

BATMAN

GASP OF THE PHANTASM



"Hello, Ms. Beaumont," Dr. Weir said. Andrea tensed, pulling on the chains that kept her bound to the wall. She grimaced, trying to stay calm as the doctor entered the room. He was flanked by two large orderlies and carrying a folding chair, which he unfolded and sat upon. Straightening his tie, he smiled pleasantly. "How are we feeling today?"

Andrea had manacles on her wrists. She was still wearing her Phantasm costume, though her scythe and gloves and mask had been taken from her. No mist, no voice alteration, no hiding. Just four people in a too-large room with so little space she could move in. Three men and one woman in form fitting black.

One of the orderlies was leering at her.

Dr. Weir was pretending not to.

Screams echoed from beyond the open door behind the doctor – this wing of Arkham Asylum was, apparently, his private domain. She'd been dragged here and thrown inside this cell, fed food she knew was drugged, hosed clean daily, but mostly left alone. Dr. Weir had wanted to give her time to settle in and think about her circumstances, and doing so had brought her to one conclusion:

"You're insane," Andrea said, glaring. "You know that, right? When I get out of-"

"Point one, my dear: you will not be getting out until I allow it," Dr. Weir said. He was so calm. His eyes glimmered with some hidden sadism masked by the barest slivers of compassion. "And, I *am* sane. I am the doctor here, and you are the patient."

He sat there, smug, crossing one leg over the other.

She hated him. Both orderlies had their stun batons drawn.

"In your hysteria, however justified you may have believed it to be, you ended the lives of several prominent citizens-"

"-mobsters-"

"Unproven, and not for a vigilante to decide. We have courts for that." Dr. Weir checked his notes on her. He seemed to know intimate details of her life and her youth, and she wondered who was giving him his information. "I understand that you suffered. The loss of your father-"

"He was murdered," Andrea snapped.

"Did you see this happen?" Dr. Weir asked, smiling, angling his head. "Do you have any proof of who did it? Or did he – *as all men must* – simply die?"

"Arthur-"

"You should be delighted that he still cares for you, even after you and your father abandoned him," Dr. Weir said. He leaned back. She could see, in his pant line, how much he was enjoying this. Enjoying her tied up and at his mercy. He leaned forward. "This is your home now. I haven't decided on the totality of your treatment, but given your skills I'd like to start with a sedative-"

"No!" Andrea shouted. She stood, pulled on the manacles, heard the stone and metal groan, so the orderlies take a step back in fear.

"I don't think you understand," Dr. Weir smiled. "I'm not asking for your permission."

He made a small gesture and the orderlies moved closer to her. She moved back, crouching on the bench that was her bed, snapping a kick at one and wrapping her chains around the other one,

the one that had been leering at her. She grappled the baton from him, feeling fierce, and jammed the baton into his crotch. He fell screaming.

“Oh, my,” Dr. Weir said, not moving. “Orderlies?”

More orderlies appeared in the doorway and Andrea almost laughed – what could they do to her? What was the point of bringing her more victims? They were carrying something, she saw, and she got her stolen weapon ready, tugging again at the chains. Another two or three solid tugs and she was pretty sure she could free herself and

Oh. Fuck.

The new orderlies were carrying a fire hose. They aimed it at her, opened fire – bound as she was there was nowhere to go, no way to dodge. She slammed back into the wall and they kept the pressure on her, water slamming into her belly and knocking the air from her lungs, water slamming into her face until she was sputtering, choking, until her head ached.

The water hit her and it kept on hitting her, soaking her all the way through, an aching pressure that bruised the whole of her body. They kept it up, watering her like a rose brush, the sledgehammer force drowning the fight right out of her. They stopped and she sputtered, shaking and cold, barely able to breath.

“She’s coming right for me,” Dr. Weir drawled, and they turned the hose on her again.



Through the pressure she could see him stand, take off his jacket and frown at it. A handful of droplets had landed on the shoulder and he shook them off, folded the jacket over the chair.

The water continued to slam into her, punishing her, inescapable, pushed down her nostrils and throats, seeping into her ears, soaking her suit, her skin. She had no air.

Eventually, the water stopped.

Dr. Weir walked over to her as she lay shuddering, freezing, barely able to breathe. He ran a hand up her sopping thigh to her hip, patting her flank like an animal.

"We're going to have to do something to treat your hysteria," Dr. Weir sighed. The orderly that had been leering at her was back on his feet, limping, a stun baton in hand. Dr. Weir turned from her to that man, pushed her so she was flat on her back, holding one of her legs open. "I trust you're up to it?"

The man smiled and his baton sparked as he stepped closer to her.



It hurt. It hurt so much worse than he'd been led to believe.

Joker Toxin – it sounded so stupid. A poison that made you smile or laugh or laugh yourself to death. It was an idiot's weapon constructed by a madman to cause mass pain, hysteria, and death. In one of the only objectively good things that could be said about him, Batman had concocted an antidote and shared it freely with everyone. Joker had never bothered to improve upon the formula. Arthur was one of the few people to know why: Joker thought hope was funny. He thought that people knowing that they could die despite the cure being right there was hilarious.

Arthur had known the man before he'd been the Joker. He'd been a failed comedian, a worse thief, and a part-time killer for some old time mobsters. He'd had a run of bad luck and then one truly monstrous day, a day he didn't talk about ever. Arthur was pretty sure that he was one of the only people left alive before that knew who the Joker had been, even if he couldn't quite remember the man's name.

Just like he couldn't stop smiling.

"It's an allergic reaction to something in the toxin," the doctor had told him. The laughing had stopped but the smile wouldn't go away. Arthur stared at his face in the mirror. His aching face. It hurt all the time now. He wanted to stop smiling but couldn't, the bottom of his face frozen in a grin. The antidote didn't help this. The Joker would have found this hilarious.

He was working with specialists to try and move his lips a little, perhaps lessen the effect.

But, as of now, his political career was over.



Andrea awoke to find herself unable to move.

Something was pressing tight against her skin, all over her body. She couldn't move her legs or

arms, couldn't even move her fingers – she could barely breathe, could only truly blink. It felt cold and was everywhere, pressed against her skin, and she could feel cool air on her naked body.

“It's chicken wire,” Dr. Weir said, coming into her line of vision. He gave her a comforting pat, any soothing undone by his contact on her naked breast. “We determined that you were too wild, violent, and willful. Do you remember when I told you that I hadn't decided on your treatment?”

She tried to speak and couldn't.

“Oh, we glued your mouth shut. I'd ask you to nod your head, yes, but I don't think you can right now, can you?” he sighed, his hand now resting on her flesh, idly playing with her. “It's alright, really. We have a solvent... oh, somewhere...” he patted his pockets, looked around, left her field of vision.

While he was gone she struggled. She spent years honing her body into a weapon – strong and supple muscle. She'd trained and trained herself until she could laugh at most Olympians, until she edged the border of superhuman. The chicken wire held her tight, pressed into every contour and crevice.

“Found it!” Dr. Weir returned, bottle in hand. “Anyways, I believe that your time apart from the world and your trauma has led to a state of hyper self-reliance, but, don't worry, I have a cure.”

The orderly that had been leering at her came into her line of sight again, stilling holding his stun baton. It crackled. He brought it right into her eyeline, sparks jumping off of it, and she instinctively moved away from it.

Or tried to.

The chicken wire held her steady.

“This helpful man is going to jab you with his baton for the next hour,” Dr Weir said, checking his watch. “Or until I get back. Whichever. When I get back, I'm going to apply the solvent to your lips and you will beg us to stop. And – here is the important part, we will stop hurting you at that point. This will teach you reliance. Orderly?”

He jabbed the baton into her hip.

It hurt more than she thought – she expected the surge of electricity to cause her body to buck, but her response only pressed her further into the chickenwire. It felt like she was being sliced up, checker-marks imprinted into her skin. Worse, the chicken wire was metal and the electricity arced along the whole of it, refracted in weakening waves that moved everywhere.

She couldn't scream. The air left in a rush through her nose as every muscle in her body tensed and held, as she was buffeted from every direction as the current moved through the wire. She felt tears leave her eyes. She was staring. She was hurt.

“That's application number one,” Dr. Weir said, giving her another sympathetic pat. “I imagine we can do more than a hundred applications in an hour. Try to remember that this is for your own good, yes?” His hand was moved away a moment before the stun baton replaced it.

He stood back and watched as the orderly went to work on her, pressing the baton in on her again, and again, and again.

“Okay, so this is working well, I'll come check on things in an hour,” Dr. Weir said. “And I know, I know, this is going to be emotionally traumatizing, it's going to invoke another hysterical episode, so I want you to know that when you beg us to stop we're going to fuck you, okay? Don't worry,

we'll make sure you enjoy it, and then we'll let you rest before we go at it again. I think a few weeks of this may counteract your hyper self-reliance with a state of hyper-dependance. We'll see."

He kissed her on the forehead as she tried to scream, as she was shocked again, and then he left...



His campaign was in ruins.

Arthur had been considered a prime candidate, a can't miss-prospect. He had a strong anti-Batman pro-police rhetoric that made him popular among most of the wealthy in Gotham and was charismatic enough that most people would vote for him no matter what he said. He was a law-and-order kinda guy, young and handsome, the sort of person that most people thought they could grab a beer with.

Truth be told, he was that. He sometimes went trolling in bars and spoke directly to potential voters, buying them a round and answering their questions in impromptu townhalls. It made him a media darling, the sort of person who was always in the limelight.

And then the Joker toxin froze a terrifying grin on his face and no one could even look him in the eye.

People left bars when he showed up. Interview opportunities dried up. He went from being a handsome bachelor that was desired by women and liked by the working class to a pariah. Even his own staff had trouble being in the same room as him, had trouble looking at him.

And that brought him here, to a bar that had emptied out, where he was the only person and the bartender wouldn't come near him. He looked at the bottle.

A smash, a cut, and it would all be-

"I had to come see this for myself," a voice said. Arthur turned.

Hamilton Hill did not flinch away. The mayor of Gotham walked to the bar and sat beside him and ordered two beers, offered one to Arthur. The despondent man took it, even accepted the toast.

"This city," Hamilton sighed. They both drank.

"I didn't know you liked beer," Arthur said.

"Generally, no, but this is an occasion." He set the bottle down and frowned, staring Arthur in the face without flinching. "How're you holding up?"

"Just great."

"That good, huh?" Hamilton finished his beer, ordered another. "You know the Joker kidnapped my son? I got kidnapped by Scarecrow a couple of times. Held hostage by Harvey, mind controlled by Jervis, only in Gotham."

"Then why do you do it?" Arthur spat. "How do you keep doing it?"

"Do you know how much power you get as a multi-term public official in this city?" Hamilton said. "doesn't even matter if your successful. If someone is trying to kill you, people assume you're trying to do some good and if you get back in and keep it people assume you're some kind of hero. And you, my friend? You've been handed a golden ticket."

"What're you talking about?"

"The sympathy card," Hamilton said, grinning. "The Joker marred your face and you stayed sane. You're not going to run, you're going to stay and fight because you looked the ultimate evil of this city in the face and survived. That's your whole campaign."

"My campaign is in ruins."

"This campaign is in ruins." Hamilton squeezed his shoulder. "Concede now. Sit the next cycle out. Come back the one after that and come back swinging. You'll win and keep winning until you decide you don't want to win anymore."

"You think so?"

"I'd stake my career on it," Hamilton chuckled. "In fact, I've made my career on it."



She was awake and they shocked her. She was asleep and they shocked her. The people shocking her changed but the shocking remained the same. They fed her intravenously, feeding who knew what medications into her blood along with the nutrients she needed to survive. They blasted her with the hose to clean off the sweat. When she passed out they let her lay unconscious, though never for very long.

Every now and then they would pause and brush her lips with something. The glue holding her mouth shut would cake off.

"Is there anything you'd like to say?" someone would ask. It was usually Dr. Weir, but not always. Sometimes it was an orderly. Sometimes it was someone she'd hallucinate: Bruce, the Joker, her father, Arthur, the mobsters that had ruined her life. "Is there anything you'd like us to do?"

Her answer was something along the lines of

"Fuck off and die."

They would apply the glue and start shocking her again.

"We hate when you make us hurt you."

Andrea knew they did not hate it.

She hated it. The shock batons were pressed into the soles of her feet and the palms of her hands. Into her elbows and knees and armpits. Under her breasts and along her belly. Some of the orderlies even knelt down and hit the small of her back, her shoulders, her ass. She screamed. She cried. She writhed inside a chicken wire cocoon that held her tight and would never let her go, not for anything, not ever.

Andrea wept like she had when she'd lost Bruce. When her father died. She wept openly.

"Is there anything you'd like to say? Anything you'd like us to do?"

"Fuck off and die."

Her anger had defined her whole life. Her mother died. Her father murdered. Her life destroyed. It was hard to hold onto when she couldn't move, when she was always in pain. When she couldn't

do anything, not even think, not avoid the constant shocks and pain.

"You've suffered so hard and so long," Dr. Weir whispered to her. "It's okay. You don't have to fight any more."

And she didn't. She couldn't.

How long had it taken? Days? Weeks? Months? They would never tell her. Slowly, inevitably, her anger was consumed by her pain. She was ready to beg long before they brushed her lips.

"Is there anything you'd like to say? Anything you'd like us to do?"

"Please stop hurting me," whispered Andrea.

And they did.

They made love to her. She wanted to think of it as being fucked, or being raped, but they were so careful. They made sure she enjoyed it, drawing it out. They took care of her, caressing her through the chicken wire, kissing her, massaging aching muscles. They teased her long before they entered her, and they made her sure she was moaning, thankful. They made her cum, fed her sweets, the sensation of pleasure and taste after so long overwhelming her. She came and came, blabbering gratitude, let her sleep.

And when she woke up her lips were glued shut and Dr. Weir was there.

"We now know how long it takes to break you," he said, kissing her forehead, running his hand down her trapped body. His fingers curled inside her and her hips would have bucked if she hadn't been bound. "So we won't bother asking you again until we get to that point in time, okay? We don't want to insult you. We respect you, Ms. Beaumont."

He pulled out of her. She whimpered, tried to pull away as she heard the crackle of a baton.

And then the shocks began all over again.



Arthur took the Mayor's advice. He conceded the election due to injury, taking some time to think about his life and what he wanted to do next. He got out of the city, out of the country, barely checked his ticket – he went somewhere warm, coastal, and foreign. There were places he could run along the beach, places where he could get some air.

The grin wouldn't leave his face but he could, with effort and exercise, make it less terrifying. People looked at him again. He could talk to people. He relaxed for what felt like the first time in ages.

He wasn't even worried about money – the mayor had hooked him up with some investors, Warren Lawford, Armand Lydecker, and Gunther Hardwick, billionaires who often helped those with political aspirations like himself. They met for cocktails and talked about the future, what it would take to get Arthur to run, to win, and what he would do after his victory.

Arthur liked them, and they liked him.

"We hate the Bat, too," they said, and Arthur nodded along.

While jogging along the beach one evening he thought he caught sight of a familiar face. He wasn't sure what to do about it – wasn't sure it was really her – so he asked his new friends if they could

look into something for him.

"Sure," Warren grinned. "This chick have a name?"

"I'm not even sure it's her," Arthur said, feeling sheepish, "but could you see if Andrea Beaumont is in town?"



"Is he clean?"

She could only look up, but she could hear the fear, feeling something change in the room.

"You'd think I'd pass this up?" A low dry laugh. "You're not as funny as I am, but you're close."

"No weapons. No contraband. I checked."

"Right down to my last joy buzz killer."

"We're keeping an eye on you."

"Only one?" Full-throated laughter now that made her cringe in her chicken-wire prison. "I asked for something. Did you get it?"

"... yes. Though I have no idea why you wanted this."

"You wouldn't get it," the voice everyone feared chuckled, whistled. She heard something heavy being tossed, caught, meat slapping the palm of a hand. "It's an inside joke."

He skipped into her line of sight, a mad grin, green hair, eyes glossy with a terrible madness. He looked down at her and he laughed, resting a hand on her belly and drumming his fingers on her flesh.

"Wow. The Babe. Lookin' good there, babe. How's pops?" the Joker loomed over her. She strained, struggled. Her strength was nothing. Her anger was ashes. He simply stood over her, waiting as she failed to do anything. He turned from her, looking back at the orderlies. "She's a little quiet. I remember her being a bit of a firecracker. Or maybe the explosions were all me. I wouldn't want to speak for her, you know? Feminism and all that. Rah."

"We glued her mouth shut," an orderly said.

"Hah!" the Joker laughed, shaking his head. "I know a few people I'd like to do that with. A silent sullen audience, then. Okay. We can work with this. Really put a smile on that face."

His eyes, his warm dead eyes, turned back to her.

"I seem to recall you did me a solid, letting me go," he grinned, moving his face closer to hers. "I'm going to do you with a solid, getting you off. You ready?"

The orderlies had shocked and made love to her, working her through opposite extremes. Pain and then pleasure, a loop designed to break her down to nothing. The Joker was something else, doing both extremes at once. Massaging aches out of tired abused muscles while savaging her with his teeth. Soothing slivering tongue running from breast to neck, ending in a ferocious kiss. Hands turning cruel, scratching violations across her. She wailed in pleasure. She moaned in pain.

She didn't notice something pressing into her until it was past her soaking outerlips, moving

along outside to in. She whimpered. She strained. It was larger than anything that had ever been inside her.

"This is going to hurt so good," the Joker said, shoving the sex toy inside her.

She couldn't scream. She couldn't. She could only strain, close her eyes, make inhuman sounds as he shoved it into her. She tried to shake her head and her face caught on the chicken wire. Her eyes were open but she couldn't see anything. It was so wide it was splitting her in two. She was going to die. He was going to kill her and the orderlies were doing nothing.

Dimly, she thought she heard someone protest and then the Joker was over her, swinging his hand down in between her legs. Spit shot out her nose as her whole body tensed, trying to expel the invader that he had just shoved further in. She was shivering at the intrusion, shaking.

He had a stun baton and he let it rest on her clit, said something she couldn't make sense of.

Shocked her and she convulsed, her own muscles pulling the girth another agonizing inch inside her.

He seemed pleased by this. Did it again. Again. Again.

Again.

He pulled the chicken wire off of her, helped her into a sitting position. The orderlies in the room were on the ground, their throats cut. She shivered uncontrollably as he pulled her to her feet. The room that had been her prison for so long was not very large. There was a mirror in it and he was walking her towards it. She didn't want to go there. She didn't want to see what he was going to show her but she had nothing to fight him with. He was gentle with her, so gentle. She couldn't lift her arms.

She stood, shaking, aching, staring. A massive salami was embedded inside her. He let her see it. It was thicker than her forearm, held in place by her elasticity, a white foam coating the circle of it. Her vaginal mouth was foaming. He'd stolen the solvent from the dead guards and painted her lips, opened her mouth.

Laughing, he pushed her against the mirror, held her in place one handed and reached between her legs, pulling the salami out and pushing it back in, fucking her. Her arms didn't work. Her legs couldn't really support weight. The assault happened to her and she could do nothing but take it, eyes open wide every time he shoved it back inside her.

She couldn't make sense of anything, but he forced an orgasm out of her, let her fall to the ground. Only then did he pull the salami out of her, force her back up, force her to look in the mirror. Her cunt gaped grotesquely open. He painted a smile on her face using the blood of a dead guard. The Joker took a bite of salami, then fed some back to her. He showed her the packaging – he wanted her to know what he'd fucked her, what she'd come on.

4 inches wide, ten inches long.

Most of it had been inside her.

She didn't fight when he led her back to the chicken wire. He was careful when he lay her back down, just as he'd found her.

"Welcome to your future," he sang, making sure her cage was snug before shoving the salami past her slack lips, into her mouth. He tapped her cheek. "It's been fun, toots. We should do this again sometime."



He vanished from sight, and she broke down completely.



Andrea, it turned out, was in town.

Between visits to the beach and art galleries, she was acting as the front woman for a familiar face.

"Fuck," Arthur said, seeing the images that Warren produced.

"You know this guy?" Warren asked. "Hired him for a few jobs recently. He does good work."

Arthur stared at the image of the Phantasm, thinking furiously. He was not, despite what people like Batman or the Joker might think, a stupid man. He was a talented lawyer and a fine politician and, though no detective, he was good at making logical leaps with personal information.

Andrea is the Phantasm.

He was sure of it.

Arthur could see the scope of it, especially with what he was doing. Take a step back, create an image, make some money and scratch an itch. There were ways to play this game.

When he returned to Gotham he was going to need money. Hamilton had promised some, Warren and his fraternity brothers promised more, but that would make him beholden to them. If he had his own money he could play it so that they were all beholden to one another. The smile on his face felt genuine.

"Are you okay?" Warren asked.

"Yes," Arthur said, and he felt it. "I'm good."

"Glad to hear it," Warren said, ordering them both scotch that was worth more than what Arthur had made as a law clerk in a month. "That look on your face – this girl is special?"

"She is," Arthur admitted. More than special. She's rich, she's a vicious killer, and I'm still on the legal documentation of all her family's finances and personal affairs. There's got to be a way to spin this to my advantage.

"Look, I don't like to tell people what to do with their women, but..." Warren leaned in, whispering. "I loved this girl once, Rebecca Fallbrook. She found out some things about me and threatened to ruin me, nearly did. My dad talked to some people at Arkham, though, a doctor there, and he said he'd set her straight."

"What happened to her?"

"She's up in my room right now if you wanna take a look," Warren grinned. "Me and my frat brothers sometimes draw straws for her holes. She's completely mine, and I kinda love that about her. I could put you in touch with Dr. Weir, pretty sure he could do the same for your pretty redhead."



Andrea begged whenever they let her. She suffered whenever they wouldn't.

Soon, they had her begging for other things. She would beg to suck them off. Beg to let them flip her over and take her in the ass. They would take her for small walks around the room when she obeyed without question. Give her little treats to eat. Massage the knots out of her aching body. Let her take warm baths.

They never let her be alone. She was always with someone, always being touched. She let them touch her. And though she trembled and cried she never stopped them from gluing her lips shut, locking her back in the chicken wire, and applying the stun batons again.

This was her life now.

Small pleasures taken after she begged to be abused.

"You're coming along nicely," Dr. Weir said, sitting beside her. His right hand was playing with her nipple but he was looking at her face. She couldn't make herself look him in the eyes. She couldn't bring herself to try to avoid his touch.

What was the point? He controlled everything about her.

"You've lost your muscle tone, though, which is sad," Dr. Weir said. "I like to think that a healthy mind should reside in a healthy body. Thankfully, I believe we can help you with this."

They made her beg to be walked, to work out.

Her cardio machine was a simple step machine. Her hands were taped to the handles, a pair of nipple and vaginal clamps extending from the machine to her body. She winced when they were put on but offered no resistance. What could she do? It had to have been months since they'd taken her. Everything hurt.

The walking machine was set low to help her get back into the idea of exercise. When she met the expectations set for her the clamps would vibrate pleasantly. When she fell behind they shocked her. It was hard to come back from a single mistake and they set the machine for an hour, and left her to suffer if she failed.

"We hate when you make us hurt you," Dr. Weir said, helping her back after fifty-five minutes of agony.

It took her a couple of weeks before she could meet the low setting, and then they raised the difficulty.

The exercise machine was much more insidious. She could herself sitting on two dildos, bigger than she was comfortable with but not as large as the salami. She whimpered but let her handlers settle her on, let them tape her hands and ankles to the bars on the machine. She could pull down her arms to bring down a weight, or push out her legs to the same effect. The dildos inside her responded to the actions, rocking her with pleasure. The more weight she pushed or pulled, the better they felt.

She was given a coach who would walk her through thirty repetitions of arm pulls, followed by fifty sets of leg pushes. The weights were set low and then raised and she was expected to do ten sets of each. When she was good she ended a work out on the verge of orgasm, and her coach would take her off the machine and fuck her until she came.

When she failed, they whipped her tits before coming at her with the stun batons again, making her beg for forgiveness.

Andrea was exhausted at the end of every workout and offered no resistance as they helped her back to her cell and locked her back in the chicken wire.

This was normal for her now.

This was her life.



Quietly, privately, Arthur began to look into Andrea's finances.

He had every right to do so – he was still attached as a legal aide on the books. He'd handled things like that for her and her father before they'd had to flee Gotham. He hadn't thought to look into such things when her father was alive, as Carl had been the sort of man who believed the devil was in the details. His daughter, however, didn't understand the danger she was in by leaving such things alone.

And why would she?

The fucking Phantasm.

She'd gone to Gotham and destroyed an entire mob family, one of the oldest and most powerful in Gotham. She'd framed Batman for her crimes. Her rampage had destroyed a good chunk of the city and she'd walked away without looking back. He was the one that had paid for her crimes. He was the one who paid.

Strike one.

He found himself in silk pajama bottoms in his hotel room, looking at himself in the mirror.

Do you really want to do this?

He thought about Andrea flaunting herself around in her skirts back when they'd both been kids. He'd had a crush and she'd known it, had teased him about it. They both knew she'd never indulge in someone like him – he was the help.

Strike two.

Going over her family finances infuriated him. He'd begged Carl for financial aid during the campaign. Carl told him he couldn't afford it, that he was worried the mob would track him down. Staring at the books, he could see that only the latter was true – Carl was loaded. Not Wayne money, sure, but a healthy case of Cobblepot or Elliot. Carl could have helped him and never noticed.

"You made me do it," Arthur said, staring in the mirror. "You made me go to them, old man, and they told me they only wanted their money. You caused all of this."

Arthur stared into the mirror for a long time. He got up, walked to the balcony, looked over at the naked girl Warren had lent him for the night. She was lying belly down, dozing, her legs splayed. He imagined Andrea lying like that and felt himself get very hard.

He could take the girl again, or he could move to get a girl of his own.

The card Warren had given him was blank save for a phone number.

He dialed out, dialed it. It answered with silence after two rings.

"Hello, I'd like to talk to Dr. Weir."

Strike three.



"Hello, Ms. Beaumont," Dr. Weir said. Andrea tensed. Her head was bowed and her hands were in her lap. Someone had found a shirt and panties for her to wear specifically for this meeting. Clothes felt weird and she wondered why they bothered. He was flanked by two large orderlies and carrying a folding chair, which he unfolded and sat upon. She knelt on the floor. Straightening his tie, he smiled pleasantly. "How are we feeling today?"

"... fine," she managed.

"Just fine?" he asked, and she shuddered.

"Good," she said, clearing her throat and shaking. "I'm good, doctor."

"Excellent. Let me mark that down." He wrote something on a notepad. "Now, how have you found your time here?"

"It's been..." she paused, swallowed. It was weird to talk so much. Her tongue was clumsy. "It's been very good for me, Dr. Weir."

"Would you say that you're a better person now than when you came in?" Dr. Weir asked, then paused. "And, if so, how?"

"Yes, doctor, I am a much better person now," she said. He let the silence between them hang and she felt herself begin to shake. He had asked her a question and she didn't know what answer he wanted, but she knew if she was wrong she would be punished. "My mind and body are healthier now?"

"Is that a question? Are you asking me or telling me?"

"My... my mind and body are healthier now."

Her body was. She was all pliable muscle now. She looked great – five-foot-seven and a hundred pounds, just enough body fat left to give her pleasing curves. They'd washed out her hair, too, and cut it. She looked like a far fitter version of the woman they'd brought in here.

But her attitude...

She couldn't look at herself. Her shoulders slumped. She held her hands behind her back or in her lap when she wasn't doing something. She only acted when she was told to do something. She followed orders without questions.

"How are you getting along with the staff here?" Dr. Weir asked.

"I think," she paused, swallowed. "I think they all like me."

He nodded. They were all fucking her regularly, of course they liked her. She did whatever they wanted. She begged them to do things to her. They used her and enjoyed her. She enjoyed being used. She enjoyed telling them whatever they wanted to hear. She enjoyed doing anything that would keep them from hurting her. She knew how much they hated hurting her.

She started to cry.

"Are you alright, Ms. Beaumont?" Dr. Weir asked.

"They... they're tears of joy," lied Andrea. "I'm happy. I've never been so happy..."



"Her father died suddenly and I'm worried about her mental health."

Judge Clay considered the evidence in front of him. Arthur had sent the man a select series of information – Judge Clay was as quietly corrupt as most Gotham judges, but he still needed some basis in the law to act in best interests of himself.

"I see that you are still registered as the family accountant and lawyer," Judge Clay slurred. Armand had flown the Judge out on a private jet and now the two were talking in the penthouse suite foray on the fifth floor of a beachfront hotel. "Did you take a break from working for them to go into politics?"

"I handled their domestic accounts while they were overseas," Arthur said, and that was truthful. "Since her father's death, Andrea indulged in a number of self destructive behaviours, returning to Gotham during the... troubles last year."

"Yes, the rampage of that Phantasm character," Judge Clay considered. "You have evidence that she's in cahoots with this criminal?"

"I have photographic evidence and eye witness accounts," Arthur confirmed.

"Well." Judge Clay took a long draw from a glass of brandy. "It would appear that Ms. Andrea Beaumont is not acting in her own best interests and could use someone to look after her. Do you have time to do it?"

"I'm in the process of recovery myself," Arthur said.

"Yes, yes, my condolences," Judge Clay nodded, looking at him. "Looks pretty good."

"Thank you," Arthur said. "What I mean is, my own experiences have given me a firsthand understanding of what it would take to help her with her problems. I've even taken the liberty of preparing a treatment plan for her." He slid over the paperwork covering that and watched the man whistle as he read through the proposal.

"Weir, that perverse fuck," Judge Clay chortled. "Okay, you've got my vote. Let me sign off on this." And that was how Andrea Beaumont was placed into a conservatorship in the care of Arthur Reeves.



The latex was hot on her skin but she didn't move as they poured it on her and let it set. It covered her from head to toe, leaving only her face, right elbow, and lower holes free.

"Are you curious what about what we're doing?" Dr. Weir asked. They'd put earbuds in her ears before they'd covered her head and hair. She blinked to let him know that she'd heard the

question; it was the only response she could make.

Curious was the wrong word. She wasn't curious, she was terrified. She wanted to know and she wanted to be able to prepare herself but she knew it was pointless. They were going to do whatever they were going to do and there was nothing she could do to stop them.

They inserted tubes in her ass and cunt. A needle was placed in her elbow. More latex was applied and left to cool. She couldn't move at all. She was already beginning to sweat. She felt sick.

"Needle okay?" Dr. Weir asked a nurse.

"She's getting the nutrients she needs."

He nodded.

They worked a tube into her mouth and glued her lips around it. They had more glue around a set of goggles and placed them over her eyes, holding them down until the glue settled. Small tubes in her nostrils. She could breathe but it was hard. She felt more latex on her face, sealing her in.

She was lifted, placed in liquid.

Andrea had seen a kid's pool earlier. She thought they must have put her in it but she had no way of knowing. She simply floated, free of all senses. She couldn't see or hear or touch anything. She could taste her own sweat, smell the latex that held her and a faint whiff of salt.

There was nothing.

There was nothing.

She hallucinated in the dark. Bruce holding her, loving her, proposing. Her mother's corpse. What had been done to her father. The old mobsters. They all lost form in the nothing, became nothing more than colors. She wasn't sure how long she was left floating in the nothing. She felt like nothing. She was nothing.

Left with no one to communicate with and no way to communicate, she drifted off into nothing. She couldn't think. She couldn't remember. Language was gone from her. She couldn't remember what it was like to feel sunlight, to talk, to hear words. She couldn't even remember that she had forgotten these things.

She drifted.

She drifted.

And then slivers of painful light, her eyes trapped by the images beamed into her eyes from the goggles, static flooding the silent and punishing her. She saw images of the person she had been, the free-spirited and independent young woman, the fierce fighter that had brought a city to its knees.

Darkness.

And then a soft glow with images of her being fucked, of her obeying, of her doing all the things they had made her do. Gentle music and praises flooded her ears, encouraging her, telling her what a good girl she was. She felt the tubes in her lower holes vibrate, the sensation overwhelming her with the novelty of it.

They didn't quite let her cum before the darkness swallowed her again.

The person she had been would have understood what they were doing, but she had not been that person for a very long time. She simply existed, floating through darkness, sliver, darkness,

glow.

Andrea accepted what was happening to her and let them make her into whatever they wanted.



She never saw it coming.

That was the thing about non-powered heroes with secret identities – if you could get them when they didn't know you were coming, they were still just people. He couldn't have done this to Superman, or Supergirl. He had questions about if this would work with Batman.

But Andrea? Sweet little Andrea?

He simply produced the paperwork Judge Clay had given him and spoken to the hotel manager at the place Andrea was staying. A small bribe and he was able to enter her rooms while she was out. He found her costume. He found out everything and then cleared out.

Warren provided a small group of guards for him to handle the rest.

Andrea came back and changed into a delightful little two-piece and she went to lounge by the pool. Arthur had told the hotel manager that Andrea was a danger to herself and to others. The manager told the bartender. They had a quick conversation, Judge Clay confirmed everything.

They drugged her drink.

He could have had Andrea taken away then, but he had her brought up to her room instead. He had her tied up, using as much rope as he was able to find. He waited for her to groan and wake up, to look at him.

“.. Arthur?” she mumbled. She tried to move, couldn't. He saw her eyes sharpen, adrenaline surge. She slammed at the ropes so hard she nearly knocked the chair over and for a moment he was terrified she would get out.

She didn't.

She didn't.

He'd nearly had a heart attack.

Arthur walked over to her and backhanded her across the face as hard as he could.

“I wanted to let you know,” he said, shoving her chair over, standing over her. “I wanted you to know it was me. I figured it out, Phantasm.”

“Arthur, what the fuck are you doing?”

“Taking care of you,” he said, and spat in her face. He hadn't wanted to, but he did it anyway. He couldn't help himself. “Look what you did to me. Look what you cost! The whole world turned away from me!”

“Well, that's a shame,” she sneered. “What with your spotless record of public and private service.”

“It helped me get this,” he said, showing her the conservatorship. He knew she didn't know what it was. “It basically says you're in my care. I own you know, you little bitch, and I'm going to fucking break you.”

*He kicked her in the ribs, in the boobs. He waved over the man with the needle and had her injected.
"Change her into her costume and send her to Dr. Weir."*

*He waited until they were gone before he locked the door and sat on her bed and cried.
He was smiling when he was done, and the smile on his face felt genuine and good.*

"I'm going to be okay," he said, and to his amazement he believed it.



They took her out of her cell in a crate.

"People walk around freely," Dr. Weir told her. "Products are shipped. And what are you?"

"A product," whispered Andrea.

She let them move her into the shipping crate and had her kneel down. The foam they surrounded her with was form fitting and didn't leave any room at all for movement. She was locked in the quiet dark and that was okay; she liked the quiet dark. No one hurt her in the quiet dark. She didn't even think in the quiet dark anymore, just let whatever was going to happen to her happen. She had no say in anything. She was utterly dependent.

The crate was moved. She felt it being moved, set down. She heard it strapped and felt the world move around her. She was in a truck, being taken somewhere. It didn't matter where. She had no say in it.

She did feel a wave of anxiety settle in. She had no idea where she was going. She had no idea what was waiting for her there. She knew what to expect under the care of Dr. Weir and the orderlies.

Andrea cried a little, then calmed. She had no say in it. She had no say in it. She was a product. A product did not care what happened to it. A product was meant to be used

The truck stopped and the crate she was in was removed. She felt herself being carried. Heard a door open.

She was placed on the floor. The crate was not opened. There was nothing she could do about it.

Forced to kneel in the quiet dark, she settled in to wait.



Hamilton had told him there would be press waiting on his arrival back to Gotham, but Arthur was shocked by the sheer amount of flashing lights, cameras, and questions.

"Hey, everyone, just a quick statement – I need to go unpack before I talk to anyone, okay?" he said, and there were some chuckles here and there. Good. Good enough. "Four years ago I ran or public office and suffered a pretty horrific injury in the process. I needed some time to recover from that injury and was forced to concede because of it – but I always knew I would come back here. Gotham is my home, and I will not abandon her. I stared evil in the face and I survived. I want to make things

better but I don't know what that looks like yet – there's a lot of people that I need to talk to, but as soon as I know what comes next I will let all of you know. Thank you for welcoming me home. I hope I can live up to your expectations. Now, if you'll excuse me..."

He ignored the questions, made it to his car. Hamilton called to congratulate him and ask him when he was planning to run and what for. He'd discussed some options with Warren, Armand, and Gunther, and he was hoping to sit down with all four of them in the coming weeks to determine where he could do the most good. Hamilton said that made sense and looked forward to seeing him and they said their goodbyes.

The private driver had been arranged by Warren, who had also seen to the refurbishment of the old Beaumont Estate. It'd fallen into the ownership of the Valestra mob and then entered an auction, which Warren had won on Arthur's behalf. He owned the property. His old things and his new things had been moved in and partially unpacked. The alarm system had been programmed and he changed the codes. He got himself a quick snack, walked the grounds, remembering his teens and early adulthood spent in these halls, on these grounds.

Mine now, he thought. He poured himself two glasses of whisky, toasted the old man, took a drink and left the other.

He slowly made his way to one special crate left in the master bedroom. He stared at it, finished the whisky and set the glass down. There was paperwork attached to the crate, copies of which he'd read on the plane.

Taking a deep breath, Arthur opened the crate.

He removed the layers of foam, revealing a naked back.

The woman inside did not stand, did not move, did nothing but wait.

"Stand up," he said.

She did.

Andrea stood, her shoulders hunched, her head bowed, her eyes on the floor, lips partly open. She was paler than the last time he'd seen her, but she looked to be in better shape.

"You look good, Andrea."

"Thank you, sir."

He sat on his bed and watched her. She didn't move, wouldn't move until he gave her orders. Her hair had been washed, he noted. She looked beautiful. She looked perfect.

"I've decided to keep you," he said, eventually.

"Thank you, sir."

"I'm in need of domestic service," he said. "Someone to keep the place tidy and take out my trash. I know that might seem a little below you, but..."

"Nothing is below me, sir," she said, speaking into the silence when he let his sentence dangle.

"Fantastic," he said. "Why don't you come over here and clean me up?"

She nodded, stepped out of the crate, and began to walk towards him.



Andrea slept in his bed most nights. He liked her there, liked her to cling to him like he was the only thing keeping her alive. He liked to wake up with his cock in his mouth, liked to shower with her there to wash him. He liked her to dress him, and then to dress herself in the clothing he provided her.

She was aware that she would have hated her uniform in her old life. She was aware that she would have killed anyone that tried to make her wear anything like this. That was them, this was now. Now, she was grateful for anything that he gave her. Her whole world revolved around him. Her whole world was him.

The slave collar fastened around her neck. He could leash her to things if he wished – she would stay if he commanded her to, but there was clearly something he enjoyed about seeing her leashed. The one-piece ruffled skirt barely descended past her ass and left her long legs exposed. The shoulderless top had a bustier that supported her boobs, lifting them up like an offering. Small bumps were on the inside, making it feel like someone was molesting her with every step. She wore fishnet stockings and three-inch heels and carried a pair of cuffs with her in case he felt like binding her.

Her owner had her schedule printed and kept on the fridge. She would clean, cook. She worked out to keep herself in shape. *Maintenance*, he called it, not working out..

A person worked out. Property was maintained.

She made whatever food he wanted her to and ate whatever scraps he left her. Sometimes, he didn't come home at night and she wouldn't eat, wouldn't dare touch the food without permission. She waited on him alone mostly, though sometimes he had a rare guest over and she would wait on them both, doing whatever anyone wanted her to.

At night he had her strip down to nothing, showing herself off, preening for him. She would tell him that she loved him and needed him. She would let him take her anyway he wanted to, in her ass, in her cunt, in her mouth. She would let him spank her, slap her, spit in her face, and she would thank him for it. She wasn't allowed to read or watch television, wasn't allowed to do anything but serve.

The slightest hesitation and she would be sent to Dr. Weir.

She served with slavish devotion.

Riding him, kissing him, bouncing her hips off his lap as she rode him, as he choked her, slapped her, suckled on her boobs. Always after she was expected to clean him, kiss his feet, thank him.

Most nights, she would snuggle up beside him and believe that he loved her.

Most nights.

And then there were the other ones.



"I think you're right about most of them," Janet van Dorn said, "They should be locked up for the rest of their lives. Ivy, Joker, Freeze, all of them except Batman."

"He's the worst of them," Arthur said. "I brought you onto my team because... look, you changed your mind about this. It happens, I get that. Are we still going to be able to work together?"

To her credit, she thought about it. Arthur waited, letting her work through her feelings. He'd put together a team full of people with anti-Batman and anti-freak sentiment and was running his election on a cleaner, safer Gotham, one that would target all the freaks equally. It was a popular sentiment, especially among people who believed in a mythological before-time when Gotham had been better.

As if this city has ever been anything other than a raging cesspool, Arthur thought.

Janet nodded to herself. She looked at him. She was about to speak.

"Your Angel of Death... is here."

The lights went out. The room flooded with a grey-green mist. Screams filled the room as his security team drew their guns, as a shadowy figure stalked through the thick fog. Bullets couldn't stop the killer. The sheen of a blade cutting through the chaos.

Janet screamed, briefly.

Some others.

Arthur grabbed a gun from one of the guards, held it up and pointed it at the figure, the Phantasm.

Fired.

The mists swirled around them, around the room, and when the mists were gone the Phantasm had vanished.

Paramedics were called in. The morgue was alerted.

If someone is trying to kill you, people assume you're trying to do some good and if you get back in and keep it people assume you're some kind of hero.

Arthur sat in a chair until he stopped shaking, then stood up and walked out. The press was there, shouting questions, cameras flashing, cameras rolling. He walked to a podium and bowed his head, wiped away a tear.

"My campaign," he started, letting his voice crack. He took a moment, let the press fall silent. He looked up. "When I came back I promised you a cleaner, better, safer Gotham. I promised to take you back to a time before Batman and all the freaks. I know, personally, what they've done to this city, the scars that they have left on the good people that live here.

"Tonight, one of those freaks struck back. They've done it before. You've seen it – what daring to take a stand has cost me and the brave people that have stood with me. Tonight, we've lost more good people in our War on Masks. I'm still waiting on confirmation on some, but Janet van Dorn..."

He bowed his head, let his shoulders shake once, steeled himself.

"Janet van Horn is dead," he said, glaring. "So I promise you this, Janet. In your name I'm going to finish what we started. I'm going to clean up this city, make it better, make it safer. I will not be

intimidated. I will not be scared off. The Joker couldn't stop me and none of the others will, not this Phantasm, not Batman, not anyone.

"I will give you the city you would have wanted, Janet. I promise you. Please, if you'll excuse me..."

He walked back into the building. He helped where he could. He settled the survivors, answered questions, helped. He was photographed helping and not looking at the cameras as he did so. He was the last one to leave, the last one to go home.

Arthur walked into his bedroom and there she was, still in costume.

He ripped the hood and cowl off her, shoved her onto the bed, tore the scythe from her hand. He slapped her, hard, rolled her over and unzipped the costume from her neck down, exposing her back, pulling the sleeves off her arms, down her spine, off her hips, fumbled to free his erection so that he could stab her ass.

She gasped, struggled, moaned.

"Well done," he whispered, biting her ear. "Perfectly well done."

"Thank you, sir," she moaned.



Andrea was on her knees, head in his lap, licking her owner.

He was taking a meeting on his computer. He often liked to have her under him while he was working – not sucking or fucking, just a little light teasing with her tongue. She didn't understand a lot of what he was talking about, which she would have found strange before her time with Dr. Weir. Since then, though, her days bled into one another, a dream of obedience or a nightmare of pain. It was easier to float. It was easier not to understand.

Kindly, her master had let her play with herself today as she teased him. Her play was more for his amusement than for her pleasure and she had to keep quiet, so when she needed to muffle herself she swallowed him down, letting him loll on her tongue. He clearly enjoyed it. Her own enjoyment didn't matter.

His hand was in her hair.

"Do you know what I'm working on?" he asked.

She didn't. She wasn't even sure she had the capacity to understand anymore.

"Transferring the last of Andrea Beaumont's accounts into my care," he said, running a hand through her hair, cupping her cheek and staring down at her. "Legally, your name isn't even Andrea Beaumont anymore. You don't exist as a person. You don't even have a social security number, not under your own name. Everything you were has been closed down, filed away, set aside. Isn't that nice?"

What else could she do?

She nodded her head, closed her eyes, swallowing him down.

"I own you," he gasped. "I own your whole spoiled life. I'm not even going to tell you your new name. Even if you escape no one will be able to help you, because the person you were doesn't

even exist. You're mine, now. Forever."

"Thank you, sir," she mumbled.

"Thank me properly," he said, pulling his cock out of her mouth and slapping her face with it.

She crawled up on to the chair, facing him, straddling him, sinking down on top of him, kissing him, letting him grope her, molest her – letting him use her however he wanted.

And as he did, it occurred to her that she wasn't letting him do anything. She couldn't let him. The word *let* implied that she was still a person.

She gasped, bowing her head.

"I'm yours, sir," she whimpered. "I'm really yours."

He came inside her, then pushed him off.

Slavishly, devotedly, she crawled back to him and licked him clean.



He won the election.

Of course he won the election.

Most of the old money in Gotham liked his willingness to work with them. Most of the deplorables liked his lies about being tough on crime. The police unions liked his hatred of Batman and the other freaks. People liked his promises about a healthier, better, cleaner Gotham, a city that was in touch with its roots.

It didn't mean anything. It was words, slogans, an excuse. He lied and people believed him.

When people questioned him he would slip the Phantasm off her leash and let her kill some people close to him, cementing the idea that that he was fighting the good fight for the people.

He celebrated his victory with his people, his team. They partied and danced and talked about the changes they were going to make. A few of them were true believers, but most of them were in on the grift now.

At least, they thought they were.

The real celebration was a few days later with Warren Lawford, Armand Lydecker, and Gunther Hardwick. The four of them met on the Gotham outskirts, at Warren's Estate. The entertainment was provided by Dr. Weir and featured a collection of pretty things from around the world, here for the entertainment of their betters.

Arthur and his friends let them former-women please them, tease them, availing themselves of whatever they wanted.

"It's going to be so fucking good," Warren said.

"To us," Arthur said, toasting his friends. They laughed and drank and fucked old rivals, celebrities, athletes, musicians. Pretty pieces of flesh all around them.

Leashed to the center of a stage, a single spotlight beaming down on them, the former Andrea Beaumont and Rebecca Fallbrook were barely dressed, making out with one another. They'd been

told that they were going to be on camera, that they had to keep going all night. They sauntered. They danced. They fucked themselves and one another. They stripped off and walked as far as their leashes would allow.

Eventually, the gang of girls Dr. Weir had provided was sent over the two of them like a tide, fucking them senseless.

When the girls were done, the four friends took turns spit-roasting their properties, sharing them, cum-bonding.

"Seriously," Warren said, looking over at Armand and Gunther, "We've got to get you toys of your own."

"I've got my eyes on a certain Bertinelli," Gunther moaned. "Think she'd be fun to hunt."

"I used to know her dad," Arthur said. "I can help with that."

"Dude, I'm glad you're our friend," Armand said. "I'm glad this worked out."

"This is just the beginning," Warren promised. "Let's keep it going."



Her name wasn't really Andrea.

She knew that. She didn't know what her name was – maybe she didn't have one? Names were for people. She was an object. A piece of art. A masturbatory tool. A domestic implement. A blanket. A weapon. She didn't need a weapon.

It was still nice when her owner called her by the name that had been hers.

"Andrea, this room needs cleaning."

"Andrea, my friend needs some relief."

"Andrea, get naked and present yourself."

"Andrea, I have someone that needs to die."

The only time she ever left home was to kill someone. Upon her return, he would beat her, strip the costume off her, and fuck her into the ground.

"Good girl," he'd say.

She served him in whatever capacity he needed her to. She did it without question or remorse. She didn't smile much unless he told her to. He didn't laugh unless he commanded her to. She had just enough freedom to do whatever he wanted her to, the perfect amount of freedom to fulfill her functions.

When she was good he took her to bed. He cuddled her, kissed her, told her that she was good and pretty. Sometimes, he would slap her around, tied her up, beat her, abuse her. It was all the same to her. His attention and his affection were one and the same.

She loved him. She ached for him when he wasn't home. She greeted him at the door with her tits out and her cunt open in case he wanted to use her. He often did, but sometimes he didn't.

"I'm too busy for your holes, slut, just stand there and wait."



She did.

Sometimes, when she was sure he wasn't looking, she allowed herself to cry.

This was not the life that she would have chosen but this was all she had left. This was her life, now and forever.



Elections came and went and he was always voted in.

Any time a serious challenger came up, the Phantasm would tear through the weakness in his staff and the sympathy vote would carry him to another term. He had the Phantasm kill some other people, too – rivals of his friends, or people he found annoying, or anyone that Warren, Armand, or Gunther said was interfering in their business.

But he mostly kept her quiet, his little Andrea. He was happy to keep her coddled up at her old childhood home where she served him, serviced him, worshipped him.

It was hard to say which portion of his life made him feel more powerful: the legal and political power he wielded in Gotham and the whole eastern seaboard, or the visceral power he felt keeping and commanding one of the most dangerous people in the world at home as his pet and property.

He loved sending her out to kill and loved tearing her stupid halloween costume off when she got home and fucking her until she couldn't think straight, until he was ready to go to sleep. He loved drifting off and waking up to the feel of his cock in her mouth. She was beautiful, looking up at him with his wide adoring eyes of hers.

There was something about being able to neglect an absolutely stunning woman and knowing that she couldn't do anything about it. Whipping her, beating her, all that was well and good, but know that she would slave away over meals that he would never touch and that she couldn't even nibble on without his permission – it was thrilling. She really was nothing more than a piece of property, his property.

He let her think that she was alone when he cried, but he enjoyed her tears, too – all the times she had rejected him back when he'd worked for the old man and she'd had all the power. She was powerless now, in the prime of her life. She was powerless and she was his and he would keep her forever.

This was the life that he had built for himself and for her, and he would keep them as they were for now and forever.

BATMAN

GASP OF THE PHANTASM

