under your rule, I assume?” Sun retorted as he leaped up from his opponent’s slashes and grabbed hold of a metallic projection from the machinery around them. He swung himself out of reach of the Chancellor’s weapon and paused for a moment. He truly wanted an answer from this other-Earth Bismarck; it was difficult to argue against the notion of continuing to unify the German lands from the Aryan’s perspective.

“That would be for the best,” the Chancellor said as he hauled his bulky, burnished metal body onto the tooth of a large cog and let it lift him up into the assembly as well. With a heavy clang, the Iron Chancellor landed on a platform near his opponent. “You seem reasonable, and you are clearly clever and physically capable. There is no reason for you to be my enemy in this.”

“What if this Germany doesn’t want unity with yours?” Sun Koh leaped forward with all his strength and ran his makeshift weapon into the Chancellor’s chest plate.

“They will... in time!” came the grating response as the steampunk cyborg staggered back a step, and slashed at Sun’s legs. “It is my destiny to see Germany elevated to the premiere power it was always meant to be!”

Sun Koh leaped backward now, and landed on a pendulum, letting it pull him away from his foe. This didn’t sound like the Bismarck of his own Earth, the one he’d read about, but Sun Koh knew well enough that the clockwork body of the Iron Chancellor could be very dehumanizing, and living past one’s normal lifespan quite often meant being driven by obsession past all rational thinking. “I can’t let it happen, and as much as I would like to test my mettle against yours, all I need do is bring this whole mechanism crashing down around me!” he called out to the Iron Chancellor.

“I will not permit that! I will not permit the Great Work to be stopped, not now!” The Chancellor’s heavy footfalls rang throughout the vault-like room as he charged forward and heaved himself through the air to land on the other side of the pendulum from Sun Koh. He thrust quick and hard, and the Aryan hero grunted in pain as he felt his side open up.

“Then you should have worked on your weight tolerances,” Sun Koh replied with a pained smile and a twinkle in his dark eyes. The

Chancellor heard a groaning, creaking noise from above and tilted back to peer up through those unnerving optical cones.

Sun Koh used the distraction to hurl his broken spar with precision, flying through the air to slam hard between a junction of pinions and gear chains. The noise from above reached a climax and then the entire structure that the two opponents stood on tore loose and plunged into the floor below. The weight and force tore through the stone and wood floor to crash into Dr. Tock's control room below.

Sun and the Chancellor bounced off the stone floor of this other room, with a loud grunt of pain from the man of bronze, as an odd electrical noise issued from the mechanical ruler. "Sander, quick! The machinery is..."

The Chancellor stood first, dented and scraped, but seemingly unharmed. His head swiveled a full three hundred and sixty degrees as he sought out his primary scientist. "Tocque! Where are you?" he roared in that scratching grating voice, now pocked with sounds of static.

Sun Koh pulled himself to his feet, a hand pressed to the wound in his side, his body aching. He stared up and noticed the black-and-white monitors past his mechanical foe and shook his head. "I think we've both been set up, Chancellor!" He pointed and Bismarck turned to face in that direction. They each watched Karl Schultz lead Doctor Tock from the courtyard of the castle; the castle that now started to shake vigorously, as crunching and tearing sounds jarred the air. "And regardless, I am done here!"

Sun Koh ran with all his speed for a nearby window. As the snapping and tearing sounds from the dimensional irraptor above snapped after him like a pack of hungry dogs, he realized that he needed to escape the building to avoid being pulled back to the Iron Chancellor's Earth. He hurtled his powerful form into the thick glass, iron-hard muscled smashed through the heavy panes, slicing cloth and skin with equal ease. He watched the ground below draw closer with frightening speed, the wind roared in his ears as he left shards of glass and trails of blood in his wake, and hoped that he hadn't lost the count of time in his head during the melee.

"I see him, Jan," the Hammer from Hell stated into his radio as he directed his plane downward. "Do not worry, if he is as tough as they say, I have him." The plane tipped toward the spire, and the small object that fell from it, but Hans had his eyes focused squarely on the prize.

As the scarlet vehicle passed near, Sun twisted his body with all his might. His torso bounced against the rear fuselage and he slid along the bolted length to catch the upright fin of the plane. He grunted in pain as he wrapped up against it, and held on for dear life.

"Nice catchin', Hans. Now let's all get outta here!" Steven Savage, Jr. announced as he pulled his plane up from the cyclone of distorted space the three planes had created. His prototype Lightning screamed in protest, but gave in and peeled away, soon followed by Baron Von Hammer and then Jan Mayen as the ivory-stoned castle of fairy tales shimmered, rippled and faded from sight, leaving behind only the dreams of this world's King Ludwig, and an empty mountain space.

San Francisco

"You will tell me who you are working for, and where we can find this person," Andrew Bennett said in his clipped, polite British accent as he stared down at the Gimp, now bound securely as Midnight and Trin Dee watched from the other side of the room.

"Hah! You're jokin', right? You got a few too many bats in the belfry, Tux?" Gimp snapped back with a hearty laugh. "I didn't get the rep I built by snitchin' like a stoolie just because someone got the goods on me. No one woulda put up the cash to make me tougher than I was when I got messed up a ways back if I was squealin' fer a deal. So no, you get nothin'!"

"I have no bats in my belfry, ruffian," Andrew said with a sly smile. "But I could *be* a bat in your belfry if you wanted to test me. I have no time for games however." His eyes widened, turned dark and turbulent, like stormy seas at night time, and captured the sight of the Gimp. "So I say again, 'you *will* tell me who you are working for, and where we can find this person.' Understood?"

Gimp's eyes widened and his neck muscles strained to pull his head away, but he couldn't. Not now, not as Andrew's will grabbed hold of his own and held it fast. "People. I work for people. The Society of Six. They got a temple down in L.A., where they're coordinatin' things."

"What things are they coordinating, Gimp?"

"That I don't know. I mean, I'm just muscle for Black Beauty, and I got sent to try and get some prophecy starting before it's supposed ta. Outside of that, I got nothin'." Gimp looked nervous as he reported this, hoping it would be enough as he saw the pale face fill his vision, those dark eyes sucking down his will, and gleaming fangs slip into sight from that cruel mouth.

Andrew righted himself, straightened up the velvet vest and turned to his companions. "Los Angeles, it seems. This temple. We must go quickly, and learn about the Society of Six, who they are working with." He glanced back at the Gimp, and pointedly ignored the way Midnight nervously eyed the vampire now, and how Trin stared at him as if betrayed. "An address, sir. Now!"

Then, despite misgivings, the trio headed south as the night started to wane.

Istanbul (Not Constantinople)

Black Beauty tugged her dark wrap tightly around her slim shoulders as she stepped from the car into the cool, windy streets of the ancient city. She briskly walked up the weathered stone stairs, eyes focused straight ahead as she paid little heed to the ruffled, nervous-looking Avery Updike that followed her. She retained her composure, a fluid pace that reminded Updike of her charms despite the worry on his mind. They reached the double-doors to the building and she paused, and gave the handles a withering glance from behind her large rounded sunglasses.

"Right, yeah, s-sorry, miss," Updike said as he scooted around her and tugged the door open for the woman, who proceeded to shimmy past him with nary a concern.

The pair continued to make their way into the building, lined in tapestries and carpets of fiery colors; oranges, yellows, and reds all leaped up the various cloth accessories. Dotted along the banners and tapestries was a simple, oval eye symbol of white with a single flame for the iris; all stared down balefully at the two arrivals.

As they reached a grand staircase, they were greeted by a woman. She stopped suddenly at the landing, and loomed over them, staring down at them. Just behind her, and hovering over her shoulder, was a ball of dull red fire, that both Beauty and Updike felt stared down on them, just as she did.

"I see no package with you, Black Beauty," the woman said at last, after long, ominous moments of silence. She paced slowly and deliberately down the marbled steps, the sphere of licking flames following like a pet. "You have failed in your primary objective?"

"Yes," was all the glamorous gangster could reply to start. She couldn't keep her eyes off the strange object beyond this woman. "The skull is gone, and I don't know who took it. It was a professional job, as good as any of my people could do. So there's no way it was any thug from the Order of St. Dumas."

"How interesting," the woman said as she stopped now three steps from the floor, and gazed down on the pair. She noticed the way Avery shook and smirked, and tilted her head down so he could see her gaze move to the floor. The hint took hold, and Updike prostrated himself properly.

"Cute, Zara. I hope you don't think you're getting that out of me," Black Beauty countered with a disgusted snicker at the weak man.

"Of course not, my Beauty," Zara cooed as she turned her attention back to the dark-clad woman. "We talk of important business, woman to woman. The man can wait until we are ready for his uses." She walked between the two of them now and sauntered to a counter. "Some juice?" She offered a glass to the criminal, who politely declined.

"With the skull gone, and worse, by some third party, I decided it was time to move to plan B. Grab Updike, report here, and get the Gimp to move the First Prophecy into play," Black Beauty reported dutifully, still

unnerved by the flames.

“Excellent. Well-done,” Zara of the Crimson Flame said before she drained her glass. “You shall go and retrieve the chalice, so that the great work can be done to it to restore its true nature. Take the man; his part in this is important, if we’re to sort out who all our enemies be.”

“I’m supposed to be done at this point, Zara,” Black Beauty countered with a hard look on her pale face. “I did my part. I’m not one of your cultists, I’m not one of your brainwashed lackeys or knitting circle of automatons. I want my money.”

“You did most of your part, but there is no skull, nor is there any clue to this new player at our table,” Zara said with an edge now to her tone and stare. The fiery sphere roiled and let sparks lick at the air around it. “I need *you* to ferret out who this third side is. When that is done, you will receive your money and your contract will be done. Acceptable?”

“I have little enough choice in the matter, it would seem,” Beauty replied as she reached out to shake Zara’s hand to affirm the deal.

“Man! You there, up!” Zara snapped her fingers at Avery, who pulled himself to his feet. “Continue to serve our agent here, as if she were me. Your part in this is terribly, terribly important, so listen to her words well.”

“Oh yes, Adored One!” Avery replied. His eyes were wide, and refused to look up to her face. He sweated and trembled and tugged on his fingers nervously.

“All praise our Sanguine Father,” Zara said to soothe the man, her fingers brushed across his cheek as she smiled.

“All praises to his bloody glory,” Avery whispered reverently.

“Go, and good luck to you,” Zara said, now in a sharper tone, to Beauty. “When you have the cauldron, information, or better, both, let me know.”

“Of course, Zara,” Black Beauty said and turned to saunter from the

antechamber. There was no way she would show the priestess she was ruffled by the turn of events. Avery followed along as Zara watched them.

“What a shame she refuses to convert,” Zara said to no one apparently. “I could use an acolyte like that to... serve my holy needs.” She chuckled and the sphere crackled and popped as if in response.

Pfronten, Germany

“I wanted to take the time out to thank you gentlemen personally, on behalf of Studiengesellschaft für Geistesurgeschichte, Deutsches Ahnenerbe,” Karl Schultz announced to the four gentlemen seated around the private dining table, in the dim, smoky tavern building. “Thanks to your help, Sun Koh, a terrible threat has been pushed back, and in so doing you have helped to strengthen the Fatherland. You and the good Baron Von Hammer, and it is greatly appreciated.”

“And what aren’t you telling us, Herr Schultz?” the Hammer from Hell asked pointedly and then sipped from a cup of hot coffee.

“Oh, and yeah, yer welcome for all the hard work from everyone,” Steven deadpanned as he pointed his finger between himself and Jan.

“One hopes that the rest of your country learns the value of cooperation with the German people, as you have, and others of your young culture,” Schultz shot back without a look at the pilot. “So much stronger that way.”

“Answer the Baron’s question, if you would,” Sun Koh growled. There was nothing left of the easy, friendly look that normally adorned his face, as he set his hard, angry eyes on the German. “All three of my companions told me of the men they saw dashing away from the castle before I could hurl it back, and I know what my own eyes witnessed in that laboratory during my battle with the Iron Chancellor.”

“And the convenient leaks of information about the impending intrusion for those of us not so closely connected to the Ahnenerbe,” Jan added with an icy look.

"I see," Schultz said as he sat and stroked his jaw. "Yes, it's true. Yes, we knew of this, and leaked word of it where we needed to. We know there is no love lost between the Baron and the current government. Same with you, Herr Mayen. We took advantage of several converging situations, it's true. The intrusion gave us an opportunity to replace a valuable commodity thought lost to us when the Fuhrer's confidant Vandal Savage disappeared after killing Dr. Tock. With the impending irruption from this other Germany, and the secret message we received from that Dr. Tock, how could we not take advantage of the situation?"

Sun Koh narrowed his eyes and stood up, slapping those huge hands on the table-top. "And what advantages and secrets are you not telling us now? You kept things from those you felt you couldn't trust, fine." He waved his hand at his three companions, and continued, "But I have always been a friend to Hitler, and now... to have been maneuvered into your battle, for your gain... to wonder if there is more—No, to *know* there is more to this than you're saying..."

Jan rested a hand on his friend's forearm to calm him. "Sit, my friend. Sit."

Karl stood as Sun Koh settled back into his chair. "I have told you the facts, sir. What you choose to believe of them is completely up to you. Thank you all, the four of you, for the help you've given us. We won't forget it." He grabbed his hat, spun on his heel and stiffly marched out of the building.

"I never heard 'thank you' come out of a fella's mouth so much like 'go to hell' as I've heard just now, I do have to say," Steve said with a chuckle and swallowed deep from his beer.

"Well, Baron, I owe you an apology," Sun Koh said, voice quiet now.

"Oh?" Hans glanced up, curiosity in his eyes.

"I understand now why you reacted to my presence as you did. Before it was rather enjoyable to tweak you about your disapproval." He glanced back at the door darkly. "I have had my own taste of it, and I don't like it. And I *am going* to get to the bottom of all of this."

“Good, because I have to apologize as well. I misjudged you, and I am glad to hear you say this, because it affirms I have misjudged you.” He reached over and shook Sun’s hand.

“Don’t you just love a happy ending, Jan ol’ man?” Steve said as he nudged the other pilot with his elbow.

“This isn’t an ending,” Jan answered, apparently missing the attempt at humor. “There is a lot of work ahead for Sun and myself.”

“Right. Yeah, silly me.” Steve shrugged and drained his stein dry. “In that case, happy hunting, all three of you. I hope we get a chance to meet up and swap stories like this again soon.”

The four men sat and ate their meat in silence as all of the ramifications of the day’s events settled over them.

Château Pèlerin

The ancient castle sat on a spar of land that jutted out into the ocean, and allowed it to look back on the small, bustling town of Atlit as it had done for centuries now. It watched alone and unwanted, however; abandoned at the end of the Crusaders’ dominance over the Holy Land, and with the crumbling of the Knights Templar’s influence.

Not on this day however. Today, as the sun settled into the horizon, a stiff breeze chopped at the ocean and tugged at Rose and Eel as they approached the collapsed structures. They were not the only ones on the castle grounds, slipping through shadows and skulking into the ruins, though.

“Our mystery opponent has arrived, Senary,” announced a block-bodied man in an ill-fitting suit, who glared at Rose Psychic as she moved across the courtyard rubble. His chiseled features were matched in his partner, and in those faces of the two men from the airport in New Jersey. He stepped in Rose’s path and stared at her, while his fellow kept a step behind and to the right.

“So I see, Thrice,” Senary confirmed. “Who are you, woman, and are you the enemy my brother fears?” The two men cast furtive glances at the area around her, desperate to find her partner.

She smiled and nodded. “Your fellows attempted to stop me from reaching here. That made them my enemy. Step aside now, and it doesn’t have to stay that way.”

Eel shivered from nerves and cold as he crept past the two constructs, still bewildered at the fact that they could not see him.

“We understand you battled the Order of St. Dumas upon your arrival in England. Perhaps we have a common purpose, and it would be wiser to unite?” Thrice suggested as they each shifted their stances, trying to subtly move closer to Rose, to try and flank her. “And you can have your ally step out from hiding.”

“No. I think my ally will keep out of your sights, thank you very much,” Rose countered with that coy look of hers. “As for a fight with the Order, whatever could make you think I have anything in common with you? You’re not even real people. You’re just servitors. Tell me who’s in charge, and maybe I’ll consider your offer.”

“We are the Society of Six. We are our own masters,” Senary insisted with a clenched fist.

“That’s a lie, and we all know it. The Society of Six exists to make people think you’re the end all and be all of some plot, but I know your manufacture, and your purpose. You’re just an elaborate sleight of hand. A diversion to obfuscate the real puppet master.” Rose chuckled and idly etched the ground with her shoe as she spoke. “I should know. I have my own bag of tricks in that regard, gentlemen.”

On cue, Eel took a deep breath and shoved over a heavy timber, that caused the thick wood of the main door to crash to the ground, dust kicked up high as he watched to see if this worked.

“What was that?” Thrice asked as he looked over his shoulder, fists upraised.

"The hidden ally, it had to be!" Senary insisted as he spun to see nothing but the fallen door. "Used to allow the woman... " He spun back and snarled angrily at the empty space where Rose had stood. "... to slip past us!"

"You must admire her honesty. She did tell us what she was doing." They stared at the rune she'd traced into the earth, that had allowed her to move without notice.

"I have to admire nothing. Come, we must reach the suit before they can!"

As the two strange men marched up toward the castle, they remained unaware of the dark figure breaking the surf at the rear of the castle. Walter Carmichael fought the difficult tides, the cold and his own fatigue, and peeled away the clunky hoses and harness of the DSEA gear he'd used to swim up underwater. He shook out his arms and rolled his head around as he prepared to storm the castle, but froze before he could take one more step.

"Hey there, how are you doing?" asked the young man with shaggy blond hair. He flipped through a leather-bound journal, having apparently waited for Carmichael's arrival. "Name's Saunders, you can call me Speed. If I made my guess right, you're with the Order of St. Dumas, and I'm here to help you. Or we can fight, like we all did out in England, but I'm happy enough to chalk that up to a big miscommunication. What do you say?"

"The treasure within belongs to my order and is of vital importance, Mr. Saunders," Walter stated, as he glared at the younger man, so casually reading in his suspenders and bow tie. "Not for looting, to be locked away in some American museum's back room, or sold to a private collector."

"Gotcha. Fine with me. I'm not here to dig up a payday, I'm here to save the world again." He jumped up to his feet and snapped the journal shut, then held his hand out. "Suit's yours. Mission's ours. All of ours. You, me, and the gal inside."

Walter cautiously shook Speed's hand. "Very well."

Los Angeles

"You going to be okay?" Midnight asked as the trio stepped out of the car and stared at the three-story granite-faced building. He turned to look at the huddled figure of Andrew Bennett. Despite their advantage in using the hidden paths of the world, the trek from San Francisco left them arriving in the City of Angels as the first rosy fingers of sunlight stretched across the gray sky.

"There are few windows in the building," Andrew answered as the three of them stood shoulder to shoulder. "If we get inside quickly, and I can keep from the outer walls, I should do well."

"Then we should get inside," Trin said as she tugged at the hem of her leather jacket. "The sooner we do, the better in my mind."

"Normally I'd like to scout around, but then, normally I'm on my own and got the time," Midnight said as he cracked his knuckles. "So given the circumstances, I guess we barge in the main door."

"If you will allow me," Andrew said in his sedate manner and paced up the stairs. Despite the way the rising sun licked at the exposed parts of his body, burned him and pained him, he kept his stoic calm. At the heavy oaken doors, he thrust his hands forward, palms out, and his considerable undead strength tore the lock away with heavy splinters and forced them to swing open. He continued into the high-ceilinged ante-chamber, followed by his two companions.

"We can't waste time searching each floor and room, and can't wait to find out how many people are in here that might try to bash our brains in," Midnight said as he looked around at the tall flame-stitched tapestries and carved images of fiery eyes. "Any bright ideas how to find where we want to go?"

Andrew hadn't stopped walking, and had now headed up a sweeping staircase. "My guess would be to follow him." Trin pointed and jogged after him, followed by Midnight. "Using more of that predatory senses, I guess," she grumbled quietly to Midnight as they trailed behind their

vampiric ally by several steps.

“Indeed, Miss Dee and they also let me hear your whispers,” Andrew answered. “I am sorry to have fallen so far from your ancestor’s ideal, but believe me, I dislike bringing this side of my nature to the fore even more than you.”

Chastened, Trin fell silent, in time for them to hear footsteps charging up from below. “You two keep going,” she said as she spun around, drawing forth her twin butterfly swords from the space within her jacket. She saw a half-dozen men in red and yellow garments; some robes, some tabards, other shirts and slacks, but all of the same colors, and all set with angry faces that wanted to see the intruders hurt. “I will hold the stairs.”

Midnight paused as he watched Trin stand her ground, lashing out with a kick at the first attacker to reach her. He glanced back up at Andrew, who continued his steady march into the building, sporadic wisps of smoke billowing from him as a stray beam of light made it through the occasional windows. “Your fall marks the start of the First Prophecy, Midnight,” Andrew called back as he reached the third floor landing. “Do you really wish to stay on a staircase under those conditions?”

With that, Midnight dashed the rest of the way up the stairs, desperately ignoring the sounds of battle below. “For such a big building, and obviously well-used, I’d expect more people around,” the masked man mused as he caught up to Andrew, just as the vampire lashed out with a hand again and tore another door from its hinges.

The two members of the Society of Six inside the room looked up from the table littered with maps and parchments, books and quills. They looked angrily at the invasion, and stood up straight.

“It appears we have to do our agent’s work for us, Secund,” said one of the two strange-looking twins as he rolled up his cuffs.

“I agree, Furst. A shame,” Secund said as he pulled up a wicked-looking knife from the table. Not that it helped him, for suddenly, Andrew was on him, and the vampire’s hand clutched at his throat. “I’ve no blood, and no need to breathe. Unhand me now!”

"I do know your weakness. As well as I know my own," Andrew said with a satisfied look on his face and pushed Secund backward until the sunlight shone on his undead hand. When it burst into flame, Andrew grimaced, refused to make a noise, but his foe was the opposite. The flames licked at the artificial man like dried paper over a torch. Secund screamed a horrific, unearthly cry of shock and pain as his head was swept up in an incendiary burst.

Furst was stunned by the sudden and vicious attack, and didn't notice Midnight charge him with his shoulder. A punch, a kick and a sweep from a powerful, two-handed axe-handle blow further battered the other Society member and then with a crash, he fell back through the window that had spelled doom for his brother. With a last minute lunge, he clutched Midnight's arm and pulled him through as well.

The masked man grabbed at the sill, grunting in pain as the shards of glass sliced through his gloves and into his palm. He clutched with all his might, feeling the blood trickle down his forearm, but he smiled when he heard a tearing sound. His sleeve gave way from his jacket and then Furst cried out in shock, to stop suddenly with a thump; and then with much effort, Midnight was back in the room, clutching his hand and stumbling back to the table.

"Guess today's not a handy day," Dave Clark said through clenched teeth as he bound up his sliced hand, while also looking at Andrew's own wound as the vampire hid in a shadowy corner. "Bad joke, I know. But I'm at my worst when I'm bleeding like a stuck pig. Should I save some for you? That looks like a nasty injury."

"I'll recover, but I thank you for the offer. What do the papers on the table have to tell us?"

"That is the last time I leave you men on your own," Trin said as she stomped into the room with nary a sign of battle save some sweat on her brow. "Look at you two." She smiled at Midnight and moved up to inspect his first aid.

"I'll be fine. Was that enough of a fall, you think?" Midnight asked Andrew, as he looked over the table and saw a map of Africa on the top

of the pile.

“Perhaps. Prophecies are notoriously close-mouthed sadly,” he answered as he closed his eyes and fought to ignore the pain and the fatigue generated by the sunlight he could see on the far side of the room.

“Africa? What the hell could they want in Africa?” Dave asked as he looked over the map, and the various pieces of paper marked in different coordinates and cryptic landmarks.

“Let’s collect up as much of the papers as we can, and find out on our way over there,” Andrew said.

“We can get some help, and some supplies from my people,” Trin offered. “They have a monastery in a small island in the Adriatic. It’s a good place for a base of operations, I would think.”

“May even put us close to this group of Rose Psychic’s Andrew mentioned,” Midnight added. “Okay, let’s do it. Where are we headed?”

“A small island called Zandia,” Trin said as she started to help Midnight collect the papers, stuffing them into a pack they found in the room.

Château Pèlerin

A shot rang out, echoed throughout the broken stone-and-timber landscape of the ruined castle. A second shot followed, as Eel O’Brien leaped from a battered stone floor onto a tumbledown stair and away from Senary and a man in a fiery red tabard, armed with the gun.

“What did that damnable woman do to keep my brothers and I from seeing this person?” Senary snarled in frustration as he hurled a rock in the general direction of Eel’s escape.

Rose was elsewhere, the copper skull in her hand as she snaked her way across the rubble-strewn hall, keeping to the shadows to avoid Thrice and the gunman that he brought along. The skull whispered to her, to head down, to find the secret the skull kept to itself.

"I will take that," Thrice said as he pulled himself up through a ragged hole in the floor, and snarled at Rose. "Give it to me, or I'll take your skull as well, woman!"

"Being a fake man is no excuse for having no manners," Rose said in return as she brought her foot down on his hands several times, and caused him to fall back to the floor below. She was too focused though, not as experienced in hand-to-hand combat, and so missed the gunman. He grabbed her arm and spun her into a wall, and leveled the gun at her face. She tried to find his gaze, but he instead found other things to look at instead. Rose being a lovely young woman, it wasn't hard for him to find something

"I heard about the mesmerism, lady," he said. "Hand over the skull. I don't want to hurt a girl, but if I have to, I have to."

The gunman grunted loud when he was struck in the back of the head by Eel. "Trust me, pal, she's no girl, she's all woman." He kicked the cultist in the ribs, and then grabbed Rose's hand. "This way, I think."

"I will have that skull," Thrice said again, now fully through the hole and looming over the pair, though he looked only at Rose. "I may not see your guardian, but I see you," he added and looked at her hand, wrapped up in another's grip. He back-handed O'Brien hard across the head.

Rose gasped as she watched her partner spin away under the blow and smack face-first into a stone wall. "Patrick!" she cried as she backed away from Thrice.

"Give me the skull," he growled again.

"Catch!" Rose tossed the skull high over his head suddenly and when Thrice looked up to see it pass by, she dove past him. She caught the skull and tumbled down through the same hole, down a floor with a graceless crash that left her dazed momentarily.

"It sounds like your friends are in trouble upstairs," Walter Carmichael said in response to the noises that drifted down into the dank, dim cavern below.

"Yeah, I have to get up to them soon," Speed said as he glanced through the book in his hands. "First things first though, we have to get you started. According to this," he paused and looked at the sketched map, "there were all manner of tricks and traps, but over the decades, and various ransacks, they've slowly broken down. The final door can only be opened '... when the effigy frozen in metal speaks aloud to the face that made it.' Which is most likely cryptic talk for the copper skull and the actual Templar skull."

"How do you have this book? It should belong to the Order! Did you steal it?" Walter accused Speed as the blond man led them down a narrow, slanted tunnel.

"No! I mean, well, kind of, but, not the way you think," Speed said as he pointed down the tunnel, and glanced back at the book with his flashlight. "That is, yeah, I stole it, but from some bad guys a way back. About three years now, I think. Maybe four. All part of this war of secret societies. This is an old Templar book, about this place. I've been meaning to do an expedition here since I read this, but there's so many other places. But I didn't steal it from your order, or anything."

"I see," Walter said in an icy voice.

"This book did spill the beans on your group, but that's something for later. When I can fill the rest of the group in. Right now, that final door is down that tunnel. I'm going to go help the others, you want to come?"

Walter nodded and the pair headed back up, in time to see Eel crash down a ruined set of stairs with one of the gunman, stone and masonry crashing down over them. Rose limped toward them with Thrice and Senary close on her heels.

"I may not know if I can trust your group, but I can recognize the enemies of the Order when I see them," Walter said as he unsheathed his sword and stepped up between Rose and the Society.

"Glad to hear that much," Speed muttered as he stepped up to Rose. "Any others?"

“Not that I’ve seen, what luck have you had, Speed?”

“We found the tunnel, now it’s up to you and your toy.” He turned and pointed the way they came. “The defenses are all ruined, it’s a straight shot. You do your thing, we’ll do ours.”

She nodded and limped on into the darkness as Speed turned back in time to be tackled by the other cultist. He crashed into the ground, but brought his forehead up against his enemy’s, shaking him off for a moment. Speed then brought his feet up under the man and flipped him away before jumping back to his feet.

Walter, meanwhile, had engaged Senary and Thrice, his blade striking against the pair deep and causing them to recoil. “It is the sword of Azrael!” Thrice cried out and broke into a full run away from the fight as Senary struggled to avoid the blade.

“That’s because I’m Azrael! You’re too late to stop the Order! Run back to your masters and warn them that Azrael is prepared for war!” He thrust the blade through Senary’s chest and brought the artificial man down, as Speed let the cultist run off after Thrice. Instead, he turned his attention to the pile of rubble that pinned Eel.

“She couldn’t have made me invisible to big piles of stone, could she?” he groaned as Speed helped pull him free.

“What makes you think she didn’t?” Speed asked with a grin. “Not like the staircase was paying attention where it crashed, right?”

“Cute. I’m the funny guy, Saunders,” Eel snapped back as he dusted himself off and ran a hand through his hair to move the black mop from his eyes. “Where’s your friend with the oversized butter knife?”

The two of them headed off to the tunnel Speed had earlier marked out, and there, in the glow of the copper skull, Azrael and Rose watched the stone door slide away and reveal a small chamber. The four of them now entered, small crystals embedded in the walls catching the flashlight’s beam and illuminating the room. At the center of it was a suit of armor, remarkably clean, gleaming in the reflected light.

"The Suit of Sorrows," Azrael said with a reverent look, his fingers brushed over the breast plate. "At last, I can be whole in my office."

"Yup. Suit's yours, Az. This is what we all need," Speed said as he pointed to a small alcove that held a human skull: yellowed with age, graven runes to match the copper skull that Rose held up to stare into each other's eyes.

"Attend now, the First Prophecy of St. Dumas, and the Time of Choices," the skull intoned.

"I thought we already had a First Prophecy?" Eel muttered. "How many First Prophecies are there?"

"Be silent," Azrael commanded as he held the armor's helmet, indulging in the comforting weight of the metal.

"With the false Angel of Death come at last to lead his crusade against the Six Who Are One, and their Sanguine Father and Fiery Mistress, the time draws closer to the fall of Midnight and the Time of Choices. Drink from the twice-named vessel of legend and make the decision between the long past then and the dreams and hopes of the now to come. Here in sands torn by brother's tribes, shall the full revelation be made to the crusaders. On an island of blood to a hidden city of people who are not people and into the land of tomorrow shall these wars be waged, until the False Angel's blood is shed. Then, despite the power of Sorrow, shall the future be paved, unto an age of utter darkness, or to a time when the victory sets the stage for the War of the Second Prophecy."

"False Angel of Death?" Walter asked softly as he hugged the helmet to his chest.

"There was a whole lot more than the first First Prophecy, and there seemed a lot more death and blood. Rose, what was all that?"

"Time to move out, that's what all that was. We need to meet up with the rest of the team," she answered in an urgent voice as she pulled out her pack and slipped both skulls into place. "Make plans. Be prepared for the worst."

“Yeah, thought so,” Eel mumbled again as the group stepped out of the chamber to let Azrael armor up, and then the foursome marched from the castle, lost in deep, troubled thoughts.

To be continued...

*In the **New Outsiders #47**, where “The Affairs of Blood & Fate” bring the heroes of the present into the midst of conspiracy, mystery and lost history! As the two very different generations of heroes move into action against a terrible threat, what secrets lie at the heart of a veteran member of the Outsiders that might bring his closest friends to distrust him? Then come back here, for **Danger Trail #18**, and “The Angel of Death”, part two of our cross-time crossover, and the uncovering of the hidden power, the twice-named vessel of legend, and secrets lying in the heart of old Zandia!*

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

Danger Trail #1 (2007)

Danger Trail: The Blood & Dragon Affair, Part 1 (of 3)

Danger Trail #2 (2007)

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

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

Danger Trail #3 (2007)

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

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

Danger Trail #4 (2007)

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

Mightiest Mortals #1 (2007)

Mightiest Mortals: With a Stroke of Lightning!

Mightiest Mortals #2 (2007)

Mightiest Mortals: In a Crash of Thunder

Mightiest Mortals #3 (2007)

Captain Marvel: Under a Seal of Six Gods!

Justice League #8 (2007)

Justice League: Lucky Number 7.

What are the chances that a rash of good fortune across the globe could be the League's next case? Pretty good when this luck starts rewriting the laws of the universe and threatening the existence of

ages-old mystic defenses keeping ancient, primordial forces at bay!

Justice League #9 (2007)

Justice League: To See Tomorrow.

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

Justice League #10 (2007)

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

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

Danger Trail #5 (2008)

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

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

Weird Western Quarterly #11 (2008)

Johnny Thunder: Steel Heart Iron Soul.

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

mission yet will also be the first chapter in a ballad of love and gunslinging like the Wild West has yet to see!

Danger Trail #6 (2008)

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

Danger Trail #7 (2008)

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

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

Speeding Bullet #4 (2008)

Bulletman: The Birth of Bulletman, Part 4 (of 4): Man Made Gods. This is it! The mystery is revealed and the gloves come off as Bulletman duking it out with the Murder Prophet and his god of murder, the Nihilist! Can he come through his baptism of fire and blood intact? And even if he wins, does the Prophet truly get the last laugh?

Danger Trail #9 (2008)

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

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

Danger Trail #8 (2008)

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

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

Danger Trail #10 (2008)

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

It begins here! Threads woven from the start of the series, put into play centuries beforehand, all start to come together in this issue, as familiar faces return to the scene, dark forces gather for the

attack, and the secrets of the Trail yawn wide and threatening! All this and a special guest-star...the Queen of the Amazons!

Danger Trail #11 (2008)

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

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

Danger Trail Annual #1 (2008)

Danger Trail: The Savage Sins Affair.

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

Danger Trail #12 (2008)

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

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

Speeding Bullet #1 (2008)

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

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

Speeding Bullet #2 (2008)

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

James Barr steps into costume for the first time, and Bulletman is on the case of the Obermyer murders. But so is another person...the actual killer, a mysterious being called the Murder Prophet, who is paving the way for his master, and the police and the rookie hero struggle to catch up and stop him!

Speeding Bullet #3 (2008)

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

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

Mightiest Mortals #4 (2008)

Mightiest Mortals: Wielding Fists of Virtue.

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

Mightiest Mortals #5 (2008)

Mightiest Mortals: Scenes of a Day

Mightiest Mortals #6 (2008)

Mightiest Mortals: Between Opposing Forces.

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

Mightiest Mortals #7 (2008)

Mightiest Mortals: From the Shadows of Twisted Minds.

Get ready for action and excitement! Freddy buries his cousin, Christopher Freeman, and has another showdown with his stepbrother Tim Karnes. And we discover just how fiendish Sivana

can be when he pushes Captain Marvel's every attribute in an issue in which the World's Wickedest Scientist...doesn't even appear! All this, and the fate of Beautia!

Mightiest Mortals #8 (2008)

Mightiest Mortals: To the Truth of the Matter.

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

Mightiest Mortals #9 (2008)

Mightiest Mortals: The Abyss of Blood Relations

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

Mightiest Mortals #11 (2008)

Mightiest Mortals: The Tide of Heroism.

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

Mightiest Mortals #10 (2008)

Mightiest Mortals: The Punishment of Good Deeds.

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

Mightiest Mortals #12 (2008)

Mightiest Mortals: By an Act of Love.

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

Nightwing #30 (2008)

Nightwing: The Riddle of the Sphinx.

Just when you'd think Dick's got enough trouble juggling Titans duties as Nightwing, solo duties as the Batman, and mentoring duties with Tim, things get harder. There's a new villain hitting the streets, one with a dangerous delusion, and Dick's not happy to see that Nightwing is apparently on the case, without Dick's permission! Come and join us for "The Riddle of the Sphinx!"

Nightwing #31 (2008)

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

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

Justice League #11 (2008)

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

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

Danger Trail Vol. 1 (2009)

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

Danger Trail #13 (2009)

Danger Trail: The Brown Lady Affair, Part 1.

In the wake of the battle with Vandal Savage, Speed Saunders has set his sights on finding the Sigil of Seven; that quest being his only remaining link to the missing (and treacherous) Harriet

Cooper! His friends Argent St. Cloud and Michael Gallant, along with ally Doctor Occult, want to know what his intentions are, but first they must untangle a dark scheme involving the ghosts of Great Britain!

Mightiest Mortals #13 (2009)

Mightiest Mortals: Opening Passages.

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

Danger Trail #14 (2009)

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

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

Danger Trail #15 (2009)

Danger Trail: The Falkenstein Affair.

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

Danger Trail #16 (2009)

Danger Trail: The Blood of Templars Affair.

Danger Trail #18 (2009)

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

The strangest crossover of all times continues here, as Rose Psychic, Eel O'Brien, Speed Saunders, Midnight, Trin Dee and Andrew Bennett find themselves caught in a holy war between the forces

of the Order of St. Dumas and the Sanguine Father, who offers a glimpse into a terrifying future for the world!

Danger Trail #20 (2010)

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

Danger Trail #19 (2010)

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

Weird Western Quarterly #18 (2010)

Weird Western Quarterly: Lust Faith Love Treachery.



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