

**Authors Note:** *This is my nineteenth (published) story. This story belongs in my Kick-Ass **Forsaken** universe and uses characters and events from that story. The story fits in chronologically after Chapter 200 of **Forsaken** and follows on from the events of another one of my stories, **The Gotham Vigilantes**. Various other existing characters from **Forsaken** and **The Gotham Vigilantes** will feature in this story. All the events of this story are based in and around the City of Gotham and the 'Gotham' TV series, although in an Alternative Universe.*

*This story will also feature events from 'Gotham' Season 1 and Season 2.*

*\*\*\*\* THERE MAY BE SPOILERS FOR THOSE WHO HAVE NOT SEEN GOTHAM SEASONS 1 & 2 \*\*\*\**

*As usual, I look forward, with some trepidation, to any reviews. I promise to accept all criticism. In addition, I am still British so my spelling and grammar may look and seem strange to some.*

**Synopsis:** *After meeting up with Hit Girl, in Gotham (see my other story: **The Gotham Vigilantes**) and being exposed to the life of the vigilante, Bruce Wayne and Selina Kyle headed to Chicago to start their own vigilante training. After a week's exhausting Boot Camp under the tutelage of Hit Girl and her team, the pair returned to a very different Gotham to that which they had left.*

*The City was still reeling from the death of the Mob Boss, Falcone, at the hands of Hit Girl, and the violent death of Fish Mooney. Oswald Cobblepot, AKA Penguin, has taken over the deceased Fish Mooney's organisation and he is now set to face off against the Mob Boss, Maroni. The face-off is expected to set the City of Gotham ablaze. To add to the woes that face Gotham, the GCPD is ripe with corruption and the supposed centre of law and order needs cleaned out from the very top to the very bottom.*

*Gotham's only hope will be the City's new vigilantes: Batman and Catwoman.*

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**Sunday, October 25<sup>th</sup> 2015**

### **Wayne Manor, Gotham**

Bruce Wayne was very pleased to be back home, especially after the previous two weeks.

He was also more than pleased to have Selina Kyle, otherwise known as Cat, with him. As they climbed out of the rear of the car, she took his offered hand and they both walked hand in hand into the Manor. Alfred could not resist a smirk as he followed them inside.

"Something to eat, Master Bruce, Miss Selina?"

"Yes please, Alfred," Selina replied as she warmed to her new role. "We would like that."

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The work that Alfred had instigated on Wayne Manor, during their absence, was almost complete.

While Alfred was busy in the Manor's capacious kitchen preparing some food, Selina and I entered the Study and I pulled out a certain book, from a certain shelf, and opened it. Selina pressed the button on the remote after she had removed it from the book. The music began and the fireplace backwards sank into the wall where it revealed the staircase which vanished downwards into the darkness beneath Wayne Manor.

At least it *had* been darkness. Now, though, there was bright white LED illumination which extended down each of the one-hundred and eighty-four stone steps. At the bottom, the immediate area was brightly lit and there was a Jeep SUV parked over to one side of the large open area.

“Ah, Master Wayne; so pleased to see you back in Gotham!”

“It is good to see you too, Lucius!” I replied.

“Glad to be back?” Lucius Fox asked with a grin.

“So far...” Selina admitted.

Fox then took us on a tour of our updated facilities. All of the light fittings had been upgraded, which made the subterranean cave just a little less sinister. There was an awesome fitness centre with a training mat and weights. The firing range was very impressive too. We had been *so* busy when *Fusion* had been in Gotham that we had not really explored the entire cave system. One room that we had missed, thinking that it was a mere storeroom, had been my Dad’s subterranean study.

The room was more than a little dusty and it had obviously not been used in a while. There was a desk, shelves of books and several locked filing cabinets. So far, there had not been time to go through everything but what we *had* delved into showed that my father had been busy digging deep into the darker side of Wayne Enterprises.

I discovered that I had two jobs ahead of me: to clean up Gotham *and* clean up Wayne Enterprises.

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### ***The following morning***

#### ***Monday***

I awoke to a bright light – actually ‘rudely awakened’ might have been a better term.

The room lights had just been turned on. I blinked in the blinding lights and it took a minute or two before I could focus on the grinning face of Alfred.

“Time to get up, Master Bruce!”

“What time is it?”

“Oh six hundred...”

“What!”

“I have laid out what you need to go for your morning run, Master Bruce – I am about to wake Miss Selina...”

With that, Alfred was gone...

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#### ***Twenty minutes later***

I was *not* happy.

I was cold and I was tired – it was barely light and there was a mist which hovered a foot or so off the grass. Alfred looked very happy with himself – too damned happy! Bruce just glowered at his Butler.

“I have marked out a course – about two miles or so; now don’t dawdle as breakfast will be in one hour...”

“I hate him,” I growled as I grabbed Bruce and we started to jog.

The grounds of Wayne Manor were very cold and Alfred's course included running up steps and jumping over streams! After fifteen minutes, we were panting heavily when we stopped for a short break. Mindy's workouts were helping with our stamina but we had a long way to go and I thought that I was fit, too. Mind you, Bruce was breathing much more heavily than I was and he looked like he was about to collapse.

After a few minutes of lying down – maybe not the best idea – I dragged Bruce back to his feet and we continued on our morning run.

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We jogged the last few yards into the kitchen at the Manor where the ever cheerful Alfred greeted us.

"Leave those muddy shoes there; I'll clean them ready for tomorrow morning..."

"What – tomorrow!" Bruce exclaimed. "Again?"

"You trying to kill us?" I demanded.

"No; I'm trying to keep you alive..." Alfred replied darkly.

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After a quick shower and breakfast, we sat down to plan our next activities.

We had a lot to do if we wanted to get out into the city and turn Gotham around. We had skills, but they were limited – we needed to improve on the foundation that Mindy and her team had built for us both. That included training and preparing ourselves for going into action.

Gotham as a city was falling apart: The Mayor was missing, the Deputy Mayor was dead and the GCPD had been attacked in their own building. The new GCPD Captain, Nathaniel Barnes, seemed determined to clean up the GCPD with the help of our good friend, Detective James Gordon.

The sooner we could get out onto the streets the better

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***Three weeks later***

***Monday evening***

***Beneath Wayne Manor***

I was very hesitant as I saw the combat suit which had been very neatly laid out on the bed.

I stripped off and pulled on a pair of fresh black knickers and a black sports bra. As Mindy and Chloe had advised, I also pulled on a thin black t-shirt. The main combat suit was black and in two pieces. The bottom half was a pair of what looked like tight trousers, however, I knew that they were made from a cutting-edge flexible composite armour with padding. I pulled on the trousers, which hugged my figure perfectly, I was pleased to see. The zip-up jacket was made of the same material as the trousers. Once I had zipped it up, I looked at myself in the full-length mirror.

Wow! I was impressed and I liked what I saw.

Next, I pulled on the awesome-looking high-heeled boots, which came up my legs as far as my thighs and fitted tightly. The soles were not thick, but they were not exactly thin, either. They were stab

resistant and very light to wear. In the top of each boot, there were slots for a pair of sleek, titanium throwing knives.

Around my waist, I next secured a black utility belt that attached to the top and bottom sections of the combat suit. The metalwork on the belt was silver in colour and made of titanium. Around the belt were various pouches, mostly empty at that point. At the back of the belt was the communications equipment and on my right I attached a holster that hung from the belt and secured at the bottom to my right thigh. In the holster would be a SIG Sauer P250 Compact Threaded Barrel pistol.

I pulled on a pair of black gauntlets that passed up my arms to just above my elbows. They had protected palms to allow me to grab hold of blades without injury. Finally came the headgear that would protect both my head and my identity.

Mindy had given me the choice of a simple domino style mask or a full cowl type mask. For the moment, I had decided on a mask that covered my entire head. It was black and had cat like ears in the relevant place. The communications equipment was built into the mask, which came down to just below the bridge of my nose.

Once I was dressed, I made my way down to the armoury.

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I was feeling very excited.

It was going to be a huge step for me, putting on that suit. It looked heavy and I knew that it would be, but Dave had promised me that I would be able to cope with the weight. I pulled on the undersuit over a pair of black shorts and a black t-shirt. The undersuit was padded and made up of a composite material. On top of this undersuit came my armour, which was made up of interconnecting sections.

The primary section of armour covered my torso from the neck and extended down to my hips, lower back and groin. It was in one piece that wrapped around my body. Over the top of this was heavier armour that protected my upper back, shoulders, upper arms and chest. My arms were protected with armour that extended down to my elbows and my gauntlets. I pulled on boots that came up my legs to just below my knees and connected with the armour which protected my knees. That armour extended up my thighs to join with the upper armour.

The entire suit was black, except for the utility belt, which was a gold colour and held my weapons and communications equipment. On my head, I wore an all-encompassing cowl that had bat-like ears from which only my mouth and lower jaw was visible. To finish off the suit, I wore a long black cloak that was made from a lightweight, composite material that could withstand bullets. On my forearms, over the gauntlets, I had lethal metal blades, which would cut through almost anything.

I was amazed at what I saw as I looked into the full-length mirror. I heard the door open in the room next to mine and I knew that Selina would be heading for the armoury to collect her weapons.

I opened the door and followed my partner.

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I turned at the top of the stairs.

Behind me came an imposing form which strode confidently down the corridor towards me.

“You look good, Bruce...”

“So do you – I mean you are hot!”

I was glad that the cowl covered most of my blushing.

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“Well, I’ll be...” Alfred began as we both made our way into the armoury from the vehicle park.

He seemed impressed. I gave him a brief twirl so he could see everything.

“I am impressed, Miss Selina... Very impressed. You too, Master Bruce!”

Alfred passed over our weapons. We would both use the same pistol; despite Bruce’s misgivings about firearms, he attached the holster to his belt and after he had checked the pistol, he inserted a loaded magazine and then stowed the weapon into the holster.

I completed the same safety checks under Alfred’s eagle eyes and received an approving nod. We both placed additional, loaded magazines into the relevant pouches on our belts. Next, came the knives; we each carried a selection. We checked out communications between ourselves and then to Alfred who held a portable radio.

“I hear you both, too,” Fox called out from his control centre under Wayne Tower in the centre of Gotham.

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“Batman, Catwoman – your rides...”

“Thank you, Alfred,” Batman replied as they both strode towards their machines.

The identical, all-black Suzuki GSX650F motorcycles were heavily customised with communications and tracking equipment, which included forward-looking infrared (FLIR) and night-vision (NV) capability. Enhanced exhaust silencers were fitted which allowed the 650cc motorcycles to operate almost silently when required. The tyres were puncture proof and dual-purpose.

Each vigilante wore a custom full-face motorcycle helmet in black. The darkened visor hid a full-colour, HD heads-up-display (HUD) which would also connect to and display the motorcycles FLIR and NV systems as required. Each motorcycle had other tricks under the composite armoured body.

I watched with trepidation as they mounted the machines, started the engines and with a brief wave from Batman, they both accelerated down the tunnel towards Thunder Quarry.

Gotham was in for a rude surprise.