

**Four days later**  
**Saturday, December 19<sup>th</sup> 2015**

**Wayne Manor**

Ever since my parents had died, Christmas had been difficult for me.

Now, though, it would not just be myself and Alfred – there would be three of us and I was very much looking forward to spending some time with Selina. I had spent a few minutes on the phone with Mindy that morning, as it was the wedding of Marcus and Paige. Apparently, Mindy was very nervous! I wished her good luck and I hoped that she would enjoy herself.

After putting the phone down, I sat on the couch in my father’s study and I listened to Alfred as he happily whistled Christmas tunes to himself. Then, totally out of the blue and in her own typical fashion, Cat ran in and threw a newspaper at me – she was grinning.

“Page two – mid-way down.”

I opened the paper.

**DRIVE-BY HELL**  
*Fourteen Dead*

It was typically, Gotham: fourteen people were dead and the news covering the event only rated page two! I read on – apparently, the blame was being put onto the man of the moment who had styled himself: The Penguin.

“Page eight – bottom right.”

I switched pages quickly – Cat was getting impatient.

**GOTHAM VIGILANTES**

*GCPD Captain Nathaniel Barnes announced a war on vigilantism today. ‘People taking the law into their own hands, will not be tolerated!’ Captain Barnes announced today. ‘The Police will react with force against anybody actively taking the law into their own hands. The so-called Batman and his partner, Catwoman, are breaking the law; they will face justice. There is only one crime fighting organisation in Gotham – the GCPD!’*

“As if our job wasn’t hard enough – now the GCPD are going to be after us!” Cat growled as she sat down heavily beside me.

“Mindy faced the same trouble in Chicago for a while,” I replied. “We just need to show that we can take down the criminals and protect the citizens of this city. Then, we can win the support of the people.”

“Oh, Bruce, you always see the good in everything...” Cat laughed as she kissed me on the cheek.

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**That evening**

**Gotham**

Captain Barnes had *not* been exaggerating!

We had been in Midtown about three seconds before we heard sirens and what a surprise? Two GCPD units were following us – lights and sirens flashing and screaming. We accelerated east, along Gate Boulevard where we passed by Wayne Tower at speed.

“The speed limits are there for vigilantes too; you know...” Lucius Fox said casually over the comms.

“Bit busy, Lucius,” Batman responded...

“So, I see...”

“Got anything on these machines to help us?” Catwoman enquired as they passed over Montgomery Avenue and narrowly avoided several pedestrians.

“There might be...” Lucius suggested.

“Oh, for heaven’s sake!” Catwoman growled. *“Please!”*

“Third red button from the top...”

Catwoman glanced down at a set of red buttons which were mounted towards the front of the gas tank – there were four in a vertical line and none were marked. She pressed the third button from the top... Nothing happened, but the red button was now blinking before it lit up solid red. Catwoman pressed it again and the light went out . . . and so did a few other lights, too...

“What the...” Batman breathed as the two GCPD units seemed to slow down as their headlights went out.

Three other cars were affected as well, plus the lights in a nearby bus shelter failed.

“Awesome!” Catwoman commented.

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We took a hard right on Moore Avenue and headed south.

At East 14<sup>th</sup> Street, we took an easy right and then another left onto Amsterdam Avenue.

“You sure about this?”

“Yes, Catwoman, we are headed for The Narrows.”

“You got real bats in your belfry?”

I laughed. No matter what anybody said about my partner, she was not stupid – far from it. Yes, we were headed into the deepest, darkest, part of Gotham. The Narrows was the home of everything bad in Gotham, including the Arkham Asylum.

We crossed over one of the six bridges and quickly came to a halt.

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As we climbed off our motorcycles, we turned towards a group of ‘cunts’, as Hit Girl would call them.

“Well, looky here . . . it’s the Batman and his little bitch...”

“Catwoman, to you...” Catwoman interjected.

“Slutty bitch, you mean – I can give you something to get your claws into...”

Catwoman rolled her eyes as she shifted to a fighting stance.

"I like a bit of meat for my claws to dig into. You – well, let's just say I don't have any use for such tiny excuses for genitals as yours..."

The man glared as his mates exploded into laughter. I sensed the movement before he became a threat. The unfortunate individual hit the cracked blacktop before he even realised that Catwoman had moved. She followed through with her kick and came around to face the other men.

"It's not nice to creep up on a lady..." Catwoman growled good-naturedly. "Now, where were we?"

"I think these gentlemen need to be taught a lesson in how to treat their betters," Batman breathed.

"You . . . our betters?" a man spat.

"Get the costumed freaks!" another yelled and the fighting began.

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The first man received the heel of my left boot in his face.

The second blocked the initial blow from Batman, but he was very quickly put down by the second armoured fist as it struck the man's head very hard. It was quite a violent free for all. We must have been fighting about eight men, it was difficult to keep track of them all in all the confusion. But I was in my element, as it were. I could feel the adrenalin as it flowed through my veins. The feeling of immortality urged me on and on.

The men seemed to enjoy being beaten to a pulp. I could not comprehend how or why they tolerated the kicking that we dealt out, but then what normal people would live in The Narrows? The fight was not all one-sided, unfortunately – I received more than a few punches and kicks. Yet again, I was very thankful for my armoured suit. The men were not so fortunate, they sported ordinary clothes and they quickly found out the hard way how good my armour was.

"Catwoman, behind you!" Batman called out.

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I span just as a large knife plunged down into my chest – or at least that was the cunt's *intended* destination for the blade. Instead, the tip of the blade penetrated a mere fraction of a millimetre. The cunt looked stunned as I wrapped my left hand around the sharp blade and gripped it tightly. He tried to yank it away from me, but I refused to let go. I smiled at him and then I head-butted the cunt in the temple. He dropped to the ground.

Another cunt attacked with a knife and I fended off his blade with my recently appropriated one. I had no idea why, but I actually enjoyed knife fights. The man was good, but not good enough. I slit his cheek open, right down to the bone. He yelled out at the pain but he ignored the blood that streamed down his face and he pushed forwards. I kicked out and struck him in the stomach.

He doubled over and I brought the pommel of the knife down onto his head.

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To be honest, the fight was enjoyable, from a warped point of view.

Catwoman seemed to be having fun, apart from a close shave with a knife, but she quite literally handled that pretty well. Just when I thought that the fight might be nearing its climax, some more

cunts appeared and I found myself facing off against a woman. She must have been early twenties, but she had muscles and a shaved head. She looked me up and down and then she smirked at me. She had several inches on me and quite a few pounds of muscle too.

“You’d never hit a girl,” she laughed.

I grinned back.

“No,” I replied. “But you’re not exactly a girl.”

Before her scowl had fully formed, I slugged her across the face with my right fist and then kicked her hard in the chest. She fell backwards, but she was still full of fight and now she was pissed. She jumped back to her feet and I braced myself for her onslaught. She kinda reminded me of Cat when she was in a bad mood *and* on her period – a raging psychopath in other words.

I fended off each attack. She used her fists and arms to great effect. I also noticed that she had some form of leather device around her lower arms and wrists. That gave her a level of protection from my own attacks. I opted to use my speed against her as she was most probably stronger than I was. I was able to duck and weave with great success, although that only seemed to annoy the Amazon as she finally got really annoyed and she pulled a large machete from a mount on her back.

I did not back down, despite her seemingly obvious advantage. She began to slash as she advanced but I kept out of the way of her very lethal blade. My gauntlets were armoured and as they extended up my lower arms, I used my lower arms to deflect the machete. Each time I deflected the machete, I kicked out and struck the woman. It was like kicking a tree, for what good it did.

I had one more trick up my sleeve and I hoped that she would not see it coming.

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I finished off my cunts and turned to check on Batman.

He seemed to be playing with an enormous woman. That woman was armed with a large machete and she obviously knew how to wield it. As she brought the machete around for another attack, Batman ducked beneath the moving blade and he swung his right arm horizontally which took the three blades of the lower arm across her stomach.

The huge woman screamed and Batman rolled out of the way as blood began to seep through her ripped clothing. She dropped the machete and sank to her knees. I briefly noticed what appeared to be a section of sausage protrude from her stomach before it was quickly covered by her hands.

At the sight of their prize-fighter being felled, the remaining men seemed to fade into the darkness. I took a quick look around and we both returned to our motorcycles. Just in time too as sirens could be heard closing in on our location.

It was past time to head for home.

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***The following morning***

***Sunday, December 20<sup>th</sup> 2015***

***Wayne Manor***

The two kids had returned quite late, the previous evening.

I was not unduly worried as Mr Fox kept me apprised of their activities, at least once every hour. I understood that the Gotham City Police Department were now out to get them and that they had had a brief run in with said GCPD. It worried the hell out of me when they both went out. Yes, I was Master Bruce's guardian and he was my number one responsibility, but I also saw young Miss Selina as my ward, just the same.

I often wondered what Thomas and Martha would make of their son's nocturnal antics. I would hope that they might be proud of what their son was doing. I for one was very proud of how Master Bruce was behaving. Okay, it had taken a little while for Selina Kyle to grow on me but I found the girl charming – very rough around the edges in places and her table manners were appalling amongst other annoyances.

However, she and Master Bruce seemed to thrive on each other's company. Master Bruce had been alone for so long that seeing the boy with a smile on his face so much was a wonderful thing. I was more than a little concerned about the two of them falling in love and all the rest, but I trusted them both to act responsibly. While I was not a very good mind reader, I could read people and so far, Miss Selina had proved to me that Master Bruce was the number one priority in her life.

I was looking forward to Christmas for the first time since Thomas and Martha Wayne had died.

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"Good afternoon, young miss!"

I hauled back the curtains and allowed the early afternoon sun to stream in the windows.

"Cats do their best work at night and they sleep during the day," came the muffled voice of Selina Kyle from the bed.

I looked over at the bed and grinned. A bare foot on the end of an equally bare leg was stuck out from under the Egyptian cotton and goose down duvet. At the top of the bed an untidy mop of dark brown hair was just visible.

"Cats may be, but even for nocturnal vigilantes, one o'clock is pushing it. The price of leading a double life, I fear."

"Is the bat awake?"

"Bats *are* nocturnal – but, yes, the young master is 'awake' in a very loose interpretation of the word..."

With a muted scream, the fourteen-year-old girl kicked the duvet back and she swung her long legs off the side of the bed as she sat up. Miss Selina wore her usual set of dark blue pyjama shorts with a matching short-sleeved top. She got to her feet and padded across to the attached bathroom. I left the young lady to her morning ablutions and headed off downstairs to put together a late lunch.

I heard a brief feminine scream as the young miss found out that the hot water was not all that hot and I chuckled on my way down the stairs.

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### ***Fifty-five minutes later***

The two very dishevelled looking teens entered the kitchen and almost fell into the first chairs that they came to.

Alfred looked over them both and he took in the bruises on their bodies.

“Strange injuries, a non-existent social life, these things beg the question as to what exactly does Bruce Wayne do with his time and his money.”

“And what does somebody like me do, exactly?”

“Drive sports cars, date movie stars, buy things that are not for sale... who knows, Master Bruce? Mind you, you’re a bit young for the driving part . . . and the dating part – young Miss Selina might have something to say about the dating part too...”

Miss Selina smiled sweetly and then she scowled. Master Bruce coloured slightly and he just glared at the plate of bacon and eggs that lay before him.

“I’ll leave you two to your two o’clock in the afternoon breakfast and whatever...”