

**THE ROBIN'S NEST.**  
HIDDEN DOWN A GOTHAM ALLEY.

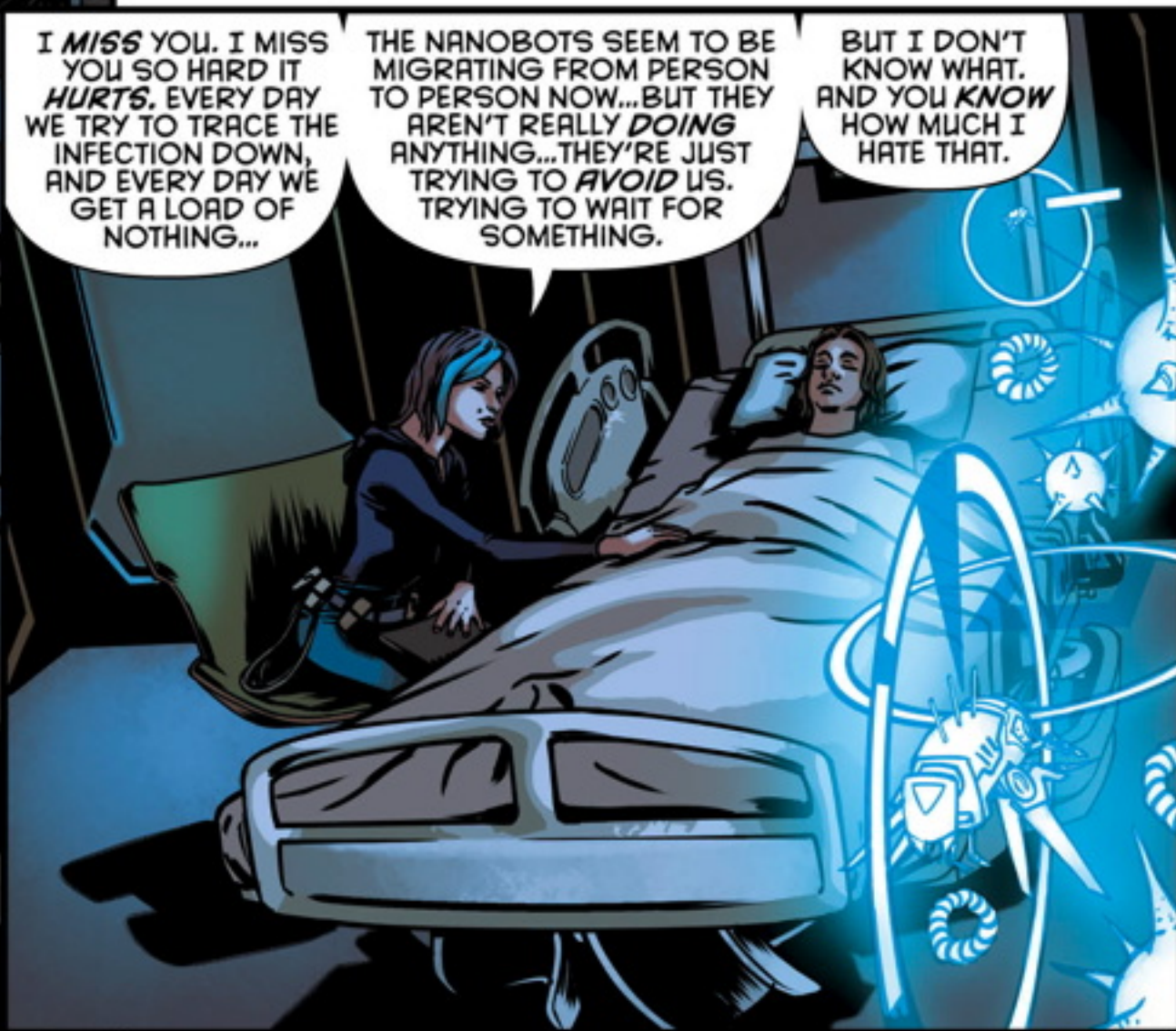
NOTHING HURTS MORE THAN NOT *KNOWING*, CULLEN... NOTHING GETS UNDER YOUR SKIN WORSE.

EXCEPT FOR SUPERADVANCED UNTRACEABLE NANOBOTS, I GUESS, BUT YOU'RE JUST TRYING TO ONE-UP ME LIKE YOU ALWAYS DO.

I *MISS* YOU. I MISS YOU SO HARD IT *HURTS*. EVERY DAY WE TRY TO TRACE THE INFECTION DOWN, AND EVERY DAY WE GET A LOAD OF NOTHING...

THE NANOBOTS SEEM TO BE MIGRATING FROM PERSON TO PERSON NOW... BUT THEY AREN'T REALLY *DOING* ANYTHING... THEY'RE JUST TRYING TO *AVOID* US. TRYING TO WAIT FOR SOMETHING.

BUT I DON'T KNOW WHAT. AND YOU *KNOW* HOW MUCH I HATE THAT.



THERE'S SO MUCH I WANT TO TELL YOU... I TOTALLY CAUGHT *RED ROBIN* COMING OUT OF THE SHOWER THE OTHER DAY... AND BOY, I DON'T THINK I'VE EVER *SEEN* A BODY LIKE THAT.

BUT THERE ARE LIKE, THESE *SCARS*, RUNNING ACROSS HIS BACK... THE WAY HE IGNORES THEM, I BET HE CAN'T EVEN SEE THEM ANYMORE. BUT I GUESS THAT'S THE COST, RIGHT?



DOING THIS... IF THIS *IS* WHAT I'M DOING... I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THAT EITHER. IT'S SO HARD TO TELL WHAT I *SHOULD* DO.



AND *NO*, I DIDN'T SEE ANYTHING R-RATED.

UNFORTUNATELY.

SHUT UP.



*Guhhhhh*, I MISS YOUR DUMB FACE.

*HARPER*. I NEED YOU AT THE MAIN CONSOLE.





DID YOU FIND ANYTHING... DO WE KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENING WITH THE NANOVIRUS?

I'M SORRY. NO. NOT YET... SOMETHING *BIGGER* IS HAPPENING.



THE GCPD...THE COMMISSIONER, BARD...THEY'VE LAUNCHED A FULL ASSAULT ON BATMAN.

I NEED YOU TO COORDINATE WITH THE CAVE. GET EVERYONE ON THE LINE.



WE NEED TO TALK.

NOT NOW... THIS IS IMPORTANT.

MY *BROTHER* IS IMPORTANT!



HARPER, THEY'RE GOING TO *KILL HIM!* HE'S LOCKED IN THAT CAR...IT'S A RACING COFFIN, AND THERE'S *NO TIME* TO TALK ABOUT CULLEN!



THEN LET ME COME *WITH YOU.* LET ME *DO* SOMETHING!



I *AM* ASKING YOU TO DO SOMETHING. I'M ASKING YOU TO BRING US ALL *TOGETHER.* IT'S THE MOST IMPORTANT THING RIGHT NOW.

BUT HE NEEDS ME... BARD...IT DOESN'T MAKE ANY SENSE...



I THOUGHT HE WAS BEING BLACKMAILED BY *HUSH.* THERE'S NO REASON TO DO THIS NOW...

HARPER. I CAN'T LET BATMAN *DIE.*



THINK THINK  
THINK THINK  
*THINK...*



DAD  
WOULD HAVE  
SAVED HIM FIVE  
MINUTES AGO.  
DAMMIT, JULIA.  
YOU CAN *DO*  
*THIS...* JUST FIND  
ONE LITTLE  
THREAD.



WAIT...  
DAD  
WOULD...

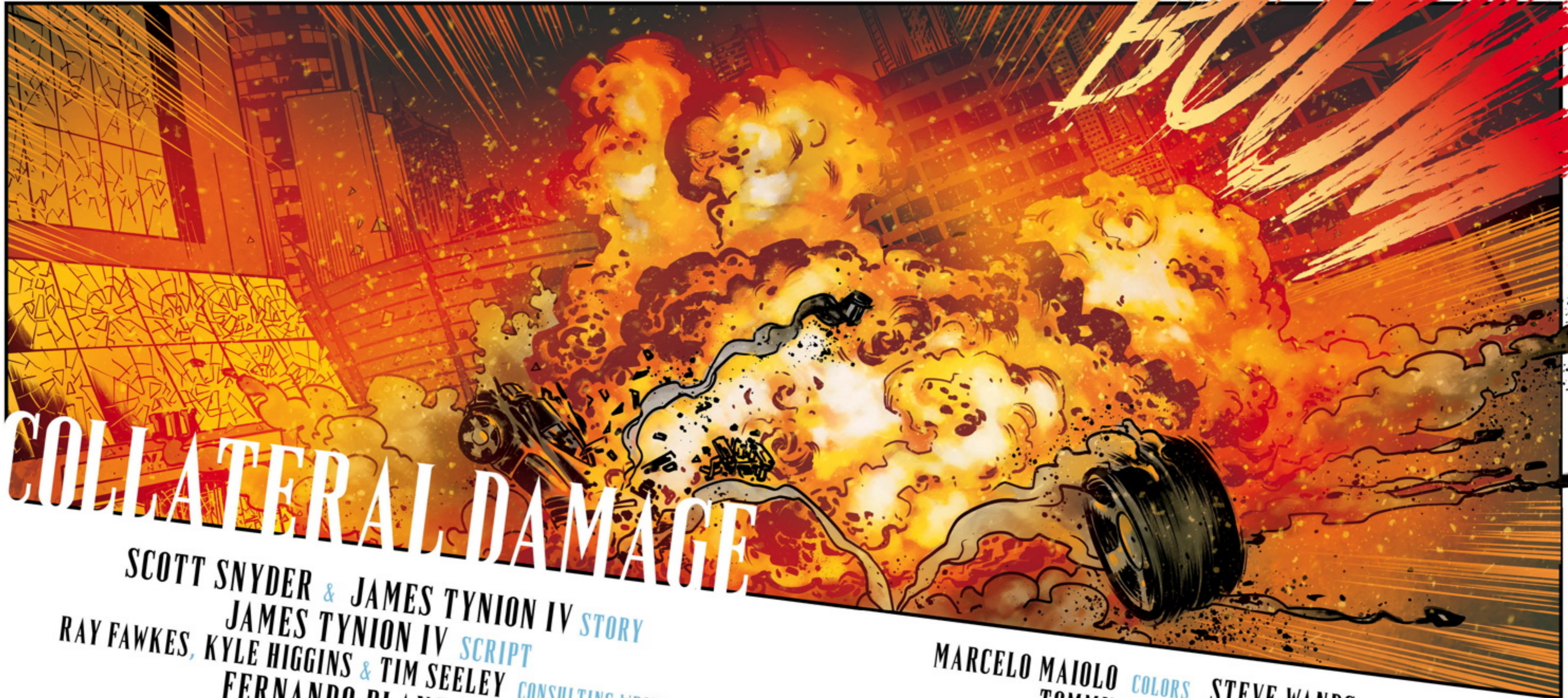
*Heh.*



COMPUTER...  
ENTER  
COMMAND.



BLUE  
ROSE.



# COLLATERAL DAMAGE

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AND THAT'S HOW YOU TAKE DOWN A VIGILANTE.



PROUD OF YOURSELF, HUH?

LOOK OUT AT WHAT YOU'VE DONE... SMELL THE BURNING RUBBER. THE MOLTEN STEEL. MAYBE YOU'LL EVEN GET A WHIFF OF THE FLESH YOU'RE LOOKING FOR.



THAT SMELL LIKE A VICTORY TO YOU?

YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND, HARVEY.



MEN LIKE YOU? I DON'T WANT TO UNDERSTAND.