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Metropolis:

K-TANG! THROOM! K-TANG! K-TANG! THROOM!

His knees nearly buckled underneath the pummeling of the Knights. Blow after blow landed on his shield, and it was his flesh that was giving, not the indestructible golden metal he was gripping tightly, relying on to save his life. His shoulders shook, his skin burned, and he knew that he couldn't take much more of this.

THROOM! THROOM! K-TANG! THROOM! K-TANG! K-TANG! K-TANG! THR—

BRASHOOOOOM!

Lightray barreled into the Guardian's assailants, scattering the armored attackers away from the hero. "Come on, Harper!" Sollis pulled up the Guardian, and the two heroes looked on as the malevolent group reformed and readied themselves.

The Fortress of Solitude:

BOOM

Energy crackled in the air as they materialized inside the Fortress of Solitude. Green Lantern turned to Wonder Woman as the Justice League stepped out of the Boom Tube, “No chance of a sneak attack then...”

“No,” said Diana, wearing her Amazonian battle armor. “We have to play this by his rules.”

“Flash,” started Batman, as he moved into the shadows, “recon.”

“On it.” Replied Barry, vanishing in a burst of red and yellow.

“Anything, Manhunter?” asked Diana. She gripped her sword tightly, danger in the air.

“No. Kru-El’s had theta-wave manipulation training, just as Superman did. He has disguised his brain patterns. I have no reading on him.”

“Something’s wrong,” grunted Batman, as he raised an explosive Batarang.

“What?”

“Flash should be back by now.”

SKRITIKOW!

As if on cue, Barry Allen flew out of the shadows, his legs twisted and contorted, broken in dozens of places. He skidded to a stop by his team mates, and looked up with wild eyes at Batman, “So fast... So f-fast!”

“Let it begin.” Growled Doomsday, trudging out of the shadows, blood on his hands.

Metropolis:

Steel was not fairing well. His hammer was damaged from earlier in the battle, and his armor fizzed and sparked, circuits were exposed and

power was draining from his battery cells. Away from the battle, back in Suicide Slum, stood John Henry Irons, running the armor by remote control, fighting for every breath as the neurological feedback from each punch and kick hit him like a jackhammer to the skull. His eyes blurred, the embedded control unit in his spine allowing him a real time view of the harbor battle, but the strain on his brain causing his reactions to slow. He looked over to the door, and then screamed as something hit him like a thousand volts of electricity.

“STEEL!” cried Caesar, as he rushed toward the hero as one of the government agents blasted him with a large canon sized weapon. “AWAY!” The weapon flew out of the attacker’s hand, and crashed against a wall. “AWAY!!” he screamed, the people lifting up and flying toward the water. He hopped over the fallen bodies, and reached his fallen comrade. “Steel! Come on... STEEL!” His gloved hands moved over the armor. “Are you ok? Can you hear me?” His fingers found a small chink in the armor, and they slipped inside, and his eyes widened. “What’s this... What’s going...” He looked up, and turned to Lightray and the Guardian, who were engaging another wave of attackers. “He’s... Hollow... What does that...”

Plasma erupted from nowhere, just a few scant meters away from the battle. Everyone paused, the Guardian readied himself and Caesar turned away from the empty shell of Steel. Lightray’s hands began to glow as his solar charge began to build.

“Everyone, lay down your weapons!” The MCU had arrived. Maggie Sawyer was wearing her full operations uniform, as was every other member of the team assembled.

“Captain Sawyer, this is out of your jurisdiction!” shouted back the beret wearing government agent who had started this mess. “Get your people out of here, else—”

“You’re in no position to make any orders, bub!” shouted a member of the team, his plasma mortar powering up, and drawing power from the air itself. “Do as the Captain said!”

Maggie turned to the man, and grunted a reply, “Leave this to me, Nemo.” She turned back to the agent. “You’re in no position to make

orders!”

“You make one more move and you’ll be guilty of treason, Sawyer. Think about this! Think about your people! You don’t want to lose another team, do you?”

“You son of a—” snarled one of the MCU officers, raising his weapon.

“STOP!” shouted the Guardian, raising his hands. “Stop this! I...”

“What are you doing, Jim?” questioned Lightray, his hand tight on his shoulder. “We stand side by side, bound till the end... What are you doing?”

“I can’t let anyone else be hurt. Not you, not them...” He motioned to the MCU. “I’ll...”

“Think about this, Harp!” hissed Caesar, moving away from the empty, twitching shell of Steel, and back over to his friends. “You’re no criminal...”

“I think you’ll find, in their eyes, I am.” He placed his shield on the ground, and put his hands over his head. “No repercussions are to come from my friends actions.”

“That’s not for me to decide—” shouted back the beret wearing Agent.

“To hell it isn’t!” barked the Guardian, “You’re in charge of this operation, don’t you try and pull anything with me!”

The Agent grimaced, “Fine. Fine,” he pointed at Harper, and a group of soldiers approached him, weapons raised. “Take him into custody.”

“Harp...” growled Caesar under his breath, “don’t do this...”

“Look after Maggie for me, Caesar.”

“Damn you,” replied Caesar, shaking his head, “Damn you...”

Maggie and the MCU watched as Harper was cuffed, and he

immediately slumped inwards, his powers being drained by the crystals in the cuffs. "Oh, no..."

Fortress of Solitude:

"Containment!" howled Batman, as Green Lantern formed a bubble of pure will power around the Kryptonian monster. "We need a blood sample, and we need it fast!"

"I'm..." Hal Jordan grunted as he held onto his wrist tightly. "I'm pouring all my power into making this bubble harder than diamond. Harder than diamond." Sweat began to dribble down his brow. "Like a mosquito in amber. Like Jurassic Park..." His hands began to shake. "What's..."

Doomsday's eyes began to glow. They began to glow red. His muscles began to multiply. Expand. Cracks began to form all over the green bubble. He was adapting. Evolving so fast... Heat vision shot out of his dark eyes, and hit the Green Lantern power ring precisely, and Hal screamed in pain as it burnt into his flesh. The container was down. Doomsday was free.

Batman's eyes widened as Doomsday sprinted towards him, each foot step an earthquake rattling the Fortress. He took the punch. And Doomsday laughed as he crumpled to the floor, dead.

Metropolis:

The Daily Planet:

"Jimmy, what are you doing here?" uttered Lois, wiping away the make up that had ran down her cheeks during the hospital visit. She was sat at her desk, fingers slowly typing away.

"I heard about CK, is he ok?"

"I don't know."

“You don’t know?”

“I don’t know!” she screamed, pushing the contents of her desk onto the floor of the bullpen. “If I **KNEW** I’d have **TOLD** you, wouldn’t I?”

The bullpen had fallen silent. There were a few people present, the sun rising in the sky, dragging itself up to signify the start of a new day. It had been a long night. “Sorry, Lois,” he stuttered, “I’m sorry, I just...”

Lois sighed heavily, more tears flowing from her eyes. “No, Jimmy, I’m... I shouldn’t have snapped, it’s just...” She looked around, and then pulled the young former photographer close. “He’s gone.”

“Gone? Who? CK? Gone? From the hospital?”

Lois nodded. “The hospitals transferred him to the care of ‘specialists’. **SPECIALISTS**. I have no idea what that even means. But he’s gone from the hospital.”

“Maybe... Maybe... Maybe... Superman—”

“Superman is dead.” Lois snapped, “if Superman was alive, he’d be here right now and Clark wouldn’t be gone, dead, dying, whatever, and we... we... We...”

The Timestream:

The time sphere shuddered and creaked under the pressure of the entropy wave forming outside. His hull would keep, but they were getting stronger, and he didn’t know how. Entropy Waves. Destructive swells of non-time, discarded at creation and bubbling up between the walls of reality. Déjà vu? When a wave of non-time dribbles into reality, and makes you acutely aware of every action you ever made. The effects are short, that’s why you aren’t constantly hyper aware of everything around you, but there have been some reported cases...

Rip Hunter hurtled through the void, the device on autopilot. He was running a diagnostic on the device he had found earlier in Gotham, the strange insectile device that wasn’t inside his sphere at one time frame,

and then was at another. He picked up his hypersonic examination tool, and aimed it at the brain matrix of the device. "What are you?" he whispered to himself, watching as information formed on the screen of his computer. "How did you..."

"Rip Hunter." A voice. There shouldn't be any voices in his time sphere! He span around and saw the controls of his craft begin to come alive. "I am sorry about this."

"What? No! No! What are... No!" He reached up to his control panel, but suddenly, tentacles from the insect shot out, and wrapped themselves around the hero. "GET OFF! WHERE ARE WE GOING!? WHERE ARE WE GOING?!"

The voice began to reply. It was disguised, but he could almost hear... Sadness? "Ten years. Ten years into the future."

"BUT WHERE?!"

"The first."

Rip Hunter's eyes widened. "H-home?"

Metropolis:

In transit:

The Guardian struggled to move. Soldiers held him up by his arms as they dragged him towards the large black, unmarked truck that would move him to his next location. Sollis was angry, his hands glowing brighter and brighter, before Caesar nodded reassuringly. "I'll be alright. We'll fix this." Sollis shook his head glumly, and the magician turned to Maggie Sawyer, as she hurried through the soldiers gathered, toward the Guardian.

"Where are you taking him?" The other MCU members watched as the governmental magicians were carried away by medics and put into unmarked vehicles also, and also as the black clad Knights marched into their own transport and left. All that was left were a heavily armed group of soldiers.

“Air lift ma’am, back to Washington.”

“Private, do not talk to the civilians,” barked the Agent in charge of the operation. “We’re moving him out of Metropolis, and that’s all you need to know.”

“Not good enough,” snapped Maggie, as she followed the soldiers into the back of the truck. “I’m accompanying him.”

“You’re skating on thin ice, Sawyer! If you don’t get out right now—”

“She rides with, or you don’t leave Metropolis. Your bully boys are gone now, you won’t get out of the dockland without sustaining heavy losses... And I promise you,” whispered Nemo Smith, third-in-command beneath Sawyer and then Harper, “You’ll be the first to fall.”

“Are you threatening me?!” shouted the Agent in outrage, “I could have your badge!”

“And you could... Vanish,” snapped back Smith, “Without a bloody trace.”

The Agent looked around. Even his own men glared at him with contempt. “Fine. She rides in the back. But none of you are following. And that means you two miscreants!” He pointed to Lightray and Caesar.

“I am going to be honest with you, little man, I am not from this plane of reality, let alone this solar system, so let me tell you this. You hold no authority over me. I could count your attack on my self as an act of war. And let me tell you, I have a dear cousin who would be very happy to be invited to hurt you.”

“And I...” Started Caesar, “Didn’t vote for the guy who’s running this show. So bite me.”

The Agent stuttered for a moment, and then shook his head. “Let’s move out.”

The Fortress of Solitude:

"Batman!" screamed Diana, throwing herself at Doomsday and staggering him. "BATMAN!"

Green Lantern staggered to his feet, his hand covered in third degree burns, and pain emanating from his face. The pain was a distraction. He could barely think to move. "B-Bruce..." he hobbled over to the fallen vigilante, and was amazed to see him jerk up, blood trickling from his face.

"Batman. It's Batman out on the field." He struggled to his feet, and looked around.

"How did you..." muttered Green Lantern, his ring glowing as it began to repair his flesh.

"I took advantage of Lightray's being here. I got the schematics of a rudimentary Astro Harness." He clenched his fist, and pointed to the golden weave beneath his torn costume. "I've got a miniscule amount of the Astro Force running through my viens, thanks to Orion."

"Could have warned us..."

"IT WON'T SAVE YOU!" growled Doomsday, kicking Wonder Woman in the stomach and stamping her face into the cold metal ground.

"Maybe not." Came a voice. J'onn J'onzz materialized a hand in the middle of Doomsday's body, and the Kryptonian screamed, even as the Martian himself convulsed. He wrenched his hand out, covered in black blood. Doomsday thrashed around on the floor, and Diana drove her sword into his back, the metal snapping with ease. J'onn floated over to Batman, and poured the liquid into the vial he had ready. "I will seek to contain him, you get this to safety."

Hal looked up, his hand healed, his mind sharp. "Let's give this another go." A massive green finger tapped Doomsday's shoulder, distracting him from Wonder Woman, whose chest plate was crumpled inwards after a straight punch from the monster that had challenged them. "Let's take this outside." A blast of pure green will power shot out from the ring, and struck Kru-El hard, and caused him to lose his footing and fly

through the Fortress. The grey behemoth crashed through walls and cases full of exotic, alien weaponry, before crashing through the tesseract entrance and rolling to a stop outside in the snow. His skin shuddered. His bones retracted. And he slowly vanished into the white.

“Where is he?” shouted Hal over the howling winds, turning to J’onn, who surveyed the scene. “My ring can’t pick him up!”

“I cannot see him, Lantern...” muttered J’onn J’onzz, whose red eyes stared across the tundra. “I cannot—”

“Hello.” Two hands jerked out of the snow, and grabbed Green Lantern and Martian Manhunter before they could react. They were pulled into the cold, and they themselves adapted instantaneously. J’onn unleashed a barrage of searing Martian Vision, and Doomsday’s boney protrusions shuddered under the stress of the attack. Green Lantern’s ring continuously changed it’s construct, Hal’s mind racing as he was pulled deeper and deeper into the snow, sharp, blunt, curved, hot, cold, anything, his ring becoming his imagination. Doomsday grabbed J’onn’s head and pulled down hard, wrenching the hero’s ductile body toward it’s limits. But the Manhunter didn’t stop. He kept blasting away at Doomsday, and pounding away with large green fists. Doomsday smiled as they dove lower and lower, and then they stopped, the sudden shock causing Hal to become distracted, and his attack to slow.

Kru’s eyes lit up again, and the Martian Manhunter burned. He screamed, and Hal flew toward Doomsday in the tight tunnel, only to be hit so hard his protective aura barely saved his head. J’onn writhed in pain as the flames overcame his body, and Doomsday blew below them all with arctic breathe, freezing a solid foundation for him to grab Green Lantern and leap back up toward the surface. Hal turned to face the creature as his head was released, but was punched again. And again. His aura was shuddering. The shield cracking. Again and again, a massive barrage of muscle and energy. Doomsday never tired, and the attack seemed to go on forever, punch after punch, blow after blow.

“GET OFF HIM!” screamed the Flash, as he climbed out of the tesseract exit. Reality shuddered around the hole in the black and blue globe that contained Superman’s Fortress of Solitude. Invisible cracks that fluctuated through real space and beyond. (It should be noted that Doomsday,

nor Green Lantern, heard the Flash shout. They more than likely heard this: "GiTHofM!"). He ran all around the creature, trying to topple him as Jay and he had Grayven a year ago in Keystone city, but the blows did nothing, and he had to pick up the pace somehow, amp up the attack. He didn't have time to. Doomsday's brain adapted to the attack, the subconscious pattern Barry Allen was running in, and his hand flashed out suddenly, and grabbed him by the leg. "AH!" Barry's leg was twisted, and muscles snapped and came loose, and the bones, only recently reset by a shaken Batman, shattered once more. He was thrown across the snow, and he bounced across the tundra once, twice, three times, then four. He fell into unconscious, and try as he might, couldn't help but welcome it.

Metropolis:

The Steelworks:

John Henry Irons couldn't move. He lay, twitching, on the cold stone floor of the converted Steelworks, his home, unable to form a coherent thought. The control matrix fused to his back smoked slightly, wisps floating above his body. Every now and then he could realize that somehow his neural pathways had been shocked by the feedback from his armor, rendering his brain basically useless. When that thought formed, he could have wept, but then his mind went blank again, and drool pooled in the corner of his mouth.

The Timestream:

A hole in reality formed, and out was spat a golden sphere that came hurtling towards the wreckage and debris below. It hit hard, bounced once, then came to a stop. The strange device binding itself to Rip came loose, and became inert once more. "Damn, damn, damn! Rookie mistake... As if there were rookies in this life..." He grunted, and pulled his ray gun from its holster and felt his sword by his leg. He shut down his craft. Every system but the time engine that allowed him to move between realities. He needed that ready. Everything else would reboot with a voice command, but that... He surveyed the scene outside. Where was he? He checked his readings. Yes. This was his home reality, where he had been only minutes before. But this wasn't right. It was a wreck.

And if the readings were right, and that massive glow that stood alone in the sky was correct, this was Metropolis. There was no one outside. He pulled open his door, and exited, ready for anything. He wasn't prepared for what happened next.

A manhole cover popped up, and a woman, dark skin and long dreadlocked hair, appeared. She wore a hood, and it disguised her features enough, but she was wearing rags, and Rip knew that this couldn't be possible. This was his Earth. It wouldn't be like this for... years. He put the thought away. "Mr. Hunter!"

"Who the hell are you, kiddo?"

"Kiddo?" the young woman looked outraged, "I'm nearly 30!"

"And I'm still your elder. Explain what just happened!"

"You know... Knew... Oh, he said time travel would be confusing. You know my uncle. And now, we all need to know you."

"How can I know this isn't some trap?"

"He said... He said the first time you met... You got him confused with someone else... That you called him... 'Black Steel'..."

"You..." He looked around, and sighed. He climbed all the way out of his ship, and then slammed the door of the craft shut. He took a key from around his neck and sealed it tight. "Don't get any ideas. This key is made up of my DNA. You have no idea how secure that makes this ship. And how painful it was to make it in the first place."

"We've got to hurry!"

Metropolis:

In transit:

They didn't talk for the first two minutes. He didn't look up to it, his face was drained of colour, his eyes dim when they used to be bright. She had enough. "What happened?!"

James Harper sighed. "..."

"Talk to me, dammit! I just risked the lives of our men for you!"

"Your men. Your men, Maggie. I'm no longer part of the unit."

"I don't understand any of this!"

"I LIED!" he shouted, causing her to jump back. "I lied."

"Then tell me the truth." She grabbed his hand, and the soldiers around them raised their weapons. "Oh come on, be more stupid. Y'think I'm going to hold his hand to freedom?" They lowered their weapons. "Talk to me."

Jim looked at her hand in his, and squeezed it as tight as he could, which wasn't that tightly at all. "I... I took part in a series of enhancements to my powers. The mechanics beneath my skin, they were old. Too old. From the 40s. They were beginning to rot. Can you imagine that? Rotting beneath my skin. So my superiors... I'm still a member of the military, they send me to Cadmus up in Washington. And they upgrade me. Remove my old hardware and update it. Monumentally. But they also... I don't know..." he pointed to his eyes. "They shot me up with a new drug. Something they were trying to develop as a way to gain new technology... They made my eyes... My mind... My consciousness pierced the walls of reality. And I saw into... Into a multiverse." Maggie looked at him, confused, and the soldiers too, who were listening in, didn't know what to make of it. "Every now and then I get flashes, but still... They think that's an asset. So they wanted me back. But I'm... I'm a national treasure," he scoffed, "so they had to be covert about it. So I had to hide. And hide I did, in plain sight. Drafted up false documents, got myself assigned to your unit as a 'DEO Attache', and they couldn't touch me. I was an active hero again, in the public eye."

"Why Metropolis?"

"Because of Superman." He laughed. "Which turned out to be a terrible mistake, him being missing and everything." Maggie nodded slowly. "But if he was here... He could help. The tests Cadmus did... I'm sure

they weren't legal."

"But why did they move on you now?"

"I don't know. Tying up loose ends maybe. Or they're on the verge of something big. I don't know but—"

"Chit-Chat's over, people! He's coming with us!" They hadn't noticed the vehicle stopping, but the beret wearing agent was at the opened doors, and there was a black helicopter in view just behind him. "We're taking him out of here. That means you can vamoosh, sweetheart."

The Guardian was halfway out of the truck when he said that. It earned the Agent a boot to the jaw, and above them, Caesar chuckled as he watched with Lightray. "Is that a signal?"

"I think..." started Caesar, "that the boss is seeing this through. And I think that was just a kick in the teeth. Sometimes a shoe is a shoe." He sniggered. "Good show, Harp."

The Agent fell to the floor, and the Guardian breathed in deeply. The cuffs were draining him of all his energy, and that action nearly made him fall to the floor, but it was worth it. "Show... Some... Respect... Soldier!" He gasped, before being lead to the helicopter.

"Grrruh..." mumbled the Agent, before taking the shield out of the van and heading towards the helicopter himself. "I hope I never see you again, Captain."

"HARPER!" she shouted, causing the hero to turn. "I..."

He winked at her, and then was pulled onto the helicopter. "Yeah." He shouted, "I do too."

Lightray turned to Caesar, both of them floating above the scene, "what does that mean?"

Caesar sighed heavily. "Nothing."

"Harper is going through with it then. What are you going to do?"

"Head back to the hotel. You?"

"I think I need to have my powers tested... Exposure to Radion... I do not know."

"Ok. Well, call me if anything comes up."

"I will," stated Lightray, before vanishing in a burst of light.

The Fortress Of Solitude:

"YIELD!" screamed Diana, wrestling with the creature known as Doomsday that towered over here.

"Not for some puny WOMAN!" shouted Doomsday, punching her in the face and causing her to fall to the ground. "I AM GOING TO MARCH TO METROPOLIS WITH MY ARMY, AND SNAP MY AILING BROTHERS NECK!"

"A-army?" whispered J'onn, before shifting his body into an ancient Martian battle formation, and enveloped the Kryptonian mutant. Doomsday simply inhaled, and then exhaled hard, the Martian flying outward and easily being caught with another burst of heat vision.

"We have your blood, Doomsday, we can cure Kal-El," came Wonder Woman, blood dripping from her nostril.

"Then I will make him kneel, unbroken, but ready to be snapped in half." He grinned from ear to ear.

"Forget about me, fugly?" Hal flew up to the air, and created an array of weaponry, and unleashed it all onto Doomsday, the snow melting all around him as he was engulfed in the barrage.

The air was full of weapons fire, no one could hear themselves think, until it cleared and there was an eerie silence, like the calm before a storm. A cloud of steam rose from the snow, so thick, and Hal didn't see the

hand that grabbed him by the throat before it was too late. “The problem with Green Lanterns... Forever and always... Is that you can’t KILL!”

Metropolis:

Halls of Justice:

Lightray walked into the Hall of Justice and was met by silence. “Hello?”

Ray Palmer, the Atom, popped his head out of the medical bay and smiled, “Sollis!”

“What is it Ray? Where is everyone?”

“The Fortress of Solitude...”

Lightray’s eyes lit up, “Has Superman been located?!”

“He’s in here.” Lightray ran through the corridor and entered the sterile room containing Kal-El, his skin pale and sickly, his frame gaunt and weak, machines pumping life into him.

“Oh... Highfather.” His eyes darted over the fallen hero’s body, and then widened. “He’s suffering from immense radiation poisoning, as if he has fallen through a... Through a star!”

“How can you tell?” inquired Charles McNider.

“I have special eyes,” nodded Sollis, not noticing the wry smile on McNider’s face.

“Friends, a communication is coming through the Monitor Womb,” barked the Chief over the intercom, as the others hurried to see him.

“Why are you here, Sollis?” inquired Atom as they ran through the halls.

“I was exposed to an element that sapped my solar energy reserves, Radiation, and I wanted to know the extent of the damage...”

“We’ll get right on it after—”

"The League has secured the sample! I repeat: the League has secured the sample!" It was Batman! Bleeding from wounds on his face, blood dribbling from his mouth and nose, but it was him! *"Wonder Woman and Manhunter have Doomsday occupied outside... I don't know how long for... Flash's gone, I think I saw Doomsday break his legs, and Lantern's... Doomsday punched him so hard his protective aura cracked... We have no way out. We have no back door."* Batman took a breath, icy air leaving his chaffed and bloody lips, *"Was able to rig the Kryptonian technology into a rudimentary matter transit matrix..."*

"Rudimentary," smiled Caulder glumly.

"Am sending..." The Dark Knight looked off screen, as a shadow crept towards him, *"Good Lord..."*

The line cut out suddenly, leaving the four men standing alone in the monitor womb. "What now?"

"Look!" shouted Palmer, as a vial of liquid appeared in front of them. "He got it through!"

"Begin analysis straight away," ordered Caulder, wheeling himself back toward the medical rooms. "We need to know what it'll do to Superman. We have tissue samples ready for testing..."

"Excuse me, what?"

"What's wrong, Sollis?"

"Superman can barely function without the support of your machines, and you're going to waste what little of that life blood we have?"

"We cannot be sure if..."

Lightray's eyes sparked, and the world slowed to a stop. He stepped between seconds, and took the vial, and then ran to Superman's side. Reality suddenly sparked back to life as the doors leading to the medical bay slammed shut.

“Dammit!”

“What just happened?”

“He took the sample! And he’s locked us out!”

Ray Palmer pressed a button on his belt and began to shrink. “I’ll fix this.”

“Kal-El, you are dying, and the world needs you,” stated Lightray as he took a syringe and removed the blood of Kru-El from the vial and into the hypodermic. “You are needed, right now. Your friends are dying.

Superman stirred from his coma, and muttered quietly, “Leeague...”

“This will hurt.” Lightray injected the blood into the Kryptonian’s neck and then placed his hands over Kal-El’s face. “And this will hurt even more.” He released all his solar energy, what little he had left after the attack by the government operatives, and poured sunlight into the body of Superman.

The Kryptonian hero convulsed and seized, the dark blood rushing through his body, multiplying at an accelerated rate due to the energy rushing through his cells. DNA restructured, solar cells began to charge, and his body began to repair itself. Internal bleeding ceased, and leaking vital fluids returned to their rightful place, and blood clots dissolved and were sucked back into the bloodstream.

Superman gasped as his lungs burst to life, oxygen being sucked into his organs and causing the medical bay to shake as most of the air was sucked out of it, but Lightray grit his teeth, his hands tight around the hero’s face.

“He’s... healing,” uttered McNider, “care to speculate?”

Caulder wiped his glasses and shook his head, “I think... I think... (This is amazing...) Lightray is utilizing his own New God physiology to exponentially increase the reaction of the blood transfusion... But if Sollis is draining his own solar energy reserves...”

“He came here drained already.” McNider turned to Caulder. “My God. I’ll ready the sun lamps.”

Doomsday Countdown. 5:

Rip Hunter climbed through the sewers, following the young woman. “Who are you?”

“That can wait, Mr. Hunter, but this is important.”

“But me being dragged through the time vortex isn’t?”

“You’ll see,” they came to a stop outside a small room, a large circular door inside. “We’re here.” She leaned in towards a small control panel beside the entrance. “*Infinitor*” The door creaked open. Inside, was a television set, plugged in to a massive computer. And a microphone.

“What is this?”

“This? This whole set up... This... These,” she corrected herself, “these are the last words of John Henry Irons, the last superhero, my uncle.” Natasha Irons smiled, and then ushered him forward. “He wants to speak to you.”

Doomsday Countdown. 4:

“I CAN FEEL!” He screamed to life as he jerked up out of his bed, muscles growing back from empty husks, veins pumped Kryptonian blood back into organs and he. Could. Feel! He looked around, Lightray slumped over on the floor, and he stepped down and picked him up, carrying him in his arms. He could lift someone up! He could use his legs! His eyes could see beyond the spectrums that humans could! He could hear heartbeats beyond the walls of the room, familiar heartbeats, people he’s met before! McNider, AKA Doctor Midnite, Niles Caulder, AKA The Chief, and Ray Palmer, his teammate, AKA The Atom! He lay Lightray down on another bed, and turned as the others entered the room. “I’m back. What have I missed?” The others looked at him, their

jaws low on their faces.

“You’re...”

“I’ve been suffering from extreme radiation poisoning caused by—” He looked around. He lessened his control on his hearing. “The League. Where?”

“Kal, that’s the thing,” spluttered the Atom, “They’re at the Fortress of Solitude, they’re fighting—”

Superman’s eyes turned to slits. “Kru-El.”

“How did you—” Caulder started. He stopped himself.

“I need my uniform.” He vanished for a moment, then reappeared clad in the yellow, blue and red. His cape was resting just below his knees, flapping in the sudden influx of wind he had created by his super speed movement. “Thank you.”

The three doctors nodded. “You’re welcome.”

“Now,” he said, turning to Lightray, “help him.” And with that, Superman lifted up in the air, and headed for his Fortress of Solitude, and his bastard brother, Kru-El, the creature known as Doomsday.

Doomsday Countdown. 3:

After waiting for what seemed like hours, Maggie watched as the helicopter lifted up, carrying Jim Harper, a criminal, away. She struggled to hold back the tears. She then turned back to where Nemo Smith waited with a squad car, and he nodded slowly. Nemo was a new comer to Metropolis, from St. Roch, and was brutally effective when dealing with metahumans. A hard ass to those who didn’t know him, but Maggie had got to know all these people pretty well as they trained together as a unit. He welcomed her with open arms, and embraced her tightly. “It’ll be ok, Captain. He’ll be back.”

“Yeah,” she sighed, “yeah.”

THRAKAKOOM!

“God!” shouted Nemo, “What was THAT?”

“Look over there,” screamed Maggie in reply, the noise still causing their ears to ring. “In the bay!”

“That’s... Omigod, there’s been an explosion in Stryker’s!” Nemo looked as people began to fly out of the smoke, and began to head toward the city. Bursts of energy were visible, as criminals began to head for the city, ready and willing to cause havoc.

“We need to mobilize the team!” roared Maggie, as she grabbed her radio, “heavy duty this time, we need all the technology at our disposal! THERE’S BEEN A BREAKOUT AT STRYKER’S ISLAND!”

Doomsday Countdown. 2:

Caesar spun around. The air was still. No movement. Caesar was not the kind of person to be needlessly afraid. Quite the opposite, the level of bravado he possessed allowed him some kind of shield of fearlessness, but don’t get the impression he has never experienced fear. His sister is trapped in a coma that none of his powers can bring her out of. His parents... His parents... The air was still. No movement. The calm before the storm. The stillness in the air began to change. A wind swept up.

Where was the Justice League?

Dying in the snow.

Metropolis was alone! He saw the crowd roar as it approached him. It reminded him of those epic war films he used to watch. This was the cavalry. But not his cavalry. His eyes widened. He was alone. Metropolis was alone. Alone and besieged by the escaped inhabitants of Stryker’s Island!

Doomsday Countdown. 1:

“You... Will... Not... Pass...” Wonder Woman struggled to stand, her body broken and bruised, perfect skin bleeding and torn. Blood stained the snow. Around the Fortress of Solitude, patches of red littered the ice fields. The Justice League was down to their last member.

Doomsday smiled. His boney protrusions were cracked in places, knocked out in others, and there were dents in his indestructible hide, fist shaped dents, probably from Martian Manhunter. “You will kneel before me, as others did before my General.”

“I’d rather die,” spat Diana. Defiant till the end.

“That can be arranged,” grinned the maelstrom of destruction before her,

“No more death,” came a voice. Calm. Strong. Complete.

Doomsday’s black eyes widened. “Brother.”

Superman stepped in front of Diana. “This ends now.”

Doomsday Countdown. 0:

To be Concluded!

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