

The following morning
Sunday, 15th May 2016

Wayne Manor

Alfred was grinning broadly as he watched the three youngsters.

He was obviously highly skilled, despite his tender years. Within five minutes, he had both Selina and Bruce rolling around on the grass in various levels of pain. Aiden just stood over them, grinning just as broadly as Alfred.

"I am not about to have my ass kicked by some prepubescent little shit!" Selina growled as she leapt back to her feet and then she advanced on Aiden.

"Damn, he is good," Bruce admitted as he joined his partner.

Aiden went on guard as he saw the two teenagers advance on him from his eight o'clock and his four o'clock. He had studied their movements and he had grudgingly approved of their actions – they had obviously received some training from somebody competent. He had no idea, at that point, that he was facing off against a pair of Hit Girl's own pupils and neither of them were giving away any more free strikes.

Bruce and Selina both moved closer, keeping the same distance from their young target. Aiden would have to fight two attackers coming from two different directions – a skill he was trained for, but had never properly mastered. Two fists came at him, he spun around and he kicked out towards Selina, catching her in the stomach. He used the strike to push off and kick out at Bruce – but he missed his target. In return, Bruce caught Aiden's right leg and flipped him over and down.

Selina was there as he landed on the grass and she pinned him with her lower leg across the boy's throat. She punched him gently in the side.

"Stay down, boy!"

The kid was smart, Selina had to give him that – he stayed down.

"I enjoyed that!" Alfred chuckled as he headed back inside the Manor.

That night

North Point
Gotham Docks

The docks were very dark, despite the attempts made at lighting the facility.

The darkness benefited most of those out on the docks that night. Those undertaking various nefarious activities enjoyed the darkness as they undertook their criminal activities. There were two more people out on the docks that night and the darkness was of significant benefit to them too. Batman moved through the darkness which pervaded the immense stacks of containers. Catwoman took the high ground, leaping from container stack to container stack as she went.

The two vigilantes were treading lightly and listening to their surroundings as they went. The docks had a sound all to their own. At that time of night, no ships were being unloaded or loaded, but three ships were alongside adding their own noise and crews to the ambient mix. One of the vessels

was from China and there were several men moving up and down the vessel's gangway. The docks were supposed to have their own security, only they had a disturbing tendency to be scarce at night, presumably paid off. That night was no exception as a stream of boxes left the Chinese vessel and several large wooden crates were in the process of being lifted onto the same vessel.

Forty yards away, a sinister black shape, hidden in the shadows, peered through a set of night-vision binoculars. The shape monitored every movement of every box and crate. Finally, he had had enough and he triggered his communications.

"Stand by to move."

"Standing by," came the immediate response.

Two men were collating the boxes while a third randomly inspected the haul.

He slashed open a box with a box-cutter and he pulled out a stuffed toy which he went ahead and slashed open with the same box-cutter. Out of the slash, came a small plastic bag – inside the bag was a white powder.

"Perfect – the profit from these will be considerable," the man commented. "Get the boxes into the container and they'll be on the streets by tomorrow night."

"Yes, Boss!"

"What was that?" the other man queried.

"I heard nothing," his partner, Ray, replied as he continued to load a container with the boxes. "Get a move on – or we'll never get . . . Hank?"

Hank did not reply.

"Hank? Where the hell are you; you're a lazy fucker, you know that?"

Ray went looking for his partner. As he passed around the back of a container, the hairs on the back of his neck tingled before standing on end. He sensed that he was not alone.

"Hank? Is that you?"

Something came at him out of the darkness – he tried to scream, to yell out a warning, but his face collided with the side of a container before he could do more than whimper.

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His name was Harry and he was in charge of the loading operation. He looked around, annoyed. There was no sign of his layabout charges, Ray and Hank. He grumbled to himself about lazy bastards in general as he headed for the container where they had been working.

"Oy – you two lazy twats. . ." he growled.

A shadow blocked out one of the few arc lights that spilt their light down over the containers and actually reached the ground in between the towering stacks. Harry looked upwards just in time to see the shadow appear to float down towards him. A pair of boots struck him in the chest a few two seconds later and he fell to the ground. Harry began to shake with fear as he tried to make sense of the . . . person . . . thing . . . standing before him.

“What the hell are you?”

The man was hauled so his face was mere inches from the black mask.

“I’m Batman!”

Batman paused for a second as a tramp ambled past a dozen yards away, pushing his shopping cart.

“Nice coat, old timer,” Catwoman called out as she jumped down beside her partner.

A swift punch on the part of Batman left Harry sleeping soundly.

“My turn. . .”

Catwoman ran off into the darkness while Batman just shrugged at the tramp as he ran after his partner.

That same time

Wayne Manor

“Alfred?”

“Yes, young master.”

“Where are Bruce and Selina?”

“They’ve gone into Gotham, sir.”

“Oh – when will they be back?”

Alfred chuckled.

“When those two go into Gotham, they get a little carried away and they reappear when they are ready.”

“What do they do in Gotham?” the boy persisted.

“A little of this and a little of that – miss Selina likes to explore her roots and master Bruce likes to meet new people. . .”

North Point

Gotham Docks

“Hi – I don’t think we’ve met; I’m Batman. . .”

The large man went down as Batman clipped him around the temple after doubling him over with a kick to the stomach.

“This is so much fun!” Catwoman preened as she used her long legs to haul another large man to the ground where she punched his lights out.

She rolled away as she was attacked by the next goon. Batman was facing off against another pair so Catwoman was on her own – not that she minded; not one bit! Her agility was second to none, and she used that agility to improve her chances of staying alive while she faced off against men who

were perfectly capable of snapping her into tiny little pieces should they ever succeed in getting their hands on her lithe body. Her armoured fists punched out, striking skin and she relished the grunts each strike elicited, especially the strike to the man's mouth which struck with a crunch as several teeth broke and a big glob of blood exploded out into the cool night air. The man growled, his feral anger coming to the fore as he stuck back.

One, two, three rapid punches struck Catwoman in her chest and she fell backwards to the ground. She dodged the foot that kicked out towards her head and with a twist, she came back to her feet, coming face to face with the seethingly angry bastard.

"You're so going to regret that, you fucking pussy bitch!"

"Pussy, I am. Bitch, I am. Fucking, I like. But you know what?"

"What?"

"I won't regret killing you!"

The knife flipped through the air and finished up in the man's carotid artery. The man sagged to the ground as copious amounts of hot blood exploded out of his neck and splashed across the ground. Catwoman yanked out her blade, increasing the blood flow and after wiping the blade off on the man's shoulder, she turned for her next target.

She found herself facing Batman.

"I think we are done here," he commented.

An hour later. . .

Beneath Wayne Manor

"Alfred?"

"Yes, Master Bruce."

"Any problems with our young friend?"

"No, Master Bruce – he's in his room. Anything nasty to report?"

"A few bruises – but nothing to write home about," Bruce replied. "I'm going to check over, err . . . check in with Selina. . ."

Alfred chuckled as he ascended the stone steps.

Twelve days later. . .

Wayne Manor

Bruce came awake but he had no idea why.

Then he felt it – something had just slid into his bed. He then heard a muted giggle and he smiled, relaxing slightly. His left hand reached behind him and he felt skin – just skin, no clothing – but then his hand touched something different: soft pubic hair. As he touched that place, he heard a louder giggle as an arm reached over his body and wrapped itself around his chest.

He rolled over and he came face to face with the most beautiful girl in the world. As he peered under the duvet, he saw that the girl was completely naked. The past couple of weeks had not been kind to her body; bruises existed all over her body marring her beauty. Not that Bruce minded as he gently ran his eyes and hands over her body, caressing the bruised breasts and her bruised hips and thighs. His fingers slipped amongst her dark pubic hair which Selina had allowed to grow back, not having had the time to trim as she normally would.

“Happy Birthday, Bruce,” Selina mumbled as she gave him a deep and a very meaningful kiss.

“Thank you, Selina,” Bruce replied, kissing her back and allowing his body to rub up against her own.

“You appear . . . very happy . . . to . . . see me,” Selina offered in between kisses as she reached down and roughly pushed her hand inside the waistband of his shorts. “Oh . . . very happy!”

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“Good morning, Alfred.”

“Good morning, to you, Master Aiden.”

“No sign of Bruce or Selina?”

Alfred laughed.

“If I know those two, Miss Selina will be giving Master Bruce his birthday present.”

“His birthday?”

“Master Bruce is fourteen-years-old, today.”

“What present would Selina be giving. . .”

Aiden was cut off by a very loud and piercing scream from somewhere upstairs in the Manor. The boy’s face went very pink and he sank down in his chair.

“. . . I think I’ve figured it out. . .” Aiden muttered.

“Selina has excellent stamina and technique,” Alfred commented as he returned to the kitchen. “So Bruce tells me. . .”

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“Good morning, Alfred, Aiden.”

“Good morning, to *you*, Master Bruce . . . and to you, Miss Selina.”

“Morning, Bruce, Selina,” Aiden grinned.

Selina looked a little self-conscious as she sat down.

“You sounded in good form, this morning, Miss Selina,” Alfred chuckled.

Selina’s mouth dropped open and her face went pink for a moment before turning a very deep red.

“That must have been one hell of an orgasm, Selina,” Aiden pointed out. “Well done, Bruce – you definitely know how to hit the spot!”

It was Bruce’s turn to experience an intense heat build-up in his cheeks.

"I do what I can," Bruce commented.

That evening. . .

The study

Bruce and Selina sat on one of the comfortable couches.

Alfred entered the study, he was followed by Aiden, who for some reason appeared worried. Bruce waved him to sit on the opposing couch while Alfred stood beside the large wooden desk.

"Am I in trouble?" Aiden asked.

"Surprisingly, no," Selina commented.

"You are remarkably well behaved, young sir – I just wish I could say the same for those two," Alfred quipped.

Bruce stood up and he walked over to the large fireplace with the equally large wooden mantel. He turned to face Bruce.

"We have been very happy with how you have progressed with your training over the past two weeks or so since you came to live with us. Are you happy here?" he asked.

"Yes . . . I am. I love it here; you are all so kind to me. Are you thinking of sending me away?"

"No, Aiden," Selina cut in. "Quite the obvious."

"We believe that it is time to let you in on a dark secret. By letting you in on this secret, we are placing our lives in your hands. Only, it is worse than that, dozens more will have their lives put at risk if we have misjudged putting our trust in you, Aiden Maxwell."

Aiden appeared pensive as she took in all that Bruce had said.

"You have skills that we need, Aiden. You may only be eleven, but you are not an average eleven-year-old. You may have been trained to be a *Predator*, trained to do another's bidding, but we will not take their place. What we are offering is entirely voluntary – that is, we will not force any of this onto you. Even if you decline, you will still be able to remain here at Wayne manor for as long as you should wish."

Aiden's expression was no of confusion.

"Oh, for goodness sake, Bruce – you will insist on using fifty words when less than a dozen will do," Selina groaned. "Aiden, what we are about to show you is secret, but we want to trust you, can we?"

"Yes, you can."

Selina strode over to one of the large bookcases behind the desk and she pulled out a certain book, from a certain shelf, and she opened it. Selina passed the book to Aiden. He looked at where the book had been opened. Inside, he saw a small device, little bigger than an iPod.

"Press it," Selina suggested.

Aiden stood up as he pressed the button on the remote after he had removed it from the book. Music began to play; he frowned in confusion as he heard grating and to his immense surprise, the

fireplace sank backwards into the wall. He handed the device back to Selina and he walked over to the fireplace. The boy caught sight of the short passageway to the right and then the rough-hewn stone staircase that vanished steeply downwards. There were numerous modern LED lights, which provided bright illumination of the steps and it was obvious that they descended quite a distance into the depths beneath Wayne Manor.