

D-V. yant

The Forgotten Hero Rises
(Book 2)



Black Maverick Comics

Praise For The D-Voyant Series

“I'm already turned up over D-Voyant and looking forward to reading all of his story. I'm sure it's going to touch many hearts.” – **Andre Drayton**

“I'm addicted to Black Maverick Comics. This is the best I have ever seen. Can't wait until the book comes out.” – **Gary Henderson**

“I can't believe that someone made a superhero that has special needs. This is awesome!” – **Lori Gill**

“I really enjoyed reading D-Voyant. People with disabilities are often left out in society. This book gives a voice to so many. Such an inspirational message!” – **Ashley Jones**

“Black Maverick Comics definitely embodies the superpowers of People of Color! I really enjoyed the colorful graphics and plot twists of D-Voyant. I recommend the books as well as their professional illustration and publishing services to any authors who are looking to bring their stories to life!!!!” – **Precious Moore**

“Mr. Boyd has created a new type of superhero. Inspired by his own experiences, Mr. Boyd’s character is one in which many of his readers’ will connect with. Well written and illustrated. I’m looking forward to more adventures written by Mr. Boyd.” – **Walter Chadwick**

“The book raises awareness of a commonly misunderstood disability and does so realistically even when placed in a fantasy setting. The switch between art and story is done wonderfully and grabbed my attention.” – **Mohammed**

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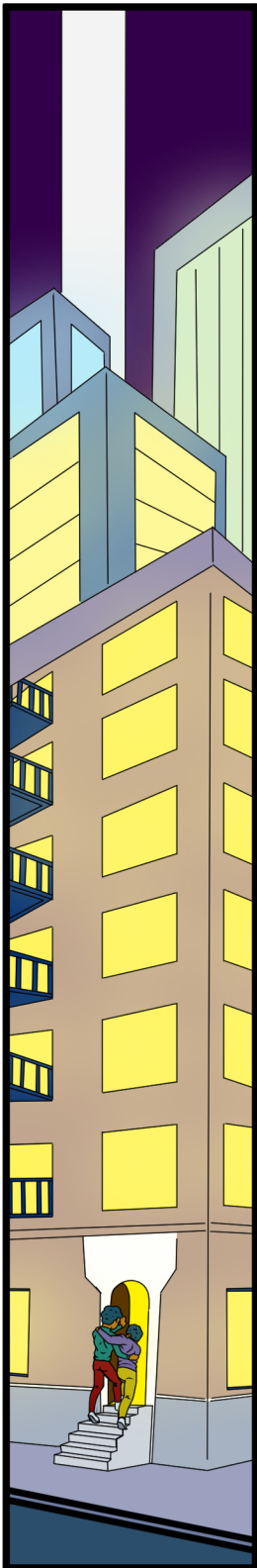
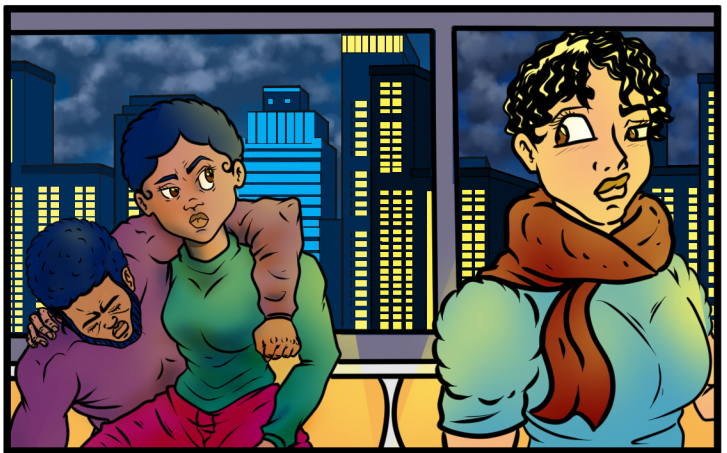
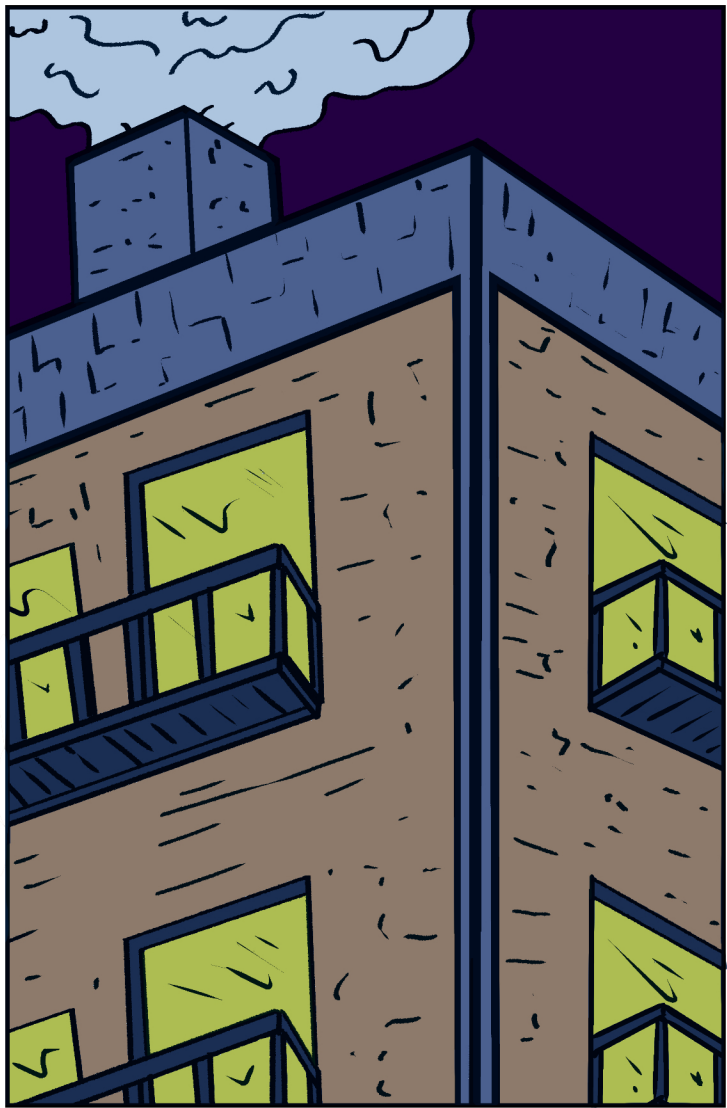
Chapter 1: Awakening

“Home. Take me home,” Darren repeated to Miller as they walked through the underground corridors in Spirit City. These corridors were invisible to any radar so that the R.A.C. could move undetected.

The Collective was aware of the rebel presence in Spirit City but was not worried. Instead of doing constant raids on potential rebel bases in the city or on the surface of the planet in the surrounding area, The Collective used propaganda and mass hysteria to turn any citizens of Spirit City against rebel activists.

The propaganda proved to be far more effective. The Spirit City authorities would use intel from its citizens to call out any suspicious rebel activity. Therefore, the rebels would always need to keep a low profile and integrate The Forgotten Ones into the city in small portions.

Part of Darren’s integration was staying in an apartment complex on Daily Ave. and 125th. This apartment was a Forgotten One haven. It housed people with unique needs and less noticeable challenges. This way, a passerby would not notice anything suspicious without serious scrutiny.



When Miller arrived at Darren's home, she propped him up on her shoulder and brought him into his apartment. She brought him into his room and laid him on his bed. His eyes were open, but it was apparent to her that he could not see. Instead, his eyes darted back and forth like he saw images fly by his field of view. He was uttering words under his breath that she did not understand. He continued his utterings for what seemed like hours.

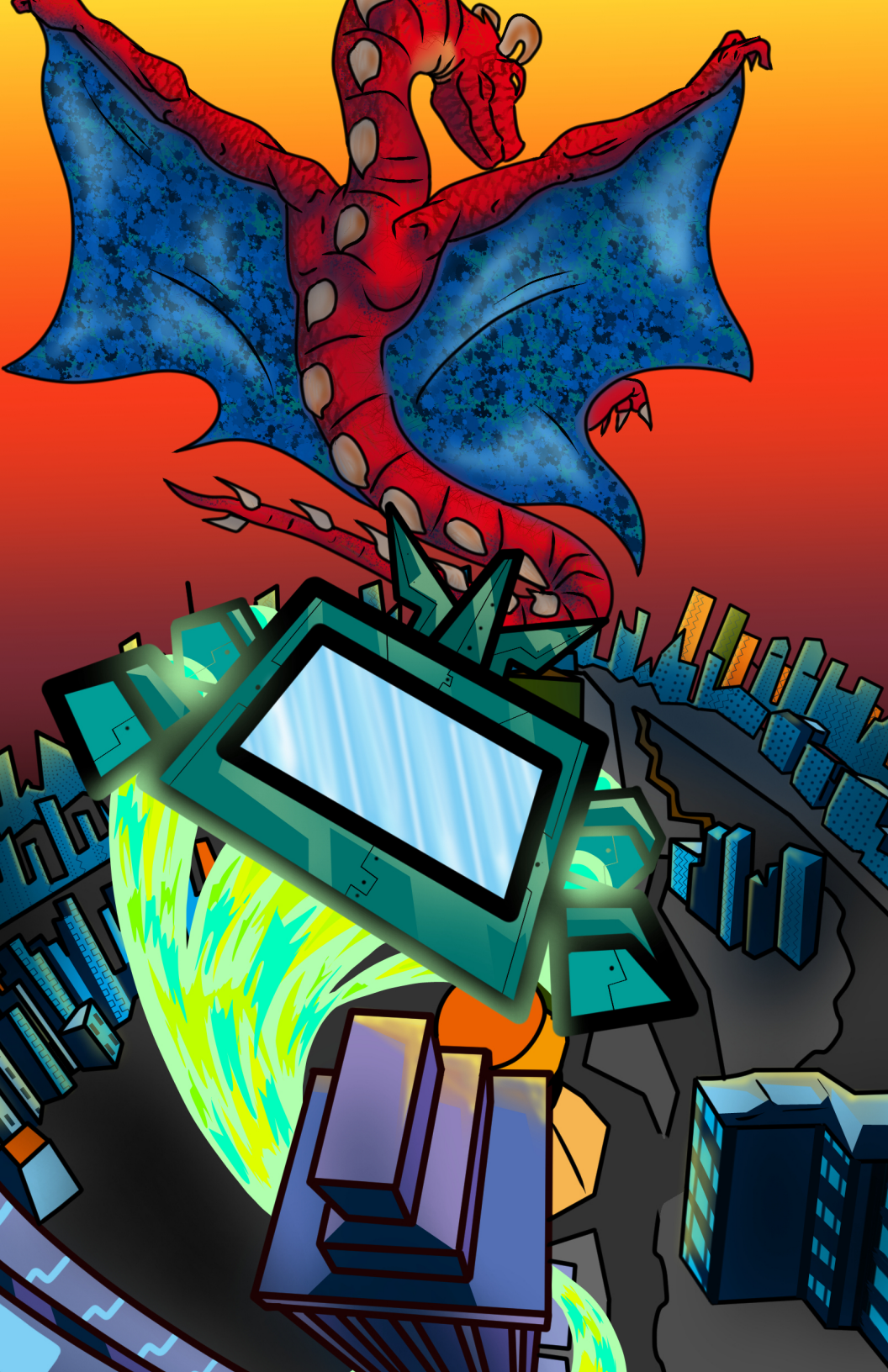
Instead of leaving him there, Miller sat across the room and observed her comrade. She remembered how quickly he decided to sacrifice his life to save that little girl on the landing pad in Kabor. Miller was never a Forgotten One. She gladly fought to protect the Forgotten Ones, but she did not understand them. She also could not grasp sacrificing the whole mission to save the few when she could save the many. None of the Rebels were until Darren joined the R.A.C.. She pondered this while watching Darren suffer in his bed. "Why would he risk his life to save one little girl? We had the entire convoy filled. No one would have questioned losing one refugee, especially in our conditions.



Waiting the way we did almost got all of us killed. The Mister was hard to escape after that.” Miller thought.

She closed her eyes and remembered flying through the falling city of Kabor. The pilot zipped past buildings and under bridges and highways to escape the Mister. Its large wings made it difficult for the dragon to maneuver through the cityscape. Miller recalled the dragon slamming into the carrier with its razor-sharp claws and seriously damaging the upper hull. Any more profound, and it may have hit the power source. The pilot dipped under a bridge and turned sharply to the left behind a tall building. Then, he made another sharp left turn and hugged the building closely before making a 90-degree turn upwards.

Going full speed, the pilot yelled, “Brace yourselves!” before clearing the top of the building and quickly descending into the thick of the city again. In the rearview, the pilot saw that his maneuver worked, and the dragon was headed in the opposite direction. He then pulled upwards and left the clearing of the city.



During the escape, Darren was seizing on the cargo room floor. His team was holding his head to its side and waiting out the ride. Before Darren passed out, Miller remembered seeing a tear fall from his eye. Now in the room, Miller opened her eyes and gasped. Darren was not in his bed anymore. She glanced around his room to see if he had fallen and saw nothing. She turned and went into his bathroom, where she saw him shirtless and staring into his mirror. He had a shocked expression on his face, and when he turned to her, she realized why.

His eyes were glowing orange in color. Upon further inspection, Miller noticed a tattoo on Darren's arm that was not there before. It was an eye. Miller asked, "Darren, your eyes. How is this possible?" He looked frightened and asked, "How long have I been out?" Miller responded, "A few hours. You had your eyes open the whole time. You were looking at something, but it didn't seem to be in the room with us. What about this tattoo? Have you always had it?" He held out his arm and saw it. "No, this is new," he said.

Then, he hunched over in pain, grabbing his head. Miller grabbed him and brought him into the room to lie down. He grabbed her shoulder with his left arm when she sat him on the bed. That is when the tattoo began to glow a purple and orange color, similar to the glow in his eyes. She jumped back in fear. “This is not possible. You should be dead, yet you are here glowing like a luminescent bulb.” she asserted.

Darren looked up, his face sweating, and said, “I thought I was going to die, but here I am. I need help. If I go outside looking like this, people will talk. Our cover will be blown.” Miller composed herself and said, “We need to get you to the hospital in the HUB. The nearest HUB entrance is a few miles from here. We must take a bus. Do you have a long coat? Sunglasses?” Darren shook his head no. “Fine, I will be right back. Don’t go anywhere.,” she said. Darren nodded and then collapsed onto the bed.



To be
continued...

Don't worry! This may be the end of
the trailer, but is nowhere near the
end of the book!

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find out what happens to our favorite
hero!

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