

Monday, November 16th 2015

That night

Gotham

It felt strange.

We were alone.

No backup from Hit Girl or Kick-Ass.

Just Gotham and us...

Was I shitting myself?

Fuck, yeah!

I looked over at Batman as we rode through the darkness and towards hell where Gotham was about to meet its new guardians. We decided to start in Uptown. After we passed through the Palisades, we crossed over Queens Bridge and continues on through West Village.

Naturally, we attracted quite a lot of attention from both the other road users and pedestrians alike. We had not seen any GCPD presence, which was both a surprise and worrying at the same time. We had talked between ourselves before we had left the cave and I had suggested some places where we might find some easy action.

As we cruised down the street, the heavens opened and the rain was quickly bouncing on the blacktop and then back into the air again. It was getting difficult to see but then suddenly the visors of our helmets turned a transparent light blue and the road ahead re-appeared before us in a blue-grey haze on the visor. I could see pedestrians and vehicles alike as they were highlighted by the combined forward looking infrared and night-vision system.

We turned right, down a dark and very wet alleyway.

As I pulled up beside Catwoman, I looked around the alleyway.

It was just the sort of place that my girl would have hung out in, during her previous life. My girl? If only! I pulled off my helmet and climbed off my motorcycle.

“We have arrived!” Catwoman stated with a flourish as she swung her long left leg over the motorcycle.

“Arrived, where?”

“Somewhere we can have some fun...”

I followed my partner ever further into the rabbit warren of alleyways.

“This,” I announced proudly, “is one of Penguin’s ‘cash houses’. He has hundreds of thousands of bucks going through the place on an average evening.”

I tensed as I saw Batman tense up.

“You want to steal the money? You promised me that you were done with a life of crime.”

I detected the disappointment in Batman's voice and I turned to face him.

"I *am* done with a life of crime, Batman; I just want Penguin to hurt and hurt bad..."

"Sorry; I trust you – let's have fun – or as somebody once said, 'what's the point?'"

I led us towards the building in question. The door was unguarded, but that was the point – an obvious guard, was just that, obvious, and it told people that there was something *worth* guarding, and therefore worth stealing, inside. Above the door, there was a surveillance camera. Batman reached into a pouch on his belt and pulled out a small circular device that was a little larger than a quarter, but about five times as thick. The back of it consisted of a soft substance protected by a plastic cover while the front of the device had a button. Batman pressed the button and pulled off the plastic cover. The soft substance expanded to a size a little bigger than a golf ball which hid the button. He then threw the device towards the surveillance camera where it stuck to the wall about six-inches from the camera.

"Camera deactivated," Batman commented.

The compact device, another Fox invention, was a short range electronic jammer that would shut down the camera for about two minutes. Whoever was monitoring the camera would now be blind to our approach.

Despite that, we advanced stealthily.

Inside the Cash House

The man stared at the monitor before him that had just turned to snow from the swirling rain that had preceded it.

He turned the monitor off and back on again. Then he hit it hard with his hand. Still snow!

"Fucking cheap pile of shit!" He commented and went back to his magazine.

Minutes later a shadow passed across his magazine and he looked up in annoyance.

"Get out of the fucking light..."

"I apologise..." A deep, electronically enhanced voice growled.

The man stiffened and he slowly turned his head as he gazed up at the black shadowy form that hovered above him. Then he fell backwards, over the chair, in his haste to stand up. As he looked up, he saw another black form – this one shorter, thinner and with obvious breasts. The man was then hauled out of his thoughts as the woman pointed a silenced pistol at his head.

"Night, night!" The woman said with a smile.

The gun was knocked away by the other form. "No guns, no killing!"

"You gotta be kidding me! Where's the fun in that?" The woman demanded.

The large black clad vigilante shrugged and the last thing the man saw was a black armoured fist as it moved fast towards his face.

I would be having some serious words with my partner when we got back to the Manor.

But for the moment, I led the way down a short passageway and then into a large open warehouse where we silently crossed the open space while keeping to the shadows. We could hear a lot of noise which seemed to come from a far corner of the warehouse. As we got closer, we could see a room that had been built in one corner.

There were twelve men visible, eight of whom were sitting at tables loaded with bundles upon bundles of dollar bills and each table had a bill-counting machine. The noise level was steady and easily masked our approach. I looked at Catwoman and then pointed at the power switch on the wall. She smirked and made her way over to it.

“Now!” I growled and Catwoman cut the power to the warehouse.

There were shouts as everything suddenly went dark and the counting machines fell silent. I moved into the room silently and I stopped roughly in the centre, between the two parallel rows of desks.

“Let there be light...” I whispered, and the lights came back on. “Good evening, my little penguins!”

All movement and sound stopped until one man snapped out of his astonishment at finding an armoured vigilante standing in their midst.

“Fuck!”

The man was quick; he sent three rounds into my heavy chest armour which pushed me backwards. Crap, those rounds hurt!

I drew a pair of bat-blades from my belt and I deftly flicked them towards the man; both embedded themselves into his chest and he yelled out in pain then dropped his pistol in shock. I moved fast and drove an armoured fist into his face. He fell to the ground as blood sprayed into the air from his destroyed nose. I caught sight of another man on my right as he approached with my elbow, I smashed his nose. He fell backwards and tipped over a table which sent high denomination bills flying into the air.

I saw Catwoman digging in herself, she used her long legs and high-heels to devastating effect. There was chaos as men and bullets flew seemed to fly in all directions. Everything went well, until Catwoman was struck in the back with the butt of a pistol and she went down to one knee. The same attacker then tried to bring the pistol downwards onto her head.

I seized a counting machine from a table and threw it towards the man.

My back was so painful.

I tried to get up, off my knee, but I felt a hand on my shoulder and I looked up to see a reversed pistol coming down towards my head. I fell off to one side, just as my attacker's head seemed to explode when what looked like a counting machine smashed into it. I escaped both the errant hunk of metal and the falling body.

I looked over at Batman who nodded as he kicked a man into the wall where the impact knocked him senseless. Batman seemed annoyed – was it something I had said? Another cunt crashed into the wall and this time he left a red smear – cool!

Once the last man was put down, we dragged them all outside into the rain before we set fire to the thousands of dollars inside the building. As the fire quickly took hold, we ran towards our motorcycles and headed further into Gotham.

I would have paid to see Penguin's face when he found out about his new cash flow problem!

An hour later

Central Gotham

The rain had begun to ease as we headed deeper into Gotham.

Our combat suits kept us perfectly dry, except for the sweat! We stopped, not far from Wayne Tower, and hid our motorcycles before we walked around some of the darkened alleyways and looked for trouble. Instead of trouble, though, we found a friend.

I walked up behind the man, not bothering to cover my approach. I was eager to see his response to our being active in Gotham. The man turned as I got closer and after he stared at me for a few seconds, he grinned.

"Well hello, Cat – err Catwoman."

"Hey, Detective. You miss me?"