

BLACK CITADEL, INFINITY ISLAND.

HOME TO THE LEAGUE OF ASSASSINS.

ON MY THIRTEENTH BIRTHDAY, YOU SENT ME A LETTER DEMANDING I COME HOME. WELL, HERE I AM, GRANDFATHER.

CALL OFF THE DEMON'S FIST. SPARE THE TEEN TITANS. AND I'M YOURS.

DAMIAN, DAMIAN, DAMIAN...

...MY GRANDSON, MY LEGACY. I ONCE PINNED MY HOPES FOR THE FUTURE ON YOU... AND YOU BETRAYED ME.

DAMIAN KNOWS BEST

PART FOUR

BENJAMIN PERCY = STORY

KHOI PHAM = PENCILS

WADE VON GRAWBADGER = INKS

JIM CHARALAMPIDIS = COLORS

COREY BREEN = LETTERS

JONBOY MEYERS = COVER

CHRIS BURNHAM & NATHAN FAIRBAIRN

VARIANT COVER

BRITTANY HOLZHERR = ASSISTANT EDITOR

ALEX ANTONÉ = EDITOR

MARIE JAVINS = GROUP EDITOR

DID YOU REALLY THINK IT WOULD BE THIS EASY?



≡HRK!≡

AFTER SO MANY YEARS OF TRAINING--

--AFTER YOU REJECT THE LEAGUE OF ASSASSINS AND YOUR BIRTHRIGHT--

--YOU COME MEWLING BACK TO RA'S AL GHUL AND EXPECT THAT ALL WILL BE FORGIVEN?



I'M AFRAID THERE IS MUCH TO PROVE...



...AND PAIN TO EARN.



BZZZ



SO... THERE ARE OVER THREE THOUSAND LENSES ON EACH OF MY EYES...



...AND I'M STILL NOT SURE I BELIEVE WHAT I JUST SAW.



I'VE ALWAYS BEEN LOYAL TO YOU. COMMITTED TO YOUR FUTURE. CAN YOU SAY THE SAME OF YOUR FATHER?

DOES THE *DETECTIVE* CARE ABOUT YOU AS I DO, DAMIAN?

LOOK AROUND. DO YOU REMEMBER WHAT IT MEANT TO GROW UP HERE? A SANCTUARY DEVOTED TO HONING YOUR MIND...



...AND SHARPENING YOUR BODY, MAKING YOU INTO A WEAPON WORTHY OF AN EMPIRE.

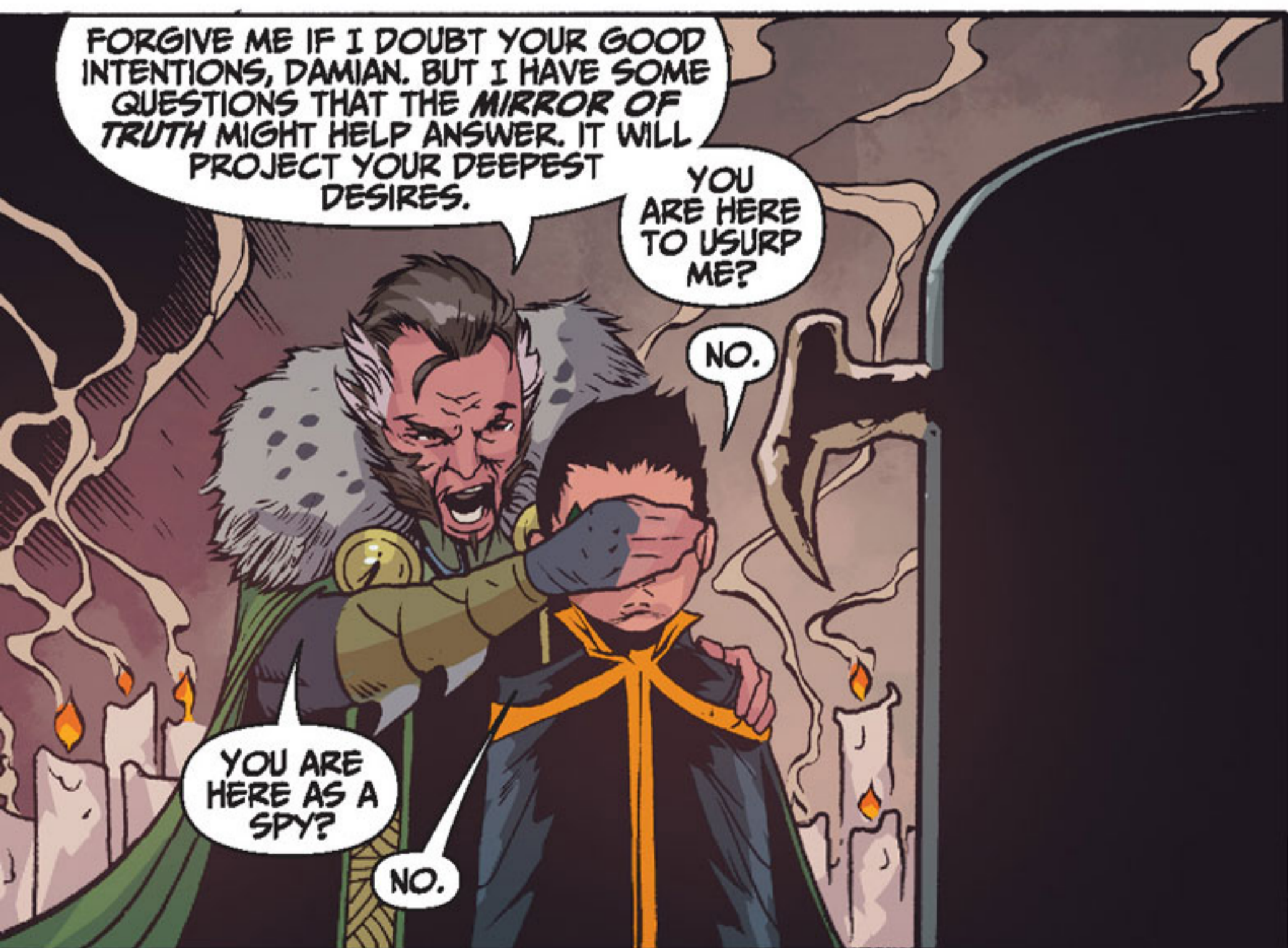
LET GO OF ME! I CHOSE TO BE HERE. DON'T PRETEND LIKE YOU'VE MADE THE DECISION FOR ME.



WHEN YOU LEFT, YOU THREW AWAY YOUR LIFE--AND MINE!



YOU KNOW THIS TO BE THE CHAMBER OF PROPHECIES. A PLACE OF FORESIGHT AND MEDITATION.



FORGIVE ME IF I DOUBT YOUR GOOD INTENTIONS, DAMIAN. BUT I HAVE SOME QUESTIONS THAT THE MIRROR OF TRUTH MIGHT HELP ANSWER. IT WILL PROJECT YOUR DEEPEST DESIRES.

YOU ARE HERE TO USURP ME?

NO.

YOU ARE HERE AS A SPY?

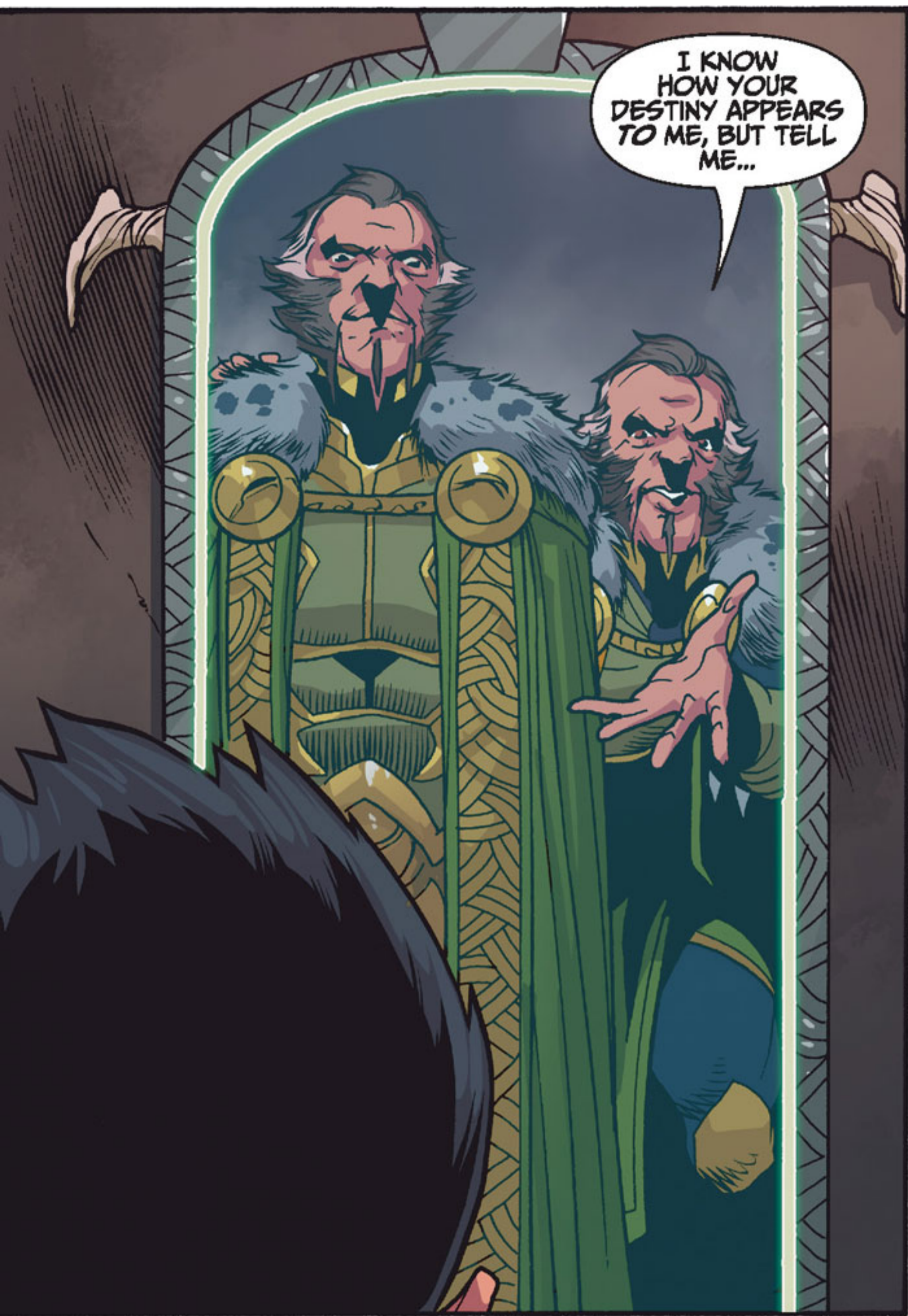
NO.



SO YOU ARE SAYING YOU ARE HERE, PURELY AND LOYALLY, AS MY GRANDSON AND HEIR?

WHO ARE YOU, BOY?

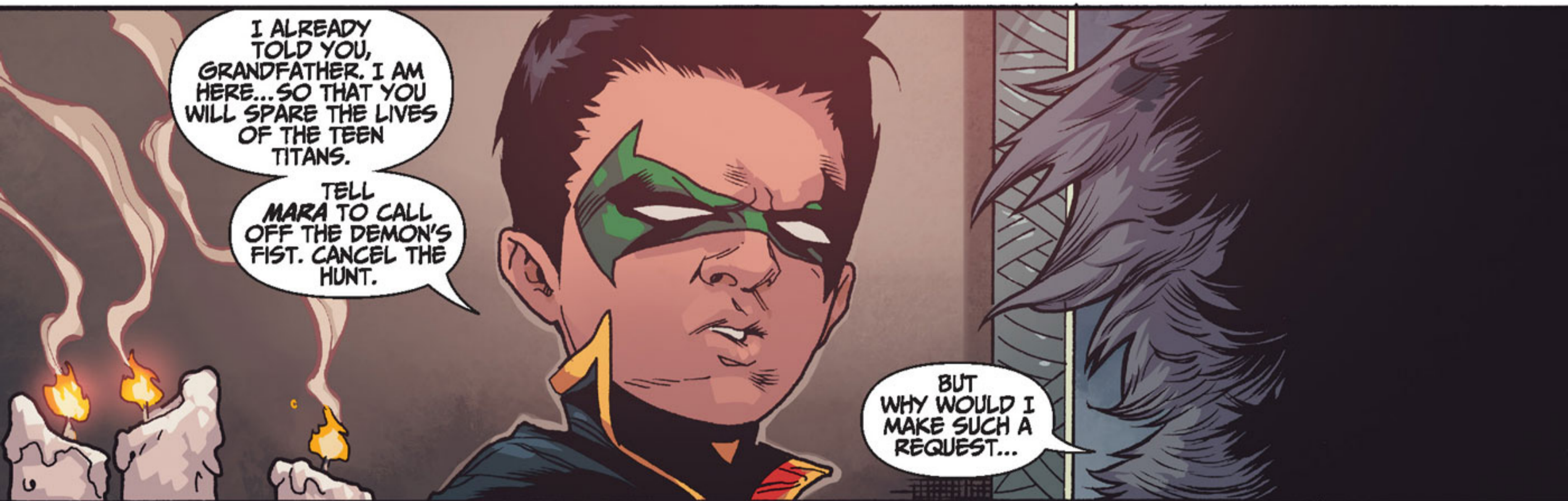
ETTE



I KNOW HOW YOUR DESTINY APPEARS TO ME, BUT TELL ME...



...WHAT DO YOU SEE?
WHO ARE YOU? WHY ARE YOU REALLY HERE?



I ALREADY TOLD YOU, GRANDFATHER. I AM HERE... SO THAT YOU WILL SPARE THE LIVES OF THE TEEN TITANS.

TELL MARA TO CALL OFF THE DEMON'S FIST. CANCEL THE HUNT.

BUT WHY WOULD I MAKE SUCH A REQUEST...



...WHEN YOU COULD DO SO YOURSELF?



WELCOME HOME, COUSIN.

BLAH

PLAGUE

MARA

STONE

NIGHTSTORM

MARA...



DO YOU REMEMBER WHEN YOU CUT ME, DAMIAN?

YOU SAID THAT THE SCAR WOULD SERVE AS A REMINDER...

...OF MY HUMILIATION.



I LOOK AT IT EVERY DAY. AND IT HAS BEEN A GOOD REMINDER, BUT MAYBE NOT IN THE WAY YOU EXPECTED.

IT'S KEPT ME FOCUSED. ON PUSHING MYSELF, READYING MYSELF... FOR THIS VERY MOMENT.



THE MOMENT WHEN I WOULD CUT YOU.

NOT A MERE LICK ON THE FACE. BUT SOMETHING DEEPER, MORE THOROUGH.



AND AFTER I GUT YOUR BELLY AND OPEN UP YOUR THROAT...

...MY ONLY REGRET WILL BE THAT A DEAD BODY CARRIES NO SCARS!