

The Not Wholly Unexpected Demise of Dynamo

Writing Prompt: "At least I'm walking out of this alive"

By: Aimee Child

"Blast! It's Doctor Fiendish again!" Dynamo glowered at the closed circuit monitors, and slammed his heavy, gloved fist on the console before him. "How do they keep escaping from the maximum security prison? It makes no sense."

"Well, they **are** criminal masterminds." Blast didn't look up from the hand held game device that was balanced carefully in his fingers. He was in the middle of a boss fight, and his day-glow orange unitard had started an irritating itch in his groin he could do nothing about until the battle was over. *Damned polyester*, he thought as he selected his next move with a grimace on his young, handsome face. "Probably got someone on the inside. Whole system's corrupt."

Dynamo placed his red-gloved hand on his small amount of exposed masculine chin; it was the only bit of actual flesh showing outside of the form-fitting red and orange costume he wore. "Hum," he muttered with a nod before exploding into more over-enthusiastic verbal vomit. "Yes! Of course! And that's why this city is in need of the mighty Dynamo to protect it from this criminal scum." He reflexively struck a pose, holding it a bit too long as if he expected a wave of paparazzi to show up.

"Damn it," Blast grunted behind him. This was the third time he had lost this boss fight. He was beginning to think winning was impossible. This time, however, he had been distracted by the itch in his crotch, which he immediately reached down to scratch with wild abandon while convincing himself that next time he would win.

Dynamo took that moment to turn around, narrowing his masked eyes at his young side kick. "What was that, Blast?"

"Er..." Blast stopped in mid-scratch and looked up at the monitors that lit the entire room. On the screen, civilians silently screamed as they ran from the invading hoard of cybernetic opossum controlled by Doctor Fiendish. "I mean, golly gee, Dynamo. We need to get out there and help those folks." He quickly pulled his hand away from his nether regions and faked an enthusiastic smile.

Dynamo looked back over his shoulder to the monitors at the carnage that appeared to be happening all over the city. "Right you are, Blast! Let's get going! To the Trinitro-bikes™!" The mighty hero jumped forward, running with unbound energy toward a pair of brightly painted motorcycles that waited nearby.

Blast rolled his eyes and stood up, giving his groin another good scratch, and adjusting the offending material. He started for the motorcycles, thinking they were at least vaguely cool. Dynamo had the foresight to choose Ducati, but had then proceeded to

paint them in his trademark orange and red, supposedly so criminals could see them coming from several miles away.

The pair mounted their bikes and kicked them into gear; the bikes letting out loud roars into the room as they fired up. Ahead of the duo, a large garage door slid open to the waiting world, and they sped out between the gaping maw of metal before the doors could fully open.

Dynamo's gray cape billowed out behind him like smoke from a fire as they rode down a narrow country road toward the distraught city. The flailing of his cape revealed his tall and chiseled body; the perfect build for a man who was drawn to crime fighting. He had been military demolitions expert in a previous life, and had far too much of an obsession with all things explosive. Dynamo chose to use his knowledge for good, however, at least in his own mind.

He had inadvertently done a great deal of harm as well. People had died in the beginning, usually due to uncontrolled explosions and over-zealous do-gooding. Still, he had built a reputation despite collateral damage, and the people of the city had come to depend on him when evil villains such as Doctor Fiendish came to town.

Blast rode even with, and occasionally ahead of, Dynamo, which usually ticked off the superhero. Something about the hero's ego hated when Blast arrived on the scene before he did. It just wasn't right for Blast to be seen before he was, but something in the superhero code didn't allow him to berate his side kick in front of the public. That usually waited until they got back to their secret base inside an unremarkable garage outside the city.

The impending yelling session for being so bold didn't bother Blast in the least. He possessed the cocky assuredness of a typical 18 year old, and he regarded Dynamo as the pompous old man that he was. Dynamo might have been in great shape for 40-something year old, but he was still old in his side kick's eyes.

"Dynamo, look!" Blast yelled, though neither of them could be heard over the roar of the Trinitro-bikes™. Straight ahead, a line of cybernetic opossum were blocking the road into the city. They were ready for the superheroes. Blast jammed his Ducati into high gear, and sped forward toward the line.

"BLAST!" Dynamo yelled after him, pushing his own bike up to top speed. There was no time to argue about who should go in first as Blast ripped through the line of marsupials with his bike. Blood, fur, and mechanical bits flew everywhere, including into Dynamo's face. It was times like these he was glad his outfit covered 97 percent of his body.

As much as Dynamo wanted to scold his young companion, there was no time as the remaining functional opossums lunged after his speeding motorcycle, biting into his

spandexed shins. They're already sharp teeth had been enhanced with diamond tips, which tore through the material as if it was nothing. "OWWW!" Dynamo's Ducati weaved back and forth as he tried to shake off the vicious beasts.

Ahead, Blast was fighting off another wave of opossums, and having little better luck than Dynamo. Blast spun around in a wide donut, taking out a few more of the small, nasty animals, but more continued to pour in from all sides. Where Doctor Fiendish had found so many opossums upon his escape from prison was anyone's guess, and something better left unthought about.

The opossum-covered road between Dynamo and Blast lit up with a massive, fiery explosion, bringing both heroes to a screeching stop. Flaming balls of fur screamed in pain as the fire hit and scattered them in several directions. Both Dynamo and Blast looked around, questioning what happened, and their eyes fell on a figure standing on a rooftop just above them.

The woman stood with her hands held before her, and a smirk on her masked face. "Morning, boys. Out for a little joy ride?" She did a flip off the roof, spraying out two more streams of flaming napalm at another wave of attacking opossums as she landed gracefully on the sidewalk.

Dynamo grinned widely as he realized who had come to his aid. It was a very good thing his spandex was so tight around his body to prevent what would be a certain embarrassment as he looked over the curvaceous, red-headed heroine. "Lady Flame," he said, puffing up his chest. "Glad you could make it."

"I wouldn't miss one of your parties, Sugar," she laughed back, throwing another fire ball toward a pack of opossums that were closing in on Blast. "Hey Blast. How's kicks?"

"Still kicking," he replied, his eyes glued to the newcoming just as Dynamo's were. He barely noticed the opossum carnage littering the street around them. All thoughts of Doctor Fiendish and his evils plans had melted from his mind, being replaced by fantasies of getting up close and personal with Lady Flame. The moment the heroine looked away, he reached down to scratch at his groin once more, which had started to bother him again in a very different way this time.

Lady Flame walked toward Dynamo, kicking smoldering opossums out of her way as if they were pebbles on the sidewalk. "So, what's with the rats, hot stuff?"

She had a way of lighting Dynamo's fuse (and almost any other man who happened to look at her, or hear her voice, or even have a stray thought about her), and his jaw hung open loosely. There may have even been a small amount of drool. "I...uh..."

Blast narrowed his eyes. Of course Lady Flame would go for the guy in charge, no matter much a blither fool he was. Sidekicks never got any respect; or women for that matter. He revved his Ducati's engine trying to break the eye contact Dynamo had fallen entranced by. "It's Doctor Fiendish. He's attacking the city."

"Doctor Fiendish, huh?" Lady Flame kept her eyes on Dynamo as she spoke. "It looks like you could use some help. Mind giving a lady a ride?"

"Oh yeah," Dymano drooled. Then he realized she had meant on his bike, and he shook his head, trying to clear it. "Er...I mean, yeah, hop on. We should hurry!"

Blast growled, turning in the direction they were about to go as Lady Flame mounted Dynamo's bike. Everything she did was seductive, from sliding her high-heeled boot over the back of the bike, to pressing her flame-colored spandex costume against Dynamo's muscled back, to curling her hands around his chiseled abs to finally rest in his crotch where they groped at his barely contained manhood. "Well, let's get going then," she whispered into his ear.

Dynamo groaned and fired up the Ducati. He gunned it into gear, and sped past Blast, spraying hot, dead opossum parts in his wake. "HEY!" Blast shouted, covering his face from the onslaught. "Asshole." Blast grumbled and started after them. At least he got a nice view of Lady Flame's backside this way.

The trio sped through the city, dodging screaming pedestrians and trying to avoid the worst of the opossum rampage. Lady Flame continued to attack the beasts with her napalm fire balls while Dynamo and Blast ran them over, leaving a foul-smelling trail behind. Occasionally, civilians would get in the way, adding to the casualties. But the heroes each chalked that up to being part of the price for saving the city from threats.

Through the mass hysteria, the bikes weaved up and down random alleys, heading toward the heart of the city. Dynamo's monitoring network had been patched in the local news affiliate's traffic and weather cameras, and they had last seen Doctor Fiendish near the city center, so that was where Dynamo headed now. As they got closer, the mass of people became too thick to ride through. "We'll have to abandon the Trinitro-bikes™!" Dynamo shouted as he stopped and killed his engine.

Blast stopped next to Dynamo's bike as Lady Flame slid off. She smiled to both them and winked. "All right, Sweets. I'll head to the north. We can try to search out and surround him."

"Right," Dynamo said, dismounting as well. "He'll be somewhere he can control the cybernetic opossums. Some kind of broadcasting tower." He leaned toward Blast, and cupped his hand conspiratorially around his mouth. "And not the one in my pants," he laughed lewdly.

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Blast rolled his eyes and got off his own bike, looking over at Lady Flame. "When you get tired of this guy, let me know. I'll give you a ride on a real machine."

"You're so cute," Lady Flame laughed, and dashed out toward the screaming masses. "Come on boys. It's show time!"

As Lady Flame dashed off, Dynamo and Blast looked at one another, glaring through their masks. They would have to sort out this pissing contest later though. Now, they had a city to save. As if thinking the same thing, the both ran out into the open, Blast heading to the south, while Dynamo ran straight ahead.

The heroes didn't get far before a massive wave of opossums flooded from the doorways of a nearby building toward them. Most of the civilians out of the area, Lady Flame began to torch the invading creatures, as Dynamo and Blast lobbed explosives into their midst.

"There's too many of them!" Blast yelled over one of the concussive booms that sent opossum parts flying in all directions. He threw a grenade at a large patch of the animals, unsure if the others heard him.

A shrill scream rose pierced the air as Lady Flame was overwhelmed by the opossums, some of which were on fire, and pulled to the ground. She fought against them, but couldn't use her napalm without severely burning herself. Their sharp teeth sank into arms and legs, causing her to scream in pain.

"FLAME!" Dynamo yelled, turning to try to run toward her. As he took his eye off the opossums, they swarmed over him as well. The sheer mass of their cybernetic bodies were too heavy, even for his bulky frame. "FUCK!" he screamed, not caring about projecting a good-guy image under the mass of furry bodies and biting teeth. "GET THE FUCK OFF ME!"

Blast looked over when he heard Dynamo's yells, and snorted a laugh that the mighty hero was taken down so easily. The distraction was just enough that he found himself overwhelmed as well as the opossums took him down. "DAMN IT!" he yelled, struggling under the mass of bodies.

The hoard of opossums held down the struggling heroes as a crack of maniacal laughter broke the air. "FOOLS!" Doctor Fiendish's voice boomed out through strategically placed loud speakers surrounding the central broadcasting station for the local news affiliate. "You've fallen into my trap, and now I have you right where I want you!"

Lady Flame kicked uselessly at one of the opossums on her foot. "Cliché much?" she grumbled under her breath.

Of course Doctor Fiendish didn't hear her, nor would he have cared if he had. "Bring them to me, my pets." He called to the opossums under his command. And with far too much ease, the opossums obeyed, dragging the heroes across the pavement toward the broadcasting building.

"You'll never get away with this," Dynamo shouted in his best heroic voice. He once more tried to fight off the tugging animals, but found even his superior strength could do little to pull himself free.

He already has you idiot, Blast and Lady Flame thought in unison, both of them focusing more on trying to free themselves than talking back to the mad scientist who probably couldn't hear them anyway. If they weren't able to fight off these opossums, there would be little hope of them defeating Doctor Fiendish once he decided to show himself. They always appeared to gloat.

And true to form, the opossums dragged the heroes in through a large set of glass doors and into the main lobby of the broadcast station, where Doctor Fiendish stood on a balcony above, grinning down at the grayish swarm. "Ah, welcome. Welcome! It's so nice of you to join me. Lady Flame, young Blast, and of course the mighty Dynamo. Such important guests."

Dynamo growled under his blanket of opossums. He hated being named last, and he was certain Doctor Fiendish did this to purposely rile him. "Don't be so cocky, foul villain," he growled, oblivious to his own cliché. "You haven't won yet, and if history is any judge, you won't."

Doctor Fiendish laughed and shook his head as he leaned on the railing. "I'll admit that mistakes have been made. I think you'll find this time is different though. I'm not incapable of learning, you see. And because of that, I plan to get straight to the fun." He laughed once more, pointing down at Lady Flame. "Take her to the board room. We have things to discuss." The mad scientist turned and started walking down the balcony. "You know what to do with the others."

With the vicious hisses and growls only opossums seem capable of, the cybernetic creatures began to drag the heroes in different directions; Lady Flame toward one set of elevators; Dynamo and Blast toward another. "Don't worry guys," Lady Flame said with a scowl on her face. "I'll take care of this jerk then come get you out of whatever he's got planned."

Dynamo made a heroic attempt at a laugh. "Not if I escape and come to your aid first!" Blast merely rolled his eyes as he was carried along the cold granite floor. Lady Flame laughed in response as the opossums took her into the waiting elevator that

indicated it was going up. The other two were pulled into an elevator ready to head down into the bowels of the building.

Once the elevator doors slid closed and the car began to shamble down the shaft, Dynamo looked over at his young partner. "Blast! We need to figure a out of this! And quickly! I don't think Doctor Fiendish is going to take any chances this time."

"Don't worry, boss," Blast said in a tone much too calm for the current situation. "I've got this all under control."

Dynamo turned his head as much as he could through the opossum bodies, to look at his side-kick. "Excellent! Let's get out of here then. A small EMP should short circuit these vile beasts!"

Blast rolled his eyes. "Yeah, you would think that," he said, starting to stand up. The opossums backed away from him, turning instead toward the still prone form of Dynamo. "Thing is, they're only part electronic. It might scramble their brains a little, but that really just ticks them off."

"Wh...what are you doing?" Dynamo asked, flustered for possibly the first time in his life. He tried to wiggle out from under the opossums, only to himself stuck fast. "How did you...?"

Blast grunted, and pointed down to one of the opossums, which immediately placed itself between Dynamo's legs. "If he tries anything, bite it off," he said with a grin. As if understanding, the opossum opened its maw to reveal the many tiny, sharp teeth inside.

Dynamo's eyes widened as he realized the position he was in. "Blast! What's going on here? I don't understand. What's the matter with you?"

The elevator came to a stop, giving a cheery ding as the doors slid open. Blast laughed and stepped out and the opossums dragging Dynamo with them, followed. "You really had no clue, did you? You never once stopped to think about any of this."

They had arrived in the basement of the building, which was large and open, housing a multitude of HVAC machinery. Blast strolled to the center of the room, and the opossums moved past him, dragging Dynamo toward the main furnace. The door of the furnace was already open and leaching hot air from its mouth.

Dynamo's eyes widened as craned his neck back to see where he was being taken. "Have you gone insane?!" He yelled. The hero thought to struggle once more, but the opossum between his legs was keeping pace with the rest of them, making any fight difficult. "Where is your sense of loyalty? Why are you doing this?"

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The opossums stopped in front of the furnace, and Blast walked toward them until he was standing over Dynamo. "Do you remember when you took me in, Dynamo?"

"What?" Dynamo paused, frowning slightly. The question had caught him off guard, making him forget any thoughts of trying to fight his way out of the creatures that held him. "Of course I do," he said finally. The heat of the furnace was starting to make him sweat under his cowl, turning the material a darkened red. "You were just a boy, caught in the aftermath of an epic battle between good and evil. You had no one to take care of you."

Blast pinched the bridge of his nose and shook his head. "There, see. That's what I'm talking about. All you goody-goodies are alike with your revisionist history and bloated egos." The younger man turned and started pacing the floor as he emoted his words with his hands. "Epic battle between good and evil. No one to take care of me. Shit. Give me a fucking break." He turned back to the hero and scowled toward him. "It was you blowing up some petty criminal, and taking out half the population of the city with him. I was left alone because you killed my entire family, you pretentious, idiotic prick."

Dynamo blinked at Blast. "I...I didn't realize. I'm sorry, Blast. Let's just forget this whole thing, and I'll find some way to make it up to you. Things don't have to end this way. I was just trying to do what's right, after all."

Blast rubbed his chin thoughtfully for a moment as if he were actually considering the offer to kiss and make up. Then he grinned once more and shook his head. "No. I don't think so." He nodded down to the opossum between Dynamo's legs, and the creature inched forward, opening its mouth once more. "You see, you're completely clueless about all of this. I've been planning and plotting my revenge against you from the beginning. Doctor Fiendish, and all of your other enemies are under my control. And now, it's time for it to come to an end. Do it."

At the command, the opossum bit heavily into Dynamo's crouch, making the superhero scream like a little girl as the sharp teeth sank into flesh. "OH GOD! OH GOD! STOP! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!"

"Just a little pay back," Blast said, turning away from the writhing hero. "But don't worry. The pain won't last much longer." He started to walk back toward the elevator, curling his hands behind his back. "Oh, I know. This is burning bridges and all, but at least I'm walking out of this alive, unlike you. And, I intend to "save" Lady Flame, and take her all for myself. Later, asshole."

Blast raised one hand in a semi-wave, and the opossums moved forward, dragging Dynamo toward the mouth of the furnace. Though the pain in his groin, he barely noticed the heat until his cowl began to smolder. "NOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!! GOD NO!" He began to

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struggle, having nothing to lose now, but the opossums, who seemed to not care about their own sacrifice, continued to drag him into the flames.

Blast pushed the call button on the elevator, and turned to watch as Dynamo caught on fire and began squirm in agonizing pain. There would be no daring escape this time. Dynamo's days of heroism were over, and it was time for a new hero to take the reins. And it would be easy, since he already controlled the criminal underground.

After a moment, Dynamo stopped struggling, accepting his death as it washed over him. Blast gave him a mock salute, and stepped into the waiting elevator car. As the elevator doors closed on him, he reached down, scratching his crouch again. Lady Flame was waiting a few floors above, and he was ready.