

Okay, listen up, 'cause I'm only saying this once.

SKISQUATCH.

BLOODPOUCH.

EMORY RAINS.

The man we are here for, a Mr. Archibald Primrose, received a loan from our employer, Mr. Pierce, in order to -- ahem -- "fight crime." He has missed several payments on said loan and we are here to collect on him.

THE SOVIET NUNCHUCK.

Any crime-fighting gadgets, invisible jets, or suite of armor he has bought with this money will be repossessed, and he will work off the remainder of his loan as a member of *The Paybacks*.

That's us, by the way. Hi.



Every F!@king time!  
COME ON!!

Meanwhile...

The ~~MY~~ city is soaked in gasoline...

...and crime has struck a match.

Nice. Killer opening line.

Before *this* Knight is done, the bloody cold wind of justice will snuff out the flames of terror...

What do you think, old chap? "Bloody" and "cold" or just "bloody"?

For those who wish to prey upon the weak, for those who wish to startle those that sleep, you have been warned...

The Knight Light! Quickly, Knight Mare!

For the shadows belong to the *NIGHT KNIGHT!*







I am  
**REFLECTOID,  
MASTER OF  
MIRRORS!! PRINCE  
OF REFLECTION!!**  
And you, Madam Queen,  
if my calculations and  
machinations are correct,  
are just in time to  
answer a little riddle  
for me...



Mirror,  
mirror, on  
the wall...



WHO'S  
THE DEADDEST  
KNIGHT OF  
ALL?!



Let Her  
Majesty go,  
Reflectoid! This  
is between you  
and me!

Oh,  
is that right,  
Night **GNAT?**  
Well, you've  
certainly given  
me a lot...



...TO  
**REFLECT  
ON!!!**





Alpha team, status?

Tell him it's '4-Team,' not--

We're good, Driver. We're marking his assets and prepping them for teleport as we speak.

I totally had to brutalize this grumpy old geezer. But, ya know, sh'whatever's clever.



Sounds about right. Switching over to Beta Team. Keep me in the loop, guys.



**DRIVER.** Drives the Van. Mysterious.

Beta Team, how's it going? *Miss Adventure*, you locate this guy...oh, Christ, what's his name...uh, *Battery*, yet?

Not yet, sir. His mansion is fortified with some kind of self-aware tech that's defending itself against us! Dear lord, he's already taken out half the team. It's a bloodbath over here -- we need some back up!

You know that ain't up to me. *Boss man* specifically picked you and your team for this job and that's the way it is.

Damn...

Teleport any injured or dead back to the van and let me and *the Doc* worry about it. Stepping out for a smoke. I'll check back in a bit. Do your job, Zoe.