



MAVETH
THE DEATH BRINGER
A DARK TITAN ONE-SHOT

TY'RON W. C. ROBINSON II

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Written by: Ty’Ron W. C. Robinson II

Maveth, The Death-Bringer and other characters created by 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.

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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.”

MAVETH, THE DEATH BRINGER

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.”

MAVETH, THE DEATH BRINGER

“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

MAVETH, THE DEATH BRINGER

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 pleased 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.

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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.”

MAVETH, THE DEATH BRINGER

“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.”

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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.

MAVETH, THE DEATH BRINGER

“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.”

MAVETH, THE DEATH BRINGER

“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.