Punishing The Walking Dead

by TheWalkingDeadNegative

Summary

After the loss of Frank Castle's family the ex-Marine descended into a life of chaos and loneliness. Though Frank has developed relationships with Karen and David "Micro" Lieberman, he lives in total isolation in Brooklyn. Unfortunately for Frank, The Punisher has made very powerful enemies and one hired a hitman to hunt him down. For the first time, Frank meets his equal in physical strength, tactics, and overall abilities.

To make matters worst, the dead have begun to reanimate and feed off the living.

Spider-Man is Dead
The Avengers are Dead
And the Walkers have arrived.

Can The Punisher, with the help of Rick Grimes help fight the Zombie horde and what is Project CRIMSON TALON?
His arms were folded defiantly, his eyes glued to his dark blue, leather Kenneth Cole boots that matched his Navy and gray suit beautifully. His pink lips were twisted with agitation; Phillip was not in the mood for an integration. The room was an empty conference room located in the Lower Eastside and Phillip had already waited an additional ten minutes for his guest to arrive.

After a small glimmering light, four male figures appeared, all white, all wearing business suits. Due to being holograms, they appeared somewhat translucent. "Took long enough," quipped Phillip. "I was about to leave this impromptu meeting."

"No you weren't," one of the male figures dryly stated. "You know we would have to find you. And you wouldn't want us to go hunt you down."

"Save the threats, Rupert!" replied Phillip. "Hologram or not, it probably not a good idea to toss around threats. Least of all to a guy like me."

"That's right Phillip, you're Azrael now, 'The Angel of Death'. You too busy doing wet work for anyone willing to pay to have conversation with your old employer."

"Something like that," replied Phillip. "ATLAS wasn't the best employer; remember how your shitty data security system released my personal information and my family was murdered. I haven't forgotten."

"The loss of Agent Austin Marco and your son Cameron were devastating to us all," another male figure replied. "And you did a phenomenal job eradicating the terrorist network that murdered your family."

"Cut the shit," retorted Phillip. "You wanted that Terrorist Cell dead---let's not make this about Austin or Cameron. None of you cared about them."

"Oh contraire," replied Rupert. "Austin Marco was one of the most talented Agent at ATLAS. So talented that if he were alive, we wouldn't have a need to ask you for your help."

"How much?" asked Phillip.

"Don't you want to know who is the target?" asked Rupert.

"How... much..." echoed Phillip, more assertively.

"26 Million."

That got his attention, Phillip immediately became aroused by the amount. "I don't kill any western Royalty, Parliament or Presidents."
"Don't worry, it's a civilian. Francis David Castle Sr.—The Punisher." Rupert inspected Phillip's face for distress but could not locate any.

"Frank Castle is dead," replied Phillip. "I make it my business to know about any local vigilantes in the Tristate area. Frank Castle, The Punisher—he's deader than disco."

"He's not, we'll provide with a file with his current location and affiliates."

"Is he local?" asked Phillip.

"Brooklyn. We'll wire half of the money into your account tonight. Email us your wishlist and we'll get you all the guns and fire power you need."
"The Diner"

Chapter Summary

"Here begin the Hunger Games."

"The eggs here are shit," Micro said under his breath to Frank who was enjoying his coffee. "Why did you move to this part of Brooklyn, anyway?"

"It's quite," Frank replied in a monotone voice.

"The hell if it is," replied Micro. "The crime in this part of Brooklyn is through the roof. How much of the crime you contribute is unknown."

Clearly, something was bothering David "Micro" Lieberman. Frank could tell by the how David's hair looked he was in distress. "You look like a mad scientist, today. What crawled in your ass---and died?"

"I always look like a mad scientist, it's my patented look."

"I'm sure Einstein had it first, ass hole," Frank replied through the a half smirk." Frank's hair was cut, his face was dotted with healing cuts and scraps. Frank had a big fight with a gang of Irish Gangsters in Hell's Kitchen three days prior. Frank wore a dark hoodie with matching jeans, David wore a similar look, opting for a Olive V-neck and dark coat. Very rarely did Micro and Castle spend time together, this is due to Franks desire to isolate.

Frank's family was killed four years ago and the rage that burned in his chest had yet to subside. The easiest way to handle this roaring fire in his belly was stay away from people. Even close friends like Curtis were kept at an arms length. This wasn't just because Frank wanted to be alone with his misery, it was because he felt cursed. Anyone who got too close to him dies; either by his hand or someone else's.

Frank did like Micro, at times. So he figured, how much harm could come of them just spending time together. Frank's therapist encouraged him to build new relationships and treat his current connections better. Frank was trying.

As the two men left the diner, Frank could feel something stalking behind him. Since the day he was revived after the Massacre at Central Park, he felt his sense intensify. David rattle on and on about how his wife and kids are still getting used to him being alive but Frank couldn't help but be distracted.

Frank stomach continued to churn when David went on to say, "When are you coming over for dinner, the kids, my wife, they all miss you. And very rarely does a man tell another man to see his wife..."

"MOVE!" Screamed Frank as he shoved David away from him knocking him into a small cluster of people walking down the busy Brooklyn street. David was flustered, he was knocked off his feet rather sharply but before he could voice his displeasure he noticed why. Embedded in a piece of plywood covering a window in abandoned building was a large hunting knife. Had Frank not shoved David the blade would have dove into Micro's brain.

Across the narrow, one-way street stood Phillip, his right arm still extended from him throwing the knife in Frank's direction. A dark grin was etched across his face he was frozen in place. He was wearing a dark blue flannel top and dark jeans with leather boots with attempt of blending in. "Well I'll be damned; THAT WAS FUCKING AWESOME!" said Phillip gleefully. "Here beginth the Hunger Games." Phillip quickly darted into a crowd of people, knocking them out his way. Frank quickly chased behind Phillip, with a dark pistol drawn. If trouble is what Phillip was looking for, The Punisher had no issues delivering, in spades.
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