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 22-

All that Glitters

"You're not the bad guys. We are." Cylus fired the gun and the video went fuzzy.

"Hmm, such a shame." Justin Hammer said to Nick Fury, who watched silently. "That was the last thing our brave equipment tester Helga saw before she was brutally assassinated."

"You mean the woman that murdered two police officers and went on rampage with your tech?" Fury asked.

"Hey, I said she was brave, not heroic. And plus, your guys vet the volunteers, not mine, so that sounds a Fury problem." Hammer replied. Fury inhaled through his nose.

"I'm looking into it."

"Anyways, let's not let this distract you from the fact that the Masters of Doom are back! And it looks like they've shaken things up a bit. Change in leadership, new team, I'm pretty sure that was Eileen Wuthrich with them…"

"That wasn't Eileen." Fury quickly denied. Hammer held up his hands.

"Okay. Well, whoever she was, she's dangerous. And she helped Cylus Raise kill poor Helga!" Fury glared at him. "Okay, murderous psycho Helga, happy?"

"I'm not happy Hammer." Fury replied. "I'm not at all happy. Your field tests are being compromised, and you've drawn out the Masters of Doom!"

"Listen, this is an easy fix. If you could just approve Project Ultimo…"

"You're back on this?" Fury impatiently asked. "The answer is no, Hammer. I'm not letting you build a giant robot with Project Insight capabilities. How is that even practical?"

“I don’t know, ask Galactus!”

“Galactus was dealt with.”

“By the skin of our teeth! If E.G.G. hadn’t have built that nullifying thing, our planet would have been eaten! Ultimo makes sure this doesn’t happen!”

“That’s the end of this discussion.” Fury ordered, looking sternly at Hammer.

“Ugh, fine. Well, I hope you’ve got a plan to deal with the Masters of Doom, because they’re seriously putting a cramp in my production schedule. I’m not sure I’ll be able to meet projections for this quarter if this continues…”

“I’m handling it.” Fury stated, walking off. He headed into his office, where Carrie Jordan was waiting for him.

“Sir.” She said, with a salute.

“At ease.” Fury replied, sitting down. “What’d your lead turn up?”

“Well, it led me to a strip joint.” Carrie replied. “I didn’t get much before one of the, um, patrons, figured me for a cosplaying performer and got a little handsy.”

“You okay?”

“Let’s just say they’ll be cleaning glitter out of that booth for a week. Anyways, I got a tip that a man with a, quote, ‘f****d up face’ came through there a few days before the Gravitonium transport. And get this, the joint is run by a guy they call Mister Scrambler. I think it’s Julian Woodfin.”

“It is.” Fury said, sliding a tablet over to her, video paused on the shot of the Masters of Doom. “Gravity Master has reassembled the Masters of Doom.”

“Damn it.” Carrie swore. “He said he hadn’t seen them in months.”

“He lied.” Fury said. Carrie observed the picture.

“Cyborg looks like a Cybertek Deathlok unit, and… holy crap, Darkstream. Someone should tell Eileen.”

Fury paused, then looked at her.

“Has Eileen not… what’s your clearance level Jordan?”

“Six, sir.” She replied.

“Welcome to Level 7. You should probably know that Darkstream isn’t a clone created by A.I.M. It’s Eileen.”

“What…” Carrie was taken aback. “No, but… how?”

“She’s Eileen’s suppressed mutant side; the Extremis injection that brought Eileen back to life drew Darkstream out. She struck some kind of deal where Darkstream comes out every Wednesday.”

“… Why wouldn’t she tell me?”

“Why would she?” Fury asked. “You’re her biggest fan. You look to her for inspiration. The last thing she’d want to do is tell you that she’s got a dark side. I’d have let her tell you in her own time, but this is mission sensitive information, and you needed to know.”

“I think I understand.” Carrie said. “I won’t hold it against her.”

“Good. I need your head on straight. Also, I’m gonna need you to work with Hammer on this one.”

“Hammer?” Carrie whined. “Director Fury, no! He’s a perverted loser!”

“Masters of Doom are targeting H.A.M.M.E.R. operations, so there’s a link I need you to find. In order to do that, you work with Hammer.” Carrie sighed.

“Fine.” She reluctantly agreed. She left Fury’s office and went to a branch of the Helicarrier labeled H.A.M.M.E.R. As she walked in, Hammer stood to greet her.

“Ah! Sparkle!” He exclaimed.

“Please don’t call me that.” She groaned.

“Yeah, name sucked anyways.” He agreed.

“I was 15 Hammer.”

“And now you’re 20! Well over the legal age of 18!”

“OMG.” Carrie sighed. “Why? Just why did I have to get partnered with you?”

“I’m not all that bad!” Hammer defended. “Look! I made you something!” He clicked a button and a wall spun around, revealing a new suit. It was hot pink, with glowing blue lining going up sides and down the arms and legs. On the chest was a collection of blue starbursts made to look like glitter, inside of a yellow circle. There was also an eye mask with blue lenses.

“Kevlar mesh weave, armor plating where it counts, energy output and dispersion system. Latest integration of the Contessa AI, equipped with Anti-Grav tech, Sonic Disrupters, your standard Masters of Doom defense mechanisms. Resistant to heat, electricity, can withstand pressure up to 10 tons, it’s waterproof, airtight, and looks good if I do say so myself.” Hammer folded his arms. “I call it, Project Glimmer.”

“Wow…” Carrie was speechless, she felt the suit.

“I tried to keep it in line with your original design, but, you know, I made it practical.”

“I… can’t believe I’m saying this, but… I love it.” She said. “Thank you, Hammer.”

“Anything to catch the bad guys, right?” Hammer replied. “Speaking of which, I assume you have a plan?”

“Right. Well, they’ve been targeting your weapons and equipment tests, right?” Carrie asked.

“Yeah.” Hammer confirmed.

“So we leak a test location, and trap them.”

“Okay, but I don’t really have any new inventions to test out.”

“Um,” Carrie pointed to the suit.

“Ooohhh! Okay! So, like, it’ll actually be a test! We do need to see how the suit works!”

“If it’s as good as you say, we’ll catch them all in one fell swoop.” Carrie smiled. “Look out world, here comes Glimmer!”

* * *

“Hot tip!” Smythe called, wheeling into the loft of the abandoned Latverian lab.

“What do you got Smythe?” Cylus asked.

“A H.A.M.M.E.R test, something called Project Glimmer. S.H.I.E.L.D. Level 7 security clearance.”

“That sounds too hot.” Julian cautioned.

“That’s exactly what we need!” Cylus exclaimed. “The higher up the food chain these tests go, the closer we get to Hammer, the closer we get to Osborn!”

“Project Glimmer?” Tommy scoffed. “Sounds like some My Little Pony s**t. Should be an easy job.”

“I’m down.” Deborah agreed. “This place is dead anyways.”

“Yeah, Doom wasn’t known for recreation.” Julian said, looking at the barren loft with nothing but a few couches and chairs, along with a coffee table and a chess board.

“I ordered a foosball table!” Cylus defended. “Geez.”

“I miss Wally’s videogames.” Julian whined.

“Anyways, let’s get this show on the road.” Cylus stood at the head of the room. “Smythe, you’re on comms.”

“As per usual.” Smythe replied.

“Ritz, perimeter. Sniper support. Keep it from getting dicey.”

“You got it.” Tommy replied.

“Woodfin, kill box. We hit hard, we hit fast. I shake the walls, you make some noise.”

“Word.” Julian agreed.

“And Deb, I need you… to pick up my son from school.”

“Wait… what?” Deborah asked, standing up. “No way! Pick your own damn kid up from school!”

“Listen Deb, this is a high-profile mission! Hammer himself might be there! I have to go!”

“So send Ritz or Woodfin! I want in on the op!” She demanded.

“Right, the Cyborg and the well-known crime boss in Brooklyn, perfect guys to send to a school!” Cylus exclaimed. “At least you look like someone America knows and loves!”

“Screw. You.” Deborah growled.

“Come on Deb! I’m begging you! If they keep Joey late again, they’re going to have to enroll him in the Post Curricular Program! Which costs, like, a million bucks.”

“I’m not your errand boy Cylus!”

“Clock is ticking, gents.” Smythe reminded.

“Please, Deb, please!” Cylus begged. Deborah stared him down.

“Fine.” She hissed. She got close to him. “But there’s going to be hell to pay. And I always collect.” She stormed out of the building.

“She ain’t happy.” Julian observed.

“And luckily I don’t have to hear about it till next Wednesday!” Cylus happily replied. “Now suit up!”

* * *

Deborah pulled up to a school labeled *Brooklyn Visions Academy* in a beat-up red Volkswagen Beetle.

“I’m going to kill Cylus.” She groaned. She noticed one line, spilling into the street, and another, with only about ten cars. “Huh, morons.” She scoffed, pulling into the smaller line. She began scanning the crowd of kids. “Where is the little brat?”

Suddenly someone knocked on her window. She looked to see a Caucasian woman, wearing a pink dress, with short blonde hair formed to perfection, smiling wide, dimples on her cheeks.

Deborah rolled down her window.

“What 40’s sitcom did you crawl out of?” She asked.

“Oh, well aren’t you a hoot?” The woman replied with a warm, southern accent. “I’m Janet! The Vice Principal, president of the PTA! How do you do partner?”

“Please get away from me.” Deborah groaned.

“Just trying to be hospitable!” Janet replied. “Anywho, I haven’t seen you around here, so I just thought I’d break the ice!”

“Hi. You can piss off now.” Deborah coldly replied.

“Well I have never!” Janet exclaimed in shock.

“And you never will. Listen, if it’s all the same to you, I wanna get my kid and get out of here.”

“Okay, well, is your kid a part of the Falconeer Program?” Deborah blinked.

“The what?” She asked.

“Oh, our Falconeer Program is for kids that desire a higher level of education. It’s a more challenging, yet stimulating…”

“Yeah, I don’t care.” Deborah interrupted.

“Well, this line is for parents with Falconeer kids. So I’m afraid you’re gonna have to go around and get back in the other line!”

“Like hell!”

“Now you watch your language around these young children!”

“Look, my kid is right there!” She said, pointing to Joey. “He can just run over and get in the car!”

“Rules are rules ma’am.” Janet replied.

“Now listen here you sad excuse for a…”

“Back of the line!” Janet demanded.

“Fine! Whatever! Fine!” She looked around the cars. “Where do I pull out?”

“Oh, I’m afraid you’ll have to wait for these cars to circle through, you’re already in the line.” Janet replied.

“Are your kidding me!?” Deborah shouted.

“Bye now!” Janet hurried off before Deborah could get another word in.

“AAAAAHHHHHHH!!!!!!” Deborah roared in anger, slamming on her car horn.

* * *

Gravity Master, Mister Scrambler, and Deathlok approached a location with a sign out front that read *H.A.M.M.E.R. Testing Grounds*.

“Looks like an open area over that wall.” Gravity Master observed. “Get topside Ritz.”

“On it.” Deathlok ran up to the large metal wall, which formed a circle almost like a colosseum. He fired a grapple from his wrist and began to scale it. Gravity Master and Mister Scrambler walked inside. Suddenly the metal door closed behind them. Up in an observation booth, a light came on, revealing Justin Hammer.

“Hammer.” Gravity Master hissed.

“Hello, Masters of Doofuses!” Hammer greeted. “I’ve been expecting you!”

“That why you holed up in there?” Mister Scrambler asked. “You don’t come on down here and run these hands, we gonna have to pull you out.”

“Oh please, Mr. Woodfin. This bunker is meant to withstand nuclear blasts. You, on the other hand, get to deal with my associate.” The ground in the center of the arena opened, and a platform began to rise.

“Weighing in at only about 90 pounds!” Hammer announced. “The internet influencer turned superhero sidekick! The glitter blasting, shimmer and shining prodigy herself! Ladies and gentlemen, you asked for her! By popular demand, the one, the only, the glamorous, GLIMMER!”

The platform reached the top, and Carrie stood, fully decked out in her Glimmer suit. She looked up at them.

“Cylus Raise, Julian Woodfin.” She called. “In the name of the Strategic Homeland Intervention Enforcement and Logistic Division, you are under arrest.”

“That’s cute.” Gravity Master said. He began levitating, pieces of metal floating up around him. Mister Scrambler slammed his fists together and formed his nano gauntlets. Deathlok posted up on top of the wall and took aim.

“Clean shot.” He acknowledged.

“Hold your fire, she’s S.H.I.E.L.D.” Smythe warned.

“And?”

“And if we kill a S.H.I.E.L.D. agent, we go up on their priority list. We’ve maintained a low profile so far, we want to keep it that way. Julian, Cylus, incapacitate her.”

“All over it.” Mister Scrambler replied.

* * *

The line finally got to the point where Deborah was back in front of Brooklyn Visions Academy.

“Finally.” She groaned. She rolled down the window. “Joey! Let’s go!” Joey began walking towards the car when Janet swooped in and took him by the shoulders.

“Why hello again!” She happily greeted.

“For the love of- What do you want!” Deborah cried.

“I was just wondering if you’re on Joey’s approved pickup list?” Janet asked. “Otherwise I can’t let him go with you.”

“The kid knows me, tell her Joey.”

“Uh, yeah.” Joey replied. “This is my… Auntie Deb.”

“Yep, Auntie Deb.”

“Hm, Auntie Deb…” Janet said, scrolling through a tablet. She clicked her tongue. “Well ain’t that a darn shame, you’re not on the list.”

“Too bad I don’t care. Joey, get in the car.”

“Now Joey don’t you take another step!” Janet demanded. “As Vice Principal it is my responsibility to ensure the safety of all students here at Brooklyn Visions Academy. I’m sorry, Miss Deb, but you’ll have to come to the office and fill out the approved pickup paperwork.”

“I am not wasting another second in this hole!” Deborah shouted. “Joey. Car. Now.”

“I won’t allow it!” Janet exclaimed. “Come in and fill out the paperwork Miss Deb, or I’ll be forced to call campus security!”

“Alternatively, I could tear out your spine and use it to bludgeon you to dea-”

“Can you please!” Joey quickly interrupted. “Auntie Deb, just… can you come fill out the paperwork? Please.” Deborah squeezed the steering wheel with such ferocity she nearly crushed it.

“Fine.” She growled through gritted teeth. “Where do I pull out?”

“Oh, well you’re already in the line, so… you’ve got to cycle through.”

“Are you kidding me!” Deborah yelled.

“Also, I’ve noticed you don’t have a parking pass, so the lot down the way will be where you can tuck your car! Now come on with me to the office Joey!” Janet walked off with Joey.

“JANET!!!!!!” Deborah screamed in vengeance.

* * *

Glimmer dashed forward and fired several glitter blasts. Mister Scrambler tumbled out of the way and fired a sonic pulse. It hit Glimmer but she was unaffected.

“Sonic disruptors work Hammer!” She reported.

“Excellent!” Hammer replied.

“Didn’t touch her!” Mister Scrambler complained.

“Up the volume and fire again!” Gravity Master ordered. He hurled two rocks at her. She blew one up with glitter, but got slammed with the other one.

“Ouch! Damn you!” She punched the ground and glitter tore through, blasting out at Gravity Master and knocking him out of the air.

“Gyah!” He cried, slamming against the wall.

“You okay?” Hammer asked.

“Suit took the brunt of it.” She reported. “Still hurt.”

“Well you’re not invinci- look out!” Glimmer turned just for Mister Scrambler to slug her across the face. She gathered glitter around her fist and punched him, resulting in a sparkly explosion that tossed him several feet.

“They’re getting handled!” Deathlok said. “Let me…”

“Hold your fire Mr. Ritz!” Smythe ordered. “They can do it!” Gravity Master and Mister Scrambler regrouped. Glimmer slammed her fists together, igniting them with glitter.

“We ain’t seriously gonna lose to glitter girl, are we?” Mister Scrambler asked.

“Hell no.” Gravity Master replied, cracking his neck and moving in.

* * *

Deborah marched into the school, scraping her foot angrily on the floor, as Joey paced in the lobby.

“Deb!” He exclaimed. “I…” She held up her finger.

“The parking lot… is five blocks away.” She stated. “Five. I had to walk. From there. To here. Not only did I nearly get run over by a minivan. Twice, by the way, same minivan, not even a different one. But I also had the pleasure of stepping in dog s**t because people cannot clean up after their animals! So let’s go to the office, so I can fill out this paperwork, and get the hell out of here!”

“This way.” Joey said, leading her through the school. Three boys walked past Joey and knocked his books to the ground.

“What’s up loser?” A huskier boy laughed, the other two following suit, as they walked off.

“What the-” Deborah turned. “Hey ass wipe!”

“No! Deb, please!” Joey begged.

“Please what?” She asked. “Those kids are messing with you.”

“Look, I get teased enough, okay? If Giovanni sees a girl defending me…”

“Girl?”

“Woman… female… whatever, I’ll never hear the end of it! Please, just… leave it alone.”

“You can’t take that kid? He’s a few Twinkies short of My 600 Pound Life.”

“Just forget about it, okay?” Joey seemed eager to move on. Deborah shrugged.

“Whatever, you wanna get pushed around for the rest of your life that’s on you.” They walked into the office, where Janet spun around in her chair.

“Why hello Miss Deb!” She exclaimed. She motioned to a chair on the other side of her desk. “Why don’t you plant your tushie in that seat and we can get rollin’?”

“I prefer to stand.” Deborah replied.

“Suit yourself.” Janet reached down and lifted a stack of papers about a foot high, placing them on the desk with a thud. Deborah raised her eyebrows.

“What’s this?” She asked.

“The approved pickup paperwork.” Janet replied. Deborah’s eyes widened.

“No! No way! I’m not… look at this!” She flipped through the pages. “You want me to fill all of this out!”

“Here’s a pen!” Janet happily offered.

“I’ll tell you where to put your pen…”

“Auntie Deb!” Joey pleaded. Deborah fumed with anger and took the pen.

“Wonderful!” Janet exclaimed. “I’m going for coffee! Y’all want one?”

“No.” Deborah hissed. Janet shrugged and walked off. “Ugh.” Deborah sunk into the chair and began filling out the paperwork.

* * *

Glimmer formed a giant ball of red glitter shards and chucked it. Gravity Master began to levitate away, but got hit with it, the shards shredding him up.

“Ah! Ow! Gah!” He cried, falling back down.

“Eat this!” Mister Scrambler shouted, firing a sizable sonic blast.

“Err…” Glimmer covered her ears, but still marched towards him.

“My gloves are gonna crap out man!” He said to Gravity Master.

“Hold on!” He replied. He reached out his hand and began to grip Glimmer in a gravity field, but nothing happened. “She’s blocking my gravity manipulation somehow!”

“AHHH!” She screamed, clapping her hands together, thus sending a sphere of glitter out in all directions and knocking the villains off their feet.

“Okay, Ritz! Take the shot!” Smythe ordered. “Non-lethal! Just give them an edge!”

“Understood.” Deathlok aimed, then fired off a shot. The bullet whizzed by Glimmer and scratched her suit.

“What the…” She looked up at Deathlok.

“She’s bulletproof, I’ve been made!” He shouted. He began to run but got caught in a cloud of glitter and yanked off of the wall. “Yaaahhhhh!!!!” He screamed as he fell several hundred feet, then slammed into the ground, his metal arm breaking off in the process.

She got hit by a sonic blast, then turned to face Mister Scrambler.

“Uh oh…” He said. She flew at him. Gravity Master was getting up when his earpiece started buzz. He tapped and answered it. “Hello? Who’s there?” He asked.

Glimmer fired several shots at Mister Scrambler, as he ran for his life. He took a dive and fired several sonic blasts. Glimmer took each one and began to form a glitter blast.

“Julian! On your left!” Gravity Master shouted. Glimmer quickly turned and blasted him with it instead. “Gah!” He cried, falling back.

“Hey!” Deathlok yelled. She turned to see him charging at her, holding his metal arm with his human one. “Do I look like I’m done yet? Yah!” He swung and whammed her with the metal arm.

“Grah!” Glimmer cried, hitting the wall. He trashed the arm and drew a pocket knife, then slit her across the neck just above where the suit ended.

“Gak!” She choked, falling to her knees and holding her neck, as blood seeped through her fingers.

“Carrie!” Hammer cried. Deathlok grabbed her by the hair and pulled. He lifted his foot.

“Time to die glitter b**ch!”

“STOP!” They all turned to see Hammer walk out, hands in the air. Deathlok dropped Carrie, as she lay helplessly bleeding out on the ground. “It’s me you want. Not her.”

“We don’t even want you.” Cylus said, taking off his mask. “Where’s Osborn?”

“Who?” Hammer asked.

“You snake!” Cylus reached out to choke him, but his hand went right through Hammer.

“Hologram!” Julian exclaimed. They all turned to notice the real Justin Hammer holding Glimmer, wearing a Bamf Vest.

“Bye, bye!” He said, as he teleported away.

“NO!” Cylus roared, fist slamming the ground with a gravity blast and cracking it.

“It’s over.” Smythe said. “Return to base.”

* * *

Joey was playing on his phone while Deborah flipped the page.

“Come on…” She groaned, slamming her head on the desk. “One day. I get one day a week, and I’m pissing it away filling out paperwork!”

“I’m really sorry.” Joey apologized.

“It’s not your fault kid.” Deborah reassured.

“Joey!” Deborah looked to notice Miles Morales approaching the office.

“S**t!” She swore, holding the papers in front of her face.

“Hey Miles.” Joey greeted.

“What are you still doin’ here?” Miles asked. “Your dad late again? I don’t know why you don’t just get a dorm room.”

“Uh, yeah, my Auntie Deb is actually picking me up!”

“Oh, I’ve never met your Auntie!” He approached Deborah and held out his hand. “Miles Morales!”

“Yep, good to meet you.” She said in a deep, gravelly voice, not moving the paper from her face. “Now get going kiddo. I got stuff to do.”

“…Okay…” Miles said, withdrawing. “Anyways, me and Ganke are going to a party tonight! Wanna come?”

“Oh, I don’t know Miles…” Joey said.

“Come on dude, you never party!”

“Neither do you!”

“True, but my boy Judge got an invite and hooked us up! Come on man, it’s gonna be fire! Barbra will be there…”

“I don’t know man…” Joey uneasily answered.

“He’ll be there.” Deborah interrupted. “You can go now.”

“Sweet!” Miles exclaimed, rushing off. “See you there man!”

“I… okay, bye.” Joey turned to Deborah. “What the heck was that about?”

“Eileen knows that kid.” She said, lowering the paper.

“Really?”

“Yeah, he interns for E.G.G.”

“Really!”

“Yes! Now leave me alone.” She turned back to the paperwork just as Janet reentered.

“How are we coming?” She asked.

“Slowly.” Deborah replied.

“Well, take your time.” Janet said, smugly sipping her coffee.

* * *

Cylus, Julian, and Tommy (dragging his arm) walked into the Latverian lab. Smythe was waiting next to a large box.

“What’s this?” Cylus asked.

“Oh, um, your foosball table arrived.” Smythe noted. “Mr. Ritz, to my lab for repairs please.”

“Whatever.” Tommy said, stalking off.

“What the hell kind of tech did she have?” Julian asked.

“Certainly something far above Justin Hammer’s capabilities.” Smythe noted. “This was Osborn. He gave Hammer the schematics to make that girl unstoppable. Luckily, as you fought, I analyzed her suit, I’ll prepare countermeasures.”

“Wait…” Cylus said. “Her suit was made to withstand us… specifically us! We only just now showed our hand! That means…”

“Osborn’s onto us.” Julian said. “Has been the whole time. Dude was always 10 steps ahead, that’s how he beat us last time.”

“Well not this time.” Cylus vowed. “He killed Carly. I’m going to stop him. Whatever it takes. So play your game, Osborn.” He walked over to the chess table and levitated the black king piece. “Because it won’t be long before we catch up.” He squeezed his hand and crushed the piece.

* * *

Deborah was laying on the floor, filling out the paperwork. Joey was staring up at the ceiling.

“So who’s Barbra?” She asked.

“Nothing, she’s no one, shut up about it.” Joey defensively replied. Deborah threw her hands in the air.

“What the hell kid?”

“What the hell what?” Joey asked.

“You’re too scared to stand up to your lard ass bully, too timid to go to parties, too nervous to even talk about the girl you like. What’s your disfunction?”

“Gee, I don’t know, maybe it’s because my dad is a supervillain!” Joey exclaimed. “I can’t tell him about Giovanni, because then he’ll come gravity crush his bones into dust! I can’t go to a party, because he runs me like one of his army recruits! Lights out by 10:00, if I’m out later, I get to run drills! And forget a girlfriend! Hey Barbra, let’s go to my place. Oh, it’s the

secret Latverian lab off 9th Avenue! And you'll just love my dad! He's Gravity Master by the way, please don't call the cops!"

Deborah looked at him.

"I… I didn't think about that."

"Of course not, because you're a supervillain too!" Joey exclaimed. He sighed and sunk into his seat. "I had a normal life with mom. Now I'm with my dad and… everything's different. Harder." Deborah sat up and sat next to him.

"Listen kid." She said. "I get one day a week to come out and live my life. You got seven. So don't waste them. Go punch Giovanni in that fat face of his! Go party till 3:00 am! Go bang Barbra in the janitor's closet!"

"Wow! I'm only 14!"

"Okay, make out with her, whatever. Just… live your life. If you don't, you'll regret it. Miles mentioned dorm rooms, I'll talk to your dad about getting you one of those. Then maybe you can have more fun. Good?"

"Yeah… I think so." He replied. "Thanks Deb."

"Yeah, yeah, don't get sweet on me." She signed her name on the final paper. "Done! Janet! Janet, where are you!"

Janet walked into the room.

"Well, it's about time!" She exclaimed. She took the papers. "Oh… Oh my…"

“What is it?” Deborah asked.

“You did this in blue ink.”

“So?”

“So, it ain’t official unless it’s in black!” She stacked the papers and stuck them into an industrial level shredder. Deborah watched in horror as the papers she’d spent hours filling out turned into confetti.

“Here we are, fresh batch!” Janet exclaimed, dropping another stack onto the desk. “Here’s a black pen. Have fun!”

Deborah’s eyes began to glow.

“Okay, now I’m gonna kill you.” She began to levitate, red lighting forming around her.

“Good heavens!” Janet exclaimed. “You… you’re that Darkstream gal, aren’t you!”

“Joey is coming with me.” She growled. “Now.”

“I won’t be intimidated by your thuggish tactics!” Janet boldly stated. “Joey’s stayin’ here!”

“Your loss. Of life.” Deborah held out her hand.

“WAIT!” Joey cried. “Vice Principal Smith, what if I call my dad and he gives the okay?”

“That’s not school policy…” She began. Darkstream started to form red energy on her hands. Janet gulped. “But… I suppose in this instance… we can make an exception.”

“Great!” Joey said, dialing his phone and putting it on speaker.

“Hello? Who’s there?” Cylus asked in a panic.

“It’s me, Dad.” Joey said. “I just want to know if Deb has permission to take me home.”

“What? I sent her there to get you! Julian! On your left! Gah! You’re not home yet?”

“Does she have permission, yes or no Dad!” Joey exclaimed.

“What? Yes! Yes! I gotta go!” Cylus hung up.

“There! We’re good?” Joey asked.

“I… suppose.” Janet said. Deborah powered down and landed.

“Thank you.” She said. She took Joey’s hand and left with him. Janet’s eyes rolled to the back of her head, and she fainted.

* * *

Carrie opened her eyes. She was laying in the Helicarrier Med Bay.

“Unh…” She groaned, her voice raspy.

“Hey!” Hammer exclaimed, rushing to her aid. “Take it easy.”

“What happened?” She asked.

“That cyborg got up close and personal. Hit one of the only pieces of skin showing on your suit. I’ve already raised the neckline. I had to, of course, maintain range of motion, but that should never happen again.” He took Carrie’s hand. “I’m sorry.” She looked at him.

“This is a new side to you Hammer.” She noted. He cleared his throat.

“I just… My inventions never work. I thought this one was it, my golden goose. But then you got hurt, and… I don’ know… I never should’ve trusted him…”

“Trusted who?” Carrie asked. Hammer looked up at her.

“Listen, I don’t know why the Masters of Doom are after me, but I think I have an idea… Can you keep a secret?” Just then the door opened, and Fury walked in. Hammer quickly stood up.

“Agent Jordan, are you okay?” He asked.

“Do I have a nasty scar on my neck?” She asked. Fury smiled.

“Battle scar.” He corrected.

“That’s totes awesome.” She replied.

“I’m sorry things went south. Hammer…”

“I’ve already made alterations to the suit.” He quickly replied. “This was a close call, I… I want to keep her safe.”

“Good.” Fury replied. “Me too.”

“Thanks for the hologram tech, by the way, saved our butts back there.” Hammer said. “But, H.A.M.M.E.R. didn’t make that, and I don’t think it’s in the archives for E.G.G., so where did it come from?”

“Your new partner.” Fury said. “Someone that has an old beef with Masters of Doom and is looking to turn over a new leaf.”

“Who?” Carrie asked. Just then, a man walked in. He was in a green jumpsuit, with a golden armored chest plate, boots, and gauntlets. He had a purple cape, clasped by diamond shapes with what looked like eyeballs in the center of them. And most notably, he had a glass dome over his head, with flowing purple mist inside of it.

“Say hello to Mr. Beck.” Fury introduced.

“Please.” He replied. “Call me Mysterio.”

To Be Continued!