

When illegal high-tech weapons flooded my city, I followed the threads back here. To **Spyral HQ**, where I once worked as an undercover agent.

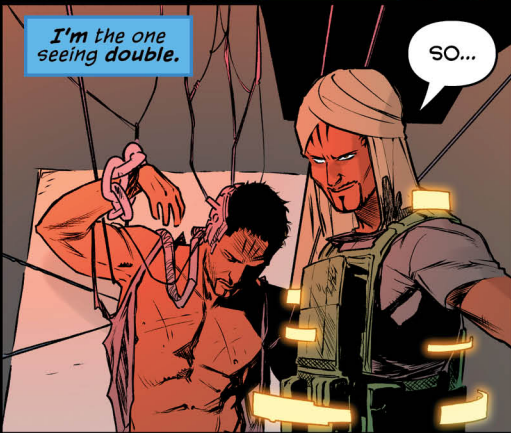
I discovered my former partner (and BFF even if he won't admit it) **Tiger** had gone bad.

You think you're confused?



I'm the one seeing double.

SO...

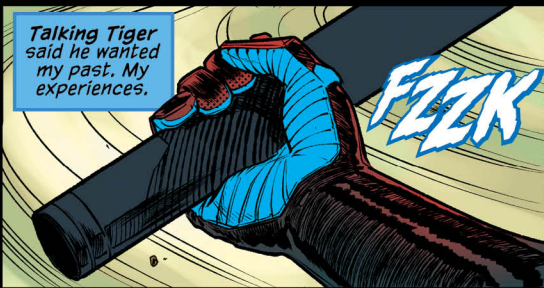


...UNWILLINGLY IT IS THEN, NIGHTWING?



Talking Tiger said he wanted my past. My experiences.

FZZK



EAT STICK, WHOEVER YOU ARE.



And he didn't ask very nicely.

I'VE BECOME THE **TIGER KING**. HIS ABILITIES ARE MINE.

BUT DON'T WORRY YOUR HEAD. I HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN WHO I AM. AND WHY WOULD I?

ZZZZZT



HNGH!

IT'S FAR TOO MUCH FUN...



...TO BE
MR. MINOS,
THE MAN WITH
THE LABYRINTH
FACE.

NOW,
LET'S SEE WHO'S
KNOCKING AT
MY DOOR.

SPYRAL

FINALE

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**OUTSIDE.
SPYRAL HQ SUBBASEMENT.
BOWMARKET, ENGLAND.**

RAAAH!

**THOOM
THOOM
THOOM**

**JANNI
AMIREH.**

**BRYCE
NUSSBAUM.**

**PARIS
PANTOJA.**

**CODE NAME:
SKULLGIRLS.**

**HELENA BERTINELLI.
CODE NAME:
THE HUNTRESS**



**THAT GUN DIDN'T
MAKE A SCRATCH,
MATRON
BERTINELLI.**

**THEN WE
WILL KEEP TRYING,
MS. PANTOJA.
WE HAVE PLENTY TO
CHOOSE FROM.**

**WE
NEED TO GET TO
NIGHTWING.**



**THE
DOORS--?**

SHANK

**HELENA.
MATRON.
HUNTRESS.**



**LONG
TIME, NO
SEE.**

**MINOS?!
I KILLED YOU!
WE FLUSHED YOUR
TRAITOROUS ASHES
DOWN A MOP
SINK DRAIN.***

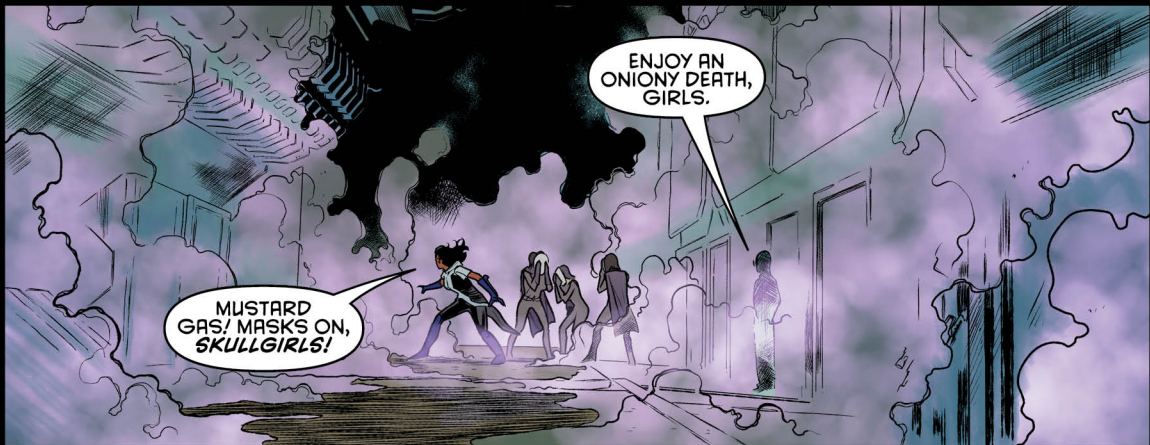
***SEE GRAYSON. --TAY**



YOU KILLED A *COPY*. YOU SEE, ONE MINOS IS NEVER ENOUGH.

THAT DOESN'T MEAN IT DIDN'T *HURT* MY FEELINGS.

SPSSSSSS



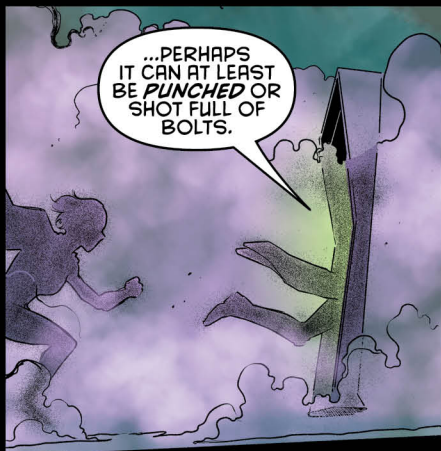
ENJOY AN ONIONY DEATH, GIRLS.

MUSTARD GAS! MASKS ON, *SKULLGIRLS!*



MATRON! A DOOR! *Um...* IN THE AIR? SHOULD WE GO?

WHAT-EVER LIES ON THE OTHER SIDE...



...PERHAPS IT CAN AT LEAST BE *PUNCHED* OR SHOT FULL OF BOLTS.



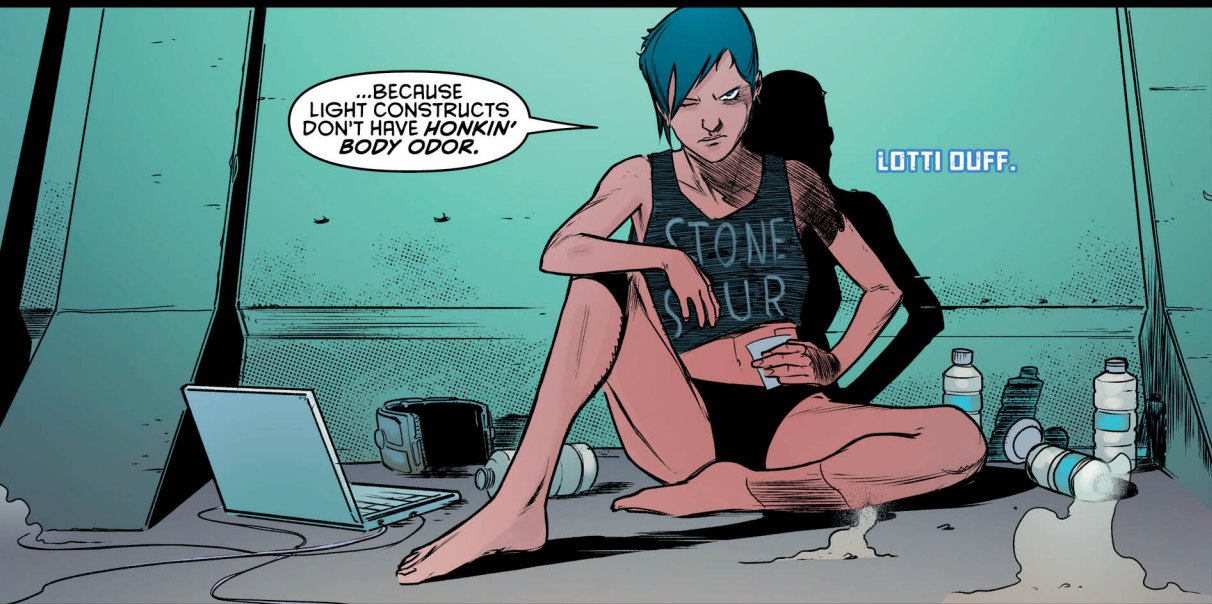
A "BUGHOLE." A HIDDEN SIGNAL-INVISIBLE ROOM, ACCESSIBLE VIA *UNOBSERVABLE ENTRANCES*. I THOUGHT THEM RUMORS. THOUGH IF ANYONE COULD FIND THEM IT'S MS. DUFF.

BUT LOTTI'S LIFE SIGNS DEVICE-- IT'S GONE *DEAD*.



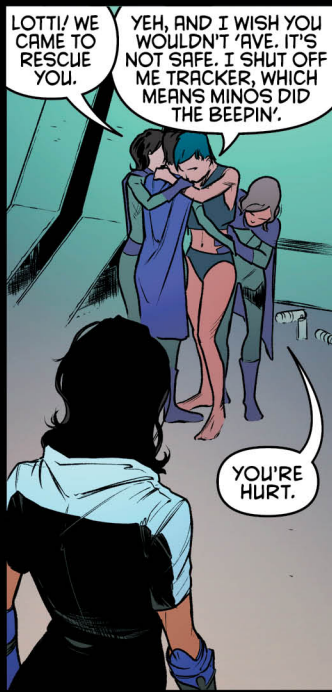
HOW WOULD WE EVEN KNOW IF WE FOUND THE REAL HER? THE LAST ONE WAS A *LIGHT SHOW*.

YE'D KNOW...



...BECAUSE LIGHT CONSTRUCTS DON'T HAVE *HONKIN'* BODY ODOR.

LOTTI DUFF.



LOTTI! WE CAME TO RESCUE YOU.

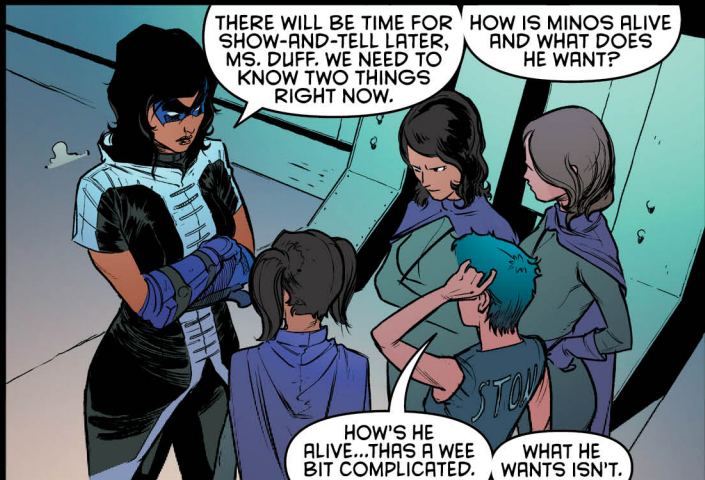
YEH, AND I WISH YOU WOULDN'T 'AVE. IT'S NOT SAFE. I SHUT OFF ME TRACKER, WHICH MEANS MINOS DID THE BEEPIN'.

YOU'RE HURT.



EHM. AFTER I GOT YOU LOT OUT OF THE SCHOOL, MINOS TAGGED ME AND GOT ME *PDB DEVICE*. IT DISRUPTED *SPYRALTECH* RIGHT NICELY, UNTIL HE SMASHED IT ALL UP.

IT WAS ALL I COULD DO TO SCRAMBLE THE ELITE AGENTS' BRAINS FOR A BIT AND GET TO THIS BUGHOLE.



THERE WILL BE TIME FOR SHOW-AND-TELL LATER, MS. DUFF. WE NEED TO KNOW TWO THINGS RIGHT NOW.

HOW IS MINOS ALIVE AND WHAT DOES HE WANT?

HOW'S HE ALIVE...THAS A WEE BIT COMPLICATED.

WHAT HE WANTS ISN'T.



HE WANTS *NIGHTWING*.

AND HE USED YOU ALL TO DELIVER HIM RIGHT TO HIS DOOR.

WE ARE *WOMEN OF ST. HADRIAN'S*. ANY MAN WHO USES US...WILL FACE REPERCUSSIONS.