

WARNING: Masters of Doom is a rated MA series. Reader discretion is advised.

AND THERE CAME A DAY, A DAY UNLIKE ANY OTHER. A DAY WHEN FOUR VILLAINS CAME TOGETHER TO SAVE THE WORLD FROM GALACTUS. ON THAT DAY, THE MASTERS OF DOOM DISBANDED. OR DID THEY?

MASTERS OF DOOM

The World's Most Dangerous Villains

-EPISODE 21-

ME AND THE BOYS

1 Year Ago

“Well the world didn’t blow up, so I’d say that’s a good start!” Cylus Raise exclaimed. Carly Alvarez stood across from him in her home in Fairfield, Ohio, holding her head in distress.

“You nearly died, Cylus.” She scolded. “Then where would that leave me and Joey? I just got you back!”

“I was fighting to save the Earth!” Cylus exclaimed. “I think that’s a good reason to almost die!”

“You are completely missing my point Cylus!” Carly cried. “The world was ending! You should have been here with us! Your family! Your...” She quieted her tone. “Your son.”

“I... I’m sorry.” Cylus apologized, taking her hands. “Truly. I want to spend more time with you, and Joey.”

“Then stay.” She coaxed, rubbing his arm. “Put your super villain days in the past. Leave the Masters of Doom. Stay with us. Stay with me.” They touched their foreheads together. “Promise me you’ll give Joey the father he never had.”

“I promise.” Cylus smiled. “I’ll let Julian know that I’m out. As of right now, Gravity Master is no longer a member of the Masters of Doom. How’s that sound?”

“Wonderful.” Carly replied. The two kissed. Then...

BOOM!

Cylus slowly opened his eyes. His ears were ringing, and Carly's house was on fire.

"Cylus!" He heard her weakly cry.

"Carly!" Cylus noticed a metal rod had impaled him. He grabbed and pulled it out, taking on the pain, driven by his determination to save Carly. He stood up and found her trapped under a large wooden beam. Cylus hurried over and grabbed it, trying to lift.

"I... can't... lift it..." He grunted.

"Cylus..." Carly gasped.

"My... My Gravity Gauntlets are in the jet! It's just down the road, hold on while I..."

"Cylus!" Carly reached out and grasped his arm. "Save our son." Cylus paused with hesitation, then nodded in agreement and rushed toward what was left of the staircase.

"Joey!" He called, leaping a gap to the second floor, barely moving from the piece of the house that shattered beneath him. "Joey! Where are you?"

"Mr. Raise!" Joey cried from his bedroom door. Cylus tried the handle but it was locked. He kicked it down and ran in to find Joey behind his bed.

"Is Mom safe?" He asked.

"I gotta get you first, kid, come on." He grabbed Joey by the arm and ran for the door just as it caved in. "S**t!" He swore. He elbowed the window and shattered it.

"We're on the second floor!" Joey cried.

“I know.” Cylus hugged Joey, then leapt out the window, and slammed against the roof shingles. “Ahhh!” He groaned, as he rolled off of the roof, then twisted so that he’d take the brunt, and hit the grass with a thud.

“Ooooo!” He cried.

“Are you okay Mr. Raise?” Joey asked, helping him up.

“I’m fine.” He said. “Now go get to safety, I have to get your mom...”

BOOM! BANG! KABAM!

The house exploded several times, and collapsed to the ground.

“CARLY!” Cylus screamed.

“MOM!” Joey shouted. Cylus fell to his knees, tears streaming down his face.

“No...” He gasped. “She... she’s gone...”

“No she’s not!” Joey whimpered. “Don’t say that! She’s still in there! She has to be!”

“Damn it kid! She’s gone!” Cylus shouted. “She... she’s gone...”

“Look over here, I thought I heard something.” Someone called.

“Down!” Cylus ordered, grabbing Joey.

“Hey! Let g-” Cylus cut Joey off by covering his mouth and dragging him behind some debris. Men with guns began shifting through the wreckage. Cylus took note of their uniforms: Black and gray mesh armor, with masks, goggles, and the E.G.G. logo on their chests and shoulders. At that moment Justin Hammer approached, holding a Midsummer Night.

“Well that did some damage!” He exclaimed. “Geez, I hope no one lived here.” He activated a communicator, and Norman Osborn’s face appeared.

“Osborn...” Cylus coldly hissed.

“What is it Hammer?” Norman asked. “I’m busy.”

“Yeah, yeah, running things from the shadows.” Hammer said. “I just wanted to let you know that we hit the target you gave us. I don’t know why you wanted to test the most dangerous weapon in E.G.G.’s arsenal on a residential home in middle-of-nowhere Ohio, but I don’t ask questions.”

“As you shouldn’t.” Norman replied. “Very good Hammer. Await your next assignment.”

“Yeah, okay. But hey, you think you could do your shadowy influence thing and get Fury to fast track the H.A.M.M.E.R. uniforms? Because I feel like he’s dragging his feet on purpose and I don’t want to keep repping E.G.G., you know? I mean, these guys put me away for crying out loud!”

“Moron.” Norman groaned, cutting the transmission.

“I’ll take that as a hard maybe.” Hammer noted. “Okay, pack up boys, I hear sirens!” The agents aborted their search and followed Hammer offsite. Cylus stood up and let go of Joey.

“Go after them!” Joey shouted.

“What?” Cylus asked.

“You’re a superhero!” Joey yelled, tears in his eyes. “Those guys killed my mom! Go after them! Stop them!”

“There’s too many, armed to the teeth! I don’t even have my gear! I’d be killed!”

“You’re a coward!” Joey accused. Cylus grabbed his arm.

“Listen here you little brat...”

“Get OFF!” Joey yelled, pulling away. “She was just your friend, but she was my Mom! And now she’s gone!” Joey wiped tears, but they kept coming. “It was just us, and now I have no one! I’m... alone...”

“No you’re not.” Cylus said. Joey looked up at him.

“What do you mean?” He asked.

“Surprise kid, I’m your mother f*****g father.”

11 Months Ago

Cylus pulled up next to an old warehouse.

“Wait in the car.” He said to Joey.

“No!” Joey defied.

“Kid, I said wait in the car!” Cylus asserted. Joey folded his arms and looked out the window. Cylus rolled his eyes and got out. He approached a crate with the Cybertek logo on it, then heard shooting inside.

“Right place.” He said to himself. He pulled the door open to find dead bodies strewn across the floor. He stepped over them and into a room where two Cybertek guards were unloading their weapons.

“I said freeze!” One shouted before he was riddled with bullets and killed. The other one continued to fire, as the cyborg Deathlok stalked towards him, choked him, and lifted him into the air.

“You ruined my life.” He said. “And now I’ll end yours.” He snapped the guard’s neck and dropped him to the ground.

“Tommy!” Cylus called. Deathlok looked over his shoulder.

“I’m pretty sure us being even was contingent on you not following me.” He growled, aiming his gun. “Now you’re dead.”

“Do it.” Cylus said, opening his arms. Deathlok squinted suspiciously with his human eye.

“No Gravity Master gear.” He noted. He scanned the area. “No backup. Do the other Masters of Doom know you’re here?”

“I haven’t seen them since that day at Oscorp.” Cylus admitted. “I need a new team.”

“Don’t know why you would-”

“Carly is dead.” Cylus interrupted.

“Good.”

“You don’t mean that Tommy! We fought in the war together man! Come on! All I got left is her kid.”

“Maybe you don’t recall, but you’re the reason I’m like this!”

“Cybertek did this to you! And it’s not like I don’t have scars of my own Tommy!” He shouted, pointing toward his burned face.

“Please, those aren’t war scars, some girl from E.G.G. did that to you.”

“That doesn’t matter, look, I’ve got no team, no friends. No purpose. All I have is Osborn.” Deathlok was alerted.

“You’re going after him?” He asked.

“He’s responsible for Carly’s death.” Cylus replied.

“All those months I was trapped in Oscorp... He wasn’t trying to cure me, Osborn and that Smythe idiot were poking... prodding... dissecting... Cybertek has their spot on my list, but if you’re going after Osborn...” He put his gun away. “I guess we could work together. For now.”

“Good.” Cylus said, holding out his hand. “Brother.”

“We aren’t there yet.” Tommy replied, grasping his hand. “Temporary ally will do for now.” They walked out of the warehouse and to the car. Cylus opened the passenger seat door.

“Back seat. Now.” He ordered.

“Why?” Joey complained.

“Because I said so! Move it!” Cylus barked. Joey groaned, got out, then noticed Deathlok.

“Ah!” He screamed. “That’s the cyborg that tried to kill me and Mom a few years ago!”

“And now he’s on our side.” Cylus said.

“Yeah, don’t worry kid.” Tommy said. “I won’t kill you. Yet.”

“Give is rest Ritz.” Cylus said, getting into the car.

“What? Just having a little fun.” He replied, as they drove off, Joey frightened the entire time.

8 Months Ago

“Sorry man.” Wally Jones apologized, standing across from Cylus on a pier. “But I’m on a quest of my own.”

“Jones, this is Osbron we’re talking about!” Cylus shouted. “He turned on us, he killed Harry, he killed Carly!”

“I know.” Wally replied. “And believe me, I want to help, but... Let’s face it, I was never much use on the team. You guys recruited me as a joke.”

“As a fall guy, actually, but that’s not important...” Cylus muttered.

“Look man, after me and Mara called it off, I had two choices. Go back to robbing banks in my Gyro Ball, or do something meaningful with my life. So I decided to follow up on my little Time Storm revelation.”

“Your dad...” Cylus recalled.

“That S-O-B killed my mom in cold blood and he’s still out there. I gotta find him, and I’m gonna kill him.”

“I respect that.” Cylus replied. He held out his hand. “Best of luck to you, old friend.”

“You too man.” He said, shaking. “Mara might be willing to help, but I wouldn’t trust her. You never know when she might cheat you. Get it? Cheat? Because she cheated on me?” Cylus shook his head.

“Don’t change, Jones.” He said with a smile. Just then the boat horn bellowed.

“Welp, that’s my cue!” Wally said. “I was able to bum a ride across the bay with a very kind pig farmer who…” Wally covered his mouth, and Cylus looked sharply at him.

“What did you just say?” He growled.

“I regret it immediately!” Wally cried, running off as Cylus chased him.

“I HATE PIGS!!!!!!”

5 Months Ago

“Another round?” Frankie asked Cylus, who was sitting at an empty stool in the Bar With No Name.

“Sure thing Frankie.” He said, as she slid him a drink. Joey rushed up and tapped Cylus.

“I’m out of money for the pinball machine.” He complained.

“Tough luck.” Cylus replied.

“Oh, okay.” Joey sighed. “It’s just that… well you haven’t caught Norman Osborn yet, and the more I think about my Mom’s killer being on the streets, I just… get so nervous, and the only thing that could possibly calm me down is pinball. But I’m out of money, so…”

“Give it a rest you little swindler.” Cylus scolded.

“Oh for crying out loud, here kid.” A girl said, handing him a dollar. “Go nuts.”

“Thanks lady!” Joey exclaimed, rushing off.

“You didn’t have to do that.” Cylus said. “I’ll pay you back...” He looked up and found himself face to face with Eileen Wuthrich.

“Crap! Wuthrich!” He cried, leaping up. “I don’t know how you found me, but it’ll be the last thing you ever-”

“Calm your tits.” She said. “I’m not Eileen.”

“Like hell!”

“Okay, sit down and pay attention because I’m only going to explain this once.” She demanded. Cylus noted that her eyes were red, which was certainly not her typical ‘Rainbow Eyes’ as Julian would put it, so he slowly and cautiously sat back down.

“Good boy. Now, years ago, Eileen died. Tanner Powell killed her. Then Acacia gave her Extremis and it brought her back. But no one knew how Extremis would interact with the X-Gene, and apparently it splits the mutant side of a person into a completely separate personality. Me. You can call me Deb.”

“So... Not Eileen?”

“No. Eileen’s a boring do-gooder that doesn’t know how to have a good time. I am much more... liberal.”

“Okay, but can Eileen see me?”

“She chooses when she wants to be... ‘awake’ for lack of a better word. But 99 percent of the time she’d rather not know what I’m doing. So no, she has no idea we’re talking.”

“Oh, well okay then.” Cylus settled down a bit, but was still uneasy. “So what are you doing here?”

“Well, my passé other half is getting hitched tomorrow. So I’m enjoying her last night as a single woman, since she’s too much of a wet blanket to have a bachelorette party. I was insistent she get married on a Thursday so that I could have this moment!”

“Wait, she only lets you out on Wednesdays?” Cylus asked.

“Yep.” She said, taking a sip of her beer. “Pretty great, right? I get one whole day a week to raise hell, then back to my cage.”

“That’s not fair.” Cylus pointed out.

“Well I can’t do anything about it. Anyways, this bachelorette party blows, I’ve been drinking alone in a bar all night, and I’ve seen no action, so I’m gonna call it.”

“You alright to drive?” Cylus asked.

“I fly. And my Darkstream powers multiply my metabolism by ten times, so I burn right through the liquor I drank. Which is good, so little Eileen never knows I was drinking. She doesn’t drink.”

“Geez, she is a wet blanket.” Cylus said. “Well hey, the night is young, and a buddy of mine and I were about to go take down a H.A.M.M.E.R. testing facility. You wanna come?”

“H.A.M.M.E.R?” Deb asked. “What’s that?”

“They took over E.G.G. Led by Justin Hammer, secretly funded by Norman Osborn.
What do you say?” Deb looked at her watch.

“Wedding’s not for another 12 hours.” She smiled, as red energy gathered on her hands.
“Let’s raise some hell.”

2 Months Ago

“How many of these things are there!?” Deathlok shouted, firing machine guns on his arms and taking out flying spider-like robots.

“Just keep fighting!” Gravity Master yelled back, gripping a bunch of them in a gravity field and crunching them into a ball.

“Ritz is right, we’re not making any headway!” Darkstream called, floating in the air and incinerating as many as she could. “The more we scrap the more he throws at us!”

“Smythe you coward! Show yourself!” Gravity Master called. Alistair Smythe’s face soon appeared on a screen.

“Why? So you can kill me?” He asked. “I don’t think so Mr. Raise. Besides, you and your friends seem quite occupied with my Spider-Slayers, so I think I’ll take my leave. Good day.” The screen cut out.

“He’s in here somewhere!” Deathlok yelled. Cylus scanned the room, then spotted a blast door.

“Hrrrrr...” He groaned, reaching out and gripping it with a gravitational field. It creaked, crunched, then ripped off of the hinges. Behind it Smythe was wheeling away in his wheelchair.

“Oh dear.” He said. He tried to wheel faster but Darkstream shot an energy blast and blew the wheelchair to pieces.

“Ah, ah, ah.” She warned, landing in front of him and lighting up her hands. Deathlok rushed to the computer and attached his cybernetic arm to it, hacking it and shutting down the Spider-Slayers. Gravity Master walked up to Smythe and kicked him onto his back.

“Agh,” he groaned. “What do you want from me fool?”

“Osborn.” Gravity Master growled.

“You think I’m still working for Osborn!” Smythe exclaimed. “Then you’re more foolish than I initially believed! He’s the reason I’m bound to a blasted chair! Or did you forget he turned on me too?”

“Serves you right.” Deathlok said. “Prodding me like a lab rat. He’s useless, can we kill him now?”

“Oh, yes please!” Darkstream cheered, gathering energy on her hands.

“Wait! WAIT!” Smythe pleaded.

“Hold up Deb.” Gravity Master said.

“Ugh.” She groaned, putting her hands on her hips.

“I can help you! You’re getting the team back together it looks like…” He gave Darkstream a once over. “Newer members notwithstanding… I can upgrade your tech! The initial deal you had with Osborn!”

“Hard. Pass.” Deathlok growled.

“I got an extensive look at your cybernetics Mr. Ritz! I can enhance you ten times anything Cybertek could produce! And Cylus! Your Gravity Gauntlets could be improved!”

“Not buying it Smythe.” Gravity Master said.

“I- I also worked under Norman for years! Imagine the insider information I have! Your aimless wondering could be turned into targeted assaults! I can help! Please!”

“Can I kill him now?” Darkstream whined.

“No.” Gravity Master replied. “He says he can be useful, so let’s let him prove it.” He got down close to Smythe. “And if he can’t, then he’s all yours.” Smythe gulped.

1 Month Ago

“You’re kidding me.” Deborah groaned. She, Cylus, Tommy and Joey all stood outside of a strip club labeled *Lady Luck’s Lounge*.

“Let’s go.” Cylus said.

“I’m not old enough to go in there!” Joey pointed out.

“It’ll do you some good to see this in real life.” Cylus replied. “Because if I walk in on you watching porn again, I’m probably going to kill you.”

“It was your laptop!” Joey accused.

“That you said you needed for school!” Cylus shot back.

“You left all your tabs open!”

“You didn’t have to click on them!”

“Boys!” Deborah interrupted. “Can we get a move on please? Eileen’s gonna wake up in a few hours and if she finds herself here, well... I can’t say she’d be surprised, but she’ll definitely be pissed, now let’s go!”

“Fine.” Cylus said. They all entered to find many women in various states of undress dancing around on stages. Joey’s mouth fell wide open as Cylus pulled him along.

“Sickening.” Deborah growled in disgust. “Women wasting their talents to pleasure men.”

“Is that a little Eileen seeping through?” Tommy asked.

“No!” Deborah denied. “I just think they could be so much more... especially considering who runs this place.”

“Speaking of.” They got to the back where two huge men stopped them.

“You got an appointment with the boss?” One asked.

“Tell him it’s Cylus Raise. He’ll see us.” Cylus said.

“No one in without an appointment.” The other stated.

“Fine.” Cylus said. The next second both men were blasted through the door with a gravity pulse.

“Knock, knock.” Tommy said, as they walked in.

“Son of gun.” In front of them, sitting behind a large desk with giant stacks of money all around it was Julian Woodfin. “As I live and breathe, Cylus Raise.”

“Hey Julian.” He said. “Sorry about your guys.”

“They’ll walk it off.” He said, stepping off of from behind the desk. “How the hell are you man?”

“Been better. We have a situation. And things have... changed.” Deborah stepped into the room.

“Say what!” Julian shouted. He slammed his fists together and his Scramble Gauntlets materialized.

“Wait! It’s not Eileen!” Cylus quickly stated.

“She already done tricked y’all once with this bull!” Julian shouted. “I was the only one that didn’t fall for it!”

“Put your arms down or I’m gonna tear them off.” Deborah threatened.

“I’d like to see you try Rainbow Eyes!” Julian growled.

“Challenge accepted.” Deborah’s arms lit up.

“Okay!” Cylus shouted, getting between them. “Julian, I’ve been rolling with Deb for months now. She’s cold blooded. It’s Eileen’s body, yes, but when Deb takes over it’s like a completely different person! Come on man, trust me on this one.”

“Trust you?” Julian said. “Nah man, you roll up in here after who knows how many months later with Wuthrich, that Cyborg dude that tried to kill us, and... is that your son!? Why ain’t he with his Mama?”

“Because she’s dead.” Cylus replied. “That’s why we’re here. She was killed. By Osborn.”

“And now you’re talking about Osborn!” Julian exclaimed. He held up his hands. “Nah man, look, it’s good to see you, and I’m sorry for your loss, but Osborn, Doom, E.G.G., I’m through with all that.”

“Really? Done hunting Westbrook?” Deborah snorted. “That’s hard to believe.”

“When was the last time I came at y’all? Hm?” He asked. “Matter of fact, Westbrook’s come to me for info on his teleporting chick a few times in the past year, and I helped him! So yeah, we’re square. What can I say? I guess killin’ Doctor Douchebag brought us together. I ain’t seen you with him though, Rainbow Eyes. What’s your game Wuthrich?”

“First of all, look my eyes. They’re red. Secondly, I’m not Eileen, my name is Deb, and Eileen’s not even called Wuthrich anymore, she’s married now, it’s Nestman. And third, I’m here to help Cylus take down Osborn, so get with it, or I’m gonna make wish you had.”

Julian gave her a once over.

“You’re Darkstream, ain’t you?” He asked.

“Yeah? And?” Deborah replied. Julian laughed.

“Well s**t, that’s all you had to say!” He shook her hand. “I’m actually honored to meet you. So the public really eats up that story about you being Eileen’s evil clone?”

“Her husband wrote the Daily Bugle exclusive to cover her.” Deborah replied. “The fools took him at his word.”

“Alright.” Julian put his on his hips. “Exactly what kinda mess did y’all get yourselves into?”

“Justin Hammer took over E.G.G.” Cylus replied. “He’s just a patsy though, Osborn is behind it. We’ve been busting down H.A.M.M.E.R. operation all around the country, that weasel Smythe has actually proved useful. But they’re getting smarter, ramping up their artillery, getting ready for us.”

“So where do I come in?” Julian inquired.

“You’re the Kingpin of Crime, aren’t you?” Cylus asked.

“No.” Julian quickly denied. “I’m a crime boss with territory in Brooklyn. You call me the Kingpin in the wrong hood, I’m gonna have some nasty guys knockin’ at my door. That’s a whole other dude.”

“But you are well connected?”

“I got some contacts. What you need?”

“A power up.”

“Hm...” Julian thought for a bit. “I did have some of my guys at S.H.I.E.L.D. tell me they’re doin’ a Gravitonium transport in a few weeks.”

“That stuff Hall used to become Graviton? Perfect!” Cylus exclaimed.

“That sounds very familiar.” Deborah stated.

“It should. Eileen’s supposed to be the super powered escort.” Julian informed.

“You think you can get her out of the picture?” Cylus asked.

“Easily.” Deborah replied.

“Alright, give me the when and where.” Cylus said. “You know, we could always use Scramble on the team.”

Julian sat in his chair.

“Spent a lotta time tryin’ to get mine. Escape the shadow of Doom. Get control of my team from Osborn. I’m finally in a good spot.” He exhaled. “But... Osborn messed up. He turned on me, took down my team, killed Harry. Julian Woodfin don’t keep no L’s on his record. I’m in.”

“Thank you.” Cylus thanked.

“Bet. And one more thing.” The gauntlets began to vibrate. “They call me Mister Scrambler now.”

1 Week Ago

Cylus stood behind a tree, waiting for the S.H.I.E.L.D. convoy to pass by.

“This is taking too long.” He said. “They should have been here an hour ago.”

“Have they aborted?” Smythe asked over comms.

“Nah, this is time sensitive.” Julian replied.

“Then you think they’d be on time!” Cylus growled.

“Movement.” Deathlok reported. “Deb’s with ‘em. Or Eileen.”

“She was supposed to take Eileen to Mexico!” Cylus cried.

“Well she looks like she just flew across the country in a party dress, so...” Deathlok noted.

“I guess they was waitin’ on her.” Julian replied.

“You can’t fight Lightstream alone. Abort.” Smythe informed.

“No, we can back him up.” Deathlok replied.

“They need to think I’m acting alone, especially if Eileen is involved now.” Cylus said.

He took a few breaths and put his Gravity Master visor on. “Don’t worry. I’ve got a plan.”

Suddenly Eileen landed and held out her hand, causing the other agents and the convoy to do so as well.

“Dang it, she heard me.” Gravity Master said. “Now or never.”

“Watch yourself man.” Julian said.

“Always.” He ripped a tree out of the ground in a gravitational field and chucked it. It soared past the agents and slammed into an APC.

“Contact! Open fire!” The agents began firing into the trees. Eileen flew upward and lit up her fists. Gravity Master pulled up a rock and levitated out, all of the bullets stopping just in front of his face in a gravitational field.

“I think you’ve got something that belongs to me.” He called.

“Cylus Raise.” Eileen said. “Where are the rest of the Losers of Doom?”

“I haven’t seen those guys in months.” Gravity Master lied. He pulled two trees out of the ground and sent them at Eileen. She dodged one, blasted the other, then sped into him at top speed and crashed them both into the ground.

“I got a shot.” Deathlok anxiously replied.

“That’s still Deb in there, chill Robocop.” Julian said. “Cylus got this.”

“What do you want the Gravitonium for!” Eileen shouted.

“Um, isn’t that obvious?” Gravity Master gripped the ground and sent out a pulse, knocking Eileen off of him. He levitated himself back up. “A power up!” He sent out another pulse, which knocked Eileen back and flipped some of the APC’s.

“Ugh!” Eileen groaned. She stood up and blasted him with lightning.

“Ahhhhh!” He cried in pain. He reached out his hand and ripped the door off of an APC, then pulled it toward him, slamming it right into Eileen’s back.

“Gah!” She groaned, falling to the ground.

“Good hit!” Julian complimented. Gravity Master laughed and approached her.

“You know, this is a real step down from your costume, ‘Lightstream’. You look like you just went clubbing! And where are your shoes?”

“Shut up.” Eileen groaned, punching him into a tree.

“Ah!” He growled. He looked up and noticed the agents, standing by, then he got an idea. He levitated once more, and began to lift some S.H.I.E.L.D. agents off of the ground.

“Whoa!” They cried.

“Put them down Raise!” Eileen shouted.

“Catch!” Gravity Master pitched five agents across the forest.

“AAAAHHHHHHH!” They screamed.

“No!” Eileen took off.

“She’s gone!” Smythe said.

“Window’s closing though.” Deathlok informed. “Get the goods and let’s go.”

Cylus began walking towards the back of the convoy.

“Stop right there!” An agent yelled, but Gravity Master merely flicked his hand and sent a group of them flying back into the trucks. He gripped the door of the overturned APC and ripped it off. Whitney Frost aimed a gun at him.

“Back up hotshot.” She ordered.

“Are you Whitney Frost?” He asked. “What the heck, you’re a freaking movie star.”

“And an Agent of S.H.I.E.L.D.” She replied. “Now, we can do this the easy way, or the yikes!” She shrieked as Gravity Master dragged her out with gravity and tossed her into the dirt.

“Sorry about that.” He said, ripping open the containment unit.

“Use the canister I gave you.” Smythe informed, as Gravity Master took a small metal canister from his waist and held it forth. The Gravitonium began to shift and form into it.

“Carefully now, it’s a delicate substance.”

“I got it Smythe.” He said. The last of the Gravitonium was drained, and he capped it.

“Clear out, Nestman is on her way back, with a friend.” Deathlok warned.

“I’m gone.” Gravity Master turned to leave, then looked back quickly at Whitney. “By the way, loved the full-frontal nude scene in *Beyond Exposure*. Truly inspired Ms. Frost.”

“Ugh, pig.” She groaned.

“What did you just say!” Gravity Master exclaimed.

“Dude, we ain’t got time! Move it!” Julian demanded.

“I hate pigs!” Gravity Master shouted, as he hurried off and disappeared into the forest.

Present Day

“Do you know what you’re doing Smythe?” Cylus asked, standing in a large glass pod.

“Do not insult my intelligence, Mr. Raise.” Smythe replied, typing at a computer. “Also, this Latverian technology makes it all too easy.”

“Figured you’d like that.” Julian said. “Since Doom is deep sixed, his secret labs in New York are up for the taking. Luckily, I know where all of ‘em are at.”

“Speaking of, how are you liking your new upgrades, Mr. Ritz?” Smythe asked.

“Hate to admit it,” Tommy said, examining a shiny new metal arm. “But I give credit where credit’s due. Good work Smythe.”

“Good to hear. Now then, Mr. Raise, there may be some... discomfort.”

“Is it gonna hurt?” Cylus asked.

“Don’t be a baby.” Deborah said.

“What’s gonna happen to him Mr. Smythe?” Joey asked.

“Well, once I’ve infused the Gravitonium into your father, he’ll be able to manipulate gravity without the use of his gauntlets.” Smythe explained.

“Okay.” Joey looked up in concern. “You sure about this?”

“100 percent.” Cylus replied. “If I could’ve used gravity without the gauntlets a year ago, I...” He cleared his throat. “I could have saved your mother. I don’t make the same mistake twice.” He looked down at Joey. “I’ll be okay kid.”

“You better be.” Joey said. “You’re all I got left.” Cylus half smiled, and nodded.

“Are you ready?” Smythe asked.

“Crank up the machine.” Cylus said.

“And two-step it Smythe.” Julian said. “Cause I got chatter of a H.A.M.M.E.R. experiment gone rogue downtown.”

“In that case,” Smythe slammed a button. The pod lit up and Gravitonium began to seep in from the edges, and morph around Cylus.

“AAAAAHHHHHHH!!!!!!!!!!!!!!” He screamed.

* * *

Downtown, police officers fired desperately at a rather large Russian woman in an exoskeleton suit bearing the logo of a hammer inside of a circle, who was smashing and hurling cars.

“Get on the ground!” An officer shouted.

“Haha! You are so puny and weak!” The woman shouted, picking him by the legs and the neck and bending him backwards.

“Aaaarrrrggggghhhh!!!!!!!!!!” He cried in pain. A violent crack came from his back and she dropped his body.

“Oh God!” A female officer shrieked. She tried to run but the woman caught her by the leg and slammed her into the ground multiple times like a ragdoll, then dropped her body on top of the first officer.

“Bah! They die too quickly!” She complained. She banged her chest. “Come on zhalkiye! Give me real fight!”

“You want a fight?” Cylus’s voice called. She turned to see Darkstream float down and drop Deathlok next to her. Julian leapt off of a roof and slowed himself to a stop with sonic waves, in a sleek new green and black jumpsuit, with nanotech Scramble Gauntlets and a teched out pair of goggles covering his face. Then Cylus, in his Gravity Master suit but with no gauntlets, levitated down.

“You got one.” He finished.

“Ah, yes! Come then, let us fight!” She picked up a car and hurled it. Darkstream blasted it to pieces, and Gravity Master caught those pieces in the air, then hurled them back at her. They slammed into her, causing her suit to spark.

“Agh!” She cried.

“Now Julian!” Gravity Master ordered.

“Get some!” Mister Scrambler fired a sonic blast, and scrambled the circuits in the suit.

“My suit!” The woman cried, as it started going haywire. “I... I cannot control it!”

“Let me help with that.” Deathlok said, taking out a grenade launcher and firing it at her, causing an explosion and crashing her into a wall.

“Ohhh...” She groaned. She tried to move, but the suit was damaged beyond repair. The four approached her, standing menacingly. “Okay... I- I give up.” She said. “You are taking me to jail now, yes? That is how American superheroes do?” They all looked at each other.

“Let me make one thing, exceptionally clear.” Cylus walked toward her. Deathlok held out a gun, and he took it, kneeling down close to the woman. “You, Hammer, hell, even Osborn. You’re not the bad guys.” He cocked the gun. “We are.”

Masters of Doom

Gravity Master/Cylus Raise

Gravity-Manipulating Super Criminal. World’s Worst Dad. New Man in Charge.

Mister Scrambler/Julian Woodfin

Crime Lord of Brooklyn. Makes Some Noise. Actually Mastered Doom.

Darkstream/Deb

Extremis Powered Villain. Omega-Level Mutant. Eileen’s Better Half.

Deathlok/Tommy Ritz

Half Man. Half Machine. All Killer.

Alistair Smythe

Spider-Slayer. Tech Support. Smarter than all of you.

Joey Alvarez

Just a kid mixed up in this crazy world.