

AMANDA
WALLER COMES
TO LEX LUTHOR
FOR HELP?

HOW...

...STIMULATING.

HEROES AND VILLAINS

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TOMEU MOREY COLORS PAT BROSSSEAU LETTERING DANIEL AND FLOREA WITH MOREY COVER

WHILCE PORTACIO WITH ALEX SINCLAIR VARIANT COVER BRIAN CUNNINGHAM GROUP EDITOR

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I MUST SAY, AMANDA, YOU LOOK RAVISHING BY FIRELIGHT.


I'M A BIG FAN OF YOUR WORK, BUT I WANT TO KNOW WHO YOU **REALLY** ARE.

ARE YOU WHO YOU APPEAR TO BE?

YOU DON'T HAVE TO DO THE CHARM OFFENSIVE ON ME, LEX. I'M HERE ON GOVERNMENT BUSINESS.

OH COME NOW. LET'S GET ACQUAINTED FIRST.

DON'T YOU WANT TO KNOW IF I'M TRULY THE MAN I APPEAR TO BE, OR IF I'M HIDING SOME KIND OF INNER LIFE?



I WORK IN THE INTELLIGENCE FIELD, LUTHOR. I ASSUME **NO ONE** IS WHO THEY APPEAR TO BE.

IT KEEPS ME **ALIVE**.

WHAT'S THAT?



A SMALL GIFT FROM LEXCORP.

AND TO YOUR POINT, THIS IS MY HOME. I AM WHO I APPEAR TO BE: THE HERO, WHO LIVES IN THE SKY.

YOUR CURRENT HOME IS A PENITENTIARY IN A LOUISIANA SWAMP. YOU RUN A TEAM OF VILLAINS. YOU APPEAR TO BE THE **HEAD** VILLAIN.

NEVERTHELESS, I SUSPECT WE ARE KINDRED SPIRITS. WHAT DO YOU **WANT**, AMANDA?



I DON'T KNOW, LEX. MAYBE I WANT TO PUT YOU IN PRISON.

I KNOW I DON'T WANT YOUR LITTLE CORPORATE SCHMOOZE BOX.

THAT'S A GAME. I PICKED THIS OUT FOR YOU MYSELF.



"I'M SORRY, AMANDA. YOU WON'T BE TAKING ME TO PRISON."

"AS I SAID, I AM A HERO...NOW."

"BESIDES, THE SECURITY SYSTEMS IN THIS SKYSCRAPER ARE QUITE FORMIDABLE. WEAPONRY OF MY OWN DESIGN THAT YOU CAN ONLY DREAM OF."

"SO I WON'T BE JOINING YOUR *VERY* UNETHICAL *TASK FORCE X.*"

"TASK FORCE X? WHAT'S THAT?"

"PLEASE, YOU'RE WONDERING HOW I KNOW ABOUT YOUR DARK STAIN ON AMERICA, YOUR PRESIDENTIALLY AUTHORIZED MORAL COMPROMISE."

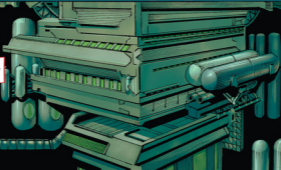
"I KNOW *MANY* THINGS PEOPLE LIKE YOU WOULD RATHER I DON'T."

"PERHAPS YOU'RE RIGHT, LEX."

"MAYBE WE SHOULD BE *HONEST* WITH EACH OTHER."

"WE'RE IN."

♦ "HOORAY FOR BREAKING AND ENTERING!"



YES! THE ENCHANTRESS' BLOOD PORTAL OF TELEPORTATION HAS TORN THEIR MORTAL SECURITIES ASUNDER LIKE THE INTESTINES OF 200 SCREAMING SACRIFICIAL VIRGINS!

SHE'S TALKING ABOUT YOU, BOOMERANG.

SUICIDE SQUAD! STICK TO THE PLAN. WALLER KEEPS THE OWNER OF THIS PLACE BUSY UPSTAIRS, WE LOCATE HIS PERSONAL VAULT, BREAK THE LOCK, ACQUIRE THE TARGET. NO DISTRACT--

UH, LADS?



UMMM... ONLY ONE OF ME ARMS CAME THROUGH.

HMMM.

NOW, THINK, BOOMERANG. ARE YOU ABSOLUTELY SURE YOU HAD TWO BEFORE?

I HAD TWO! IT'S THE ONE I WIPE WITH!

I MUST BEGIN A SECOND SPELL IF WALLER'S CONTRIVANCE IS TO SUCCEED.

WHY IS IT ALWAYS ME? FIRST THAT BIG MARTIAN BLOWS ME UP FROM THE SHINS --

ZOD ISN'T A MARTIAN.

I DON'T CARE! I'VE HAD ENOUGH, MATE! I'M OUT, I'M...

CLICK

WE ARE BREAKING INTO ONE OF THE MOST SECURE BUILDINGS IN THE WORLD, OWNED BY ONE OF THE MOST DANGEROUS MEN IN THE WORLD. SO STOP SHOUTING. OR I WILL MAKE YOU QUIET. PERMANENTLY.

GOT IT. I'D SALUTE YOU, FLAG, BUT... Y'KNOW...

KROKKA
KROKKA

WE GOT INCOMING!

KROKKA

KROKKA

