



M2K Special Edition Cyberback

Collecting The Punisher #12 & 14 by Logan Polk

These two issues were part of a larger story written, but unfortunately due to previous site crashes, the middle chapter by Logan Polk has been lost. While The Punisher #13 has been swallowed up by the internet, you can still enjoy these two enveloping stories!



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#12 – “Theresa”
Written by Logan Polk

Theresa was playing on the stairs as the tall stranger walked out of his apartment door. It was summer, had been for almost three weeks, and she'd become increasingly tired of cartoons. They couldn't afford cable, so all there was to watch were some old Tom & Jerry tapes her Dad had picked up a flea market years ago. “I'm not five anymore,” she'd tell him with that pre-teen attitude of hers.

She looked up at the man, the tall stranger, as he approached the stairwell. He never looked back, and never seemed to notice that she was looking at him. Her Mom had said that he was a bad man, but Theresa didn't think so. No, she thought he was just a lonely man, not a bad one.

The stairs creaked under his weight, and she had to bite her bottom lip to keep from laughing. Despite what she felt, she knew it was never wise to laugh at men. She'd seen her Mom do it a few times when her Dad would mess something up, and it always ended badly.

The bottom of his leather trench coat brushed across the top of her left arm. He always wore that jacket, no matter how hot it was. Theresa thought that maybe he was sick; in health class this year Ms. Yarborough had taught them about getting sick with AIDS. Theresa didn't understand a lot of it, but she did know what pneumonia was. Her Mom had it a few years ago and had been cold a lot, so she was always wearing a lot of warm clothes. Ms. Yarborough said that sometimes people with AIDS died from pneumonia, so she thought maybe the stranger had it.

He always smelled funny. He didn't smell bad, like the rat that died in their wall last summer, but it wasn't a very pleasant smell either. One day her Dad had come home from work and he had been covered in blood. He said he'd been jumped on his way home. Theresa had to take his clothes down to the washing machine and the mixture of blood and sweat almost made her sick. The man smelled a lot like that, but there was something else too...

Firecrackers, she thought. That was it, he smelled like blood, sweat, and firecrackers.

The building door clanked shut and Theresa was drawn out of her thoughts. Then stranger was gone again, just like every other day, and all that was left was that sour mixture lingering in the air.

“Theresa,” she heard her mother call from their apartment.

“Yeah, Mom?”

“Come in here, honey, I made grilled cheese for lunch.”

Theresa stood; leaving her two dolls on the staircase, and happily ran into their apartment.

The sun was setting as Frank dislocated the man's arm.

“See what happens when you peddle drugs in a schoolyard?” he said grimly.

The man screamed in pain as Frank continued to pull on the limb. He drove his knee deeper into the guys back, waiting to hear the crack of vertebrae, but it never came.

The man screamed again and tried to say something, but he stopped as Frank leaned forward placing his pistol in the man's mouth.

“You don't get any last words,” Frank laughed.

The look in the man's eyes was one of complete terror. Frank could only guess at what was passing through his mind right now, but he did know that a bullet would be the last thing that ever did. He squeezed the trigger and watched as blood and grey matter splattered onto the brick wall behind him.

The moment passed and Frank stood, looking around the alleyway to make sure he hadn't had an audience. He lifted the pistol, unscrewing the silencer, and placed both inside the holster underneath his trench coat. It was an incredibly hot day, and Frank knew how obvious the coat made him look, but he was well past the point of caring.

He wasn't far from his new home, and knew he wasn't going to be able to go any farther with his blood-soaked clothing. He tied the trench coat at the waist, and walked swiftly out of the dim, dank alleyway.

Within minutes he was walking into his new apartment building. The smell of urine and cigarettes pelted him in the face. When he reached the top of the stairs he saw the little girl once more playing in the hallway.

Her mother called her from inside their apartment and she quickly stood and ran in. Frank opened his apartment door and stepped inside.

He flipped the light switch, filling the empty apartment with almost blinding light. There were only had four rooms, one of which was a bathroom. The “living” room was empty except for a few boxes of newspaper clippings, and in the other was a small cot along with enough weapons

to start a small war. The last room was the kitchen, which was very small, and in which there was nothing but a refrigerator.

Frank removed his shirt as he walked into the bedroom, tossing it on the bed. He carefully removed the two pistols he'd had strapped to his waist. He tossed them onto the bed also then walked into the bathroom.

He turned on the cold water, cupped his hands, filled them with water, and then raised them to his face. As the water dripped slowly from his skin, he stared into his mirrored reflection.

You liked that didn't you?

Frank didn't answer the voice. After all, it was only in his head.

They're still dead. It whispered.

Frank still remained silent.

You can't bring them-

But before the voice could finish, Frank turned and walked away.

“Another dead body?” the cop asked, kneeling.

“Is homicide on the way?” someone else asked.

“Yeah,” he answered; “Should be here shortly.”

“Shorter than you think,” a woman's voice came.

“Detective Moyna,” the officer nodded, standing up.

“I'll take it from here,” she sighed, looking at the body.

The officer walked away, quietly asking onlookers to please step back. Another officer had begun to string up the caution tape, and a few barricades had been set up also.

“What do we have here?” came another voice, this time a man's, her partner.

He watched her kneel towards the ground, examining the nearly headless corpse.

“I'd bet two hundred easy it was Castle,” she said.

Her partner, Jimmy Cordova, sighed, scratching his head.

“Susie, how many times do we have to go over this,” he laughed.

“Say whatever you want, Jimmy,” she smiled; “I know he's still out there, and I know he's the one doing this.”

“There hasn't been a Punisher sighting in months,” he commented.

The woman stood, and Jimmy couldn't help but admire her body. She was about 5'7”, maybe 150lbs, but very shapely.

“Quit staring,” she grumbled, walking past him.

Jimmy laughed and began to follow her.

“So, what the hell makes you think this is Castle?” he asked.

“Like you said, nothing for months, and now in the span of a week we've got at least six corpses with no suspects.”

“Maybe it's a copycat,” he suggested.

“And maybe it's not, maybe it's Castle.”

He looked at her for a moment, knowing she wasn't going to give. After a few seconds he smiled and pulled out the car keys.

“Wanna get a donut and some coffee?”

In the inner circles of New York 's crime families, he was known as The Italian Olive. His mother still called him Christopher, his friends called him Chris, and his employees called him boss.

Despite his young age, he had earned a reputation as a man who wasn't to be messed with. Nevertheless, that's exactly what was happening. His operations in Red Hook were being compromised, and given the state of the neighborhood he knew it wasn't a rival family.

His men had begun circling rumors about the return of the Punisher, someone Don Oliva had believed to be an urban legend. He wasn't so sure now.

There was a brief knock at his door, and a tall, muscular man entered the room.

“What is it Johnny?” he asked.

“Boss, we've got a problem,” the man answered; “Hook's Grocer refuses to pay the protection fee.”

“Take ‘em out, he's two months past due. We need to send this hood a message; I'm not fucking around anymore.”

“Yes, boss,” the goon said, closing the door.

Theresa looked out the window of her bedroom into the New York skyline. She had the only view of the city in the whole apartment, and at night she often found herself silently enjoying it. Today was no different.

It was raining, but not heavily, and her father hadn't made it home yet. In the kitchen her mother was cooking dinner. Well, she called it cooking. Mostly what it amounted to was heating the stove, popping in whatever pre-made concoction she decided on, and plopping down on the couch and watching Wheel of Fortune until the timer went off.

She heard the faint sound of their deadbolt turning and ran to the door. There stood her father, practically drenched. Theresa often wondered why he had no umbrella, but never thought to ask. She threw her arms around the man, her clothes absorbing the excess water she squeezed from his own.

“Miss me?” He laughed.

“Yeah, I've been lonely,” Theresa smiled.

“Where's Mom?”

“In the other room, watching the Wheel.”

“Figures, what's say you and me eat some dinner?”

Theresa nodded her head briefly, still smiling.

The two of them walked into the kitchen. Theresa watched her father grab two plates out of one of their cabinets and begin to shovel food onto them.

“Disco Duck!” her mother screamed from the other room.

Theresa and her father both laughed; Theresa even began snorting.

“What's so damned funny?” Came her mother's voice from the kitchen entrance.

“Nothing, honey,” he father answered.

“Well, it was nice of you to start dinner without me.”

Theresa frowned, sinking down into her chair. She could feel one of their arguments coming on, and it was never very pleasant.

Frank heard the sound of breaking glass and immediately awoke from his brief sleep. He didn't care for sleeping much, and when he did manage to get some, it was never very peaceful.

Once more he heard the faint sound of something shattering and he immediately realized it was coming from across the hall. Muffled voices filled his ears as he sat up. It seemed that every other day they fought, and it was always violent.

Frank's mind wandered back to the few fights he'd had with Maria. Everything seemed so trivial now...now that she was dead.

She's been dead Frank.

“Shut the fuck up,” he muttered.

She's been dead for years, and you still haven't gotten over it.

Frank opened his mouth, but before he could speak there was a small knock at his door.

The night hadn't been a total waste for Detectives Cordova and Moyna. After a few interrogations and several leads, they discovered the victim from earlier had been connected to the Oliva Crime Family. So had the six others.

They sat at their conjoined desks in silence, in fact they had been doing so for quite sometime. Both of them were thinking the same thing; why go after this guy?

He was obviously taking out people they, the police, would end up arresting anyway. Disregarding the legality, he was doing them a favor.

“It's our job,” Moyna said.

“Yeah,” Cordova agreed, shaking his head; “Still, you gotta admire the guy, whoever he is. He's got some balls.”

“It's Castle, I'm telling you.”

“Whatever you say Susie,” he laughed.

She watched as his double chin bobbed with every chuckle. He wasn't a very obese man, but he was definitely on the heavy side. They had been partners for over two years now, and in that time she had grown to appreciate him, even depend on him.

“You hungry?” he asked.

“Jimmy, don't you think about anything besides food?”

Before he could answer another voice rang out through the station.

“Moyna, line two!”

She picked up the phone and in her most polite voice said: “Detective Moyna speaking.”

Jimmy watched as she picked up a pen and began to scribble on a small piece of paper.

“Yeah,” she said, “Yeah...okay...be right there.”

“What's up?” he asked as she put down the phone.

“Looks like the day ain't over yet,” she sighed, holding up the paper.

Johnny Baskets, as he was known in the neighborhood, stepped out of his Continental and stared at the rundown building. Behind him two other cars stopped and three more men stepped out.

“This the place?” one of them asked.

“Yeah, what a fuckin' dump,” Johnny laughed.

“We gonna burn it down?” another asked.

“Nah, da Olive said just whack the man, and anyone who gets in the way. Last apartment on the left, second floor.”

Johnny walked to the trunk, opened it, and then opened a small suitcase inside. He pulled out four pistols, one by one handing them to his men. He slammed the trunk and they walked inside.

Theresa was right, there had been an argument, one that turned violent. She had gone to her room at first, but when her parents took the fight into the bedroom, she quietly left the apartment.

She ran across the hall and knocked on the stranger's door. She hoped he was still at home. She really didn't know where to go; she just didn't want to listen to the fight.

He opened the door and looked grimly down at her.

“Hello,” Theresa smiled.

The man said nothing.

“Look, my parents are fighting, and I was wondering if I could use your phone to call my aunt.”

“Don't have one,” he grimaced.

“Then, can I just come in, maybe stay for awhile, until the fight blows over?”

“Look kid...”

“Please mister, I can't listen to that anymore.”

As if on cue more yelling came from the apartment across the hall.

Frank reluctantly opened the door and let the little girl step inside.

“Ugh,” she said, seeing the filthy state of his place.

“Feel free to leave,” Frank said, opening the door even wider.

“Sorry,” she said, hanging her head.

Frank shut the door and walked towards the kitchen.

“Want something to drink?” he asked.

“Sure,” she said, perking up.

Within seconds he was walking back into the room holding a small glass of water. He handed it to the girl and she looked at it reluctantly before deciding it was okay.

After a few big gulps the water was gone and she sat down firmly and swiftly on the floor.

“What's your name?” she asked; “Mine's Theresa.”

“Frank,” he answered.

“Well, Mr. Frank, it was nice of you to let me come inside.”

“How old are you kid?”

“Twelve,” she said smiling; “Thirteen in six weeks!”

Frank didn't respond.

“My Mom said you're a bad man, but you don't seem so bad to me.”

“Your mom was right kid, I'm not a very nice guy.”

“Can I use your bathroom?” she asked.

Before Frank could answer she was already up and exploring. He quickly cut her off as she headed towards his bedroom.

“It's in here kid,” he said, leading her to the door.

“Thanks,” she smiled, stepping inside the little room.

As she shut the door Frank began to regret his decision to let her in.

That was stupid Frank. Really fucking stupid. What if she sees something?

“She's only a kid,” he whispered.

Yeah, and not much older than your kids would've been, the voice taunted.

He knew it wasn't the right thing to do, but she had been upset.

She's not your problem, Frank.

But she was. Its kids like her that become the people that he eventually had to kill. People raised in unfortunate circumstances. She would turn to a life of violence, prostitution, drugs, crime...it was inevitable.

You gonna save her Frank?

Once more he began to respond to himself, and once more he was cut short. Only this time it wasn't a knock at the door. It was gunfire, and it was coming from across the hall.

Johnny kicked the apartment door in and was met with silence. He raised his gun and walked in. The rest of his crew followed, all of them standing inside the living room, looking around nervously.

A door creaked open, and the man they had been instructed to kill came walking out. Johnny didn't wait for the man to speak, instead he immediately put two into the man's chest. He fell to the ground and behind him a woman began to scream.

“Shut that bitch up!” Johnny yelled.

Within seconds she too lay on the floor in a pool of blood.

“Let's get the fuck out of here,” one of the men commented.

As they turned to leave another man stood in the apartment's doorway. Before any of them could react Frank Castle began to shoot.

First it was their shoulders, rendering their guns almost useless. Then he dropped to the ground, shooting at kneecaps. The four men fell almost immediately. Next it was heads, and one by one he put a bullet in them. He got through number three and he heard a small voice behind him.

“Mr...Mr. Frank?” Theresa stuttered.

Frank turned to look at her. She stood in the hallway, fear consuming her. In the distance sirens could be heard.

“What's happening?” she asked.

Frank turned to look at his final victim, then back at Theresa.

Before he could stop her she ran past him into the apartment. She trotted past the dead thugs almost as if they weren't even there.

She came to the lifeless bodies of her parents and began to cry.

Frank watched as a twelve year old girl fell to her knees and wept for her dead family. He watched as she collapsed against her father's corpse, his blood soaking into her jeans.

Kill the mother fucker Frank.

He looked back at the only man he hadn't killed. He stood and walked slowly over to him. He raised his pistols and placed them against the sides of his head. The sirens grew closer.

“Who sent you?” Frank asked.

“Fuck you,” the guy smirked.

Frank lowered one of the pistols and fired point blank into the man's thigh.

“ARGH!” the man screamed, biting his lower lip until it bled.

“Who sent you?” Frank repeated.

“Don Oliva,” the man gasped, “Now go fuck yourself.”

Frank smiled and kicked the man in the head. There was a small thud as he hit the wooden floor. Frank kneeled and whispered into the man's ear.

“You tell him I'm coming,” he said, standing once more.

He walked slowly over to the weeping child and swept her into his arms. Her head collapsed against his chest and he could feel her warm tears soaking into his tattered shirt.

Detective's Cordova and Moyna walked up the stairs to the ratty apartment building. In the hallway officers were questioning neighbors, while outside an ambulance arrived on the scene.

“What the hell happened here?” Jimmy asked, walking past a few boys in blue.

“Looks like a small war,” Susie joked.

“Neighbors see anything?” Jimmy asked.

“Nope, just heard gunshots,” one of the officers answered.

“Hey, we might have something next door,” came another voice.

Jimmy looked at his partner and shrugged. The two of them stepped over three nearly headless bodies and walked into an apartment across the hall.

Lying in the middle of the barren room was a bloodied body, one that wasn't dead.

Jimmy walked over and knelt down beside the guy.

“Looks like he was trying to get away,” Susie smirked.

“Who the hell did this to you?” Jimmy asked the struggling man.

He gargled, his words almost incomprehensible.

Susie walked deeper into the place and began to look around.

“Hey, check this out,” she said, walking into another room. Jimmy stood and walked towards her.

“What did he say?” she asked.

“Couldn't make it out, sounded like ‘the pun’,” he answered.

She pointed towards a pile of various weapons and laughed; “I think he means ‘The Punisher.’”



#14 – “Theresa: Part Three”
Written by Logan Polk

“Car 54, come in?”

“This is 54, “ a young man said, answering the radio call.

“We've lost touch with Detective Jones.”

“Got a fix on her car?” he asked.

“Yeah, right here, got a pen?”

The Italian Olive looked across his dining room at the man who had taken him captive. Until now he'd just been a legend...a myth, something you use to scare others. Not anymore.

The crime boss was now fully aware of how real the Punisher was, and would soon find out how dangerous. He wriggled his wrists for a moment, hoping the rope that they were tied with had loosened.

“ *Don't bother ,*” Frank spoke up. “ *You couldn't get out of that unless someone cut your damn hands off .*”

“Fuffk Ooo,” the man mumbled.

“ *You kiss your wife with that mouth?*” Frank asked. “ *How about your kids?* ”

Chris Oliva closed his eyes and let his mind wander. He hoped the pain wouldn't last long, and that his children wouldn't find him. Behind him were the dead bodies of his extended “family,” scattered on the floor, there were even a few men on the lawn.

Oliva silently hoped that someone had heard the gunshots, and maybe the police were on their way. He'd take boys in blue over psycho's wearing skulls any day.

The Punisher held up a six-shooter, spun the barrel with one finger, and stared into Oliva's soul.

“Let's play a game ...”

“What the fuck is going on *here* ?” Cordova asked, stepping out of the car.

A young man wearing a blue uniform walked over to the heavy-set detective and his partner. His attentions focused on Detective Moyna, but his words were clearly directed at Cordova, answering his question.

“Well...uhh...sir. I got a call to check on the whereabouts of Detective Jones. We...uhhh...”

“Quit staring bucko,” Susie laughed, noticing his wayward glance.

“Finish your damn thought, boy,” Jimmy demanded.

“We tracked her car to this location,” the young man began, “I checked with the desk clerk, he pointed me to the room.”

Jimmy walked past the kid, towards the open hotel room door. Susie quickly followed. The young man hesitated a moment, but eventually trailed behind them.

“Who's the kid?” Jimmy asked, pointing to a young girl sitting just inside the room.

“Holy shit!” Detective Moyna exclaimed, rushing towards her.

“That's what I was trying to tell you,” the young man said, “we found her.”

One Hour Ago...

Frank scaled the walls with relative ease, and quickly took down the Doberman's that came for him. The yard was pretty big, and he was sure there would be security, so making his way to the house might prove a tad more difficult.

He heard the sound of approaching footsteps and took cover behind one of the nearby bushes.

“Negative,” he heard a voice whisper. “I don't see anything.”

Frank could see the mans feet from where he knelt, and when he turned to walk away Frank swiftly got behind him, snapping his neck without a thought. He grabbed the feet and pulled the lifeless body into the darkness he'd been hiding in.

He grabbed the night vision specs that had fallen on the ground, shouldered the dead man's rifle and made his way towards the house.

He looked behind him to make sure the body wasn't visible from the path. Satisfied he focused his attentions to the rest of his surroundings.

He could make out the edge of a guardhouse about seven yards in front of him, and the house was a good twenty-five or thirty yards beyond that. Fortunately he didn't see any more roaming guards, which meant they were in the shack or in the house.

When he got closer to the shack he reached for one of the few grenades he'd been carrying on his belt. He pulled the pin and launched it ten feet past the small building.

In seconds the grenade exploded, setting off motion sensors between the shack and house. Six well armed men came rushing out of the building and Frank too aim and mowed them down.

He ran towards their fallen bodies, picking up another automatic. By now more men were filing out of the main house. Frank darted into the small shack and waited for them to get closer.

He could hear a few of them shouting orders and when their voices were completely clear, he stepped back out into the open. Holding one automatic in each hand he let loose, sending ten or twelve to the ground almost immediately.

The others began to return fire, but Frank knew he had the upper hand now. Thirty-five may have eventually overpowered him, but with their numbers down to a little over twenty, it would be a cakewalk.

He ran in between the now divided group, forcing them to not only fire at a moving target, but at themselves as well. He crossed his arms, his right firing to the left, his left to the right, sending another five or six to their death.

The crossfire killed another three or four, and Frank dove to the ground. He rolled, feeling the ricochet of dirt on his face as the enemy bullets missed.

He found himself on his back, guns pointed at the much smaller groups of men, and he emptied the rest of both weapons into the crowds. Bodies fell into the dirt as the chamber went empty, and before long Frank castle was the only man on the grounds left breathing.

He got to his feet and narrowly missed another bullet coming from the house. With both his automatics empty Frank reached into his shoulder holsters, removed two pistols and sprinted towards the mansion.

“Wooooohooooo!!!!” Detective Moyna screamed out the driver's side window.

Sitting next to here was her partner, and the were traveling through New York at about seventy miles per hour, her excited and him terrified.

“This is the fucking break we needed!” she screamed.

“Sus...dammit! Susie, slow down will ya!” Jimmy demanded.

“What'sa matta Jimmy, can't take a little excitement?”

“Well, if we die on the way to Oliva's we won't be doing much of anything with this case.”

“Calm down,” she smiled. “I know what I'm doing.”

Thirty Minutes Ago...

Chris Oliva sat in the backseat of his Sedan , smiling as it pulled into his estate. The car made its way up to the house and came to a stop. Oliva laughed briefly, thinking about the man he'd just done away with.

The engine died and the driver's side door opened. The Italian Olive stepped out of the vehicle and noticed a body sprawled on the cement. His eyes widened and he felt cold steel press against his forehead.

“*Don't make a peep asshole ,*” the man holding the gun grunted.

Oliva's mouth dropped open and he found himself gasping fro breath. His slowly raised his hands to show he was unarmed. His eyes strolled over to see who was now holding him hostage.

His gaze started at the pale skull on a black t-shirt and worked its way up. Eventually he made it to the man's face.

Lines cut deep into his skin, and suggested an age far past reality. His hair was jet black, and his eyes were an empty abyss, as black as coal.

“*You killed the wrong people this time you ignorant fuck ,*” came the words from a throat filled with gravel.

Oliva opened his mouth to speak and felt the butt of a gun against the top of his head. Frank Castle caught the falling mob boss before he hit the ground. He pulled the body towards the mansions lavish doors and kicked one of them open.

Detectives Moyna and Cordova stepped out of their vehicle, a look of disappointment on their faces.

“What the hell do we do now?” Jimmy asked.

“Well, we have to get through the gate somehow,” Susie answered.

“Well, I ain't exactly is shape for climbing Sus, so we gotta come up with something better than that.”

“I'll climb over, maybe I can get us in that way.”

“I don't think I like that.”

“Oh, quit being a pussy, Jimmy, help me over.”

Jimmy didn't respond, he just followed his partner to the wall, cupping his hands. She placed her left foot inside the palms and he hoisted her to the top. She grunted as she fell to the ground on the other side.

A set of bars stood between them as Susie pulled out a flashlight and searched for the gates control panel.

“Anything?” Jimmy asked.

“Nah, not yet...”

Her answer was cut short by the sound of a gunshot coming from the house.

Susie pulled her pistol, her attentions going to the mansion behind her.

“No, don't even think about it Susie, don't even fucking think about it.”

“Call for back-up Jimmy.”

With that she ran into the darkness.

“Awww...fuck.”

Frank Castle spun the barrel of the gun once more and pointed it at his captive. Tears streamed down the gagged man's cheeks, and the smell of urine began to fill the kitchen.

“*I can't stand a coward*,” Frank grumbled, pulling the trigger.

Oliva's eyes clenched shut as the hammer clicked. Relief spread throughout his body, and he silently prayed for someone to rescue him.

The Punisher repeated the process, and once more pulled the trigger. Again the hammer just clicked.

“Looks like your day, asshole,” Frank grunted. “ Maybe we should up the stakes...how about two bullets?”

“Fruff, hssh, basssshtrd.”

Oliva's words were indecipherable, and Frank didn't respond. Instead he pulled another bullet from his pocket, inserted it into the barrel, spun it, and once more pulled the trigger.

Still nothing. Even more odors began to fill the room, and it was obvious the Italian Olive had lost all control of his bodily functions. Frank again repeated the process, only this time the gun fired.

Oliva once more lost control of his bladder, tears streaming, and eyes clenched shut, ready for the pain that would surely come. A grim chuckle filled the room, and the Italian Olive opened his eyes.

“Looks like you got lucky ,” Frank uttered, “ it was a dud .”

Oliva breathed a sigh of relief, but it wouldn't last for long. The Punisher stood up and walked towards the bound man slowly. He again spun the chamber, this time pressing the barrel to Oliva's temple.

“I wouldn't count on that happening again .”

Before he could pull the trigger, the scene was interrupted by the sound of splintering wood and breaking glass.

Jimmy sighed and shook his head. He had screamed after his partner, but it was obviously in vain.

He'd radio'd for backup like she asked, but he knew damn well that anything that was going to happen would happen before they arrived.

He looked back at the car, the back towards the mansion. He could make out a few lights, but he'd always needed glasses, and the darkness didn't make it any easier to see.

He subconsciously began to twirl the keys he'd been hold, whistling a somewhat familiar tune. His gaze once more fell to the car as he began to pace.

He stopped abruptly when inspiration struck. He quickly ran to the vehicle and seated himself behind the wheel. He turned the key bringing it to life, put it in reverse, backed up about fifteen feet, threw it in drive and floored it.

The gate gave way instantly, though not without damaging the front end, but the Detective was well on his way to backing up his partner.

Susie kicked violently at the front door to the mansion, disregarding the shattered glass and splintering wood. The double doors gave way after two kicks, flying open, revealing the inside of the house.

She raised her firearm and slowly made her way into the structure. She could see light coming from around a nearby corner.

She crept up, slowly peeking around, and found herself shocked to see the still alive Oliva, bound to a kitchen chair, with Frank Castle Standing over him.

“Freeze!” she exclaimed, pointing her weapon at the Punisher.

“*You're too late for him ,*” the gruff man said, nodding towards his captive.

She watched in horrible disbelief as he pulled the trigger on his revolver.

Chris Oliva looked at the almost-bare kitchen table, and his eyes focused on one of his daughter's teen magazines. Hillary Duff adorned the cover, and suddenly he remembered watching his little girl as she sang along with “So Yesterday” on the radio.

He heard the click of the hammer and his world became red.

Blood and brains exploded into the pure white kitchen. Frank felt his entire left side become soaked with red and gray matter. He looked back at the body, as the life fell out of it.

He wiped away the oozing material from his face, the holstered his weapon.

“*Now, it's your call ,*” he said to the female detective standing before him.

She didn't respond, a look of fear and disbelief still echoed in her eyes. Frank took a step forward, then another.

“Hey,” she almost whispered; “Don't you fucking move.”

Frank stopped, and slowly put his hands up, showing no sign of resistance.

“I got you now, I've got you,” she smiled.

“ *You know what I did was right, you know it was justice. ”*

“Who's? Yours? Who made you the law asshole?”

“*He did*,” Frank said, nodding towards the corpse with the gaping head wound; “*When he ruined the life of a little girl.*”

Susie lowered her weapon as the sound of police sirens began to fill the air.

“Go,” she said.

“Theresa, she's at...”

“We know,” Susie said, cutting the man off; “We found her with Detective Jones.”

Frank walked past the woman and she could feel the cold coming off of him, it was enough to send a shiver down her spine. He reached the busted in door, glass grinding beneath his heel.

Susie looked over her shoulder, and he turned back to look at her. Their eyes met briefly before she lowered her stare.

“Make sure she's taken care of,” he asked.

“I will,” Susie responded.

He stepped out onto the patio and watched the approaching lights. *You're the one that got lucky, asshole*, the voice laughed inside him.

“Fuck you,” Frank grumbled before disappearing into the darkness.

Susie stepped out of the house just as Jimmy made his way to the scene. “What the fuck did you do to my car!” she screamed.

“It ain't that bad,” he laughed, relieved to see her alive; “Where's your killer?”

“Got away, looks like,” she said, faking the disappointment.

“And Oliva?”

“Inside, half his brains scattered all over his kitchen.”

Jimmy made his way over to his partner, still smiling, still relieved.

“This has been one fucked up day, Jimmy.”

“I know Sus,” he said, staring into the open house; “Jeezus don't I know it.”