Desperately Seeking Diana

by LOTSlover

Summary

Written for WonderBatWeek2018, Batman desperately searches for a missing Diana in the aftermath of a mission. BMWW

Desperately Seeking Diana

A Parademon jumped him from behind as he finished another one off, his vision tunneling as its arm wrapped around his throat. Growling fiercely, Batman flipped the Parademon off his back, slicing through him with a razor-sharp batarang and a cry of pure rage on his lips.

Breathing heavily, the Dark Knight straightened up to his full foreboding height, his narrowed gaze travelling over the myriad of Parademons lying scattered all over the ground. His muscles burned with fatigue as he drank in the absolute devastation that surrounded him. His beloved Gotham City was now pockmarked with yawning holes, crippled buildings and billowing columns of gray smoke.

He raised his arm, using the back of his gauntlet to wipe away the thin trickle of blood that he could feel escaping from the corner of his mouth. His breaths came in ragged pulls, his lungs burning and his ribs screaming with every draw of air.

Despite his physical condition, he felt a small measure of relief drifting over him. The battle was finally over. Darkseid had been defeated, his remaining Parademons having retreated through boom tubes. The Justice League had won, and Earth was safe once more.

While painful, it was only a setback, one that the world would eventually overcome. It would take a long time to finally put everything right again, to clean up the vast destruction that Darkseid’s armies had created, but they would rebuild and be stronger than ever before.

Batman immediately began scanning the area for signs of his team, needing to make certain that...
they were safe. He’d already sent Huntress up to the Watchtower infirmary for treatment of her injuries, leaving four more members to track down.

His shoulders slumped slightly with relief as he spotted Nightwing digging through rubble to help free a man’s leg. Not far from him, Batgirl was consoling the man’s two children who were watching in anxious anticipation that their father would be free. Etrigen was taking down a couple of injured Parademons that were attempting to escape, but they just as quickly failed in that attempt.

There had thankfully been no casualties…at least that he knew of so far. There was still someone that was never far from his thoughts, always lingering there on the shadowy fringe between a distant thought and a full-fledged image in his mind bursting with color.

“All team leaders…report in,” Batman barked over his commlink, his breathing still rough.

He winced as he rubbed his side, knowing that there was some internal bruising, but he didn’t think that anything was broken. He definitely couldn’t afford to be laid up for weeks on end when Gotham needed to be put back together again. It would also be a very tempting time for criminals to run rampant and take advantage of others’ misfortune.

“Team Alpha checking in…all accounted for on this end,” Superman contacted him. “Just removed the last of the Parademons and starting clean up.”

“Team Iota…some minor injuries but we’re all good,” Green Lantern informed him.

“Team Delta,” Green Arrow followed next, his voice revealing his exhaustion. “Sending Black Canary and Vigilante up to the infirmary for treatment. No casualties.”

Shayera’s voice filled his ear next, providing a measure of relief that another team was safe, but it was still not the dulcet voice that he so impatiently needed to hear in that moment. “Team Epsilon all present and accounted for. Clean up is already underway.”

Several more moments passed, his anxiety rising with every beat of his heart. “Come on…come on,” he angrily muttered to himself as he began to sift through the debris. He still had five more teams that needed to respond, one that interested him above all else though he knew that it really shouldn’t.

“This is Team Theta reporting,” J’onn’s stoic voice responded. “I’m sending some of my team to the infirmary now. No life-threatening injuries to report. The threat has been eliminated. Rescue teams have arrived, and cleanup is commencing now.”

Batman quickly scanned the area again, his chest constricting even more with every moment that slipped by. His heart raced as he stalked towards his waiting Batwing, checking the mini-computer in his gauntlet to check team leader positions at that moment.

Where in hell was she?

“Team Flash…I mean Kappa…all clear here in our vicinity, General Bats,” Flash informed him with his usual jovial tone. “Cleaning up downtown New York. Will have it spotless in no time.”

Batman’s head fell back as he glanced up at the night sky, the faintest glow of the impending sunrise beginning to make its first appearance. They had survived the night with no life-threatening injuries so far, but not all teams had checked in as of yet. He quickened his pace towards his Batwing, needing to find her before he lost his mind.
Captain Atom’s voice broke through his tormented thoughts at that moment, doing little to quiet the escalating tempest swirling inside of him. “Team Pi all accounted for, Batman,” he stated. “Boom tubes are gone. Starting recovery operations now.”

Two teams…two more teams that needed to report in. He still needed to hear from Team Beta and Gamma. His anger grew hotter as the silence continued to linger, his panic swelling. He was furious with her for not checking in like she had been ordered to do. She was always so stubborn, thinking that she knew best…that she could handle everything herself…never needed any help or backup.

Why couldn’t she just follow the damn orders?

A burst of static filled his ear causing his heart to stutter in response. He froze in his tracks as he waited with baited breath for the sound of her beautiful voice. “Team…amma…we…good…no cas…ties. Begin…cle…up,” Aquaman reported in, his commlink breaking up before finally going completely dead.

Hitting his commlink, Bruce changed the setting for a direct call, needing to know what was going on with her. “Team Beta!” he angrily yelled. “Report in immediately!”

He waited for several long moments, receiving nothing but absolute silence. With a fierce growl, he slammed his fist into the side of his Batwing, his panic escalating. “Wonder Woman report in,” he growled.

His frantic gaze travelled over Gotham’s horizon, pink and orange rays starting to peek through the thick haze of smoke and dust that filled the air and coated the city. His heart was thundering in his chest as he clenched his fists with every bit of strength he had left in his battered body. He leaned forward, his forehead coming to rest against the side of his Batwing.

“Princess…” he pleaded, pausing to draw a ragged breath, pain piercing his side. “Diana… respond. Please…let me know…you’re okay.”

Nothing but tense silence was his answer, every second that ticked by without a response causing his heart to sink lower. He furiously began typing on his computer again, trying to track down her coordinates, but coming up with nothing. Her commlink had to be damaged or destroyed. It was the only explanation that he could ever begin to accept.

His mind raced as he began to recount which League members were on her team, swiftly hitting his commlink again. “Atom-Smasher,” he barked. “Do you have a visual on Wonder Woman?”

An agonizingly long moment passed before the League member responded to the hail. “Ah…that’s a negative, Batman,” he answered him. “I last saw her fighting Kalibak, but that’s been a little while ago. It’s been pure hell here.”

“I’m on my way to your position now,” Batman ground out. “Watchtower. I need an immediate site to site transport to Atom-Smasher’s position right now.”

Bruce’s mind raced with all the things that he wished that he’d said to her, all the things that he had never told her starting with I love you and ending in a passionate kiss. He never should have let her go into this battle without telling her how he felt.

His mind wandered back to that moment before they had all left with their teams to cover their respective areas. His eyes had met hers, neither of them uttering a single word. Despite his cowl covering his face, so many emotions had passed between them in that moment.
He’d never forget the way her blue eyes had sparkled with the thrill of the hunt, her warrior spirit fully in control. She had given him a warm smile, one filled with so much meaning and promise despite neither knowing if they would ever see each other again.

“Be careful, Dark Knight.”

“You too, princess.”

They had both left for their respective missions, the words of love that he had wanted to tell her catching in his throat and dying on his tongue. Now, he may never get the chance.

He fought down the overwhelming terror that sought to overtake him as he appeared in the heart of Washington DC, fear eating away at the very fabric of his sanity. They couldn’t possibly be victorious, defeating Darkseid and his army only to lose the most important person in the world to him.

Each team had made it out of the battle with no casualties. He refused to believe that her team would lose its leader. But it was just like Diana to sacrifice herself, never jeopardizing her teammates to do what she herself could do with a greater chance of survival.

Batman instantly began turning in tight circles, scanning the area for any signs of her. “Batman to Wonder Woman,” he growled into his commlink again despite how futile it was proving. “Answer me, dammit!”

Spotting Fire exiting a building on the verge of collapse, Batman raced towards her, desperation rising up and threatening to choke him. “Fire, where’s Wonder Woman?”

Fire began looking around her as if suddenly realizing that her team leader was missing. “I… I don’t know,” she replied, concern filling her face as she shook her head. “She was fighting Kalibak…over that way. I haven’t seen her since then.”

“I’ll go look for her,” he told her. “Go up to the infirmary and get that leg wound treated.”

Fire wearily nodded her head, clearly struggling to stay upright at that point. She touched her commlink, requesting a direct transport to the infirmary before disappearing in a burst of light. He turned his full attention to finding Diana, but the destruction that surrounded him didn’t help relieve his fear in the least.

Exhaustion clung to him like a second skin, but he buried it down deep. Right now, he just had to find her. He could feel his throat constricting, a painful lump filling it and making it difficult to draw a breath. She had to be here somewhere. She just…she had to be…

Turning around, Batman spotted a shadowy figure coming over the distant horizon, the orange glow of sunrise creating an ethereal aura around the image. His felt his heart leap into his throat as realization washed over him, his muscles relaxing somewhat.

It was Diana.

“Princess,” he softly murmured to himself, taking off in a dead run.

Diana wearily walked towards the area where her team had been fighting, the tip of her sword dragging along the ground through the debris. Her body ached, blood trickling down her cheek from a nasty gash, but they had been victorious this night. Darkseid and his army had been defeated and now the rebuilding could begin.
Lifting her eyes, she blinked back unexpected tears as she spotted Batman running towards her. “Bruce?” she muttered, stunned to find him here.

He had been with Team Zeta fighting in Gotham during the battle, taking on some of the fiercest fighting. She couldn’t figure out why he was here now instead of in Gotham with his team. Curiosity was swiftly erased by the overwhelming relief she felt knowing that he was alive and appeared to be unharmed as far as she could tell.

Batman slowed his pace as she walked towards him, relief drifting through him. She appeared as though she’d been to hell and back, but she was unharmed for the most part. “Diana,” he softly choked out.

The corners of her lips curled slightly with the comforting sound of his voice, feeling a sense of renewed energy just with being able to see him. “Batman,” she formally greeted him as she came to stand before him. She could tell her was injured but trying to hide it. She knew, though…she always knew. “Are you all right?”

“I am now,” he replied.

Without another word, Bruce roughly pulled her into his arms, holding her close against him. He buried his face in her hair, amazed by her jasmine scent despite the fact that she had been battling Darkseid’s worst for hours on end. It soothed him in a way that he’d never expected.

Stunned, Diana dropped her shield and sword, willingly returning his embrace and taking comfort in it. They stood there like that for what felt like an eternity, neither caring that someone might see them or what they might say. They needed each other in this moment, needing the comfort and strength that only the other could possibly provide.

“I thought I’d lost you,” he whispered, his heart in his throat making it difficult to speak. “Why didn’t you answer me when I called you?”

Diana drew back, pulling broken pieces of her commlink out of her ear and handing them to him. “I think I need a new one,” she lightly teased, trying to ease his worry a little.

Bruce looked down at the broken commlink in his gauntleted hand, allowing the pieces to fall to the ground. Swallowing hard, he looked up at her, warring emotions storming through him, but one prevailed above all the others.

His gauntleted hand settled on the side of her face, his thumb gently erasing the blood from the deep cut on her cheekbone. His fingers slid back into her hair before pulling her into a fierce kiss that took her by surprise. Her weary brain quickly caught up to the rapidly heating moment, her arms looping around his neck and drawing him closer as she returned his kiss with equal passion.

Tongues warred for dominance as they poured every bit of their love for one another into that moment, taking and giving and savoring this intimacy that had been restrained and hungered for far too long. Finally breaking the passionate kiss, Batman gazed into her sapphire blue eyes filled with such longing for him. It both startled and aroused him even more, his desire for her refusing to be ignored any longer.

“Let’s go home, princess,” he murmured, his lips ghosting over hers again.

“Home?” she asked with a tilt of her head, her lips quirking with hope that she had heard him correctly.

“My home…our home…I mean…if you want to,” he offered, afraid of her response.
“I’d love nothing more,” she softly replied, pressing her forehead against his.

THE END

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