



DARK TITAN

ONE-SHOT
COLLECTION

TY'RON W. C. ROBINSON II



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MAVETH THE DEATH BRINGER

A DARK TITAN ONE-SHOT

TY'RON W. C. ROBINSON II

MAVETH, THE DEATH-BRINGER

“Your first mission is given, Maveth. See you do it well.”

“I will and I will receive payment as promised.”

“Yes. Your payment will come in full.”

The phone hanged up. Standing in his armory, Danton Thomas prepared himself for the mission. An assassination contract. Danton grabbed his weapons of choice and last, he grabbed his sword. One used casually during his missions. Danton was set and placed his helmet on, giving him the appearance of a black ops grim reaper. His demeanor and presence is what gave him the name—Maveth, the Death-Bringer.

- Ψ -

First order of business is meeting with one of the heads of Glasco, Inc. Danton traveled to their headquarters in Germany. There, he met the woman dressed in green and black. Marion Von Eldric. A woman’s who’s confidence matches the men around the organization. Sometimes, overcoming them in precision and ethic.

“Great you’ve made it in time.”

“Likewise.” Danton said. “I was told Ezekiel McKnight would be speaking with me. Not you of all people.”

“McKnight is currently occupied with another meeting. You will speak with me and you will listen.”

“Will I now?”

“If you want your payment delivered to you in full.”

“Fair enough, Lady Von Eldric.” Danton nodded.

“Follow me, Mr. Thomas.”

Danton walked with Marion into the headquarters. Inside were many employees, dressed in scientific apparel with others pertaining to military services. Danton is impressed with the number of people working within the headquarters.

“I wonder how you’ve managed to acquire such a number of employees under your wings.”

“We have our methods of persuasion.”

“Didn’t use any of them on me did you?” Danton said smirking.

“You’re a natural charmer when it comes to it.” Marion said. “No reason for us to try and please you.”

“There are others ways to please me.” Danton said, staring hard into Marion’s eyes.

“Don’t try it.” She demanded. “Not here at least.”

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Entering her primary office of the headquarters, Danton looked up at the board on the wall, seeing several headshot photos of various individuals. He approached the board, staring at the photos while Marion sat behind her desk, pulling out a file from the drawer.

“Who are these people?”

“Traitors to Glasco.” Marion said. “Traitors to be found and put to death.”

“And that’s why you contacted me? To eliminate these traitors of yours?”

“Not all of them. Just one. For now.”

“Which of these is the one you want me to kill? The fellow man or the lovely woman?”

Marion opened the file, pulling out another photo, sliding it toward Danton. He grabbed the photo from the desk.

“And who might this be?”

“His name is Austin Harris. He was one of us before he went rogue and aligned himself with T.I.T.A.N.”

“Oh. I see it now.” Danton said. “He went to work for the competition.”

“I wouldn’t call it competition.”

“So, what would you call it? Because from my point of view, it’s always a competition. Which organization can retrieve new information on these rising heroes of the world.”

“You know of them? These figures rising up all over the world?”

“I may keep to myself, but I am fully aware of what’s going on in the world. I’ve heard stories of these kinds of heroes. Coming out of the blue and saving the innocent. There’s all kinds of them.”

“And you don’t find it strange how they’re suddenly showing up at once. As if it was destined to happen like this?”

“I believe every moment has its purpose. The purpose of these heroes is yet to be revealed and I know for certain that my future will have a part in their purpose.”

“Like what? You’re going to join them and save the world?”

“No. I’m going to eliminate them one by one. If there are heroes, then someone must be the villain. All in the balance.”

Marion nodded. Sensing Danton was speaking the truth concerning himself and the heroes. She understood him well and knew him well enough to determine where he’ll end up in the future and she was happy of it.

“Now, where is the present location of this Austin Harris?” Danton asked calmly.

“We’re been receiving Intel concerning his whereabouts.” Marion said, handing Danton a map. He gazed at the map for several seconds.

“I’ve heard of this city.”

“That’s good. So, you know where it is and how to get there.”

“Of course. I’ve done a few missions there. Dealing with their criminal underworld.”

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“How soon can you get there?”

“By any means.” Danton declared with confidence emitting from his voice.

Marion nodded, standing up behind her desk. She extended her hand toward Danton. He looked and stared.

“Then, you know what to do.”

“Yes, ma’am.” Danton said, shaking her hand. “I do.”

Danton walked toward the exit and stopped, turning back toward Marion.

“Since Retropolis is far from here. I will stay at a local place tonight and leave in the morning.”

“Do what you must.” Marion said. “As long as everything goes according to plan. That’s what I care about.”

“I see.” Danton said, leaving the office.

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Danton went to a local place of residence, purchased by him sometime ago during one of his earlier missions. The place was of a small home in the wilderness. The wilderness and the quietness of the land pleased Danton and he enjoyed it. Later in the night as Danton was preparing for his rest, a knock came from the door. Danton wasn’t sure who could know where he’ll be, grabbed his sword as he approached the door. He opened it and saw Marion.

“You are prepared everywhere you go.” She said, staring at the sword in his hand.

“I have to be.” Danton said. “It keeps me focused.”

Marion’s presence confused Danton. He looked around in case the premises was surrounded by Glasco soldiers or those involved with V.A.U.L.T. he was certain her presence wasn’t no accident or test to prove his loyalty.

“I have to ask, why are you here?”

“May I come in?”

“Why?”

“I’ll tell you why I’m here if you would let me in.”

Danton thought to himself. He nodded and allowed Marion to enter. Shutting the door, Marion looked around the home. It is a casual home. Nothing out of the ordinary except for the complete layout of weapons on the floor next to the bed.

“Was all of this here already or did you bring it with you?”

“Little bit of both.”

“Very well.” Marion said. “We chose well to contact you.”

“Don’t concern yourself with this Austin Harris. Once I reach Retropolis, I will find him and eliminate him. Problem will be solved.”

Danton walked up to Marion, drinking a glass of whiskey. His presence intimidated Marion. She was out of her element and there were no Glasco soldiers to

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protect her. She knew it and Danton knew.

“Now that you’re inside, why are you here?” Danton asked.

“I came for another reason.”

“What is this reason you’ve chosen to come?”

“I wouldn’t call it another briefing. More like an intact deal between you and I.”

“What kind of deal were you thinking?”

Marion kissed Danton. She backed away as Danton processed the kiss and the intent of Marion’s presence. He nodded slowly. Taking in a breath.

“This was your kind of deal?”

“You could say that.”

Danton smiled and grabbed Marion roughly by her waist. Kissing her. Danton tossed her atop his bed, kissing her more and more. They ripped off each other’s clothing. Now, fully naked and on top of the bed. Danton pleasured Marion as she moaned and screamed in enjoyment. Danton treated Marion’s body as if it was his own and Marion had done the same.

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After their rough intercourse, Danton prepared himself to leave as the sun was starting to rise. Marion watched him dress in his armor and gear. It turned her own watching him sharpen his swords and load his guns. She smiled as he did every act.

“How can you carry all of it?”

“Because there’s no other way to keep it close.” Danton said.

Danton was prepared and ready. Marion dressed herself and left the residence. Kissing Danton as she left. Danton was set and headed out, traveling toward the airport. He walked toward his plane, codenamed 04191. Danton entered the plane as the pilot was informed by Marion earlier. The plane, a dark gray in nature took off from the airport. Making its way to Retropolis.

- Ψ -

The morning of Retropolis is somewhat bright and gloomy. Civilians move about on their daily routine. Danton stood atop a roof, overlooking a site dedicated to the faithful leaders of the city. Danton held his binoculars and scoped the area. Searching, Danton spotted Austin. He nodded.

“There’s the man.”

Danton placed his finger on the earpiece while watching Austin stand with men wearing black with the T.I.T.A.N. emblem on their uniforms. On the other end of the earpiece speaking to Danton is Marion.

“I’ve found him.”

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“Can you get the shot?” Marion asked.

“Not from this angle.” Danton said. “There are too many T.I.T.A.N. agents standing near him. As if they’re aware.”

“Aware of what?”

“As if they know someone has been sent to assassinate their prize.”

“They can’t possibly know that. Unless we have more traitors in our camp.”

“That is a job for yourself and your associates.” Danton declared. “Leave Austin to me and only to me.”

“Can I be sure of this?”

“After that night we shared and the fact that I’m standing on a rooftop in Retropolis, overlooking the man whom you want dead, yes, you can be sure of it. Austin Harris will be dead by the day’s end.”

“See that it is.”

Danton could hear the silent on the other end of the earpiece. Marion had hung up. Danton smirked faintly as he gazed over, watching Austin standing around the surrounding agents.

Danton continued to follow Austin throughout the city as he made movements. Austin led Danton to a warehouse outside of the city limits. Danton scouted the warehouse, noticing the location was owned by someone within Retropolis or Mass City, its sister city. Danton watched while Austin entered the warehouse with the T.I.T.A.N. agents.

“Come nightfall, I will be prepared.”

- Ψ -

Danton suited up in his gear and uniform, last equipping his masked helmet and sheathing his sword. Danton has become Maveth. Running down toward the warehouse from the nearby cliff, Maveth scouted the warehouse’s landscape. He moved near one of the shattered windows, peeking through. Inside, Maveth could see Austin and the T.I.T.A.N. agents. Standing around an table with a laptop and several suitcases.

“Packages must be important.” Maveth remarked. “Wonder what they could be hiding.”

Maveth moved throughout the area, finding a way into the warehouse from prying eyes. As he made his way in, he noticed several T.I.T.A.N. agents were heading outside with rifles. Intrigued and relieved, he knew what they were setting up. A perimeter.

“Good timing I made it in.”

Maveth hid behind several crates, all stamped with the T.I.T.A.N. emblem as a few moved over into another room of the warehouse with the Glasco, Inc. stamp and the V.A.U.L.T. emblem. Maveth was on point and at the precise location.

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"I should take him out." Maveth said. "But, before that is done, I must rid his surroundings of these agents. Keep the area clear for my kill."

Maveth watched, counting five T.I.T.A.N. agents standing around Austin at the table. Maveth counted closely and planned his move of attack. His plan has worked before and he was confident it would work well again. Maveth nodded.

"Time to make my move."

Maveth tossed a smoke grenade near the agents. The grenade bounced with a tipping sound of metal hitting concrete. The grenade rolled toward the agents. The agents heard the sound and they spot the grenade. Stopping its rolling. The grenade sounded off a clicking beep and exploded. Covering the area in thick grey smoke. Through the smoke, Maveth moved swiftly, killing the agents one by one with his sword. Austin ducked down underneath the table. Austin glinted through the smoke and saw the agents falling dead. The smoke cleared and only Maveth was standing in the room amongst the dead agents. Austin bolted from the table, running toward the door. Maveth threw a blade, hitting Austin in his calf. Austin fell, yelling in pain and gaining the attention of the sniper agents.

"Better if you kept your agony down." Maveth said.

"Who are you?!"

"I'm here to kill you."

"For what reason?"

"You're a traitor to Glasco, Inc. They sent me here to make sure you didn't deliver any details to T.I.T.A.N. and by the look of this place, you have done so."

"Only for good reason did I betray them!"

"It's not my call and it's not my problem."

Austin begged Maveth to spare his life. Maveth nodded and shot Austin clear in the head. Maveth placed his gun into its holster and sighed.

"Mission accomplished." Maveth said.

Outside, he could hear what were sirens coming toward the warehouse. Maveth moved out as the Retropolis Police rammed through the doors. Running in were Detectives Justine Copeland and Cash Hankinson. Behind them entered Commissioner James Austin. They saw the bodies of the agents with Austin lying on the floor. The used grenade sitting amongst them.

"What the hell happened here?" Commissioner Austin asked.

"We'll find out soon." Justine said. "Give us a little time, boss."

While more officers entered the warehouse, Maveth was standing atop the cliff from which he came. He nodded once more, removing his mask helmet. He took a moment to breathe and contacted Marion through the earpiece.

"Report Maveth."

"Mission has been fulfilled. Austin Harris is dead."

"No traces back to Glasco?"

"None. Everything is secure. As planned."

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“Excellent.” Marion said with gladness in her voice. “Return to base and you will have your payment.”

“Wonderful.” Danton responded, hanging up the call.

Danton turned around to leave the area and felt a disturbing presence within nearby. Danton slowly decided to turn back to the warehouse and when he did, he saw someone. Standing across from him on the other end of the high round. He saw the figure with a cloak and hood. Its eyes glowed through the night sky and the figure wielded a sword. Danton and the figure stared down one another for several seconds. Danton smirked, realizing the figure’s identity. Putting on his masked helmet, Maveth raised his sword, pointing it at the figure.

“Soon.” Maveth declared, leaving the area. “I will return to this city. For a bigger prize.”

MAVETH, THE DEATH-BRINGER WILL RETURN.



DARK
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ONE-SHOT

MYSTERY OF THE MUTANT-THING

TY'RON W. C. ROBINSON II



THE MYSTERY OF THE MUTANT-THING

After a night out of investigating a series of demonic attacks across Washington D.C., Gabriel Abraham, known throughout the world as Abraham The Devil Hunter returns to his workplace called the Revelation Center. Entering his office area as his fellow partners have also went out into investigations themselves. Abraham reads through a series of files laid out on his desk, ranging from poltergeist activity in a suburban area to folkloric figures popping up in many areas throughout the country.

“This is just too much to deal with at one time.” Abraham said.

He looks over to another files that is titled, “*The Mystery of The Mutant-Thing*.” Grabbing his attention, he opened the file and started reading the information within. He recognized some of the locations that were written down of the Mutant-Thing’s possible whereabouts.

“This isn’t too far from here.”

Turning through the pages of the file, Abraham heard the front door to the building open. He raised his head, looking to see someone inside. Not seeing anyone, he leaves his office and walks out to the lobby area. Unable to find anyone standing around, he returned to his office. Abraham entered his office and seen a man standing behind his desk, reading the files of the Mutant-Thing.

“Who are you?” Abraham said.

The man looked up at Abraham and nodded his head.

“I’m Travis Vail. Some call me the Spirit-Seeker.”

“Why are you here, Mr. Vail?”

“I am here on the case of the Mutant-Thing mystery and I happened to hear your place was nearby. So I figured you would have some information regarding the mystery and it appeared to be the truth. This file you have here gives much information.”

“If you needed information, you could’ve went to some other place or even called in to let me know you were coming.”

“That’s not my style, Abraham. I appear out of nowhere as the wind blows and goes.”

Vail placed the file back onto Abraham’s desk and walked over toward him.

“For the best, I can ask that the both of us should work together on this mystery in order to discover its truth.”

Abraham thought to himself while Vail waited patiently for an answer.

“I can assist you in this mystery, Mr. Vail.”

“I appreciate it.”

“So, we just go off to this dark wilderness?” Abraham said.

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“No. We go to London.”

“Why London?”

“I have a friend over there who could give us a helping hand.”

- Ψ -

Entering London, England at the brink of day, Vail and Abraham walk through London for hours on end with Abraham mostly following Vail around the big city.

“Why are we here exactly?” Abraham said.

“We’re here to meet someone who can help us further this mystery. They’re in the same field as the both of us.”

They approach a Law Firm building and enter it. Inside Vail walked toward the front desk, speaking with the receptionist while Abraham looked around the interior of the room and could sense the small presence of spiritualism around the building.

“Me and a friend are here to see Ms. Cindy Lawson. Is she here right now?”

“Sorry, but she left about an hour ago.”

“She did.” Vail said. “Thank you anyhow.”

Vail walked over the Abraham, seeing him circling his head around the room. Vail tapped him on the shoulder to get his attention.

“I know what you’re doing and its best to keep it to yourself for a little while. Until we find out partner here.”

“You can feel the spiritualism in this place and it isn’t benevolent energy.”

“I am aware of that. Which is why we have to leave this place now.”

Leaving the Law Firm, the two walk down the streets of London, passing by the Big Ben. Vail stopped and stared at the tower for a moment. Abraham looked at him and looked at the tower.

“What is it, Vail?”

“Here.”

“What about here? What’s over here that’s important to this case?”

“This is where she will be tonight.”

“Who is she?”

“Our helping hand. We’ll come back here at nightfall and our partner should be here.”

- Ψ -

They waited until the night had fallen over London and the moon shined its light brightly above the city. Vail and Abraham returned to the Big Ben with Vail looking upward to the tower, in the far distance, he could see someone standing up atop the tower, looking over the city.

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“There she is.”

“May I ask who this woman is?”

“Cinderella.” Vail chuckled.

“Cinderella? As in the fairy tale Cinderella? Not a possibility?”

Vail turned to Abraham with a smirk on his face.

“You hunt demons for a living. I send spirits to the Other Side and you mean to tell me that Cinderella doesn’t exist. Yet the world doesn’t have any belief in the things we hunt down and eliminate.”

“I see your point there. But, how could this be a reality. How did she even get up there in the first place?”

“She has her ways, Abraham. She can tell you more about it than I can.”

Up on the ledge of the Big Ben, Cinderella looked around the city of London, monitoring it for any threats lingering that night. She looked down and could see Vail and Abraham standing.

“What is he doing here?” Cinderella wondered.

She jumped down from the tower, using her coat to glide herself through the air before landing in front of Vail and Abraham.

“I never knew you could do that?” Vail said.

“The coat is made of some materials that allow me to do such a thing.”

“I know you’re going to ask me why am I here and I will tell you why.”

“Tell me then.”

“Me and Abraham here need your help on a small case that we’re doing together.”

“Abraham as in Abraham The Devil Hunter?”

“You’ve heard of me?”

“The words that surround your hunt for demons goes a long way. Inspires some to become just like you. Others deem you crazy and psychotic for doing such a thing.”

“So I’ve been told.”

“What is this case that the two of you are working on exactly?”

“The Mystery of The Mutant-Thing.” Vail said. “Ever heard of it?”

“I was mentioned once in the office as some kind of teenage joke, but the disappearances of many prove it to be more than just a joke.”

“This dark wilderness location exist then?” Abraham said.

“It exists. I’ve been there before on some matters concerning the supernatural.”

“Where is this wilderness, Cindy?” Vail asked.

“In Canada. Within the Ontario providence.”

“Around some city called Retropolis?”

“That’s right.”

“Thank you for the information.” Abraham said.

“I’m going along with you guys.”

“I knew this would happen.” Vail said. “That is why I agreed with it before coming to you.”

MYSTERY OF THE MUTANT-THING

“Why would you want to come along with us?” Abraham said.

“Because I only know where the wilderness is. Other than that, I know someone who lives around the city who can give the three of us a better way of handling the area.”

“Who is this person?” Vail said.

“Have the both of you ever heard of the Creed of Swords?”

“I’ve done some studies upon it. Only to know its considered a legend.”

“Once during an investigation.” Vail said. “Why?”

“Because the one who’s help we’ll need is a mentor of mine.”

- Ψ -

They travel across the Atlantic Ocean, going to Retropolis. Entering the city at the time of night, walking through the city, they see a police car chasing down a pair of criminals through the streets.

“Never been to this place.” Vail said. “Is it like this all the time?”

“Pretty much.” Cinderella said. “He should be here at any moment now.”

“Who will be here?” Abraham asked with curiosity.

They gazed around the streets. From the corner appeared roaming, a black and silver vehicle pass them toward the criminals’ car.

“What was that?” Abraham wondered.

“My mentor.” Cinderella smiled.

From the car, jumped out The Swordman, dressed in his hooded cloak and Kevlar suit, latched himself onto the top of the criminals’ car. Breaking the hood window and pulling the driver out of the car before jumping off the as it rammed itself into a tree near the sidewalk. Cinderella, Vail, and Abraham proceeded to walk toward the scene. Though not with much haste. Yet, they were in a hurry. Stepping closer, they witness The Swordman interrogating the criminal driver as the other one is laid out on the sidewalk. Unconscious from the crash.

“Where is Fear?” The Swordman said.

“I don’t know.” The criminal said.

“You work for her. You know where she is.”

“She never tells us anything. Especially when it concerns locations.”

“When you wake up, make sure she knows I’m coming for her.”

“What? What do you-”

The Swordman head-butted the criminal, knocking him out. He turned around seeing Cinderella, Vail, and Abraham walking toward him.

“Cindy.” The Swordman nodded. “Why are you here?”

“These two men need you help on a case they’re solving.”

“Travis Vail and Gabriel Abraham.”

“How do you know about us?” Vail said.

MYSTERY OF THE MUTANT-THING

"I've studied your works. I'm aware of what the two of you do for a living and how much you put into it."

"This is something I never expected to happen." Abraham said.

"Why do you need my help, Vail?"

"We're looking for a place known as the dark wilderness. It's supposed to contain the Mutant-Thing according to its legendary mystery."

"The Mutant-Thing is real."

"You know?" Cinderella asked.

"I've encountered the creature a few times during some of my novice investigations. It's a creature Man should not tamper with."

"We would prefer to see the creature first hand before we come to our own conclusions." Abraham noted.

"I understand your meaning." The Swordman paused. "Very well, I will lead you to the dark wilderness. If you cannot handle the creature yourselves, I will accompany you."

"What are we waiting for?" Vail said. "Lead the way, Mythological Man."

The Swordman ignored Vail's sayings. "Get in the car."

"What car?" Abraham asked looking around the streets.

From behind The Swordman drove up the Assassin or the Swordmobile as its called by the residents of Retropolis. They get into the car, surprise it fits up to four individuals. The Swordman drives off down the streets.

- Ψ -

Entering the dark wilderness, The Swordman stood guard, removing his sword out of the sheath. Ready for combat. Cinderella was also prepared to fight if it became necessary. Vail walked through the wilderness, reminiscent of his past time of entering a similar wilderness, encountering an army of druids ranging from adults to children.

"Make sure you're on edge." The Swordman said. "Prepare yourself for anything."

From the trees, something moves past them, rumbling the ground beneath their feet and shaking the trees surrounding them.

"Earthquake?" Abraham said.

"No. It's the creature. Its making itself known."

"That's rather quick." Vail said.

The ground shakes and from beneath it arose the Mutant-Thing. Roaring toward them with anger. The creature was covered in roots, dirt, and grass. The Swordman and Cinderella were prepared to face the creature. Vail and Abraham stood by watching. Vail pulled out his ritual book, staring at The Mutant-Thing.

"Seems the mystery has been solved."

"If the creature makes any move to attack, you send it back into the ground, Vail."

"I will do so, Swordman. Trust me."

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The Mutant-Thing roared as it swiped its arms toward Swordman and Cinderella. They moved out of its path quickly to avoid an attack. Swordman jumped above the creature, slashing it with the sword. Cinderella kicked the creature and delivered a small series of blows to its back and chest. Vail raised his hand up in the air.

“I got this.” Vail said.

Vail started reading from the ritual book, slowing sending the Mutant-Thing back into the ground. The creature fought back, but Abraham attacked the creature with holy water and chanting words along with Vail. Working together, they send the Mutant-Thing back into the ground and leave the dark wilderness.

- Ψ -

The following days, Abraham and Vail continued to meet at the Revelation Center, concerning cases that the two were working on. From the doors entered Papa Afterlife.

“What are you doing here?” Abraham asked.

“I am here on urgent information that concerns the two of you.”

“What kind of urgent information?” Vail wondered. “We’re listening.”

“I have a plan to bring together people such as yourselves to combat a coming malevolent threat that will bring the earth to its very knees.”

Vail and Abraham approach Afterlife. They nodded.

“Explain away.” Vail gestured.

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ONE-SHOT

SHADE

AND

SWITCHBLADE

TY'RON W. C. ROBINSON II



SHADE AND SWITCHBLADE

Two individuals ran for their lives through a gated facility. Hoping to find a way out, they went every corner. Where there was corner stood a fence, a door, a truck, or a squad of trained soldiers. The individuals were in fact a couple. Taken by force into an organization requiring tests be done to them. Due to the strange nature they carried. One was a man. The other a woman. Both were dressed in militaristic jumpsuits. The man was in grey and the woman was in white.

“How will we get out?” She asked.

“We’ll find a way.” The man replied. “As we always have.”

They continued moving through and through the filled parking lot of trucks and jeeps, hiding from the spotlights and the soldiers with AKs in their hands. From one of the facility doors came out a man, wearing a white coat and glasses. He looked out at the soldiers, directing the spotlights.

“Find them! If they escape, we’ll only have more trouble on our hands!”

Moving with fear. From truck to jeep to truck to jeep. The spotlights turned the corners they turned. The soldiers took steps in the direction they stepped. Unsure of what to do, the young man turned to the young woman and nodded with a sincere look.

“What are you about to do?”

“Something that will grant us an exit point.”

The man sighed, diving out of the shadows into the nearby spotlight. The soldiers caught him. Their eyes locked on the man. There, the woman wanted to scream, but, she kept silent. The man smirked as the soldiers prepared to fire. As he smirked, he took his trench coat and swiped it across the air, creating a thick darkness. The spotlights weren’t able to cut through the cloud.

“The hell is going on?!” A soldier yelled to his comrades.

The woman bolted out and through the darkness, she tossed quick daggers into the soldiers’ chest and head. Killing them with silent blows. Reaching the man, they both made the move to leave the facility grounds.

“Come on!” The man yelled to the woman.

Running continually, they reach the exit point. Stopping on the other end of the gate. They looked back, seeing the coat-wearing man walk through the darkness, staring at them. He nodded toward the young couple.

“I will find you.” He declared.

The young couple ran off into the night. Away from the facility.

The following day, the facility was visited by Marion von Eldric. Known for her work with V.A.U.L.T. She arranged a meeting with the man who captured the couple. Inside, they sat down with one another.

“I know why you’ve come.” The man said.

“I’m only wondering what does Ezekiel McKnight have to do with capturing two individuals in the silence of the field? Were they of some value?”

“More than that. Just one of them alone is a tough call. But the two of them combined, a perfect weapon for war.”

“You’re saying a young couple such as them were capable of winning a war?”

“Yes.”

“Were they of nubreed origin?”

“No.”

“Did they possess any traits similar to the risen heroes scattered?”

“Yes. But, their skills were imprinted upon them. They grew as they aged.”

“I understand your concern, McKnight. Truly.”

“Then, since you’re here, I have a proposition for you.”

“Name it.”

“My contacts are filled at the moment. Mercenaries on duty. Assassins unable to track. I need someone who can track down those two and bring them back to me”

“And you believe I might know someone to do the job for you?”

“As always. I know about your work with the Death-Bringer. Maveth. Word went out after the job was done.”

“Maveth is busy at the moment. If he wasn’t, I would’ve sent him this request.”

“Anyone else you may have in mind?”

Marion thought for a moment. Ezekiel pondered for any answer. He wanted the two back in his custody. For he had plans. Many plans. Marion nodded and gave Ezekiel a smile.

“I just might have the one.”

“Good.” Ezekiel said. “Can you contact him and give him the details.”

“It isn’t a he.” Marion said.

“You mean you know of a woman capable of doing such a task?”

“The world is full of opportunists who would dream of the big payday. The woman I know desires the pay upfront and the price is bountiful.”

Ezekiel nodded.

“I understand. Do what you must.”

“I will. Thank you for the discussion.”

“No, thank you for coming. We should do business more often.
V.A.U.L.T./Glasco business.”

“I’ll see what we can cook up.”

Somewhere far from the Glasco facility, the young couple stopped at a motel, hiding from others who even appear to be a threat. As they were moving, a newspaper flew with the wind in their direction. Hitting the man in his chest. Pulling the newspaper from him, he glanced as it read, ***“The Resistance is born. Details of the Battle of Retropolis”***.

“What is that?” The woman asked.

“I don’t know.”

“They saved lives, Shade. Perhaps we should try to do the same.”

“And what after? Continue being chased by those who desire to do us harm?”

“You know this world is full of them. Maybe, this news is a light at the end of the tunnel for us. To make our life better. For the best.”

“I am not a hero.” Shade said. “We are not heroes. We’re outcasts.”

“So are they. Tell me how the average person would feel if someone like The Powerman or The Swordman approached them.”

“They would cower in fear. We know this.”

“Let’s change that. You and me.”

“We’re only two people. Us against the world.”

“It doesn’t have to be that way.”

Shade nodded with a slant as the woman kissed him.

“Think about it.”

“And what are they going to call us? *Shade and Switchblade?*”

“Hmm.” She giggled. “It has a nice ring to it.”

“Don’t start.”

SHADE AND SWITCHBLADE WILL RETURN.

DARK
TITAN

ONE-SHOT

RETRIBUTION
OF
CAIN



RETRIBUTION OF CAIN

A young woman walked out through the Village of Midian. Making her way to gather pitches of water from the well. While she gathered the water, setting the pitchers on the ground next to her. A group of men approached her. Dressed in black robes, their heads covered with diadems for protection from the sun. Startling the young woman.

“We need those pitches.” One man said.

“I’m sorry. I cannot give you the water. It’s for my people.”

“We don’t care about your people. We need the water. It’s here and it’s free.”

The man reached toward the woman when quickly as lightning, another hand grabbed his arm. The man looked toward the hand and who it belonged to. Immediately, fear came upon him. The other two men who were with him ran off, leaving their friend behind. The man was terrified by the tall figure, who wore all black, his long hair in locks, facial hair, and focused brown eyes.

“Return to your home.” The figure commanded. “If you return, I will personally send you to the Creator.”

The figure shoved the man and he ran without question. The figure turned to the woman, checking on her.

“Are you well?” He asked.

“I am. Thank you for the assistance.”

“It’s what I’m here to do.”

“Wait, are you him?”

“Who’s him?”

“The one the people are talking about. Are you Cain?”

“I am. Who seeks to know?”

“I only heard rumors of your presence in this area. I didn’t know for sure you were actually here.”

“I am only here for a short time before I begin my journey to another place far from here.”

“And where does this journey take you?”

“To North America. To the city of Retropolis.”

“Why does your journey take you far from here?”

“I have something that needs to be done. Retribution for the lost ones.”

Cain sighed, looking at the woman.

“Is there anything I can do to help you?”

“No need. But, I appreciate your kindness. It’s rare in this era.”

The woman nodded.

“I understand.”

Cain nodded back and walked away into the open desert as the woman took the pitchers back to the village, she looked back and Cain was gone. Even his footprints disappeared in the desert grounds.

CAIN WILL RETURN.