

*This chapter is intended to fit in between **Chapter 339: Dark Days in Gotham** and **Chapter 340: From Gotham – Deeper and Darker** of my story, **Forsaken**.*

*I deemed this chapter way too dark to feature in my main story, **Forsaken**. As such, it has been placed here. However, the events played out in this story are critical to future events in **Forsaken**.*

**\*\*\*\* Please be warned that this chapter touches on a very disturbing subject, which may upset readers \*\*\*\***

*My apologies if this chapter offends.*

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**Tuesday, October 4<sup>th</sup>, 2016**

**The Palisades, Gotham City**

Megan knew something was wrong.

Curtis jokingly called it her 'Kitty Sense'. After two years of putting herself in danger as Wildcat, she had developed an uncanny sixth sense which told her that danger was close. It was like a big flashing red light and a klaxon going off in her head. The veteran twelve-year-old vigilante scanned all around her but she saw nothing. Despite that, she moved slowly but purposefully, watching for any movement, listening for any sound.

It did not help that she was somewhere she should not have been - but she found that she needed to go for a walk. She had walked the length of the grounds within Wayne Manor but she had not stopped and she had left the relative safety of the grounds and ventured out into the surrounding area. Relative to Gotham itself, Megan was in a safe area - not that *any* area of Gotham was actually safe. The Gotham City Police Department was still fighting a losing battle against the criminal element in the city, although at times, they just fought to a stalemate. Batman, Catwoman, and the new arrival, Nightwing, were doing well, levelling the playing field enough that the GCPD was able to gain a decent foothold in parts of the city which had previously been off-limits.

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The four youths emerged out of the darkness and Megan knew that she was in deep shit.

Megan had memorised the street map for the part of Gotham where she was walking, so she had a mental escape route ready and she bolted down a side street. She heard the pounding feet behind her and she knew that she was being pursued, so she reached for her cell phone but as she pulled it from her pocket, she fumbled it and the device fell to the ground. She turned to search for it but the youths were almost on top of her, baying for the proverbial kill, and she had no choice but to bolt again.

Megan was in a losing chase. Her lead was waning slowly but surely. The youths had longer legs than her and their stamina would probably exceed that of the super-fit Wildcat. While Megan could hold her own in a fight, her successes were due to her armour and weapons which added to her speed and manoeuvrability. The armour allowed her to take risks in a fight, knowing that she would be protected. She had none of that available to her. She was armed, of course, but could she take down the youths before they took her down. Then, Megan made a mistake as she took a wrong turn and she found herself facing a dead end with no escape.

The youths slowed and they grinned at the sight of their quarry, cornered with no ability to escape.

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To the youths, Megan probably appeared an easy catch.

Her well-honed body was hidden under her baggy clothing. Normally, four youths would have been an easy mark - only she would normally have had her body-armour, swords, and claws to back her up. The youths came closer, laughing and joking amongst themselves. As would be expected, Megan was going to fight for her life, although she hoped that it would not come to that. With a small pistol in her right hand, and a four-inch knife in her left, Megan stood her ground. She hoped a show of force might scare the youths away but no, they were hardened members of Gotham's underworld and they were not going to run from a little girl.

Megan fired off one of her six precious rounds and the bullet struck the concrete at the youths' feet. The bastards just laughed.

"She has teeth."

"She looks like my sister."

"You fucked your sister."

"I know. . ." the man ran his eyes over Megan. "She looks just as nice."

Megan had not considered that potential scenario. Very little scared the twelve-year-old but for the first time in many months, Megan felt fear coursing through her. She kept her face set in a manner that showed no fear to the youths. She kept the fear down deep but Megan knew she could not hold the fear down for long. The fear of being killed was bad, but the fear of being . . . she could not even bring herself to think of the word. That idea was beyond heinous as far as her young mind was concerned.

The four youths made a move towards her. She fired off another round which clipped the left arm of the man furthest to her right. It was supposed to have missed but Megan felt her hand shaking. The man yelled out like a stabbed bull. Megan went to fire again but the action had never cycled after the last round and the slide would not move as Megan struggled with the small pistol. She dropped the

pistol, brandishing the ridiculous-looking knife towards her attackers. The youths laughed at the incredulity of the situation and all of them were contemplating the sexual pleasure which awaited them and, to a man, they were hard where it mattered.

Megan, however, was struggling to contain her emotions, not to mention, her bladder.

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The youths advanced and Megan found herself pushing back against a brick wall.

Her breathing was becoming ragged and her heart was beating faster and faster. Deep within her, she could feel herself losing it and she willed back the tears. She knew that she must not show fear - they would enjoy that and Megan was determined to keep in control of the situation for as long as possible. Her mind wished that somebody would arrive to help her - anybody; a cop . . . a friend. Nobody knew where she was - or that she was even outside of Wayne Manor.

'Please . . . find me,' she wished as the first hands reached out for her.

As expected, Megan gave it her all. She went crazy, lashing out at the youths, kicking and punching. She enjoyed the sounds she generated as she stuck them. They groaned and yelled out at each punch and kick. Megan could sense the blood in the air and the girl knew that she had hurt somebody. The youths were good. At close range, they appeared to be young teens, varying between maybe thirteen and fifteen. Their skills also varied from average to good. One, in particular, he must have been maybe fifteen, but his skills were good and they reminded Megan of somebody else . . . something else.

She had no time to think about anything else as the attackers began to overwhelm her. Despite her many skills, she was only twelve-years-old and she had a figure to match - all four-feet eleven-inches of it. Her strength and agility were useless as she battled against the hands which pinned her against the brick wall. A pair of hands were on each wrist but that did not stop Megan from wrestling and kicking out with her feet. Then she was forced to her knees and held there.

They laughed and made crude comments about what they could see and what they could only imagine.

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Their lust for a female body - no matter what the age - quickly got the better of them and Megan found herself roughly dragged to the ground and rolled onto her back. She struggled. She fought. The fear rose inside her. She could smell the youths; sweat, beer, and bravado. Megan realised quickly that none of the youths had a viable conscience; they saw her simply as a piece of meat to be used and abused. The fear rose unrelentingly further and she began to lose

control. Her struggling waned and became nothing more than spasmodic resistance. The hands began to check out her body while others kept her securely pinned to the ground. Her eyes darted from face to face - none of them spent long on her face. They did not see a human being, just a female creature who had something they wanted.

Megan began to panic as she felt hands touching parts of her body where they had no business being. She felt her breasts being pawed and squeezed. Her crotch being pawed. Then fear coursed through her as she felt fingers pawing at her clothing and she could feel that same clothing being removed from her body, roughly and with very little care. She could feel her dignity being attacked as the hands worked. There was not a single part of her body that had not been fondled by strange hands.

Her mind refused to accept it. Her mind refused to accept that she had no way out. Her mind refused to accept that her clothing was being ripped from her body. That quickly changed as she felt the cold air on her bare skin which had been covered, just seconds previously. Her jacket had been removed and thrown to one side. Her sweatshirt had been roughly pulled over her head and yanked off her arms. She struggled. She fought. But to no avail. She felt the cold night air spreading across the freshly exposed skin of her stomach and shoulders. For the moment, her bra was still in its place, covering her breasts and keeping them warm. Her jeans were next and she felt her shoes being yanked off her feet and she heard them fall close by. Her belt was snapped at the buckle, allowing the feverish hands to rip apart the button fastening at the top of her jeans and tear the zip asunder.

As the cold chill ran up her bare legs, she finally began to cry, releasing her fear and allowing her attackers to see that fear. She could see their smiles as she cried. The youths enjoyed the tears - it buoyed their courage. They enjoyed the control they had over the girl. If only they knew *who* they had taken control of - although, if they *had* known, they might never have attacked in the first place. Nevertheless, nothing was going to stop the youths. They were like sharks in the ocean, smelling blood in the water. Instead, they were sensing fear. They were seeing bare skin . . . *female* skin. As their quarry found herself wearing nothing more than a bra and her knickers, the youths' excitement grew. One of the youths already had his pants open and he was busy addressing his sexual frustrations and he did not care who saw it.

Megan saw it and she began to shake as the fear took control of her.

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The humiliation, the degradation - Megan had felt nothing like it before, but she knew that it was only going to get worse.

Much worse. Much, much, worse.

Megan screamed as she felt her panties being roughly dragged down her legs exposing her to the world. She felt the cold concrete on

the bare skin of her buttocks and a cool breeze through her thin pubic hair. Feelings that were both new and fear-inducing to the young girl. That fear grew as her bra was ripped open and dragged off her arms leaving her completely naked and so very, very exposed - not for the first time . . . but that had been before friends. She felt a rough hand run across her bare breasts and she was horrified to find her nipples hardening to the bastard's touch. She tried to tell herself that they were hardening due to the cold but her brain told her differently - her brain told her that she was enjoying the touch of that bastard's hand.

She *WAS NOT* enjoying the touch!

How *could* her body think that she was?

Then fingers began to trace their way down her body and she felt her pubic hair being tugged, sending pain coursing through her vulva. Fingers were running up and down her labia. Again, her body sent signals to her brain and her brain *told* her that she should be enjoying the sensual feelings that came from those movements along her labia. Megan willed the feelings away. They were fine when she was with Curtis and his strong hands were manipulating her body . . . but not in a Gotham alley while naked and being sexually assaulted by four teenagers.

Megan screamed, again, as those same fingers pushed apart her labia and without a moment's hesitation, they plunged deep inside of her. The pain was excruciating as the fingers explored her insides. The youth did not seem to care that she was flesh and blood, and not some blow-up doll. Megan could feel the pain in her backside where she had scrapped it across the concrete in her efforts to prevent the assault. Her legs were being forced apart, no matter how much she squeezed them together. Inexorably, she began to feel more and more exposed as nothing remained hidden to the four sets of prying and very excited eyes.

Then it happened - one of the youths could control himself no longer and Megan felt something hot and wet splash down across her groin, stomach and chest.

"Woah, man!" a voice called out. "You almost caught me with your string of pearls, man!"

"She's gorgeous . . . I couldn't keep it in . . ."

Megan sobbed. She knew what it was - Curtis had often done the same thing. But with Curtis, it had been sensual and pleasurable, but in that alley: what was beyond, 'degrading'?

Megan had no idea, and she was scared to death about finding out.

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One of the youths - the shorter of the four - he appeared to be in charge.

The boy was about fifteen and he roughly shoved the recently expended youth out of the way and he stood directly above Megan, staring down at her. His eyes moved slowly from her feet, up her long legs, pausing at her shapely thighs which were a part of Megan's body which she herself loved - Curtis was also a fan of her thighs. Megan shivered from the cold as his eyes moved over her naked body. She felt sick to her core as those eyes took in every inch of her body. He paused at the top of her thighs and studied what lay between but he quickly moved on, frowning at Megan's taunted stomach and the visible abs.

The boy knelt down on the ground and he unbuckled his pants. He shoved them down, along with his underwear. Megan whimpered as she saw the penis, standing up straight and ready - it was not large but bigger than Curtis' and Megan knew where it was going to be going, too. Her eyes could not leave the appendage as the boy placed his hand either side of her body and he leaned into her space.

"Hello, sweet thing. What should we call you?"

Megan spat in the boy's face. He grinned.

"We'll just call you: slut!" he laughed and his friends laughed too.

The boy ran a finger around her left breast before tapping the protruding nipple. Megan felt the tingling in her nipple generated by his touch and she felt horrified by the fact she was enjoying the feeling. The boy grinned.

"You enjoyed that, did you?"

"NO!"

Then Megan cringed. She felt the boy's skin against her own as he lay on top of her. She felt his hard penis nestling on her thighs. She closed her eyes as he bent forward to kiss her on the lips. Damn! She felt herself becoming aroused and that horrified her more than she could ever have thought possible. The boy could feel the heat being generated by her body, both because of the cold, and also due to her building arousal. Part of Megan was glad of the boy's contact - she was gaining some much-needed warmth for her body. The boy's jacket was rubbing against her nipples, encouraging them to harden ever further. The boy toyed with those erect nipples and from his own increased breathing, she knew that he was getting off at the touch. Megan tried to get one over on the boy as her courage began to return.

"First time with a girl?" she growled in a tone that scared her - it was so weak. "Think that little dick can perform?"

The boy stopped moving and he sat back on his haunches, grinning down at Megan. His reply chilled her.

"I can perform, slut. You are going to find out, just how well, I can perform. I am going to fuck you so hard - again and again. No - you are not my first conquest, neither are you my last."

The boy reached forwards and he ran his fingers over Megan's pubic mound and then down her labia. He caressed her clit, sending pulses rocketing to her brain and she let out an involuntary moan of pleasure.

"You, my slut . . . you are going to enjoy this."

With that comment, the boy lay down again. Megan screamed out as she felt his penis stabbing blindly into her labia. The boy pushed onwards and Megan was forced to take an involuntary deep breath as the boy thrust his penis between Megan's labia and deep inside her.

It was done - all dignity was gone.

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Megan was screaming and to an outsider, she could have sounded like an animal in extreme distress.

She did everything she could to fight against his penetration of her body. She struggled to force her legs together. She felt the pain as her bottom rubbed against the bare concrete. She felt the fear returning and rising to a level that was turning her hysterical. She felt mortified by the fact that she was being fucked by a boy she did not know and that she was being watched by three other boys who were enjoying the sight of her torture. She realised that on the degradation scale, she was very near the top . . . or should that be the bottom.

Megan fought but with ever reducing vigour. The frustration that she felt inside her as she endured the thrusting movements between her legs and the rising stimulation of her internal and external points of sensitivity was becoming more than she could bear. She had never before experienced a penis inside of her and the tears streamed down her cheeks as she realised that Curtis was not be her first - that loving moment when she would have given herself to the boy she loved, was gone, never to return.

Then the boy stopped.

Megan thought it was over - but no. The boy pulled his penis out of her and he sat back.

"Turn her over," he ordered and Megan found herself being picked up and roughly rolled onto her front. "Okay, doggy!"

Megan felt the rough hands lifting up her midriff and her legs were kicked apart. She screamed again as his penis was pushed deep inside her vagina from the rear and she felt hands on her breasts, squeezing them and rubbing the nipples. The boy kept thrusting, harder and harder against her bare buttocks. She could hear the skin slapping and she felt horrified by the sound. The screaming gave way to panting as the incredible stimulation began to take over and she actually found herself arching her back towards the boy as he thrust in and out of her, in and out.

The pain inside her, behind her vulva, was getting to be unbearable. Some of the pain was mitigated by the amazing - but unwanted - feelings which arose from that same part of her body as well as from her breasts which the boy was still massaging and kneading as he viciously fucked the twelve-year-old.

Megan began to become detached, her mind separating from her body. The bastard had her body, but he was not going to get her mind - he was not going to get *that* pleasure. Megan knew enough about sexual exploration that her body would react as it saw fit, rather than how she herself felt. She tried to ignore the sensations, the wonderful sensations, that she was experiencing. She began to lose awareness of what was going on around her. The sounds faded and merged. Her eyes remained closed, blocking out the sights. She could not turn off her nerve endings - although she wished that she could. Despite the exertions of the activities, she could still feel the cold and just as she contemplated surviving the events which had overtaken her, she felt her body tensing up as muscles began to tighten and loosen.

The girl recognised an orgasm inbound - but the one coming for her like a freight train appeared way bigger than anything that she had ever endured at Curtis' hands, or her own.

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Megan found herself screaming again.

It was unavoidable. The orgasm struck her with the force of an atom bomb. Her body curled into a ball and she shook as she absorbed the tremendous energy that flooded through her body. Just seconds before the orgasm struck, the boy had ejaculated inside her before falling back, away from his conquest. She had felt the hot liquid surge inside her, dragging her back to reality. She was horrified by what had happened and she sobbed as she endured the aftershocks caused by that bastard.

Several minutes passed before Megan was able to uncurl from her foetal position and as she forced open her eyes, expecting to see the leering boys, she felt cold drops of liquid on her bare skin. She sat up and stared down the alley - it was empty and she was alone. For another minute, she sat there on the ground, sobbing with relief.

It was over.

Megan stared up into the heavens and she relished the cold rain as it washed over her and washed away her tears. Her body was reeling with the shock of what she had been through. She forced herself to stand up and she felt something strange between her legs. She reached down and she felt something gooey and sticky oozing out from between her labia. She began to sob again as she realised what the substance was. Then, with a jerk, she realised where she was. She realised that she was standing completely naked, on the outskirts of Gotham, at night, in the rain, and she was shivering.

Megan looked around her and she began to gather together her clothing. It was scattered all around her. Megan struggled to pull on what was left of her clothes - she was shaking so badly and she was in a lot of pain. She pulled on her sweatshirt, ignoring the ripped blouse and her wrecked bra which she abandoned. She pulled on her jeans and her shoes, ignoring her sodden socks and her panties which were ripped. Once she was clothed, she pulled on her jacket, picked up her gun, and she began to retrace her steps back towards Wayne Manor and safety - there was no sign of her knife.

Her mind reeled as she considered everything that had occurred and how she was to tell people . . . no, she would tell no one. It was far too humiliating for anybody to find out what she had suffered. They would laugh at her . . . no, they would never do that. Still, how could she even begin to describe what had gone on in the past hour or so. She felt too ashamed to even think about it, let alone talk about it.

No, nobody would ever know what she had *allowed* to be done to her.

On a positive note, she kicked something as she stumbled back through the rain - it was her cell phone; losing that might have taken a lot of explaining.

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### ***An hour later***

#### ***Wayne Manor***

Megan stared at her naked body in the full-length mirror that was mounted on the back of the bathroom door.

She hated what she was seeing. She hated what that body had endured, just an hour before. She hated herself for allowing it to happen. She stared at her breasts and the very sore nipples which still protruded as if looking for more. Her eyes moved down her body to the top of her legs. She felt herself loathing her own body. She loathed the very sight of it. She could visualise the fingers on her vulva, pushing through the pubic hair and pulling apart her labia.

"You fucking slut!" she growled to herself in the mirror.

A voice in the back of her mind tried to tell her that it was the youths, only, she did not want to hear that. For a moment, Megan saw something in the mirror - her eyes, there was something different about her eyes. The darkness which she had seen in her eyes before - the darkness which marked her as a killer had been there ever since she had made her first kill outside the cinema, in defence of her friends - she had imagined the darkness growing each time she had killed since only it had seemingly stayed the same. As she stood there, naked, and stared into the mirror, she was certain that her eyes had changed.

She felt different. Ignoring the horror, she felt something moving into place and taking over within her. It was like there was

somebody else inside of her body - it was like Megan was being shoved to one side and Wildcat was taking over. Normally, she turned Wildcat off when she removed her mask and she became Megan until she replaced the mask. It was easy to control her alter-ego, at least it had been. Megan knew that Mindy was permanently bonded with her alter-ego of Hit Girl and that Mindy had suffered when she had been unable to separate the two when Hit Girl had effectively taken over and turned her feral - was that the direction she was heading in?

Megan began to smile - maybe that wasn't a bad direction to be heading in.

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It was time to wash off the evening's events.

Megan stifled a scream as the hot water touched the various bruises, scratches, and abrasions on her buttocks. Then again, as the water touched the abrasions and scrapes on the skin which covered her shoulder blades. The backs of her legs and arms, just stung, as did her back. Once the painful sensations had eased, Megan allowed her body to relax and she let the heat seep into her skin and muscles. She began to cry, as inside, she realised that it was over - she was safe. But was it over, she thought, as she eased her head under the water.

She lay there for almost a minute, watching her breath bubble up to the surface. She could hear her heart as it beat its constant rhythm within her chest. The sound was muted under the water but it was there. She was alive. She had survived. But had she survived? Megan had been the one attacked. Megan had failed. Megan felt guilt. Megan felt humiliation. Megan felt used. Megan felt miserable. Megan hated herself. Wildcat smiled. Wildcat was pleased. Wildcat was in control. Wildcat believed in that saying of Friedrich Nietzsche: *'that which does not kill us, makes us stronger'*. Wildcat, therefore, was stronger for what had been endured. Wildcat was. . .

Megan sat up, water spilling off her hair. NO! *She* was in control. *Megan* was in control. Megan sunk her head into her hands and she began to cry again.

"Megan?" Chloe called through the bathroom door. "Are you okay?"

Megan forced back the tears for a moment; hiding pain was something she was good at.

"Yeah - just wanna get the scum of Gotham off my skin."

Not all that far from the truth, Megan thought as Chloe laughed.

"Have fun - no playing, now!"

Megan tried to laugh but the laughter quickly turned into sobbing.

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*This storyline continues in **Chapter 340: Chicago - Deeper and Darker** of my story, **Forsaken**.*